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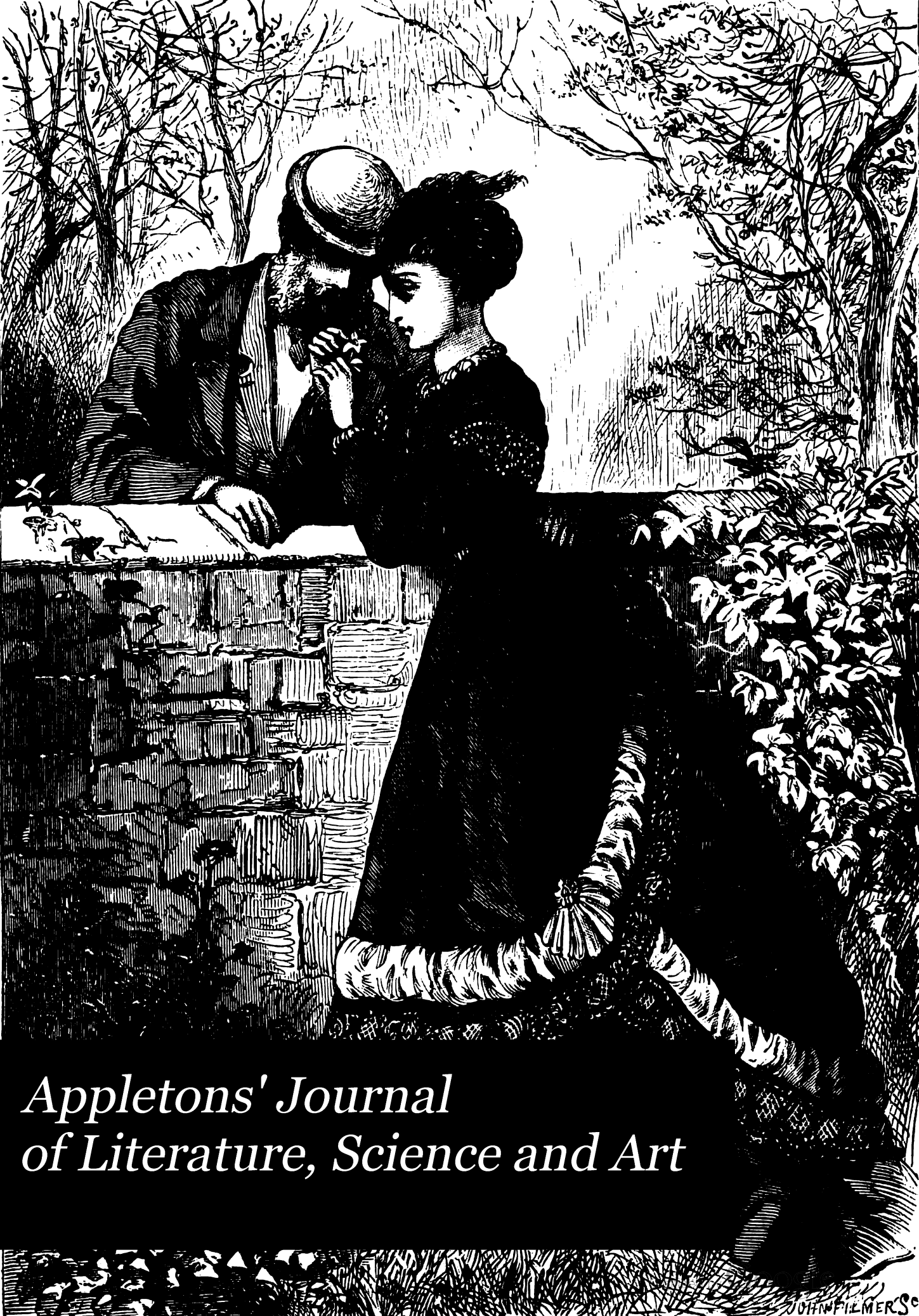
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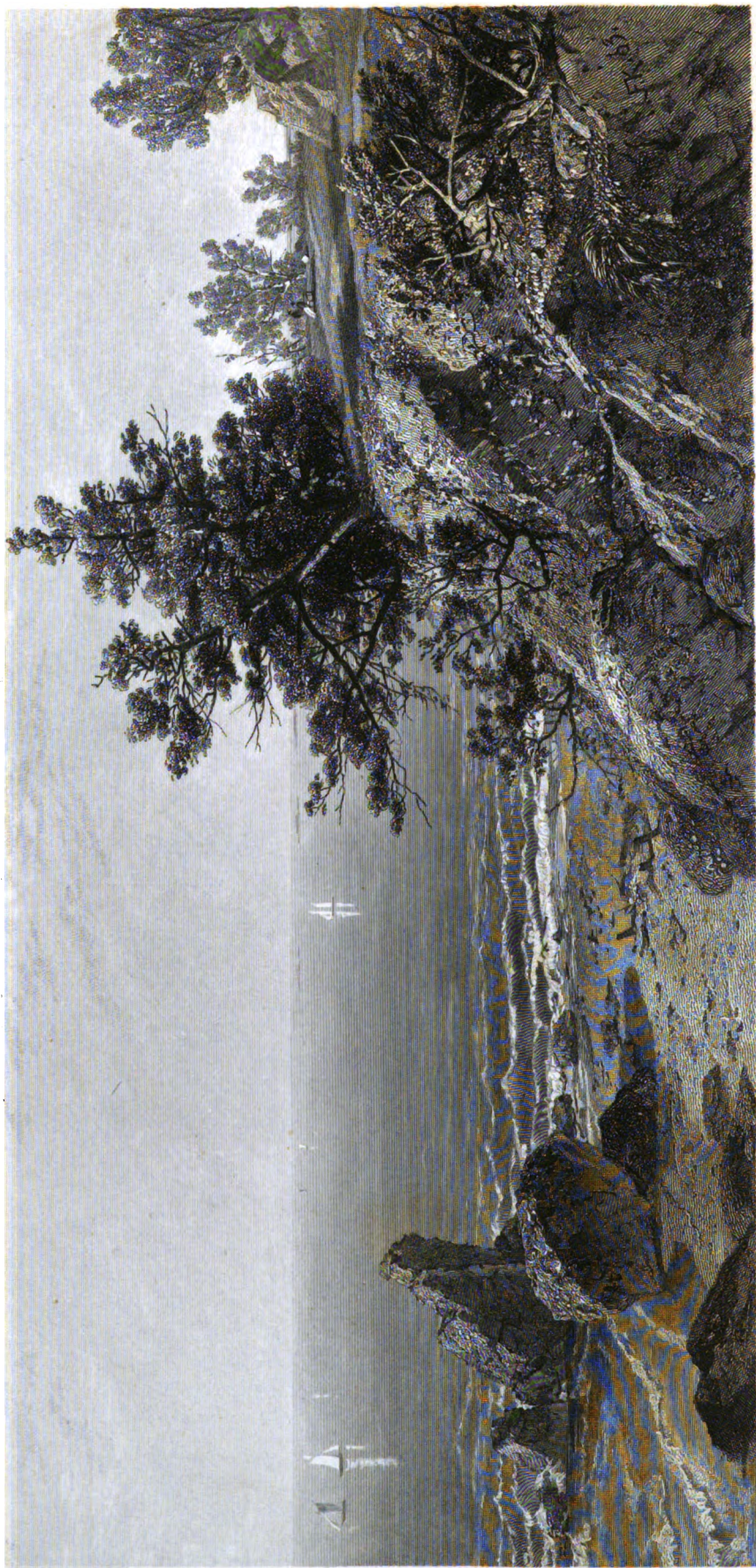
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Benj. Webb
APPLETONS' JOURNAL

OF

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VOLUME FIRST,

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APPLETONS' JOURNAL.—VOLUME FIRST.

THE PUBLISHERS beg leave to announce that the first volume of APPLETONS' JOURNAL is closed with the twentieth number, in order that, by dividing the issues of the current year into two equal volumes, they may be enabled, for the convenience of both the subscribers and publishers, to date the commencement of the volumes, in the following years, on the first of January and of July. The second volume will close with the last issue in December, and the third volume begin under the date of Saturday, January 1, each volume from that period to consist of twenty-six numbers, this number being the issue for six months. The slight irregularity in the date of the first two volumes will not affect the present subscriptions, which are calculated by time, and not by volumes.

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NEW YORK, *August*, 1869.

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No. 1.—WITH CARTOON.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1869.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTERS.

I.—URSUS.

URSUS and Homo were fast friends. Ursus was a man; Homo was a wolf. Their dispositions were congenial. It was the man who had christened the wolf. Probably he had also chosen the name; having found *Ursus* good for himself, he had found *Homo* good for the beast. The association of this man and this wolf was profitable at fairs, at parish festivals, at the corners of streets where passers-by gather together, and wherever the people give way to their need of listening to nonsense and buying orvietan. This wolf, docile, and submissive with a good grace, was acceptable to the crowd. It is a pleasant thing to note the effect of taming. We take supreme delight in seeing all varieties of domestication. It is for this reason that so many persons watch the progress of royal processions.

Ursus and Homo went from square to square, from the public places of Canterbury to the public places of Glasgow, from county to county, from town to town. One market exhausted, they passed on to another. Ursus lived in a crib upon wheels, which Homo, sufficiently civilized, drew by day and guarded by night. When the road was difficult, in going up-hill, when there were too many ruts and too much mud, the man buckled the strap to his neck, and tugged away fraternally, side by side with the wolf. In this fashion they had grown old together. They camped out, according to chance, on a bit of waste ground, at the intersection of crossing roads, at the approach to a hamlet, at the gates of market-towns, in the market-places, in the public malls, on the skirts of a park, on the space before a church. When the tilted cart stopped in some field where a fair was held, when the gossiping old women hurried up open-mouthed, when the cockneys drew round them in a circle, Ursus speechified and Homo approved. Homo, with a wooden bowl in his jaws, politely made a collection. They gained their livelihood. The wolf was lettered, and the man too. The wolf had been trained by the man, or had trained himself alone, to various pretty wolfine ways that augmented their receipts. "Above all things," said his friend to him, "don't degenerate into man!"

The wolf never bit, the man did bite sometimes. Ursus, at least, had the pretension of biting. He was a misanthrope, and, by way of making his misanthropy conspicuous, he had become a juggler. For means of living also, as the stomach imposes its conditions. Furthermore, this misanthropical juggler, whether to complicate or to complete his acquirements, was a doctor. A doctor—that's not much; Ursus was a ventriloquist. He was seen to speak without movement of the lips. He borrowed, so as to mislead any one, the accent and pronunciation of the first comer; he imitated voices, so that one thought the very persons were speaking. By himself alone, he gave out the breathing and murmur of a crowd, which justified him in taking the title of *Engastrimythe*. He took it. He imitated all sorts of birds' cries, the thrush, the reed-bird, the chirping lark, the white-breasted blackbird, all ramblers like himself, so that, by instants, he made you listen, at his option, either to some public resort, filled with the hum of human noises, or to a meadow filled with the chant of birds; now stormy as a multitude, now playful and serene as the dawn. However, this peculiar talent, though rare, does exist. In the last century, a man named Touzel, who imitated the mingled clamor of men and of animals, and who reproduced all the cries of beasts, was attached to the person of Buffon, as though himself a menagerie. Ursus was sharp and inquisitive, having more in him than appeared, and was prone to those peculiar explanations that we call fables. This boldness was a part of his roguery. He examined the hand of certain persons, or took hold of books at hap-hazard, and drew conclusions, predicted fortunes, taught that it is dangerous to meet a black mare, and more dangerous still to hear one's self called, at the moment of setting out upon a journey, by some one who does not know where you are going; and he entitled himself a "dealer in superstition." He said: "There is this difference between the Archbishop of Canterbury and myself: for my part, I speak out plainly." Thus it was that the archbishop, justly irritated, sent for him one day; but Ursus, adroit, disarmed his grace by reciting to him a sermon that he, Ursus, had made upon the holy day of Christmas, and which the archbishop, charmed by it, learned by heart, preached from the pulpit, and published as his own composition. In view of this, he forgave.

Ursus, being a doctor, effected cures, because or in spite of this fact. He practised in aromatics. He was versed in simples. He derived advantage from the immense power that there is in a heap of neglected plants, the hazel-tree, the medley-tree, the wayfaring-tree, the purging thorn, the sweet briony, the buckthorn. He treated consumption by sun-dew; he used for it the leaves of wart-wort, which torn downward

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are a purgative, and torn upward produce vomiting. He relieved you of a sore throat by means of a vegetable excrescence called jew's ear. He knew the sort of rushes that cure an ox, and the sort of mint that cures a horse. He was conversant with the beauties and the virtues of the herb mandragora, which, every one knows, is of masculine and feminine sex. He had receipts. He cured burns with salamander wool, whereof, according to Pliny, Nero owned a napkin. Ursus possessed a retort and a mattress; he dabbled in transmutation; he sold panaceas. It was said of him that he had formerly been for a while confined in Bedlam; they had done him the honor to take him for a madman, but they had let him go, perceiving that he was only a poet. This story, probably, was not true; we have, all of us, to undergo some such imputations.

The truth is, that Ursus was a pedantic scholar, a man of taste, and an old Latin poet. He was learned in two ways: he Hippocratized and he Pindarized. He might have competed in fustian with Rapin and Veda. He would have composed jesuitical tragedies in a style not less triumphant than Father Bonhours. From his familiarity with venerable rhythms and antique metres, it resulted that he had his own peculiar images, and a whole cloud of classic metaphors. He said of a mother, preceded by her two daughters, "This is a dactyl;" of a father, followed by his two sons, "This is an anapæst;" and of a little child, walking between its grandfather and grandmother, "This is an amphimacer." So much science could only result in starvation. The school of Salerno said: "Eat little and often!" Ursus eat little and seldom, obeying thus one-half the precept, and disobeying the other half; but this was the fault of the public, which did not always flock round him, and did not purchase frequently. Ursus used to say: "The expectoration of a sentence is a solace. The wolf is consoled by howling, the sheep by its wool, the forest by its warblers, woman by love, and the philosopher by epiphonema." Ursus, at need, manufactured comedies, that he played—after a fashion; this aids in disposing of drugs. He had, among other works, composed an heroic pastoral in honor of Sir Hugh Middleton, who, in 1698, transported a river to London. This river was tranquil in the county of Hertford, sixty miles off. Sir Hugh Middleton came and took it. He brought with him a brigade of six hundred men armed with shovels and pickaxes; set himself to shaking up the earth, hollowing it here, throwing it up there, sometimes twenty feet high, sometimes thirty feet deep; made wooden aqueducts in the air, and in this place and that eight hundred bridges, of stone, of brick, of joists; and, one fine morning, the river entered into London, which lacked water. Ursus transformed all these vulgar details into a fine eclogue between the stream Thames and the river Serpentine; the stream invited the river to come to him, and offered her his bed, and said to her: "I am too old to please the women, but I am sufficiently rich to pay them"—an ingenious and gallant mode of expressing that Sir Hugh Middleton had executed all these works at his own expense.

Ursus was remarkable in a soliloquy. In look, morose at once and garrulous, having no desire to see any one, and craving to address some one, he got out of the difficulty by speaking to himself. Whoever has lived alone knows to what extent the monologue is natural. There is an itching in language repressed. To harangue space is an issue for it. To speak aloud, and all alone, has the effect of a dialogue with the god that one has within one's self. This, it is well known, was the custom of Socrates. He harangued himself; the same with Luther. Ursus was akin to these great men. He had this hermaphroditic faculty of being his own audience. He made inquiries of himself, and responded; he glorified and he insulted himself. His monologue in his crib might be heard from the street. Passers-by, who have their own special manner of appreciating clever fellows, said of him: "He is an idiot." He insulted himself sometimes, as we have just remarked; but he had

also his periods for doing himself justice. One day, in one of his self-addressed allocutions, he was heard to exclaim: "I have studied vegetable life in all its mysteries, in the stem, in the bud, in the sepal, in the petal, in the stamen, in the carpel, in the ovule, in the urn, in the conceptacle, and in the thalamus. I have fully probed chromatics, and osmosis, and chymosium, that is to say, the formation of color, of smell, and of taste." There was, without doubt, some foolishness in this certificate that Ursus delivered to Ursus; but let those who have not fully probed chromatics, and osmosis, and chymosium, cast at him the first stone.

Fortunately, Ursus never went into the Netherlands. They would certainly have desired to weigh him there, to ascertain whether he was of the normal weight, above or below which a man is a sorcerer. This weight, in Holland, was wisely fixed by the law. Nothing could be more simple and more ingenious. It was a verification. You were placed in wooden scales, and the evidence was conclusive if you disturbed the equilibrium: too heavy, you were hanged; too light, you were burned. There are still to be seen, at Oudewater, the scales for weighing sorcerers, but they serve now for weighing cheese, so much has religion degenerated! Ursus would certainly have had a crow to pluck with them. In his journeyings he avoided Holland, and he did well. In fact, we believe that he never went out of Great Britain.

Be that as it may, being very poor and very proud, and having made the acquaintance of Homo in a forest, a taste for wandering life came upon him. He had taken this wolf in as a sleeping partner, and he had taken the road with him, living, in the open air, the grand life of chance. He had much industry, and many by-ends, and great skill in all things connected with curing, operating, getting people out of their maladies, and accomplishing most wonderful specialties; he was considered a good mountebank and a good doctor; he passed also, one may understand, for a magician—in a moderate way, not too much of it—for in those days it was not wholesome to be set down as one of the devil's friends. To tell the truth, Ursus, by his passion for pharmacy and love of plants, exposed himself to danger—considering how often he went to gather herbs in the tangled thickets, where are Lucifer's salads, and where one risks, as has been attested by the Councillor De l'Ancre, meeting in the mist of the evening a man who rises out of the ground, "blind of his right eye, without cloak, a sword at his side, feet naked and unshod." Ursus, nevertheless, although queer in his conduct and temperament, was too sensible a man to draw down or keep off a hail-storm; to cause faces to appear; to kill a man with the torment of too much dancing; to suggest dreams pleasant, or sad and full of terrors; to cause the hatching of a four-winged cock. He did not pretend to these sorry tricks. He was incapable of certain abominations; as, for example, of speaking German, or Hebrew, or Greek, without having learned it, which is an indication of most execrable wickedness, or of a natural malady growing out of some melancholy caprice. If Ursus spoke Latin, it was because he knew it. He would never have allowed himself to speak Syriac, seeing that he knew it not; besides, it is averred that Syriac is the language of the witches' night assemblies. In medicine, he properly preferred Galen to Cardan—Cardan, all learned man that he is, being only an earth-worm in comparison with Galen.

To sum up, Ursus was not a personage molested by the police. His crib was sufficiently long and sufficiently broad, so that he could lie down there on a chest that contained his not oversumptuous wardrobe. He owned a lantern, several wigs, and various utensils hung up from nails, and among them some musical instruments. He possessed also a bear-skin, with which he covered himself on the days of a grand performance, calling this the putting on his costume. He said: "I have two skins; this is the true one," and he pointed to the skin of the bear. The crib on wheels belonged to him and the wolf. In

addition to his crib, his horn, and his wolf, he had a flute and a *viol di gamba*, and he played agreeably upon them. He manufactured his own elixirs. He wrought out of his talents enough to bring him an occasional supper. There was in the roof of his crib a hole, through which passed the pipe of a casting-stove alongside of his chest. This stove had two compartments. Ursus cooked up his alchemy in one, and his potatoes in the other. At night, the wolf slept under the crib, chained up in a friendly way. Homo had black hair, and Ursus gray hair. Ursus was fifty years old, if he were not sixty. His acceptance of human destiny was such, that he eat, as is perceived, potatoes—filthy food, upon which at that period swine and convicts were fed. He eat this, indignant, yet resigned. He was not tall, he was long. He was bent, and gloomy. The bowed-down figure of the old man—this is the subsidence of life. Nature had designed him to be sad. It was difficult for him to smile, and it had always been impossible for him to weep. He lacked the consolation of tears, and the palliative of joy. An aged man is a thinking ruin; Ursus was that ruin. A charlatan's loquacity, a prophet's leanness, the irascibility of a mine that is charged—such was Ursus. In his youth he had been a philosopher at the home of a lord.

This passed, a hundred and eighty years ago, in the days when men were a little more like wolves than they are at present.

Not much more.

II.

Homo was not the first wolf that came to hand. From his appetite for medlars and apples, one would have taken him for a prairie wolf; from the deep color of his hair, one would have taken him for a lycaon; and from his howling toned down to a bark, one would have taken him for a Chilian dog; but the pupil of this animal's iris has not yet been so accurately observed, as to make it certain that he is not a fox, and Homo was a thorough wolf. His length was five feet, which is extreme length for a wolf, even in Lithuania. He was very powerful; he squinted, which was not his fault; he had a soft tongue, with which he sometimes licked Ursus; he had a stiff tuft of short black hair upon his backbone, and he was lean as any beast of the forest. Before making acquaintance with Ursus, and having a cart to drag, he did easily his forty leagues in a night. Ursus, falling in with him in a thicket, near a stream of running water, had taken a fancy to him, on seeing him fish for crawfish knowingly and prudently, and had welcomed in him an honest and genuine Koupava wolf, of the same kind as the crab-eating dog.

Ursus preferred Homo, as a beast of burden, to an ass. To make an ass draw his crib would have been repulsive to him; he set too high a value upon the ass for that. Besides, he had remarked that the ass, a four-footed thinker, little understood of men, has sometimes an unquiet pricking up of the ears, when philosophers say foolish things. In life, between our thoughts and ourselves, an ass is a third party; this is annoying. As a friend, Ursus preferred Homo to a dog, believing that the wolf's approach to friendliness is from a greater distance.

This is why Homo sufficed to Ursus. Homo was for Ursus more than a companion; he was an analogue. Ursus tapped him on his lean flanks with the remark: "I have found my second volume."

He said furthermore: "When I am dead, whoever desires to know me, will only have to study Homo. I shall leave him after me as my exact copy."

The English law, by no means tender toward the beasts of the forest, might have taken offence at this wolf, and have found fault with him for his impudence in going familiarly into towns; but Homo took advantage of the immunity accorded by a statute of Edward IV., touching "domestics:" "Every

domestic following his master shall be allowed to come and go freely." A certain relaxing as regards wolves had also resulted from a fashion among court-ladies, under the later Stuarts, that of having little Tartar foxes called *Adivas*, no bigger than cats, which they had brought for them from Asia at heavy expense.

Ursus had communicated to Homo a portion of his talents, the standing upright, the tempering his rage into ill-humor, the grumbling in place of howling, etc.; and, on his part, the wolf had taught the man what he knew, the dispensing with a home, the dispensing with bread, the dispensing with fire, the preference of hunger in a wood to slavery in a palace.

The crib, a sort of cabin-carriage that followed the most varied itinerary, without however going out of England and Scotland, had four wheels, plus shafts for the wolf, and a swing-bar for the man. This swing-bar was a provision against bad roads. The carriage was solid, though constructed of light planks. It had, in front, a glass door, with a little balcony used for harangues—a tribune modified from a pulpit—and, in the rear, a full door pierced with a window. The lowering of steps—there were three of them—turning on a hinge and arranged behind the windowed door, gave entrance to the crib, well secured at night with bolts and locks. It had been much rained upon and snowed upon. It had been painted; but it were hard to say of what color, the changes of the seasons being for tilted carts what changes in a reign are for courtiers. In front, outside, upon a sort of deal-board frontispiece, one might formerly have deciphered this inscription in black letters upon a white ground, that had become by degrees confounded and mixed:

"Gold loses annually by friction one fourteen-hundredth of its bulk; this is what is called the wear and tear: thence it follows that, out of fourteen hundred millions of gold circulating throughout all the world, every year one million is lost. This million of gold goes off in dust, flies away, floats, is an atom, becomes breathable, loads, doses, burdens, and impairs the conscience, and amalgamates itself with the soul of the rich, which it renders proud, and with the soul of the poor, which it renders savage."

This inscription, effaced and erased by rain and by the goodness of Providence, was fortunately illegible; for it is probable that, being at once enigmatical and transparent, this philosophy of gold inhaled would not have suited the taste of sheriffs, provosts, and other wig-bearers of the law. English legislation at that time did not stand upon trifles. It was easy to be a felon. The magistrates showed themselves traditionally ferocious, and cruelty was the order of the day. Inquisitorial judges were multiplied. Jeffreys had left offspring.

III.

WITHINSIDE the crib there were two other inscriptions. Above the chest, on the whitewashed partition of planks, might be read what follows, written in ink and by hand:

"THE ONLY THINGS THAT IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW.

"The baron peer of England has a circlet with six pearls.

"The coronet begins with the viscount.

"The viscount has a coronet of pearls not numbered; the earl, a coronet of pearls on spikes intermixed with strawberry-leaves lower down; the marquis, pearls and leaves of equal height; the duke, gems without pearls; the royal duke, a circlet of a cross and *fleurs-de-lys*; the Prince of Wales, a crown like that of the king, but not closed.

"The duke is most high and most mighty prince; the marquis and the earl, most noble and mighty lord; the baron, simply lord.

"The duke is your grace, the other peers are your lordships.

"The peers are inviolable.

"The lords are chamber and court, *concilium et curia*, legislature and justice."

"Most honorable" is more than "right honorable."

"The lords peers are qualified 'lords by right;' the lords not peers are 'lords by courtesy.' The only lords are those who are peers."

"The lord never takes an oath, neither before the king, nor in court of law. His word is enough. He says: 'Upon my honor.'"

"The Commons, who are the people, summoned to the bar of the Lords, present themselves there humbly, heads bare, before the peers who are covered."

"The Commons send up their bills to the Lords by forty members, who present the bill with three low bows."

"The Lords send their bills to the Commons by a simple clerk."

"In case of disagreement, the two Chambers confer in the painted chamber, the Peers seated and wearing their hats, the Commons standing up and uncovered."

"By a law of Edward VI., the lords have the privilege of simple homicide. A lord who only kills a man is not prosecuted."

"The barons have the same rank as the bishops."

"To be baron peer, one must hold of the king by *baroniam integram*, by barony entire."

"The barony entire is composed of thirteen fiefs noble and one quartering, each fief noble being of twenty pounds sterling, which amounts to four hundred marks."

"The chief thing in the barony, *caput baronia*, is a country seat, hereditarily governed, as England herself is; that is to say, incapable of being vested in daughters save in default of male children, and in this case going to the eldest daughter, *ceteris filiabus aliunde satisfactis*."

"The barons have the title of *lord* from the Saxon *laford*, from the old Latin *dominus*, and from the lower Latin *lordus*."

"The elder and younger sons of viscounts and barons are the first esquires of the kingdom."

"The eldest sons of peers take precedence over knights of the Garter; the younger sons do not."

"The eldest son of a viscount walks behind all the barons, and before all the baronets."

"Every daughter of a lord is *lady*. Other English girls are *misses*."

"All the judges are inferior to the peers. The sergeant has a hood of lamb's skin; the judge has a hood of minever, *de minuto vario*, a mixture of small white furs of all sorts except ermine. Ermine is reserved for peers and for the king."

"A *supplicavit* cannot be granted against a lord."

"A lord cannot be kept in prison—except in the Tower of London."

"A lord summoned to the king's abode has the right to kill a stag or two in the royal park."

"The lord holds in his chateau a baronial court."

"It is unworthy of a lord to go into the streets, in a cloak, followed by two lackeys. He can only show himself with a large train of gentlemen of his household."

"The peers go to the Parliament-house in carriages, in file; the commons do not. Some peers go to Westminster in inverted chairs upon four wheels. The form of these chairs, and of their emblazoned and coronetted vehicles, is only allowed to the lords, and constitutes one of their privileges."

"A lord can only be condemned to a fine by his peers, and never to more than five shillings' fine—except a duke, who may be condemned to ten."

"A lord may have in his household six foreigners. Every other Englishman can only have four."

"A lord may have eight casks of wine, without paying duty."

* "Which is the same as saying: 'One provides for the other girls as one can.'" (Note, by Ursus, on the edge of the wall.)

"The lord alone is exempted from presenting himself before the sheriff on circuit."

"The lord cannot be taxed for the militia."

"When a lord is so pleased, he raises a regiment, and presents it to the king; thus do their graces the Duke of Athol, the Duke of Hamilton, and the Duke of Northumberland."

"The lord holds only of lords."

"In a civil process, he may claim reference of the cause to another court, if there be not at least a knight among the judges."

"The lord appoints his own chaplains."

"A baron appoints three chaplains; a viscount four; an earl and a marquis five; a duke six."

"The lord cannot be put to the torture, even for high-treason."

"The lord cannot be branded on the hand."

"The lord is clerk, even when he knows not how to read. He knows it of right."

"A duke has a canopy carried with him wherever the king is not present; a viscount has a canopy in his house. A baron has one in readiness, and lets it be within his reach when he drinks; a baroness has the right to have her train borne by a man, when in presence of a viscountess."

"Eighty-six lords, or eldest sons of lords, preside at eighty-six tables of five hundred covers each, which are served every day to his Majesty in his palace, at the expense of the country surrounding the royal residence."

"A plebeian, who strikes a lord, has his wrist cut off."

"The lord is almost king."

"The king is almost God."

"The world is a lordship."

"The English address God as *my lord*."

Opposite this inscription, a second one might be read, written in the same style. Here it is:

"CONSOLATIONS THAT OUGHT TO SUFFICE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING."

"Henry Auderquerque, Earl of Grantham, who sits in the House of Lords between the Earl of Jersey and the Earl of Greenwich, has an income of one hundred thousand pounds. It is to his lordship that the palace of Grantham Terrace belongs, built all of marble, and famous for what is called the labyrinth of corridors, which is a curiosity. There is in it the carnation corridor in Saracolin marble, the brown corridor in Astracan lumachel, the white corridor in Lani marble, the black corridor in Alabanda marble, the gray corridor in Staremme marble, the yellow corridor in marble from Hesse, the green corridor in marble from the Tyrol, the red corridor half in Bohemian griotte, and half in Cordovan lumachel, the blue corridor in turquin from Genoa, the violet corridor in Catalonian granite, the mourning corridor, veined in black and white, in Murviedro schist, the rose corridor in cipolin from the Alps, the pearl corridor in Nonetta lumachel, and the corridor of all colors, called the courtiers' corridor, in harlequin braccio."

"Richard Lowther, Viscount Lonsdale, owns Lowther in Westmoreland, which is sumptuous in its approaches, and the door-steps of which appear to invite kings to enter."

"Richard, Earl of Scarborough, Viscount and Baron Lumley, Viscount of Waterford in Ireland, Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of the county of Northumberland, and of Durham city and county, owns the double castle of Stansted, the ancient and the modern; where may be admired a superb railing in a half circle, surrounding a basin of water with an incomparable jet. He has, in addition, his chateau at Lumley."

"Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness, has his domain of Holderness, with baronial towers, and gardens of immense extent in the French style, where he takes the air in a carriage with six horses, preceded by two outriders, as befits an English peer."

"Charles Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans, Earl of Burford,

Baron Haddington, Grand Falconer of England, has a residence at Windsor, a royal one, and near to that of the king.

"Charles Bodville, Lord Robartes, Baron Truro, Viscount Bodmin, owns Wimple, in Cambridgeshire, which is made up of three palaces with three pedimented fronts, one arched and two triple-angled. The approach is through a quadruple avenue of trees.

"The most noble and most mighty lord, Philip Herbert, Viscount of Cardiff, Earl of Montgomery, Earl of Pembroke, peer and lord of Candall, Marmion, St. Quentin, and Churland, Warden of the Stanneries in the counties of Cornwall and Devon, Hereditary Visitor of Jesus College, owns the marvellous garden of Wilton, where there are two water-basins with wheat-sheaf jets, finer than any at Versailles, of the most Christian king Louis XIV.

"Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, has Somerset House on the Thames, which equals the Villa Pamphili at Rome. There may be seen, upon the grand chimney-piece, two porcelain vases of the dynasty of the Yuens, which are worth half a million in French money.

"In Yorkshire, Arthur, Lord Ingram, Viscount Irwin, has Temple-Newsham, where you enter by a triumphal arch, and where the broad flat roofs resemble Moorish terraces.

"Robert, Lord Torrens of Chartley, Bouchier, and Lorraine, has, in Leicestershire, Staunton-Harold, where the park, geometrically laid out, has the form of a temple with a pediment; and the large church, with square bell tower, in front of the sheet of water, is also his lordship's.

"In the county of Northampton, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, one of his Majesty's privy council, possesses Althorp, where you enter through a railing with four pillars, surmounted by groups in marble.

"Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, has, in Surrey, New-Park, magnificent with its sculptured blocking-course, its circular lawn surrounded by trees, and its woods, at the end of which is a little mountain artistically rounded, and crowned with a towering oak visible a long way off.

"Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, owns Bretby, in Derbyshire, which has a superb clock-tower, falconries, warrens, and very beautiful sheets of water, oblong, square, and oval, with two jets of great height.

"Lord Cornwallis, Baron of Eye, has Brome Hall, which is a palace of the fourteenth century.

"The most noble Algernon Capel, Viscount Malden, Earl of Essex, owns Cashiobury, in Hertfordshire, a chateau that has the form of a capital H, and where there are preserves well stocked with game.

"Charles, Lord Ossulstone, has Dawly, in Middlesex, which one reaches through Italian gardens.

"James Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, at seven leagues' distance from London, has Hatfield House, with its four seigniorial pavilions, its belfry in the centre, and its court of honor, flagged in white and black, like that of St. Germain. This palace, which has a frontage of two hundred and seventy-two feet, was built under James I., by the lord high treasurer, who is the great-grandfather of the living earl. There may be seen the bed of a Countess of Salisbury, of inestimable value, entirely made of a Brazilian wood that is a panacea against the bite of serpents, and that is called *milhombres*, which means *a thousand men*. Upon this bed is written, in letters of gold: '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*.'

"Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland, has Warwick Castle, where they burn whole oak-trees in the fire-places.

"In the parish of Seven Oaks, Charles Sackville, Baron Buckhurst, Viscount Cranfield, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, has Knowle, which is as large as a town, and which is composed of three parallel palaces, one behind the other, like lines of infantry, with ten spiral gables on the principal façade, and an entrance beneath a donjon-keep with four turrets.

"Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, Baron Varminster, possesses Long-Leate, which has almost as many chimneys, lanterns, alcoves, pepper-casters, pavilions, and turrets, as Chamberlain, in France, belonging to the king.

"Henry Howard, Earl of Suffolk, has, at a dozen leagues from London, the palace of Audley-End, in Middlesex, which scarcely yields in vastness and majesty to the Escorial of the King of Spain.

"In Bedfordshire, Wrest-House-and-Park, which is a whole country enclosed within ditches and walls, with woods, rivers, and hills, belongs to Henry, Marquis of Kent.

"Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, with its strongly-battlemented donjon, and its garden barred in by a sheet of water that separates it from the forest, is the property of Thomas, Lord Coningsby.

"Grimsthorp, in Lincolnshire, with its long façade divided by lofty turrets in impalements, its parks, its fish-ponds, its pheasant-tries, its sheepfolds, its bowling-greens, its quincunxes, its malls, its woods of old trees, its pastures bordered, quadrilled, and lozenged with flowers, so as to resemble vast carpets, its race-grounds, and the majesty of the sweep in which carriages turn before entering to the chateau, belongs to Robert, Earl Lindsay, hereditary lord of the forest of Walham.

"Up-Park, in Sussex, a chateau of square form, with two symmetrical belfry-pavilions on the two sides of the court of honor, is owned by the right honorable Ford, Lord Grey, Viscount Glendale, and Earl of Tankerville.

"Newnham-Padox, in Warwickshire, which has two quadrangular fish-ponds, and a gable with glass on four sides, belongs to the Earl of Denbigh, who is also Count of Rheinselden in Germany.

"Wythame, in Berkshire, with its French garden, in which are cut four tunnels, and its grand crenellated tower with lofty battlements, is owned by Lord Montague, Earl of Abingdon, who has also Rycott, of which he is baron, and of which the principal door bears the device, *Virtus ariete fortior*.

"William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, has six country-seats, one of which is Chatsworth, an edifice of two stories, in the finest Greek style; his grace has also his mansion in London, where there is a lion that turns his back on the king's palace.

"Viscount Kimalmeaky, who is Earl of Cork in Ireland, owns Burlington House in Piccadilly, with vast gardens that extend to the fields outside of London. He has also Chiswick, where there are nine magnificent main buildings. He has also Londesburgh, which is a new residence, by the side of an old palace.

"The Duke of Beaufort has Chelsea, containing two Gothic châteaux and one Florentine; he has also Badminton in Gloucestershire, which is a residence whence a number of avenues diverge after the manner of a star. The most noble and mighty prince, Henry Duke of Beaufort, is at the same time Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Baron Raglan, Baron Power, and Baron Herbert of Chepstow.

"John Holles, Duke of Newcastle and Marquis of Clare, is owner of Bolsover, of which the square donjon-keep is majestic, besides Haughton in Nottinghamshire, where there is, in the centre of a basin, a circular pyramid in imitation of the Tower of Babel.

"William, Lord Craven, Baron Craven of Hampstead, has a residence in Warwickshire, Comb Abbey, where may be seen the finest jet of water in England; also, in Berkshire, two baronies—Hampstead-Marshall, the façade of which shows five connected Gothic lanterns, and Ashdowne Park, which is a mansion at the point of intersection of several cross-roads in a forest.

"Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, derives his peerage from the Castle of Clancharlie, erected in 914, by Edward the Elder, against the Danes; he has also Hunkerville House in

London, which is a palace; also, at Windsor, Corleone Lodge, which is the same thing; also eight dependencies, one at Buxton on the Trent, with tolls upon the alabaster quarries; then Gumdraith, Homble, Moricambe, Trenwardraith, Hell-Kerters, where there is a marvellous well; Pillinmore and its peat-bogs, Reculver near the ancient town Vagniacœ, Vinecaunton on the mountain Moilembli; also nineteen market-towns and villages with bailiffs, and the whole country of Pens-neth-chase, which together bring in to his lordship a rent of forty thousand pounds sterling.

"The one hundred and seventy-two peers flourishing under James II. possess among them, in lump sum, an annual revenue of twelve hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds sterling, which is the eleventh part of the revenue of England."

On the margin, by this last name, Lord Linneus Clancharlie, might be read this note in the handwriting of Ursus:

A rebel; in exile; goods, houses, and domains under sequestration. So much the better.

IV.

URSUS admired Homo. We admire that which is akin to us. This is a law.

To be always furious without outburst, this was the internal condition of Ursus; grumbling was his external condition. Ursus was the malcontent of creation. He was, in Nature, the one that gives rise to opposition. He took the universe in bad part. He gave no certificate of well-doing to any person or any thing. Making honey did not absolve the bee from stinging; a full-blown rose did not excuse the sun for the yellow fever and the black vomit. It is probable that within himself Ursus often criticised the Deity. He said: "Evidently, the devil is set on springs, and the mistake of God is in having pulled the trigger." He scarcely approved any one but princes, and he had his own peculiar manner of applauding them. One day, when James II. presented a massive golden lamp to the Virgin of a Catholic chapel in Ireland, Ursus, who was passing by with Homo, more indifferent than he, broke forth into admiration before all the people, and exclaimed: "It is certain that the holy Virgin has much more need of a golden lamp, than these little barefooted children have of shoes."

Such proofs of his devotion, and the evidence of his respect for the established powers, contributed probably not a little to making the magistrates tolerate his vagabond existence and his misalliance with a wolf. Sometimes, in the evening, from a feeling of friendly weakness, he allowed Homo to stretch his limbs a little and wander at liberty around the cart.

The wolf was incapable of an abuse of confidence, and bore himself in society, that is to say among men, with the discretion of a poodle-dog. However, if they had had to do with ill-tempered constables, this might have given rise to inconvenience; therefore Ursus kept, so far as was possible, the honest wolf chained up. In a political point of view, his label about the gold, having become undecipherable and being otherwise scarcely intelligible, was nothing else than a daub upon the façade, and did not denounce him. Even after James II., and under the "respectable" reign of William and Mary, the little county-towns of England could see his cart prowling round about in peace. He travelled, without hinderance, from one end of Great Britain to the other, retailing his philters and his phials, enacting, in partnership with his wolf, his ambulant-doctor mummeries; and he passed with ease through the meshes of the nets spread by the police of that epoch all over England, for picking clean the migratory tribes, and specially for arresting the *Comprachicos* on their way.

And this was just. Ursus was of no tribe. Ursus lived with Ursus; *tête-à-tête* of himself with himself, into which a wolf poked his muzzle. The ambition of Ursus might have been to be a Carib; this unattainable, he was the personification of solitude. The recluse is a modified savage, accepted by civilization. The more one wanders, the more one is alone.

Thence his perpetual shifting from place to place. To remain anywhere seemed to him the being tamed. He passed his life in passing on his way. The sight of towns redoubled in him his preference of brushwood, thickets, thorns, and holes in rocks. His home was the forest. He did not find himself much out of his element amid the hubbub of public places, which sufficiently resembles the murmur of trees. A crowd satisfies to some extent one's craving for the desert. That which worried him in his crib was that it had a door and windows, and looked like a house. He would have attained his ideal, if he could have put a cavern on four wheels, and travelled about in a cave.

He did not smile, as we have said; but he laughed sometimes; frequently even. It was a bitter laugh. There is something of content in the smile, whilst the laugh is often a refusal.

His grand business was to hate the human race. He was implacable in this hate. Having come to a definite conclusion that human life is a hideous affair, having remarked the superimposition of plagues—kings upon peoples, war upon kings, pestilence upon war, famine upon pestilence, stupidity upon every thing—having recognized a certain amount of chastisement in the mere fact of existence, having established that death is a deliverance, when they brought to him a sick man, he cured him. He had cordials and beverages for prolonging the life of old persons. He set up on their feet cripples squatting in a wooden bowl, and threw at them this sarcasm: "There you are, upon your pins; may you walk for many a day, through the valley of tears!" When he saw a poor fellow dying of hunger, he gave him all the farthings he had about him, while growling out: "Live, miserable wretch! eat! last a long time yet! I am not the man to abridge your term in the convict prison!" After this, he rubbed his hands, and said: "I do men all the harm I can."

Passers-by, looking through the hole in the back window, could read on the roof of the crib this sign, written inside, but visible from without, and charcoaled in large letters: "URSUS, PHILOSOPHER."

II.—THE COMPRACHICOS.

I.

Who is acquainted at this day with the word *Comprachicos*, and who knows what it means?

The *Comprachicos*, or *Comprapequeños*, were a hideous and strange nomadic affiliation, famous in the seventeenth century, forgotten in the eighteenth, unknown in our time. The *Comprachicos* are, like the "succession powder," an ancient and characteristic social mark. They form a part of the old human squalor. For the sweeping glance of history, which brings all into one view, the *Comprachicos* belong to the immense fact, slavery. Joseph, sold by his brethren, is a chapter of their story. The *Comprachicos* have left a trace in the penal legislations of Spain and of England. You find here and there, in the dark confusion of English laws, the pressure of this monstrous reality, as you find the footprint of the savage in a forest.

Comprachicos, as also *Comprapequeños*, is a compound Spanish word, which means the buyers of little ones.

The *Comprachicos* drove a traffic in children.

They bought them, and they sold them.

They did not steal them. Stealing children is another trade.

And what did they make of these children?

Monsters.

Why monsters?

For laughter's sake.

The people are bound to laugh; the rocks also. There must be the merry-andrew for the public cross-ways; there must be the buffoon for Louvres. The one is called Turlupin, the other Triboulet.

The efforts of man to procure himself distraction are sometimes worthy of the philosopher's attention.

What are we sketching in these few preliminary pages?—a chapter of the most terrible of books, of the book that might be entitled, *The Utilization of the Unfortunate by the Fortunate*.

II.

A CHILD destined to be a plaything for men—that has existed. (It exists still in this day.) At epochs artless and ferocious, this constitutes a special pursuit. The seventeenth century, called the great century, was one of these epochs. It was an age decidedly Byzantine; it was marked by a corrupted ingenuousness and a delicate ferocity, a curious variety of civilization. A tiger making pretty faces. Madame de Sévigné mincing, à propos of the stake and the wheel. This century did much in working-up children. Historians, flatterers of the period, have hidden the sore; but they have let us see the remedy—Vincent de Paul.

That the human rattle may succeed, it must be taken early in hand. The dwarf ought to be little when he begins. They played on infancy. But a well-made infant is not very amusing. A hunchback is more gay.

Thence an art. There were bringers-up. They took a man, and they made an abortion; they took a face, and they made a snout. They bent down growth; they kneaded physiognomy. This artificial production of monstrosities had its rules. It was altogether a science. Let an orthopedist be imagined in the inverse sense. There, where God had placed vision, this art placed strabismus. There, where God has put harmony, they put deformity. There, where God has put perfection, they reestablished the rough draft. And, in the eyes of connoisseurs, it was the rough draft that was perfect. There were equally tamperings with his work for animals. Piebald horses were invented. Turenne rode a piebald. Do we not, in our day, paint dogs in blue and in green? Nature is our canvas. Man has always desired to add something to God. Man retouches the creation, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. The court buffoon was nothing else than an attempt to bring back man to the ape. Progress to the rear. Masterpieces going backward. At the same time, they tried to make the ape man. Barbe, Duchess of Cleveland and Countess of Southampton, had a monkey for her page. In the household of Frances Sutton, Baroness Dudley, eighth peeress on the barons' bench, tea was handed by a baboon dressed in gold brocade, that Lady Dudley called her negro. Catherine Sidley, Countess of Dorchester, went to a sitting of Parliament in a carriage bearing her coat-of-arms, behind which stood up, their muzzles in the air, three monkeys, in full livery. A Duchess of Medina-Celi, whose levee was attended by a Cardinal, had her stockings put on by an orang-outang. These baboons, thus promoted, were a counterweight against brutalized and bestialized men. This promiscuousness between man and beast, willed by the great, was especially called into action through the dwarf and the dog. The dwarf never quitted the dog, that was always bigger than himself. The dog was the dwarf's pet. They were like two coupled links in a necklace. This juxtaposition is proved by a host of domestic monuments, notably by the portrait of Jeffroy Hudson, dwarf of Henriette of France, the daughter of Henry IV., the wife of Charles I.

To degrade man is equally to deform him. The suppression of his natural state was completed by disfiguring him. Certain vivisectioners of those times had great success in effacing the divine stamp from the human countenance. Doctor Conquest, a member of the College in Amen Street, and a sworn inspector of the chemists' shops in London, has written a book in Latin on this perverted surgery, of which he gives the proceedings. If we may believe Jusens Carrick-Fergus, the inventor of this surgery was a monk named Aven-more, an Irish word that signifies great river.

The dwarf of the Elector Palatine, Perke, whose doll—or

the ghost of it—jumps out of a box in the cavern of Heidelberg, was a remarkable illustration of this science, so varied in its applications.

Thus were beings made, whose law of existence was monstrously simple: permission to suffer, order to be amusing.

III.

THIS fabrication of monsters was practised on a large scale, and comprised divers sorts.

There must be some for the Sultan; there must be some for the Pope. For the one, to help him guard his wives; for the other, to make his prayers. It was a style apart, unable to reproduce itself. These approaches to humanity were useful to voluptuousness and to religion. The seraglio and the Sistine Chapel put into requisition the same kind of monsters, here ferocious, there gentle.

They knew how, in those times, to produce things that are no more produced now; they had talents that we lack, and it is not without cause that smart fellows complain of our falling-off. Sculpture no longer knows how to work upon plain human flesh. This is because the art of corporal punishment is being lost. There were virtuosi in this branch; there are none now. The art has been simplified to such a point, that it will, perhaps, soon disappear entirely. In cutting off the limbs of living men, in opening their bellies, in taking out their bowels, one lighted on phenomena, one had his godsend; we must give that up, and we are deprived of the progress that the executioner was making in surgery.

This vivisection of other days was not limited to perfecting phenomena for the public resort, buffoons for the palace—a species of improvement upon the courtier—and eunuchs for sultans and popes. It abounded in variations. One of its triumphs was the making a cock for the King of England.

It was the custom, in the English king's palace, that there should be a sort of nocturnal man, who could crow like a cock. This watcher, up while others slept, prowled round the palace, and uttered, from hour to hour, this cry of the poultry-yard, repeated as often as was needed for supplying the place of a clock. This man, promoted to be a cock, had for this purpose undergone, in childhood, an operation on the pharynx, which was a portion of the art described by Dr. Conquest. Under Charles II., the salivation resulting from the operation having disgusted the Duchess of Portsmouth, the office was kept up, so as not to diminish the lustre of the crown, but a man not mutilated was made to do the crowing. For this employment a veteran officer was usually selected. Under James II., this functionary called himself William Sampson Cock, and received annually, for his crowing, nine pounds two shillings and sixpence.*

Scarcely a hundred years ago, as the memoirs of Catherine II. tell us, when the Czar or Czarina was displeased with any Russian prince, the prince was made to cower down in the grand antechamber of the palace, and remained in this posture an appointed number of days, mewing, by order, like a cat, or clucking like a hen that is sitting, and pecking at his food on the floor.

These modes are out of fashion—less, however, than one supposes. To-day, the courtiers, who cluck to please, modify a little their intonation. More than one picks up from the ground—we do not say from the mud—what he eats.

It is very fortunate that kings cannot deceive themselves. In this way their contradictions never embarrass them. Approving unceasingly, one is sure to be always right—which is pleasant. Louis XIV. would not have liked to see at Versailles either an officer playing the cock, or a prince playing the turkey. What enhanced the royal and imperial dignity in England and in Russia would have seemed to Louis the Great incompatible with the crown of St. Louis. His annoyance is well known

* See Dr. Chamberlayne's "Present Condition of England," 1688, 1st part, chap. xlii., p. 179.

when Madame Henriette, one night, so far forgot herself as to see a hen in a dream, in fact a grave breach of etiquette for a person of the court. When one belongs to the lofty, one ought not to dream of the lowly. Bossuet, it will be remembered, like Louis XIV., thought it scandalous.

IV.

THE trade in children, during the seventeenth century, was made complete, as we have just explained, by a craft. The Comprachicos followed this trade and practised this craft. They bought children, worked up a little this first material, and presently sold it again.

The sellers were of every kind, from the miserable father getting rid of his family, to the master utilizing his stud of slaves. Selling men was a very simple affair. In our day, one is punished for maintaining this right. It may be remembered that, less than a century ago, the Elector of Hesse sold his subjects to the King of England, who wanted men for killing in America. They went to the Elector of Hesse as to a butcher to buy meat. The Elector of Hesse kept gun-flesh. This prince hung up his subjects on nails in his shop. Bargain! they are for sale. In England, under Jeffreys, after the tragical adventure of Monmouth, many a lord and gentleman was decapitated and quartered. These victims left wives and daughters—widows and orphans, whom James II. presented to the queen his wife. The queen sold these ladies to William Penn. It is probable that this king had discount allowed him, and so much per cent. What is surprising is, not that James II. should have sold these women, but that William Penn should have bought them.

The bargain by Penn is excused or explained herein, that Penn, having a desert to sow with men, had need of women. The women were a part of his implements.

These ladies were a good thing for her gracious majesty the queen. The young ones brought a high price. One has the uncomfortable sense of a complicated scandal, in reflecting that Penn probably got the old duchesses very cheap.

The Comprachicos were called also the *Chey-las*, a Hindoo word that signifies the spoilers of child-nests.

For a long period, the Comprachicos only half hid themselves. There is, sometimes, in the social arrangement, a penumbra, not unfavorable to nefarious crafts; they keep themselves alive therein. We have witnessed in our day, in Spain, an affiliation of this sort, directed by the bandit Ramon Selles, last from 1834 to 1866, and keep for thirty years three provinces in a state of alarm, Valencia, Alicante, and Murcia.

Under the Stuarts, the Comprachicos were not in bad odor at court. At need, state-craft made use of them. They were, for James II., almost an *instrumentum regni*. It was the epoch when cumbersome and refractory families were thinned off, when dependants were cut short, when heirs were abruptly suppressed. Sometimes one branch was defrauded for the benefit of another. The Comprachicos had one talent—that for disfiguring—which recommended them politically. To disfigure is more advantageous than to kill. There was, in truth, the iron mask, but that was an awkward weapon. One can't people Europe with iron masks, whilst deformed mountebanks haunt the streets quite naturally. Besides, the mask of iron can be snatched off, and the masks of flesh cannot. Masking you forever with your own countenance—nothing is more ingenious. The Comprachicos worked up man as the Chinese work up a tree. They had secrets, as we have said; they had special dodges. This is a lost art. A certain fantastic stunting came from their hands. It was preposterous, but deep-set. They touched up a little being with so much tact that its father would not recognize it. Et que méconnaissait l'œil même de son père, says Racine, with an error in his French. Sometimes they left the dorsal column straight, but they remade the face. They took the mark out of a child as one takes the mark out

of a handkerchief. The progeny intended for jugglers had their joints dislocated in a scientific way. They might be said to be boned. This made gymnasts.

Not only did they take away from the child his countenance; they also deprived him of his memory. At least they took away all they could. The child was unconscious of the mutilation that he had undergone. This fearful surgery left a trace upon his face, not in his mind. At the best he could but remember that, one day, he had been seized by certain men, that he had gone to sleep, and that then he had been cured. Cured of what?—he did not know. Burnings with sulphur and incisions by steel—he could recall nothing. The Comprachicos, during the operation, deadened the little patient by means of a stupefying powder that passed for magical, and that suppressed pain. This powder has been always known in China, and is used there to this day. China has had, before us, all our inventions—printing, artillery, aërostation, chloroform. Only, the discovery, that in Europe springs at once into life and growth, remains in embryo in China, and though preserved is dead. China is a glass bottle for a fetus.

As we are in China, let us stay there a moment, for certain details. In China, from time immemorial, ingenuity and handicraft have been applied to this matter: namely, the moulding of the living man. They take a child of two or three years old, and put it into a porcelain vase, more or less quaint, but without lid or bottom, so that the head and the feet are exposed. In the day-time the vase is kept upright; at night it is laid on its side, so that the child may sleep. Thus the child grows bigger without growing taller, filling up the embossments of the vase with its compressed flesh and twisted bones. This growth in the bottle lasts for several years. At a given period it is without remedy. When it is decided that the mould has taken, and that the monster is made, they break the vase, the child comes out from it, and they have a man with the form of a pot.

It is convenient; one can order one's dwarf beforehand, of any desired shape.

V.

JAMES II. tolerated the Comprachicos; and for good reason—he made use of them. At least this happened to him more than once. One does not always disdain what one despises. Such lower calling, excellent expedient sometimes for the higher calling that is termed politics, was voluntarily left miserable, but was not persecuted. No superintendence, but a certain attention. It might be useful. The law shut one eye; the king opened another.

Sometimes the king went so far as to avow his complicity. Such is the effrontery of monarchical terrorism. The disfigured object was *fleur-de-lysé*; the mark of God was removed, and the mark of the king put on. Jacob Astley, knight and baronet, lord of the manor of Melton, constable of the county of Norfolk, had in his family a child that had been sold, on whose forehead the vendue-master had imprinted, with a hot iron, a *fleur-de-lys*. In certain cases, if it were desirable from any cause to establish the royal origin of the child's newly-made condition, this method was employed. England has always done us the honor to utilize, for personal objects, the *fleur-de-lys*.

The Comprachicos—with the distinction that separates a calling from fanaticism—were analogous to the Thugs of India; they lived apart by themselves, in bands, with a dash of the mountebank, but for pretext. Moving about was thus easier for them. They camped here and there, but grave, religious, and—differing herein from all other nomads—incapable of theft. People have for a long time erroneously confounded them with the morris-dancers of Spain and the morris-dancers of China. The Spanish morris-dancers were coiners of false money; the Chinese morris-dancers were sharpers. Nothing of this sort with the Comprachicos. They were honest folk. One may think what one pleases of them, they were sometimes sincerely scrupulous. They pushed open a door, went in, bar-

gained for a child, paid, and carried it off. This was done with all preciseness.

They were of all countries. Under this name, Comprachicos, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Castilians, Germans, and Italians, fraternized. One same thought, one same superstition, the following out the same trade in common, bring about these fusions. In this fraternity of vagabonds, Levantines represented the East, and seamen of the western coast of France represented the West. Many a Basque therein held dialogue with many an Irishman. The Basques and the Irish understand each other; they speak the same Punic jargon. Add to this the intimate relations of Catholic Ireland with Catholic Spain. Such relations ended in the hanging at London of a quasi-king of Ireland, the Welsh lord of Brany, which brought about the earldom of Leitrim.

The Comprachicos were rather an association than a tribe, rather a residue than an association. It was all the beggarmod of the universe, having a crime for a calling. It was a sort of harlequin people, made up of all manner of rags. To take a man into it was to patch up a tatter.

To wander was the law of the Comprachicos' existence. To appear; then to disappear. He who is only tolerated takes no root. Even in kingdoms where their craft was a court purveyor, and, at need, an auxiliary of the royal power, they were at times and all at once treated harshly. Kings made use of their art, and sent the artists to the galleys. These inconsistencies are in the come-and-go of royal caprice. Such is our good pleasure.

Rolling stone and wandering industry gather no moss. The Comprachicos were poor. They might have said what the lean and tattered sorceress said, when she saw the torch lighted at the stake, "The game is not worth the candle." Possibly, probably even, their chiefs, remaining in the background, the wholesale adventurers in the trade in children, were rich. This point, after two centuries, it would be difficult to clear up.

It was, we have said, an affiliation. It had its laws, its oath, its formulas. It had almost its cabal. Whoever desires to learn much to-day concerning the Comprachicos, has only to go into Biscay and into Galicia. As there were many Basques among them, it is in these mountains that their legends remain. They still talk of the Comprachicos at this very hour at Oyazun, at Urbistondo, at Leso, at Astigarraga. *Aguárdate, niño, que voy á llamar al comprachico!** is still in that district the intimidating cry of mothers to their children.

The Comprachicos, like the Tchiganes and the gypsies, appointed meetings among themselves; from time to time their chiefs exchanged colloquies. There were, in the seventeenth century, four principal points of gathering. One was in Spain, the defile of Pancorbo; one in Germany, the glade called the Bad Woman, near Dickirsch, where there are two enigmatical bas-reliefs, representing a woman who has a head, and a man who has none; one in France, the hillock whereon was the colossal statue *Massue-la-Promesse*, in the ancient sacred wood Borvo Tomona, near Bourbonne-les-Bains; one in England, behind the garden-wall of William Chaloner, Esquire, of Gisborough, at Cleveland, in Yorkshire, between the square tower and the main gable, pierced with an ogive door.

The laws against vagrants have always been very rigorous in England. England, in her Gothic legislation, seemed to inspire herself with this principle: *Homo errans ferè errante peior*. One of her special statutes describes the man without a home as "more dangerous than the asp, the dragon, the lynx, and the basilisk" (*atrocior aspidæ, dracone, lynce, et basilico*). England had for a long time the same solicitude about gypsies, of whom she desired to be rid, as about wolves, which she had swept away.

The English law, nevertheless, in the same way as it tolerated, as we have seen, the tamed and domesticated wolf, be-

come in some sort a dog, tolerated the vagabond by profession, become a subject. They did not trouble the mountebank, nor the travelling barber, nor the physician, nor the pedlar, nor the out-of-doors man of science, seeing that these had a trade for their livelihood. Beyond this, and with very few exceptions, the sort of free man that there is in the wandering man gave disquietude to the law. A passer-by was a possible public enemy. That modern invention, sauntering, was unknown; all that was known was the old action, prowling round. The "bad look," that indescribable something that all the world comprehends and that nobody can define, sufficed for society's taking a man by the collar. "Where do you live?" "What do you do?" And, if he could not answer, rude penalties awaited him. Steel and fire were in the code. The law practised the cauterization of vagabondism.

Thence, throughout the English territory, a true "law for suspected persons," applied to tramps—willingly evil-doers, let us say—and especially to gypsies, whose expulsion has been erroneously compared to the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors from Spain, and of the Protestants from France. As for us, we do not confound a battue with a persecution.

The Comprachicos, let us insist upon it, had nothing in common with the gypsies. The gypsies were a nation; the Comprachicos were a compound of all nations; a residue, we have said; a horrible wash-hand basin of impure waters. The Comprachicos had not, like the gypsies, an idiom of their own; their jargon was a jumble of idioms; all languages intermingled made up their language; they spoke a gibberish. They had finished by being, as well as the gypsies, a people winding its way among peoples; but their common bond was affiliation, not race. At all the epochs of history, one can distinguish, in this vast liquid mass, that which is humanity, from the sluices of venomous men flowing apart, with something of poison all about them. The gypsies were a family; the Comprachicos were a freemasonry—a masonry having not a noble aim, but a hideous pursuit. Last point of difference, religion. The gypsies were pagans; the Comprachicos were Christians—and even good Christians, as becomes an association which, albeit compounded of all peoples, had taken its rise in Spain, a devout locality.

They were more than Christians, they were Catholics; they were more than Catholics, they were Romans; and so distrustful in their faith and so pure, that they refused to unite with the Hungarian nomads of the comitat of Pesth, commanded and conducted by an old man who had for his sceptre a staff with a silver top, surmounted by the double-headed eagle of Austria. It is true that these Hungarians were schismatics to such a degree as to celebrate the Assumption on the 27th of August, which is an abomination.

In England, so long as the Stuarts reigned, the association of the Comprachicos was—we have let the motive be understood—almost patronized. James II., a devout man, who persecuted the Jews, and hunted down the gypsies, was a good prince for the Comprachicos. You have seen wherefore. The Comprachicos were buyers of the human commodity, in which the king was a dealer. The good of the state demanded an occasional disappearance. A troublesome heir, at an early age, whom they took and manipulated, lost his form. This made confiscations easy; the transfer of lordships to favorites was facilitated thereby. The Comprachicos were extremely discreet and very taciturn; they pledged themselves to silence, and kept their word, which is essential in state affairs. There was scarcely an instance of their having betrayed the king's secrets. This, it is true, was their own interest. And, if the king had lost confidence in them, they would have been greatly in danger. They were, therefore, a resource, in the political point of view. Besides, these artists supplied the Holy Father with singers. The Comprachicos were useful for Allegri's *Miserere*. They were particular devotees to Mary. All this was acceptable to the papism of the Stuarts. James II. could not be hostile

* "Take care, child, I am going to call the Comprachico!"

to religious men, who pushed their devotion to the Virgin so far as to manufacture eunuchs. In 1688, there was a change of dynasty in England. Orange supplanted Stuart.

James II. went to die in exile, where miracles were wrought over his tomb, and where his relics cured the Bishop of Autun of a fistula—worthy recompense of this prince's Christian virtues.

William, not having the same views or the same practices as James, was severe with the Comprachicos. He set about crushing out these vermin with hearty good-will.

A statute of the early period of William and Mary hit hard this association of child-buyers. It was a terrible blow for the Comprachicos, henceforth ground to powder. By the terms of this statute, the men of this association, taken and duly convicted, were to be branded upon the shoulder with a hot iron imprinting an R, which stands for rogue, that is to say, beggar; upon the left hand a T, standing for thief, that is to say, robber; and upon the right hand an M, signifying man-slayer, that is to say, murderer. The chiefs, "presumed to be rich, though of beggarly aspect," were to be punished by the *collistrigium*, which is the pillory, and marked on the forehead with a P, besides having their possessions confiscated, and the trees of their woods rooted up. Those who failed to denounce the Comprachicos were to be punished by confiscation and perpetual imprisonment, as for the crime of misprision. As for the women found among these men, they were to undergo the "cucking-stool," which is a trap, the name of which, composed of the French word *coquine* and the German word *stuhl*, has an indecent signification. English law being gifted with a strange longevity, this punishment still stands on record for "quarrelsome women." The cucking-stool is suspended over a river or pond; the culprit is seated thereon, and is then allowed to tumble into the water; then she is drawn out; and this ducking of the woman is recommenced three times, "to refresh her anger," says the commentator Chamberlayne.

PENNYWORTHS.

I.

BROWN STUDIES.

I AM a lover of the Brown Study, in which, as in a mantle, I often wrap myself, and ruminate sweetly and strangely. There is no passionate reaction, no painful awakening from the visions engendered by this harmless day-dreaming, as with those which are stimulated by hashish or lotus-eating. The Brown Study deadens pain, gilds labor, sweetens care, removes anxiety, and fills all the soul with a soft rapture from which the awakening is pleasant and wholesome. There are elements of indulgence and relaxation in it, it is true, but in this harsh world it is strange if we cannot permit ourselves at least a few idle dreams of happiness, the only form in which to many of us it can ever come. The Brown Study may be indulged in by an open window, by a slow and slumberous fire, "under green leaves," by brook or lake-side, by the solemn surge of the sea, and even amidst the stir and bustle of busy highways. Its subjects are as various as life, and its requirements are simply a surrender of the whole domain of the mind to its wayward and capricious courses.

All devotees of the Brown Study are prone to come into large fortunes; to fall rapturously in love with tender-hearted women; to achieve great successes in art, literature, or commerce; to scatter with princely munificence exhaustless wealth; to create rare Utopias; and to turn labor, skill, genius, application, love, and all human sentiments, into triumphant engines of earthly bliss. Nature bursts into beauty, and art into production; the heavens smile and the winds are tempered; all that the fancy covets, the senses love, or the heart yearns for, spring into form and life at the command of this mystic talisman. It is one of the fine qualities of the Brown Study, that its students are en-

dowed with charity and good-will. The munificence of their gifts, the breadth and comprehensiveness of their largess, are noble. One of the keenest pleasures experienced under the influence of this study, is the ability which it dreamingly affords of scattering happiness around, whether the reveries be of wealth, or love, or friendship, or success. This alone ought to redeem the habit from the charge of idle dreaming. A bliss that multiplies itself by wide bestowing, a happiness that discovers a most exquisite delight in its power to bless, must leave a sweetness in the heart worth all the indulgence and relaxation by which it is created.

But the ruminations of the devotee are not always idyls. He is often polemical and disputatious; he has enemies to conquer, black flags to attack, faiths to propagate in true militant spirit. Often he finds a singular charm in the devices by which he seeks to escape pursuit, or elude search. In these, the narrow escapes, the skilful disguises, the doublings, the bold incidents, the final triumph, are masterly. Collins has written no tale of ingenious complexity, Poe illustrated no piece of detective skill, that outdoes the Brown Study in subtlety or invention. But these studies are almost too intellectual to be legitimate—Aladdin and not Fouquet is the master-spirit of the art.

One is puzzled to discover why this species of dreaming should have received the dull and sombre name of Brown. Is it because it is so often evoked by the brown cigar, or the smoke-colored pipe? Is there something in the rapt, lost, far-away look of the dreamer that is dun and dim, as if the soul had faded away out of the features, and left them blank and empty? Or is it because these dreams are more potent in the autumn of life, when all things are sere and sombre? Possibly it is because brown is soft and mellow, and has rich warm depth of character and expression—and yet brown is of the earth, and these dreams are tinted with the hues of heaven. Brown, indeed, the outward aspect may be, but a delicious dreaming that lights up the soul with splendid colors, that fills the imagination with pomp and splendor, that converts all things into beauty, promise, and delight, must always, to my imagination, be a Golden Study.

BORROWING.

After all, there is no better occupation, and no greater excellence, than borrowing. I am entirely honest in what I say. I mean borrowing, moreover, that takes little heed of how repayment shall be made, and never dreams of making returns in kind. Possibly borrowing is too mild a word to describe the species of appropriation to which I refer, but I can scarcely call it stealing, inasmuch as none find themselves losers, no matter how liberally the function may be exercised. How, indeed, can the mind become stored with facts or fancies, unless it filches ideas boldly, whether from life and observation, or from those open reservoirs of stolen learning called books? Is he not ripest and richest whose powers of appropriation are the most active, whose disposition to borrow is the keenest? There are those, indeed, who pass through the world gathering nothing, whose observation of the busy panorama of life unrolling before them is too sluggish to purchase experience, or appropriate any teaching. Facts rebound from them, and ideas float by, giving neither shadow nor color. Others borrow readily, but are too eager to surrender their spoils; like sponges, they absorb readily, and as readily disgorge, having no power of retention. Then there are the true borrowers, intellectual highwaymen, we may call them, waylaying ideas everywhere, plundering every circumstance or experience of its significant teaching, robbing stones of their sermons, and running brooks of their learned babblings. Nothing passes before them that is not required to surrender its meaning; and the world, yielding its significant facts to their impatient demands, is as proud to lend as they are eager to be enriched.

IDOLATRY.

I have sometimes been inclined to question the truth of idolatry. Of course, this is to impeach the historians, the theolo-

gians, and the travellers; but, in the depths of my consciousness, as the Germans would say, I realize the probable truth that, in all cases, behind the image worshipped exists an *idea*. In all religions we discover a tendency to exalt symbols, and even in branches of the Christian church we find the agent or physical representation of an idea becoming so far identified with the thought it is designed to symbolize as to be apparently almost substituted for it. The savage while adoring his idol possibly conceives, it may be only in a faint, vague way, that the image he is prostrate before includes something, symbolizes something, represents something, not visible nor made. But, being incapable of refined distinctions, with no skill or experience in analyzing his own emotions, he can only feebly realize this fact to himself, and has no means of explaining it to others. See how among cultivated people, in things that are apart from religion and having less vital hold on the imagination, symbols are exalted and almost deified. Look at the popular devotion to the national symbol, the flag. One ignorant of the nature of this feeling might well misconceive it—for do we not uncover before our flag, bow to it, kneel before it, become passionately enthusiastic in its defence? Have not travellers told us of the sensations experienced when first beholding its inspiring stars and stripes after a long absence? Do we not unconsciously, and consciously too, transfer to the painted cloth almost all that veneration and love that we feel for all those sentiments which it embodies, personifies, and glowingly expresses? We, indeed, claim to know the difference between the idea and the representative, but I am not quite sure that this is so entirely. We may endeavor to resolve this affection back to the sources where it justly belongs, and yet a residuum, as it were, an undefined remainder, will still cling to the symbol. This being true in any degree with us, it opens a door to an explanation of all forms of idolatry—a worship which, without some solution of the kind, remains inconceivable.

STATESMANSHIP.

A great statesman is only a great negation. His duty is mainly to stand sentinel over the interests of society, in order to protect them from the presumptuous intermeddling of fools. Natural laws, he has learned, will regulate the affairs of men better than Presidents or Parliaments can, and his great duty is to see that these laws have undisturbed operation. If ever a knowledge of the proper limits of the duties and powers of government should become widely extended, great statesmen will cease to be necessary, because in that case statesmanship will be the diffused and ordinary acquirement of the popular mind. There is no problem so simple as that of government, and yet none that perplexes so universally. Its legitimate function being merely to secure to each citizen every liberty not inconsistent with everybody else's liberty—this is Herbert Spencer's masterly definition—it is obvious that a general acceptance of this idea will render statesmanship a lost occupation, inasmuch as it will deprive government of almost all its powers of mischief, and limit its obligations to the preservation of order and the protection of life and property. "The uses of government," says a modern writer, "are in inverse ratio to the development of society," which is well said. By and by, when we have learned the lesson well, we will convert government into what it properly should be, a *police*—and nothing more; depriving it of all control of our trade, our commerce, our beliefs, our habits, or our occupations, leaving all things as free as air. We hear of Paternal Governments! It has always been a paternity that has made havoc with the interests of men; that has imposed obnoxious faiths; that has taxed, and drained, and sucked dry the thrift of its subjects; that has been a burden, strangling enterprises and extinguishing spirit; that has made wars and discords, keeping mankind fierce, turbulent, and mutually destructive; and only those peoples, who have in a degree escaped this paternity, have secured for themselves prosperity and happiness.

THE PLAYERS.

I am fond of new plays and like the players. It is an article of faith with me that neither the one nor the other are so excellent as they were in the "palmy days" (I believe that is the phrase) of the drama, and, if I have an occasional suspicion that the actors and dramas of the old time were not in truth so brilliant and halcyon as they appeared to me and others in our "salad days," I do not intend to make the confession. If we old files are to be believed, the art of acting is dying out, and the very traditions of the stage disappearing. Possibly we are right, and perhaps, moreover, it is a blessed thing if we are. Something in that case, no doubt, would be lost, but not a little gained. Very likely the spirit, which in painting we call pre-Raphaelitism, is obtaining its influence on the stage, and that some of the actors are turning out of doors the traditions and formal mannerisms of the schools, and going back to nature and truth for their inspiration. I cannot say, however, that I have been generally pleased with the success of those who have enlisted under the new banners. There were very artificial methods, no doubt, among the old actors, but there was also a very consummate knowledge of the art, a great deal of breadth, force, and skill, and a finished training, which the new schools do not exhibit. In aiming to be natural, some of our actors seem to have concluded that their profession is not an art. They grow heedless in the delivery of language, weakening or obscuring its meaning, and missing its significance; and in some way lose that rich and mellow coloring that characterized the by-gone performers. So marked is this, that some of the old dramatic characters are abandoned altogether, because in the hands of the Realists they fade away into ineffective and colorless forms. The Sir Peter Teazles and Sir Anthony Absolutes of the old comedy require indispensably the resources of the old art, and no thin, water-gruel realism, so called, can personate them. In avoiding the declamatory Kembletonianism of the old school, our actors are right enough; but they cannot safely disregard the skill which sharpens and chisels as it were the sentences; nor forego the care, study, precision, and stern adherence to rules of art, that marked the old stage.

VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR HUGO, poet, romancer, dramatist, and thinker, enthusiastically admired by the ardent minds of Young France, is listened to by every civilized people. *Literal*-minded lovers of liberty—who are numerous only in England and America—and unscrupulous partisans of power have sneered at the frequent expression of his personal sympathies for revolution in Europe; they have mocked the uncalculating exile, while they have been compelled to acknowledge his genius. Our journalists have not sufficiently appreciated how effective are his personal appeals and encouragements to intensify and aggrandize the sentiment of liberty and of humanity on the Continent; matter-of-fact students of contemporary events have failed to understand the stimulative power of the political letters of the exile of Guernsey; but, however flatly these letters may fall upon the Anglo-Saxon, they touch the soul and awaken anew the aspirations of the more mobile Southern races who live so much more by the imagination and heart.

No English writer's name is so universally associated with the cause of humanity, no writer outside of France has been so intense and comprehensive in his sympathies, as Victor Hugo. At the beginning of his career he was a royalist, and received signal marks of favor from three Kings of France. He was pensioned by Louis XVIII., and honored by Charles X.; he was censured by the Academy, and his drama of *Marion Delorme* was interdicted by an order from the minister of state; in 1845 he was named peer of France by Louis Philippe. After the Revolution of February, he was elected member of the Constitu-

tional Assembly by the city of Paris, and took part in the debates with Proudhon, Louis Napoleon, and Pierre Leroux; re-elected to the *Assemblée Legislative*, he committed himself wholly to the social and democratic party under the influence of Emile de Girardin. He provoked animosity by his passionate language in debate; advocated the abolition of capital punishment; and opposed himself to Napoleon, the new President of the republic, whose prestige he labored to weaken. After the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December of '52, he was exiled by Napoleon III. He retired to the Island of Jersey, but was compelled to leave his asylum and seek another in the Island of Guernsey, which is his home at present. He then wrote "*Napoléon le Petit*" and "*Les Châtiments*," two volumes of satirizing verse. In the retirement and quiet of his English home, free from the immediate influence of the local disorders of France, given wholly to social and literary subjects and the general cause of human progress, he wrote two volumes of personal and passionate poetry, called "*Contemplations*," and his grand social romance, "*Les Misérables*."

Between 1826 and 1831 he wrote his now celebrated dramas which made a literary revolution in French letters, and won him such adherents as St. Beuve, Gautier, and Dumas. In 1841 he was admitted to the French Academy. His career has been uncommon in all its aspects. Born the 26th of February, 1802, at Besançon, of a family ennobled in 1531, his father was governor-general of the most important provinces in Spain. A great part of his childhood was spent in the military campaigns of his father, whom he accompanied with the imperial armies to Elba, Corsica, Geneva, and over the provinces of Italy. After having seen Rome, Florence, and Naples, he returned to Paris; for ten years "he had a sweet and fecund existence in the old convent of the Feuillantines," where he commenced his serious studies under the direction of Lahorie, a proscribed general. Subject at the same time to the influence of his mother, he became imbued with the fervid sentiment of royalty which inspired his first verses. Called to Spain by his father, he studied in the seminary of the nobles, and "found an aliment for his poetic instincts in the spectacle of a new country in the light of a dazzling sun and under a new sky." Alternately subjected to the personal influence of his father and of his mother, who were animated by antagonistic political and religious ideas, he was not permitted to become a dreamer. The incessant change of his life forced him to think, and to think incessantly. Perhaps to his experience during his first years of boyhood we must attribute the dominance of energized thought which characterizes his literary style. No writer and certainly no poet thinks more

incessantly than Victor Hugo. All the passionate questioning of the human intellect, urged by strong sensations and a profound and varied experience, is to be found in his stormy, incisive, and sometimes grand phrases. We have but to glance at his portrait to see the visible type of an aggressive and direct thinker. His square, compact head, his small, penetrating black eyes, fix the attention upon an inflexible face; a face expressive of tenacity; a face positive and bold, and indicating courage of intellect.

No one can deny that Victor Hugo's is the most intensely individualized character among all Continental writers; that his greatness forbids us to classify him with any modern genius. He has taken hold of France, of Europe even, by his vehement intellectual sympathy with the people; the energy and incessant activity of his phantasmagoric mind have always been irresistible to Young France; while his exquisite sensibility to love and the delicate and tremulous life of Nature has made his work the delight of tender hearts that shrink from his horrible and tormented images of human nature.

Victor Hugo's is the antithesis of the modern mind, which is literal and prosaic. He is figurative and imaginative to the utmost license of language. Something enormous and something exquisite provoke the flux and reflux of his restless intellect. His works represent a vast range of experience, and unrestrained and passionate sympathies. He has made the Orient, Spain, France, Italy, and England, the background of his dramatic creations; but it is in France of the middle ages that he has made his finest studies,



Hauteville House, Home of Victor Hugo.

and exhibited a just historical genius and an unrivalled sense of the picturesque and romantic aspects of mediæval life.

Victor Hugo, the poet, is vague and vast in his conceptions; he is arbitrary and grand in his imagination—Victor Hugo, the dramatist and romancer, is definite, graphic, bold, direct, vivid. The power, the struggle, the sublime, and the colossal, that we contemplate in Michael Angelo and the grotesque sculptures of the middle ages, we contemplate in Victor Hugo's works. As Michael Angelo is alone among sculptors, Victor Hugo, by many of the same traits, is alone among writers. The grand, the bold, the complex elements of life and nature are in his writings; every thing but the fused and fluent harmonies of thought and emotion which charm us in the expression of Lamartine, of De Musset, of George Sand.

Victor Hugo's literary talent is analogous to the sculptor's. He may be said to chisel his ideas; he carves his figures; he enchases his fantasies. Whether he places before us a colossal figure, in bold, large lines, or delicate *intaglio*, deeply,



VICTOR HUGO.

sharply, but exquisitely cut, his literary manner of doing it seems closer to sculpture than to painting. His words, like strokes of the chisel, follow each other to eliminate thought; he makes his phrase exquisite, or he makes it grand—sometimes rude and brutal, as if in fury. He seldom fills his outline, and but rarely places his subject before us in full color and with delicious melting outlines, like Gantier or like De Musset, or like George Sand, whose style suggests all the flowing harmony and undulating rhythm of music—but, on the contrary, oftenest like a sculptor, like a medallist. For this reason his phrases do not easily lose their distinctive character in the translation, but strike the English reader with much of the same decided, graphic, incisive, and bold form of the original. Victor Hugo is the only writer whose style suggests that of the great Florentine sculptor. We might say he has formed his literary manner on the works of Michael Angelo and the mediæval sculptors. But it would misrepresent his genius to limit it under this classification, justly expressive as it is of his leading artistic trait. There are pages of "Les Misérables" which are light and full of color as a Watteau; his "Lucrèce Borgia" has the grave and profound tone of a picture by Delacroix; his "Gavroche" is like a sketch by Gavarni. All this is but a suggestion of the varied manifestations of his genius, and of the adaptation of his talent to his subject. Picturesque and sculptural, he seems beyond any other writer. He fails only to reach the harmonious and impassioned expression which should associate his name with Beethoven, as is George Sand's. Thus far unity and fusion of power seem the only things wanting to his prodigious genius.

Victor Hugo has what no English writer since Jeremy Taylor has exhibited—that is, *fantasie*. He has what no English writer but Carlyle has manifested—that is, literary audacity; he has the historical sense of art which Browning alone, among English poets, has shown in striking and adequate language; and he has incessantly and vigorously expressed his comprehensive love for humanity, and preoccupation with the cause of the people in a literary form, unequalled for power and boldness of expression by any English author. He has been one of the foremost literary figures in France for the last thirty years, the object of fierce animosity, the leader of talented partisans, the confessed master of a new literary school. His intellectual and moral life has literally been passed in the midst of revolutions. The unity and harmony he lacks as an artist have been wanting to France. The fervid sympathy, the mental audacity, the moral temerity he has shown, mark him as a man outside of the furnished house of tradition, but initiated to all human experience; the last expression of the convulsed and struggling spirit of humanity, and preferring revolted life to lifeless art; giving the ascendancy to the man rather than to the artist. His creative faculty seems marvellous and inexhaustible, not subject to the rules of antique art, but obeying its own impulses and triumphing by force of energetic conception.

Victor Hugo continues to live as an exile on the Island of Guernsey, which lies at the entrance of the English Channel. From his house he dispenses charity to the poor and unfortunate, and gives a Christmas dinner to indigent children of the island—in every practical way illustrates his exalted and earnest sentiment of Christianity. He is, in one word, a grand and tender man, solicitous for the humblest and the peer of the greatest contemporary.

His residence, Hauteville House, which is a remarkable illustration of his *bizarre* taste, has a very complex and picturesque interior. With its inscriptions in Latin and French, its tapestries and statues and pictures, its furniture selected from various epochs, it seems as unique as the genius of its master. All description is inadequate to suggest the actual aspect of the rooms, unless accompanied by such etchings as were published by Cadart, in the little book entitled *Chez Victor Hugo, par un passant, avec 12 eaux-fortes, par M. Maxime Lalanne*. The full description of his home and habits has so recently been given in

English and American publications, based on the letter-press of Lalanne's little book, that we shall not venture a repetition of the matter. But we have again the opportunity to renew our acquaintance with his genius and contemplate its latest phase of expression.

WHY WE SLEEP.

IT is related that a Chinese merchant, having been convicted of murdering his wife, the judges determined to punish him in such a manner as to inflict the utmost amount of suffering, and, at the same time, strike terror into the hearts of all those who might entertain the idea of following his example. He was, accordingly, condemned to die by being deprived of sleep. The prisoner was placed in confinement under the care of three of the police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and were instructed to supply him with a full allowance of food and drink, but who prevented him falling asleep night or day. At first the condemned man congratulated himself on the mildness of his punishment, and was rather disposed to regard the whole matter as a joke. The excitement of his situation tended to keep him awake, and for a day or so his guards had little to do. By the third day, however, he began to feel very uncomfortable. His eyes were red, his mouth parched, his skin dry and hot, and his head ached. These symptoms continued to increase in intensity, and at the commencement of the eighth day his sufferings were so acute that he was at times delirious. In his moments of reason he begged the authorities to put an end to his torture. He implored them to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangled, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, garroted, shot, quartered, blown up with gunpowder, cut into small pieces, or killed in any conceivable way their humanity or ferocity might suggest. All was in vain—his tormentors coolly did their work till there was no occasion for their interference. A period was reached at which he could not have slept even if let alone. The brain was feeding on the products of its own disintegration, and sleep was impossible. He was now entirely insane. Illusions of his sight and hearing were almost constant, and erroneous fancies filled his thoughts. At one moment he fought his guards with all the fury of a maniac; at the next he cowered with terror before some imaginary monster, and then, relapsing into calmness, would smile with delight at some enchanting vision which flitted through his mind. Finally, nature gave way altogether. He lay upon the floor of his prison, breathing slowly and heavily, stupor ensued, and, on the nineteenth day, death released him from his sufferings.

The story is probably founded on fact, for, of all the nations who have cultivated the subject of punishments as a science, the Chinese stand among the first.

But the question arises, Why should the mere deprivation of sleep be productive of such a degree of torture as to make the victim beg for some more speedy and apparently more horrible death? The answer involves certain facts connected with the physiology of sleep, which, if generally understood and acted upon by those who make much use of their brains, would do a great deal toward lessening the population of our insane asylums.

The brain is the organ which evolves the mind. To perform its function, it requires to be supplied with a sufficient quantity of good blood. In this respect it does not differ from any other organ of the body. If the liver be deprived of blood, the secretion of bile stops; if the vital fluid be cut off from the stomach, there will be no more gastric juice; if the renal vessels be tied or divided, the action of the kidneys is at once arrested.

Now, within certain limits, the more blood there is in the brain, the more energetically does it work in the production of mind. If the proper limit, however, be passed, and especially if the blood be "black" or non-aerated, the manifestations of mental action become abnormal, and may altogether cease

through the stupor caused by congestion. In all these respects the brain is submitted to the same laws that govern the other organs. A moderate increase in the activity of the circulation in the gastric vessels leads to an augmentation in the quantity of gastric juice, and thus digestion is accelerated. A like cause acting upon the liver promotes the secretion of bile, and so on for the other organs. Let the Rubicon of healthy activity be passed, and the vessels become unduly overloaded, and we have bad gastric juice or bile, as the case may be, and, perhaps, none at all.

Mankind have found out certain ways of increasing the amount of blood in their organs, and thus of producing results which they deem beneficial or necessary. Thus, to help digestion, we eat cayenne pepper, mustard, and other condiments, or follow Paul's advice to Timothy, and take a little wine for our stomach's sake. When the mother's breast fails in nourishment for her babe, we employ medicines which have the effect of reopening the fountains, simply by their influence on the circulation of the blood; where it is deemed necessary to increase the amount of saliva, and thus to eliminate certain poisons from the system, we "salivate" our patients with mercury—or, rather, we did, few of us do so now. The glands become enlarged by the increased amount of blood in their tissues, and the saliva is poured out in torrents.

We know, too, how to increase the amount of blood in our brains, and thus to add to the number and brilliancy of our thoughts. A glass of wine by its action upon the heart, causes it to beat with more force and frequency, and appears to especially act upon the cerebral circulation. Eugene Sue never wrote without a bottle of champagne by his side, from which he imbibed a great part of his genius. Others take opium for the same purpose; and others again resort to still more dangerous means. One of the most effectual and safest is a cup of strong coffee. Sydney Smith said, "If you want to improve your understanding, drink coffee;" and Sir James Mackintosh used to declare that he believed the difference between one man and another was produced by the quantity of coffee they drank.

Then, again, the quantity of blood in the brain is increased by those portions of the body which mechanically favor its entrance into the cranium, or retard its exit. Many persons have noticed the influence of position on the activity of thought. Pope used to lie awake at night thinking, and, when a particularly brilliant thought occurred, would ring for pens, ink, and paper, in order that he might record it ere it was lost. The engineer Brindley used to retire to bed for a day or two, when he was reflecting on a grand or scientific project. Sir Walter Scott has said that the half hour passed in bed, after waking in the morning, was the part of the day during which he conceived his best thoughts. Tissot states that a gentleman, remarkable for his accuracy in calculation, for a wager, lay down in a bed and wrought by mere strength of memory a question in geometrical progression, while another person in another apartment performed the same operation with pen and ink. When both had finished, the one who had worked mentally repeated his product, which amounted to sixteen figures, and, insisting that the other gentleman was wrong, desired him to read over his different products. On this being done, he pointed out the place where the first mistake lay, and which had run through the whole. He paid very dearly, however, for gaining his wager, as for a considerable time he had a swimming in his head, pains in his eyes, and severe headaches upon attempting any mathematical labor. A gentleman has recently told the author that, whenever he is at a loss for ideas in his literary compositions, he lies down on a lounge, and always with good results.

But the blood in the brain may be increased by its own action. Intense and long-continued thought, anxiety, grief, and other emotions, have this effect. It may be laid down as a law admitting of no exception, that, when an organ is kept in a condition of great activity, there is an augmented flow of blood to its substance; and the organ, whatever it is, increases somewhat in size when an increase is possible. Take, for example,

the arm of a blacksmith, or the leg of a ballet-dancer. Here the excessive use to which the muscles are put causes an increased flow of blood to the part, and the consequent formation of new matter in greater proportion than it is consumed.

There can be no muscular action, except as the consequence of the disintegration of a certain amount of muscular tissue. No gland can act without its substance becoming decomposed to some extent, and no thought can be conceived by the brain without the destruction of a definite amount of the cerebral matter.

During wakefulness, the brain is constantly in action. There is not a moment during which it is entirely quiescent. If our thoughts are active, or if strong emotions act upon us, the blood flows in increased amount to the head, in order that new matter may be deposited to take the place of that which has been used. For all new substance, whether of the heart or the lungs, or the brain, or the muscles, or the nerves, comes from the blood.

In the ordinary course of our lives the supply is equal to the demand. But it is possible so to use our brains that the substance is destroyed in a greater proportion than the blood can supply. Men engaged in the feverish and anxious occupations of life rarely stop to think that they are using their brain capital, instead of merely consuming the interest, as they ought to do. The end for all such is not far distant. It is as certain as the result of spending a pecuniary capital instead of living upon the income. The one will inevitably lead to insanity or a lunatic asylum; the other to pauperism and the almshouse.

Now, what has all this to do with the question, Why do we sleep? Simply this: sleep is the rest of the body, and especially of the brain. During this condition the brain is at its minimum of activity. Certain faculties, such as the imagination, appear to be in full operation, but it is in appearance only, for those faculties which regulate it when we are awake have their actions suspended. All other organs have their periods of rest during wakefulness, except the brain. Sleep is essentially the condition in which the noblest organ of the body reposes from its labors. It is then that the blood deposits new cerebral matter faster than it is used, and thus prepares the brain for its new duties when we awake.

If we take the hours which should be devoted to sleep and use them in mental activity, we are robbing our brains of the opportunity for regeneration which the condition of sleep affords. We are surely consuming our capital, brain—and intellectual bankruptcy is the certain result. If we persevere, the time is reached when we cannot sleep. For the cerebral vessels become so permanently distended that sleep is an impossibility.

It used to be thought that during sleep there was an increase in the quantity of blood circulating through the brain, but very exact observations have satisfied us that the reverse is the case. Wakefulness, therefore, keeps the cerebral vessels distended, a state of congestion is thus induced, the blood is not rich enough in the substances the brain requires to supply its wants, and this organ accordingly consumes its tissue for the restoration of mind, without the possibility of sufficient deposits being made to compensate for the loss.

Is it a matter for surprise that, under such circumstances, the brain should act badly, and that the manifestations of mental action should exhibit irregularity and disorder? Is it a wonder that a man who has passed a sleepless night should be unable to transact his business properly the next day, or even to add up a column of figures correctly? Is it strange that his head should feel dull and heavy, that he cannot collect his thoughts, or even concentrate his attention upon matters requiring deliberation? Let this go on night after night, and organic diseases of the brain, such as insanity, inflammation, or softening, are certain to result. We sleep, therefore, mainly to give the brain rest. One-third of our lives should be devoted to this purpose. If this is done, it matters not how constantly or intensely we employ that organ which, in its noblest proportions and in its fullest vigor, makes man what he is.



"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR."—BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

"'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'—
 When at dawn I meet her,
 As by the garden wall she stands,
 And gives me flowers across the wall,
 My heart goes out to kiss her hands—
 —Are hands or flowers the sweeter?—
 I'm ready at her feet to fall,
 Or like a clown to labor!—
 Better than I love myself
 Do I love my neighbor."

"'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'—
 When at dawn I meet him,
 As by the garden wall he stands,
 And takes my flowers across the wall,
 My soul's already in his hands—
 It flew so fast to greet him!
 And oh, I grow so proud and tall,
 And my heart beats like a tabor!—
 Better than I love myself
 Do I love my neighbor."

LINKED TO A STAR.

IN making public the great sorrow of my life, I will speak briefly and plainly. No amplification, no graces of writing that I possess, can move the reader's compassion, if this unadorned narrative fails to. If any one asks why I come before the world with my sad story, I answer that I desire the world's sympathy. It relieves me to unbosom myself to the widest audience that will give me a hearing.

Once and for all, I do not believe in the supernatural explanation which some excellent people—most of them ladies—who personally knew of the occurrences here set down, attach to them. I hold them to be coincidences only. But upon me they have had an effect as controlling as if the Deity had made to me a special revelation. This is my candid statement, as I look back to the mysterious events, across the dreary interval of two and a half years.

I am, and have been for a long time, head book-keeper in a great dry-goods house in the city—a plain, matter-of-fact man, of whom I will say no more here than that the gray which thickly studs my hair is not a mark of age, but of disappointment and grief.

I live where I was born, in a hallowed old house, about twenty miles up the river. Trains run to and from the city many times a day, so that my home is quite as convenient to business as a residence in town. My mother and two sisters occupy this house with me. It has fair grounds about it and some noble old trees, and commands a distant view of the river. The outlook from the roof is very fine. You can see for miles in every direction. At night, owing to the high altitude and the purity of the air, such an expanse of dark-blue sky, fretted with myriads of golden fires, overhangs us, as I have never seen save out upon the Sound.

Among my father's effects was a six-foot achromatic telescope of Fraunhofer's make—an old instrument which had strayed across the Atlantic after a life of unknown vicissitudes, and got into an auction-shop in the city, where my father chanced to see it, and bought it to look at remote objects with, principally at sails far up and down the river. Its performance, for a land telescope, was unequalled by any instrument I have ever seen. Names of schooners, sloops, and barges, could easily be made out, eight to ten miles off. But it was in astronomical observations that I, as boy and man, tested its remarkable powers most thoroughly, and derived the greatest pleasure from its use. The possession of this glass made of me an amateur astronomer. Other people find a hobby in chess, or billiards, or Shakespeare, or philosophy, or a hot-house. My amusement, on returning from the dull mechanics of book-keeping every night to my country home, was to bring out the battered brass-and-leather tube as soon as dark set in, and con the heavens. I rebuilt the cupola of our house into a sort of an astronomical observatory, by heightening and widening it so as to allow the free swing of my long telescope, and putting on a light movable roof, which could be slid off and back again by the pull of a cord. The sides were a mass of windows, so contrived that I could lower them at pleasure into the roof beneath me, out of the way. In this airy loft, long after the other members of my family had gone to bed, have I spent hours that spun by like minutes, so lost was I in the ecstatic contemplation of celestial wonders. Many a night have I watched in the morning-star, and made up for loss of sleep by naps in the cars. Occasionally I have been found nodding on my high stool in the office, and then there were sly jokes about where I had been the night before. I never let out the secret of my observatory but to a few of my most intimate city acquaintance: for there was a general disposition, I soon discovered, to make fun of my innocent nocturnal pursuits. Several of my dearest friends called me "highly eccentric;" and one, whose good opinion I greatly valued, did not hesitate to pronounce me "moonstruck."

For two years previous to May, 1866—memorable year and month in my history—I had been engaged to Milly Estwick, the only daughter of a neighbor of ours. From childhood we had known and loved each other. Ours was the first love, which sometimes is the true love, the love that outlasts all. She was a handsome girl, sweetly disposed, and, in quiet, simple, home-loving tastes, much resembled me. We should have married soon after I put the golden pledge upon her dear hand, but for the delicate state of her health. She was a slender creature, having in excess that spiritual organization so often found in American girls. Manlike, I was anxious to wed at once, and be off on a journey for her health and pleasure. Womanlike, she preferred to wait.

Much of our courtship was carried on in the open air, beneath

the pavilion of stars. It was the poetry of heaven that moved me first to the point of proposing; and the eternal, countless eyes above us witnessed the sweet registry of our mutual vows. Many a pleasant summer evening, after our betrothal, would she sit with me for hours in my observatory, and watch for transient meteors, or look through the telescope at objects which I would select, the moons of Jupiter, Saturn's ring and satellites, binary stars, nebulae, and the like. The glass was mounted on an ingenious frame, of my own contrivance, and while we sat side by side, very close, in our easy-chairs, I could turn the instrument, with the merest finger-touch, to any quarter of the skies. For both of us it was heaven above and heaven below.

Milly took but little interest in astronomy as a science. She said it made her head ache to think of the stupendous size and vast distances of the heavenly orbs. She feared, too, to detach her mind from thoughts of the pleasant earth, where she had so many devoted friends, whose love and tenderness were but the reflex of her own soft and loving nature. The stars appealed somewhat to her religious sensibilities. But she admired them most—let me say it at once—for the same reason that swayed the minds of the wisest and best in the olden times, and even now has not been banished, and perhaps never will be, by the decrees of knowledge. She believed the stars had some influence on mortal affairs. She thought they might be the homes of our future lives. This notion, so poetical and beautiful, although I thought it absurd, I did not try to laugh out of her. Nor to disprove it—as how could I have done? No! I loved her all the more for her childish superstitions.

On the night of May 11, 1866, Milly and I were up in the cupola. My mother and sisters had been with us the greater part of the evening, but had withdrawn to the parlor, on some plausible pretext or other, but really, I dare say, to leave Milly and me together. Since we were engaged, they had often benevolently done this.

The night was mild and beautiful. A south wind brought to us the odor of blossoms. The first wood-crickets of the season chirped on every side. There was no moon; but the light of a multitude of stars, on the steel-blue ground of sky, made outlines of objects near me quite visible. I could see, or thought I could, the violet of Milly's sweet eyes; the deep chestnut of her hair; the little dimples in her cheeks. She was paler than usual that night. I knew, by her little nervous thrills, that she suffered from some internal pain. But in vain I asked her to join my mother and sisters below. She said she was very comfortable there, and would stay a while longer. We had been roving idly among the stars, and chatting a good deal about ourselves, though there was one topic very near to both of us, which, by common consent, we never alluded to. That was my darling's heart-affection. Neither of us dared to talk of it. We both silently hoped that the dangerous symptoms which it had shown would disappear in good time. That malady was the spectre, as from the grave, that rose between us often in our gayest moments.

I folded her shawl more closely about her, for I somehow fancied she was chilled with the night air. Then said I, with a light laugh, and a Claude Melnotte-ish air, "Come now, Milly, tell me 'what star shall be our home, when love itself becomes immortal.'"

"Are you in earnest, Albert?" said Milly, more seriously than I had expected.

"Of course, darling. Only let it be one of the first magnitude. No second-class for you and me in cars, hotels, or stars. There are Aldebaran, Regulus, Arcturus, Capella, Denebola, Lyra, and plenty more of them. Which, now?"

Milly glanced about the heavens a few moments. Her gaze suddenly became fixed on the beautiful constellation Corona, then looming in the northeastern sky. Her face seemed to light up with a look of decision, as she exclaimed: "There, that's our star!"

Her small white hand indicated the glittering Crown.

We were so used to pointing out stars to each other, that I knew instantly which she meant.

"I see it, dear. The one with the soft white light, changing a little as I look at it to a faint yellow, and perhaps a blue. 'Tis only of a second magnitude. I am disappointed."

"Nevertheless, Albert, 'tis our star. What is its name?"

I looked at the star attentively, taking its bearings from other well-known stars in the vicinity. "This is very strange, Milly," said I, "but I don't remember ever seeing that star before. 'Tis a fixed star, you see, by its sharp, flickering light; not a planet or a tailless comet. How does it happen, then, after all my studying of the heavens and

Herschel's catalogue, till I thought I had both by heart, that I can't name that star?"

"Perhaps it's a new star," said Milly, still gazing at it intently.

"Impossible," I laughingly replied. "We can't have new stars made for us expressly, you know. Yet it may be new in one sense," I added, more seriously, "that is, a variable star, reappearing after years of obscuration. I will look at the catalogue when we go downstairs. Meanwhile we'll call it new, and we'll christen it '*Milly*, your star.'"

"Our star, Albert."

I was about to respond with some pleasant jest, when I marked a deepening pallor, like a faint auroral cloud, pass over her face.

Star and telescope were forgotten in an instant. The phantom rose between us! "Darling," said I, "you are ill. I knew this night air would hurt you. Let us descend."

Her eyes were still fixed, rapt upon the soft, white star. I was obliged to take her gently by the arms, and move her to the trap-door, whence a safe flight of steps led to the attic. She obeyed me silently, like one in a trance; but, to the last, before we had passed through the roof, her backward gaze rested upon that star.

By the time we joined my mother and sisters in the parlor, she was better. "Only a passing faintness," she said. In a little while she recovered her usual spirits; and I accompanied her home to her father's house, which was but a stone's throw from us. As we went into the open air, I rejoiced to see that a fleecy cloud covered the Northern Crown, for I felt there were mysterious reasons why we should not look at that constellation. She glanced up at the sky, but said nothing.

I gave her the parting kiss at her father's door—how sweet it comes back to my memory!—and hastened home, and up to the roof, with a lantern and Herschel's catalogue in hand, to solve the riddle of the star. But clouds had gathered for the night, and after waiting fully three hours for some rift to open up through which I might have glimpses of the Crown and of "*Milly*" (as I fondly called the unknown), I took in my telescope and went to bed. But long I lay awake, pondering perplexedly, sadly, over the strange incident of the evening.

Next day, my thoughts so ran on the star and my betrothed—for the two came into my head together, as if they were inseparable—that I made several mistakes in the ledger. May 12, 1866, is scored with more penknife scratches in my accounts than any other whole month of that year.

At last—how slow time dragged, and how snail-like the cars crept up the Hudson shore!—at last I was at home again. On my way to the house I always called on Milly. That evening (the sun had not yet gone down) she was sitting by an open window, where she often sat, looking right between two great lilac-trees, heavy with pink-white masses, watching for me. I ran to the window to greet her. Ah! how pale, but how beautiful! Her eyes had the introverted look of meditation. They did not seem to see me, but some point in space just short of me.

"You are not well, dear," said she, plaintively.

The very words I would have spoken to her! but I dared not utter them.

"Something has troubled you to-day, Albert. Our star, perhaps," she said, smiling, at the same time looking over the lilac-tops to the sky, where Corona would be in an hour.

I made a poor attempt to laugh. "Not much time to think about stars in town," said I. "The ledger is my only atlas there. One star more or less, where there are millions, is nothing to me, you know; but the mistake of a cent in balancing—that's every thing. I've been very busy to-day."

Then, to change the subject, I handed her a new volume of poetry, that I had bought for her. This effectually diverted her thoughts—or seemed to do so—from the unpleasant subject. I leaned over the window-sill, so that my cheek almost touched hers, and we turned the pages of the book together, glancing at the principal poems. One was headed "Lines to a Star." She paused, as if to read them.

"Let me show you a lovely ode further on," said I, and I thumbed a dozen pages impatiently. Milly looked up and smiled. But I pretended not to understand her. Presently I found what I wanted, and read the poem to her in a low monotone. What it was all about, I know not, at this time. My thoughts, all the while, were only of her and her namesake up in the sky.

The sun was then setting, and Milly, always thoughtful of others, said I must go home to supper, for mother and sisters were waiting for me.

I was less reluctant to leave her than usual, for I burned with a desire to solve that star-problem.

"Let me shut the window for you," said I.

"Oh, no, Albert! Leave it open." Again the skyward glance, as she spoke!

"Then, good-night, good-night, Milly. God bless you!" I kissed her hand, and hurried away, just as the twilight began to gloom softly.

Supper was dispatched mechanically. I chatted at random with mother and sisters. They knew that I was sad about Milly's declining health, and I knew that that made them unhappy. We shunned that subject of all others.

Almost rudely pushing my plate aside, I excused myself and ran up to the observatory. I carefully wiped the glasses of my telescope and placed it in position. In the chair which she was wont to occupy, I spread out Herschel's catalogue, its pages open at the Corona constellation. The lantern, newly filled and freshly trimmed, stood by its side, shedding a clear light upon the text. I seated myself, my hand resting on the drawn tube of the instrument and caressing it. I trembled with impatience as I strained my gaze to the northeastern sky. One by one the brightest stars in that region began to appear. Presently, under my fascinated eyes, the Crown came out, gemming the blue with its brilliant points; and, set in the midst of them, the soft, white star. The moment I could identify it beyond a doubt, I turned to Herschel, as to a book of fate.

Great Heavens! There was no such star upon the list!

The import of the mystery flashed upon me like the gleam of a meteor. *Milly had discovered a new star.*

Truly, it was our star, as she had said—ours by right of finding. We were entitled to name it. The star was *Milly*, as regularly christened as ever child brought to font.

Let me be frank. For the first time in my life a feeling of superstitious awe crept over me. Was there more in the old astrology than credulity and imposture? But I did not allow this unscientific thought to keep ascendant long. I recalled all I knew of stars suddenly appearing, of variable stars, in Ophiuchus, in Scorpio, in Cassiopeia, Hercules, and other constellations. I remembered the theories that explained the prodigy, and gradually became calmer. We had made a great discovery surely; but dozens of other observers might have made it the same night, for aught we knew. Accident only had determined Milly's selection of that particular star. Its light, rather softer and purer than that of other stars in the neighborhood, had guided her choice. I felt proud for Milly and myself, but I laughed outright as I thought of the poor child's simplicity. The idea of a star, billions of miles away, being any earth-born creature's future home! The delicious absurdity of it made me love Milly all the more. "What is the darling doing now, I wonder?"

My blood suddenly chilled in my veins as I thought, "*She is at this moment looking at our star.*"

Mastering with an effort this mysterious and unpleasant fancy, I addressed myself to the scientific examination of the star, so far as I, a mere amateur, was capable of such a task. By this time the night was quite dark, and I now discovered that the star was not so brilliant as it had been the night before. From a full second magnitude, it had dropped at least half-way to a third. My experience in studying stars enabled me to detect this to a certainty. It was strange, but, after all, in accordance with the phenomena of recorded variables. Their brilliancy culminates and wanes in many cases with surprising rapidity. We had first seen it at its maximum; it was now on the decline. The flicker into a yellowish and bluish tint was noticeable, as on the night of the 11th. Some stupendous chemical action going on. Possibly, the burning out of the star! Who knows?

I levelled my telescope at this wonderful object. Like all other fixed stars seen through clear glasses, it became apparently smaller than when viewed by the naked eye—a diamond-point only. But the color coming and going on the white was distinctly visible.

How long I sat at this scrutiny, I cannot tell. The voice of sister Hetty from the stairs called me back to earth.

"A note from Mrs. Estwick, Albert."

I seized it as she thrust it through the opening in the roof, tore away the envelope, and read:

"DEAR ALBERT,—Milly wants to see you very much. Come over at once.
Affectionately yours,

"S. E."

I presented myself at Mr. Estwick's house as quickly as I could. Milly sat by the window, shut now, where I had left her. Her face was turned toward the northeastern sky. She did not see me as I approached through the darkness. A thick-set figure came out of the house as I was about to enter. I recognized Dr. Plimpton, the family physician.

"How is she, doctor?" I asked, hurriedly.

"Ah! Mr. Champfield, I'm glad you've come. You'll do her more good than all my medicines. She fainted to-night—though that is nothing new for her, you know—but she came out of it rather weaker than usual. Strange diseases, sir, those affections of the heart. The patients' nervous sensibility and spiritual perception are wonderfully increased. I sometimes think they have the power of looking into the world we call unseen, upon whose threshold they always stand—"

I cut short the doctor's disquisition—"Tell me, can she be saved?" I clasped his honest right hand, as if I would wring a favorable answer from him.

"I hope so; but God only knows. You can save her, if any one can."

Without another word, I rushed into the house, and the good doctor walked off to visit another patient.

"Ah! Albert, I am so glad to see you," Milly said, extending both hands to me. I clasped and kissed them.

Mr. and Mrs. Estwick, who loved me like their own son, gave me a warm greeting, and, after a few commonplace remarks, left Milly and me together.

The moment we were alone, the dear girl said: "Our star has faded a little from its lustre, last night, and I have faded too." She smiled, and looked up at it. "We are going out together."

I recalled what Dr. Plimpton had just said, and a sense of terror thrilled me. But I conjured up a feeble laugh, and replied: "Oh, no, darling! that's mere fancy. If you had seen the star from my observatory, you would have said it was brighter than on yesterday night."

Heaven pardon me the deception, but what would I not have done for her!

She had watched my eyes closely as I spoke. "Now I know you are just fibbing a little bit," she, smiling, said. "Don't fear to tell me the truth, Albert. Our star is becoming fainter."

I could not lie as I looked into her pure, loving eyes. "Well, Milly, it has dwindled a little, perhaps. But what of it? The star is a variable, which we happen to have seen at its brightest. The light has been waxing up to the degree of last night—its maximum, perhaps—and is now waning. You know, dear, I told you all about this strange kind of stars long ago. We cannot explain the phenomenon, but one thing we may be sure of, it has no influence, good or bad, on the inhabitants of this speck of a planet."

Milly answered not, but only looked out of the window. My eyes followed hers, and I gladly saw that Corona had at last passed from our field of vision.

"Is it really a new star, as you thought, Albert?"

"My catalogue does not give it," said I. "For us it is new, at any rate, though other observers may have seen it the same night that we did, or before it. These astronomical novelties are generally discovered by a number of people in different parts of the world about the same time. I will watch the scientific items in the papers, and see what they say. Till further notice, however, we will call the star 'MILLY.'"

I was sorry afterward that I said this, for her eyes shone with strange intensity as I coupled her name with the celestial stranger.

"As you watch this star fading from night to night, you will think of me, Albert, will you not?"

"Surely I will, dearest, and hope and pray that you will become stronger and better. But leave the watching to me, Milly. Promise me that you will not worry any more about this star, will you?"

"I do not worry," she said, with her pleasant smile. "I take a calm, sweet pleasure in looking at it, for I know that you and I are linked to it forever. As long as I can sit at this window, I shall feel more contented and happy to see our star, and feel in my heart and soul that it is ours."

Morbid, incomprehensible fancy! Too deeply rooted in her mind to be disturbed by any arguments that I could ply upon her. Dr. Plimpton's words resounded in my ears. I felt sick at heart.

Thankful was I that, before this painful subject could be renewed, Mrs. Estwick entered the room. I accepted her appearance as a hint that our interview had lasted long enough, and a few minutes after I withdrew, promising to call morning and night, to see with my own eyes how fast Milly got better—a promise quite unnecessary, for I had called that often for about two years.

Blessed hope, that can cheat us against the conviction of our own senses! For I knew my Milly was dying.

I have no heart to protract this story.

Information which I gathered from many sources in various ways proved that Milly and I were probably the first persons anywhere who took notice of this star.

On the 12th of May, the night following our discovery (if I may so call it), the new star was seen and examined at the Washington Observatory; on the night of the 14th, at Cambridge, Mass. Astronomers in England and Ireland saw it on the 12th, and the next night some French astronomer made record of it. Reports were afloat that it had been seen in Canada and elsewhere during the early part of May, when its brightness was between the third and fourth magnitude; but these reports I am unable to verify. It further appeared that several maps and catalogues of old dates testified to the existence of a small star, below the ninth magnitude, at or near the position occupied by the mysterious object; but there was no evidence to show that the two were identical. While it may have been a star "burning up," as the popular phrase is, the opinion of the majority of astronomers inclines to the belief that it was a variable, seen in its highest effulgence at intervals perhaps of hundreds of years, like the well-known one in Scorpio.

Night after night its lustre steadily and rapidly decreased. On the 14th, it was of the third magnitude, or below it. On the 19th, it was of the fifth.

These changes startled me only as they coincided, in the most remarkable manner, with Milly's declining health. As the star diminished, so the roundness of her fair cheeks fell away, her sweet voice became fainter; only the brightness of her violet eyes seemed undimmed, or even to be heightened, as she faded.

I attended to my dull work in the city as best I could—reaching the end of my labors every night through Heaven knows what tangles of mistakes—and hurried home by the first evening train.

The star being visible up to the night of May 19th to the naked eye, I did not use my telescope upon it. I had no taste for astronomy during those dreadful days. I came at last to curse the star, because of its malign influence upon my fate—though my sober reflection always rejected that supposition as weak and unworthy of me. But, reason as I would, the mournful fact remained that Milly and the star were receding from me together.

Morning and evening I was by her side. She was still able to sit up; and occupied her chair in the old place by the window. The good doctor had reluctantly told me there was no hope for her recovery; that the least excitement, even that attending her removal from room to room, might at any moment end her frail life. Her father and mother had not dared to ask of the doctor his final opinion, and they still trusted, with blind confidence, that she would mend in a few days. Milly herself would not talk of her approaching death to them or to me; but I knew by a hundred little signs and tokens, voiceless many of them, that she wished me to be prepared for the event that must come. Knowing that every allusion to the star pained me, because of its intimate association in my mind with her, she had not spoken of it to me for some days. She had seen, with her own eyes, that its radiance was fast being quenched.

On the morning of the 20th, a thought occurred to me from which I derived momentary relief. I had observed, on the night of the 19th, that the star verged so closely on invisibility that another twenty-four hours would remove it from human sight. The idea possessed me that if she could be kept in ignorance of the disappearance of the star for a day or two after it had taken place, she would then have a clear proof that her life did not depend upon it. I determined to practise a harmless *ruse* upon her. I would deceive her for her good; perhaps save her life by dispelling what I believed to be a hallucination.

I had taken later trains than usual to town since her serious illness. That morning, when I presented myself at her house about half-past eight o'clock, I found her sitting in her accustomed chair and looking better. Her parents and even Dr. Plimpton also remarked the improvement; and we all took heart from it.

"Milly," said I, as soon as we were alone, putting on a brazen face for the deceit, "I've good news for you. Your star is brightening. There was a perceptible increase in its lustre between ten and two o'clock last night. And you are brighter too, thank Heaven!"

The effect on the dear girl was not what I had expected. She simply said, "You must not be deceived by appearances."

But I would not listen to any thing that would dash the joyous hope which rose within me. "This star has begun to shine out again, and so will you, dearest. I know it."

Though decidedly improved to the eye, I noticed that conversation and the exertion of thinking fatigued her that morning to a marked degree. So, after dispensing what I could of my assumed cheerfulness to the patient, and telling her how much better yet I was sure of finding her when I came home that night, I bade her farewell.

We were alone at that sacred moment; and I stooped down and printed the kiss of immortal love upon her lips.

"Good-by, Albert," said she, pressing my hand, as if desirous to detain me longer. But this she always did.

"Good-by, sweetest!" and so I retired from the room, her violet eyes bending upon me to the last their angelic look.

"Now," thought I, as I walked fast to the station, "if Heaven will but send a storm of three or four days, so that she cannot see the star! At all events, on one pretext or another—and love will find many for me—she must be kept from seeing it. All the time, if the nights are clear, I will make her believe that I have watched it, and that it is flaming out more and more. Then, after her health has improved a little, I will frankly acknowledge the deceit, and so explode forever the deadly illusion that haunts her."

Such was my poor plan; and the elaboration of it, in all its parts, cheered my drooping spirits at the desk, where I went through my appointed work like an automatic adding-machine.

The sky was clear when I reached the little village that night. I almost ran from the station to Mr. Estwick's, turning over and over, as I dashed along, the various plans by which she might be kept from gazing at the star, and made to believe my pious frauds about it.

She was not at the window. That was ominous. And, through the panes, I could see a group of persons standing still together. She was worse—perhaps actually dying!

The dread doubt was solved in a moment as I knelt upon the floor by the sofa where she lay, cold and beautiful. *Dead, dead!*

I remember how all my manhood snapped like a thread under the awful tension; and how I wept as if my heart would literally break. I recall the well-meant condolences that relatives and friends, who stood about, addressed to me, and that each effort to soothe me touched a new fountain of tears. The last words of the poor child were "*Albert*," and "*our star*." She had died about five o'clock, suddenly and tranquilly—thank God for that! Her death had been, the doctor said, "A fading out, natural and painless."

The torrent of my grief finally spent itself, and I could look upon the face once so full of the fresh beauty of life—so lovely even in death—with something like composure. Years of my future would drag heavily; but they would end at last, and then we would be reunited in that world where is no more death, nor any sickness, nor any sorrow!

In our star! I rose upon an impulse and walked to the window. Darkness spread from point to point of the Northern Crown, like a pall hung upon golden nails. *Our star was no longer visible!*

"*I know that you and I are linked to it forever!*"

Such were her very words. Were they prophetic? or were these strange events only coincidences? to me it matters not. Explain them how I may, I feel that I am, from the very necessity of the case, linked to a star—a star now utterly withdrawn beyond the reaches of my telescope as of my mortal eyes. I cannot turn my glass to the sky at hours when that constellation is visible, without seeking the Crown and peering through it into the vast recesses beyond, in the faint hope that I may see the returning wanderer, my MILLY. Never again may that star shine on me in this fleshy tabernacle of mine; but the time will come—and this it is that cheers and sustains me—when, by my reunion with her, this burden of life shall be lifted, this mystery solved.

MAY EVENING.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE breath of spring-time, at this twilight hour,
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms.

Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring?
By brooks, that through the wakening meadows wind,
Or brink of rushy spring?

Or woodside, where, in little companies,
The early wild flowers rise,
Or sheltered lawn, where, 'mid encircling trees,
May's warmest sunshine lies?

Now sleeps the humming-bird, that, in the sun,
Wandered from bloom to bloom;
Now, too, the weary bee, his day's work done,
Rests in his waxen room.

Now every hovering insect to his place
Beneath the leaves hath flown;
And, through the long night-hours, the flowery race
Are left to thee alone.

O'er the pale blossoms of the sassafras
And o'er the spice-bush spray,
Among the opening buds, thy breathings pass,
And come embalmed away.

Yet there is sadness in thy soft caress,
Wind of the blooming year!
The gentle presence, that was wont to bless
Thy coming, is not here.

Go, then; and yet I bid thee not repair,
Thy gathered sweets to shed,
Where pine and willow, in the evening air,
Sigh o'er the buried dead.

Pass on to homes where cheerful voices sound
And cheerful looks are cast,
And where thou wakest, in thine airy round,
No sorrow of the past.

And whisper, everywhere, that Earth renews
Her beautiful array,
Amid the darkness and the gathering dews,
For the return of day.

ABOUT WOMEN AND DRESS.

BY EUGENE BENSON.

EACH civilized epoch seems to have left us the husks of its taste in which to sheathe our softest flesh. The sweetest bud of Republicanism, the most *piquante* daughter of New England, the most dazzling dame of New York, promenades under such composite costumes, that we question whether she be infatuated with Chou Chou, Pompadour, or Eugénie.

Charming democrats we have in the women of the land. But how religiously they go out of it to seek their fashions! With what jealous reverence they shun the costume of the women of the Revolution, and how carefully they refrain from inventing or adopting a national and simple dress which we can look at without being reminded of the license, and corruption, and folly of Continental life!

Dress and decoration are wildly confused and meretriciously mixed. We can see but one dominant taste, that of the arbitrary and ostentatious. We cannot say with Landor's *Aspasia*, "Our dress is not the invention of the ignorant; but the sculptor, the painter, and the poet, have studied how best to adorn the most beautiful object of their contemplations." Women have retained the mark of barbarism in the use of ear-rings, and they still carry the glittering trophies of their conquests like savages, in metals and gems about their persons. But the most exquisite and civilized women have always preferred a flower to a gem; and, if they have not made a vow, like the most enchanting woman of antiquity, "never to wear any thing on the head but one single flower, one single wheat-ear, green or yellow, and ivy or vine leaves," they have appeared often enough so adorned to make the vow unnecessary.

Women live under the reign of fantasy. If most of our sisters are, like the Chinese, monotonous imitators of each other in the fashion of their dress, they break out in a riot of colors. If they cannot please, they can shock us by their use of color; and, *en masse*, they please us by their love of it. Like the variegated petals of flowers, they salute the eye or softly win the lingering glance of admiration by exquisiteness of hue. They instinctively feel that they belong to the floral sisterhood. In the spring they dress themselves in fresh and vivid colors; in the autumn they array themselves in scarlet, crimson, and orange, expressing the satisfaction and repletion of life. Quarrel as we may with the shape of the costume, with the vulgar excess of *trimming*, some bit of color about it will make us happy as savages, and we take off our hats to poppies, *bluets*, and violets; to asters, golden-rods, and cardinal-flowers; to roses, apple-blossoms, and lilacs. Some girls and women have their affinity in the floral world; they are the most charming of their sex; they are the human correspondence of some blossom that sheds its fragrance or dazzles with its glowing hue. Woman's *instinctive* taste for dress will express itself in harmony with the sentiment and color of the flower she loves. Yet, in saying this, we do not speak of the herd of women and girls without individuality; of that Chinese crowd of damsels and dames who never change the fashion of their dressmaker, and have not force of taste sufficient to originate a novel or picturesque effect of costume. These daughters of Mandarins case themselves, like a regiment of foolish virgins, in garments that look as if made by contract after one model, duplicated as fast as the skill of "fitters, cutters, and trimmers" can meet their seasonable and unreflecting passion of dress. Such foolish virgins are remarked only because of their numbers; they know nothing of dress as a fine art; they never appear before us like exquisite human incarnations of the toilless beauties of the woods, the gardens, and the meadows; they never walk the streets nor decorate homes to flatter the eye with color, and suggest redolent and delightful influences of purity, peace, and opulence. They neither understand their sex nor feel the artistic instinct of its life.

Man legislates, woman ornares. She is the first artist that Nature gave us. She plays with colors as a child does with flowers. She arranges, but she does not invent. With the exception of Miss Anthony and a few of her scattered and noisy sisters, she shuns abstractions. Instead of trying to remake our laws, she remakes her costume. The caprice of her nature and the extravagance of her fancy are lavished upon the garniture of her person. The advocates of the new social revolution of sex must first suppress the *artiste* in the woman before they can make her equal to legislative functions. Until they have destroyed the playful and charming child in the feminine sex they cannot lift it or abase it to the levelling and mechanical function of man, who substitutes a machine to impulse, and exhausts enthusiasm by patience.

If we look back to the centuries which are the glory and shame of our race, we see that men have shared the taste of women, have obeyed the passion of dress and decoration. But

now, less feminine, less artistic, less barbarous, they have wholly abandoned the art to women, and appear like undertakers and laborers. Since they have forsworn the enjoyment of an art inconsistent with their occupation, and have ceased to take pleasure in picturesque and gaudy or beautiful costumes for themselves, they have been contented with the extension of the passion of dress among women.

Democracy has transformed the appearance of men; it has not touched the nature or costume of women. They remain an exclusive and privileged class by all their instincts; with them license and art take refuge.

Modern civilization has made it possible for all women to display their love of dress and decoration. The confused and incongruous state of the art is to be attributed to the fact that it has been left wholly to the feminine mind, which, abandoned to itself, is lawless and craves for excitement. Dress, as an art, never, until our century, was wholly abandoned to one sex; and it never has been more varied and ostentatious among women than now. It has lost gravity and simplicity of effect; it is full of license, of dazzle, of display; it is sometimes exquisitely frivolous; oftenest it stifles the weak personality of our feeble women. But it has got rid of some barbarisms. The stiff *cor-sage* of De Medicis is obsolete; the pretty Parisienne has adopted the smallest and most flexible one to girdle her like the cestus of Venus. The Elizabethan frill, framing the head like a white cabbage, hiding the roundest neck and covering the most classic shoulders, is allowed to remain buried among the ceremonials of a stiff court. But, if we must adopt the fashions of our ancestors, why not go to Madame Recamier and claim her as our grandmother? Why not revive the long gauntlets, made to attract attention to beautiful arms? Why not take again her semi-Greek attire—the short waist, the narrow skirt, and the delicate ruffle, to hold all the charms of the girls and women of the land? Such costumes are made only for beautiful women—for women who converse without disputing; for women who neither toil nor spin, but, like the flowers of the field, refresh and charm by their mute and exquisite service in life. But this is a fancy picture—a bit of the past at best; it has gone with the heathen mythology, with the fairies of the North, with all the frail and bright imaginings of poets. We are in an industrial age, and dress and decoration are made for rough service, to arrest hurried and grasping men. Therefore the women of our cities are dressed like regiments; therefore they overload themselves with meaningless trimmings; therefore we have every thing but the simple and unobtrusive which charms us in pictures of Greek women, in the women of the French Revolution, in women of the time of Washington, in the contemporaries of Chateaubriand.

The much-abused classic painter David made a beautiful and simple costume fashionable in France. French women were never more exquisitely dressed than during his epoch. The mania for *trimmings*, which is most violent among American women, is of itself a sign of a corrupted taste—it does more than any other cause to retard the ascendancy of a pure and simple taste. Although women are so universally gifted with the artistic instinct, they have a touch of folly, a love of change, which prevents them from producing the finest results of the artistic faculty. They have lapses, they are dependent; they easily fall under the rule of arbitrary and dictating minds. An incurable frivolity, an unconquerable love of attracting attention, has always made them facile agents to propagate false taste, and render them insensible to the charm of the models of unostentatious epochs, of epochs truly gifted with the sentiment of beauty.

Dress and decoration no more receiving the attention of the serious and restrained minds of men, manifests the confusion and incongruity of the flighty and unrestrained minds of women. The feminine mind is incapable of originating a beautiful fashion. It is too receptive; it is too impressible. It goes through the ages to bring back a piece of patchwork. Women mix and

meddle and stimulate; they give to our streets and halls a variegated, flashing, exciting aspect, which at the best we may call brilliant and pictorial. They encourage artifice rather than art; they prefer crowded, ostentatious and novel things, for the artistic instinct, free from the masculine mind, is wilful and unreasoning; it asks only for excitement. If women have made so much confusion and ostentation in the domain of taste, left to themselves, would they increase the harmony of, and develop justice in, legislation? What answer?

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Publishing House by which the present Journal is issued has been extensively engaged, for nearly half a century, in the work of promoting general education, and diffusing information among the people of the United States, through the medium of valuable books, in all the leading departments of knowledge. In further pursuance of this important object, and recognizing the increasing tendency of the public to cultivate the periodical form of literature, the publishers have engaged in the enterprise of a Weekly Journal, which they design to make worthy of the liberal patronage of the reading community.

Omitting ordinary news, and avoiding partisan advocacy, both political and sectarian, the JOURNAL will be devoted to general literature, to science, art, and education, and to the diffusion of valuable information upon subjects of public importance. It is intended to make use of all resources, original and selected, domestic and foreign, which can give interest and variety to its pages; and neither exertion nor expense will be spared to secure the aid of the best talent of the time. We abstain from the large professions and the parade of conspicuous names so common on these occasions, and, trusting to the intelligence of the people, shall be content to let the Journal speak for itself.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

UNDER the title of "The New Education," a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February and March gives an account of the scientific and polytechnic institutions of this country, and what should be the preparation for entering them. Much of the information he offers is interesting, and he has several excellent suggestions; but what most struck us in the discussion was, that for the "new education" he provides no adequate basis. He says that all but one of the scientific and technological schools require no preparation in Latin for admission, "and in none of them are the classics taught." But, instead of accepting this position as an abandonment of the regular study of Latin by the "new education," he maintains that it should be merely put back to the preparatory period, contending that until seventeen all should be educated together.

This defence of the early study of Latin is a step backward, for the most enlightened educators of the present time advocate its postponement to the years of mental maturity; and this is all the more necessary when we consider the grounds on which the writer places its claims. Latin is to be acquired, not because of its value as an introduction to the language of science—this is vehemently repudiated—but because of the wealth and perfection of the literature it contains. That is, a boy who proposes to study the practical sciences, in addition to his thorough study of English (which the writer insists on), and various other preliminary studies, is to carry the acquisition of Latin to such perfection that the mind can move in it with full freedom, so as to enjoy the great masterpieces of its literature.

Now, it is testified to with emphasis by the best observers,

that even of those who give themselves entirely to the classical course, in the college as well as the academy, not one in ten arrives at this result. How absurd, then, to suppose that it can be attained by students at seventeen! We refer those, who wish to see this point ably handled, to the argument on "Early Mental Training," by Dr. Barnard, of Columbia College.

Nothing is more notorious, than that the attempt to teach the dead languages to boys generally results in such a disgust with the whole subject, that they do not pursue them when college discipline ceases; and hundreds of the most eminent men who had kept up their scholarly acquisitions attest that they were never able to get over the prejudices and painful associations of early classical study. This consideration evidently does not affect the writer in the *Atlantic*; though, strangely enough, he raises an objection to the early study of science on this very ground. He objects to the study of elementary science in early life, because "we have seen many cases in which too early dabbling with the physical sciences proved a positive injury in later years." But, what is still more extraordinary, while rejecting science itself, he would still teach children the logic of science. He says: "One cannot too early teach a child the distinction between a fact and an inference from a fact." Although confessing that this distinction is but rarely grasped by the mature mind—saying that "few adults appreciate this fundamental difference in its full strength"—yet he thinks we cannot too early teach a child these abstract relations of mental philosophy. Did it never occur to him what the effect of this kind of "dabbling" might be upon the pupil's subsequent mental experience?

The writer of these articles seems quite to overlook the order of mental unfolding by which the training of the perceptive faculties should precede and prepare for the higher action of the reflective powers. This, indeed, must be the corner-stone of the edifice of "the new education." It must begin with the observation of the properties and relations of concrete objects which science deals with and Latin does not; and, as the mental faculties of the child gradually strengthen, and it begins to get intelligible command of abstract relations, the skilful teacher will draw attention to the mental operations by which facts and inferences are discriminated.

WHAT WE MEAN BY SCIENCE.

IN the plan of this JOURNAL, scientific subjects are to have a prominent share of attention; and as there is not a little confusion in the popular mind as to the ideas conveyed by the term "Science," it is desirable to get a definite understanding of it. At all events, it is necessary to indicate as clearly as possible the signification which will be attached to the word in these pages.

In its prevailing use, the term science suggests a special kind of knowledge which is different from common knowledge, and pertains to a particular class of subjects which are looked upon as foreign to the interests of common life. It is generally regarded as relating to external or physical objects, and calls up ideas of minerals, insects, drug-shops, or electrical exhibitions, with a copious literature of forbidding terms. In conformity with this notion, the science department of popular journalism usually consists of a mass of items thrust into an obscure place, where we are briefly informed of the discovery of a new mineral or asteroid, a novel chemical process, a hitherto undescribed zoophyte, or the latest inventive exploit in the way of churns. Science has its periodicals professedly and properly devoted to the technical details and results of research. These are minced and sorted, and then reproduced for the edification of the public. This information is no doubt useful; but, to offer it as affording any just idea of science, is little better than a caricature. The time has come when this noble term should be redeemed from these degrading associations, and made to stand for the larger and higher things which it now truly rep-

resents. Science is not the peculiar property of a few curious persons, who spend their days in watching bugs, or their nights in watching the stars. It is something, on the contrary, which belongs to the mind itself; which pertains to our very modes of thinking, and therefore concerns everybody. It is something to be used in reading, conversation, and business, at home and in the street, week-days and Sundays, in school, at the lecture, and the political gathering. Let us see how this is.

The literal meaning of the term science is *to know*. But it has been found that there are two kinds of knowing; we may know a subject loosely and vaguely, or with clearness and precision. So important has this distinction now become, that it is necessary to mark it in language, and so the word science has come to be applied to one of those kinds of knowledge; it means to know *accurately*. In the course of time and experience, knowledge slowly passes from the indefinite to the definite, from the vague to the precise. This change is of the nature of a growth, and hence, in its *quality*, science may be defined as the higher or more perfect stage of developing knowledge.

For example, men, in the rudest ages, observed that the days were longer in summer than in winter, and that there was a constancy in the relative position and a regularity in the movements of the stars: this was the dim beginning of a knowledge which has grown at length into the splendid science of astronomy. So it was known to everybody that fuel disappears in combustion, and that stones are altered by fire; and these vague notions have been, in time, unfolded into the science of chemistry. In like manner, it was understood, even in periods of earliest barbarism, that with scarcity the price of food rises; and that bits of metal may be made serviceable to carry on exchanges: these were the germs which have grown into a body of definite and connected truths, which form the science of political economy. Again, at the earliest dawn of intelligence, men knew that objects seen together are apt to be remembered together: this rudimental fact has been expanded in modern times into the science of psychology.

Such being the essential character of science, the question next arises, how much does the term comprehend? Our knowledge of Nature is *all* of this growing or progressive kind. In every aspect of the natural world the explanations were at first crude and imperfect, and have gradually ripened into greater distinctness and precision. We are thus brought to the full breadth of meaning of the term science, which is nothing less than the latest and truest interpretation of the order of the world at which the human mind has arrived. It is the perfected mode of thinking in its application to all the phenomena of Nature which can become the subjects of thought.

But, it will be asked, What do you mean by Nature? We mean the whole system of appearances—objects and actions—by which we are surrounded in the present state of being. It includes the entire realm of existence and activity, material and mental, with all their interconnections and interactions, which constitute the environment of man. As the material world is but a part of the natural order, physical knowledge is but a part of science. Our knowledge of mind and character, of the springs and limits of human action, of the relations of men and the conditions of social welfare, may be either loose and confused, or definite and accurate. This kind of knowledge conforms equally to the conditions of growth, and, therefore, has its true scientific aspects. But we can only comprehend the present attitude of the subject by referring to the relations which subsist among the various departments of thought.

The purely physical sciences, corresponding to the material phases of Nature, are the simplest, and have been developed first. By studying the internal or atomic changes of matter, the science of chemistry has been arrived at. Inquiries concerning the air have led to meteorology, and investigations into

the earth's crust have given rise to geology. But the intellectual movement thus exemplified is far from stopping with an exploration of material phenomena. Success here but sharpens the mind for the further research of truth. These departments of physical study have their highest value as a preparation for something beyond. They are but the training-ground of the human intellect for larger spheres of inquiry. The development of the physical sciences has produced grand and beneficent results, as all men know. But the advance of industrial civilization, to which they have led, is far from being their most important effect. Nor is their disclosure of the order of material Nature, by which man has been translated from the darkness of ignorance and superstition into the light and hope of knowledge, by any means their strongest claim to honor. It is in that higher education, and nobler discipline of the human mind, which can alone qualify it to enter upon the more exalted questions of the real nature of man himself, and his true relations to the surrounding world, and to his fellow-men; it is here that the nobler function of the physical sciences is to be sought.

That accuracy of thinking, which it is the business of science to enforce, has led to the detection of those uniformities in the course of Nature which we term *law*. More and more clearly is it perceived that all kinds of action exemplify cause and effect, and therefore conform to law; and more and more apparent is it also becoming that all measures of improvement, individual and social, must depend upon our understanding of the conditions and laws upon which all improvement depends. It is not enough that these conditions be vaguely apprehended; they must be vividly realized; and this vivid perception must be so deeply incorporated into the very habits of thought as spontaneously to rule the conduct. It is not sufficient to know, in a general way, that fresh air is salutary, and foul air injurious; the appreciation of the effects must be so clear and intense as to control action like an instinct. To bring about this state of mind, slowly, of course, in the mass of the people, is the duty and destiny of science. Its supreme educational office is to teach men to think more carefully and closely upon whatever subject they are required to think. Its larger use is to habituate them to guard against the disturbing influence of the feelings and the warpings of prejudice, to look beyond the immediate and to forecast distant consequences, to weigh evidence and avoid those errors of judgment which lead to rash and mistaken practice.

Imperfect knowledge is misleading; the more accurate it is, the better it serves for guidance. But this is no more true in navigation or mining, than it is in commercial business or in teaching. The subjects, however, are in some cases simpler than in others, and the simpler must obviously serve as stepping-stones to the more complex. It is not that knowledge is to be carried over from one field to another, but the mental training acquired in one field is to be employed in another. Granted that eminent skill in mathematics will not be a suitable preparation for a judge, or expertness in chemistry qualify for the intelligent management of a prison; granted that the knowledge conferred by scientific studies, as at present arranged, is not that demanded in dealing with the practical questions of every-day life; the fact, nevertheless, remains, that the cultivation of scientific, that is, accurate habits of thought, is the best preparation for action in all circumstances of responsibility.

ADULTERATION AND ITS REMEDIES.

THE *New York World* has recently done an important public service by appointing itself a commission to inquire into the state of food, drink, and drugs consumed by the inhabitants of this city. This idea of not waiting for the action of government, when a needed public work is to be done, but of nomi-

nating and electing one's self to the office of attending to it, strikes us as admirable and worthy of imitation. The *World* has summoned Science to make an inquest, with test-tube and microscope, into the honesty of New-York grocerymen. We are glad to note this emphatic recognition of the fact that science has intimate relations with morality. The subject being thus handed over to it for investigation, the report comes back that the morals of metropolitan commerce are not of the purest character. It is found that the whole community is enmeshed in a system of trading impostures, both quantitative and qualitative, in regard to the food it eats, the beverages it drinks, the medicines it takes, the kerosene it burns, and the air it breathes; and, if the investigation had been pushed a little further, it might have been added that the clothes it wears, the beds it lies upon, the gas it lights, the jewelry it sports, the cosmetics it delights in, and even the paper it reads, each has its element of cheating and imposition.

This disclosure is important, because, if we are actually investing our bodies with textile lies, weaving lies into our living tissues, and trying to correct abnormal functions with remedial lies, let us by all means be frequently reminded of it. These things have been long practised, and it has long been known that they were practised. The manuals of chemical examinations, microscopic guides, pamphlets for detection, magazine articles of exposure, wailing essays, and editorial warnings, have accumulated into a regular literature of the subject. In accordance with that rhythm of movement which we observe in the mental as well as in the material world, after an interval of obliviousness, the matter breaks out in the shape of a public spasm; there is an earthquake among the grocers, and execration abounds for a season, but, the excitement being discharged, all thing soon lapses into their old quietude.

Yet something is gained with every new convulsion. Accumulated experiences in time modify both feeling and thought, and work out new states of mind, which lead to new resources of defence against the evils of life. To be barely conscious of the existence of an evil, by no means puts us in the attitude to grapple with and destroy it. We must experiment with it, and reach right action through a course of failing trials. What, then, is to be done about these mischiefs of adulteration; for, making every allowance for exaggeration, there is a great deal of truth in the exposures? There are four modes of dealing with it.

The first is the denunciatory. It reprobates the wrongs, and anathematizes the guilty. The watch-towers of morality stand thickly in our midst, and every seventh day the people gather to listen to directions for "the right ruling of conduct." The displeasure of Heaven with immoral actions is emphatically declared, and divine vengeance upon those who commit them threatened. All are searched out, and found wanting somewhere. The auditors then return home to lunch upon adulterated bread, contaminated condiments, falsified coffee, and sophisticated wine. Something is, no doubt, effected by this mode of treating evil conduct, but, under any amount of denunciation, the rascally grocer flourishes. Mischiefs of this kind are not to be dismissed from society by a wave of the hand, or driven out by rhetorical onslaughts.

Then there is the legal remedy. We are bid to tighten up the laws and pile up the penalties. But the efficiency of law is not in the ratio of its stringency; with a disproportion between offence and penalty, legislation becomes self-defeating. Besides, the very pettiness of the transgressions, in this case, makes punishment difficult. Law, also, has done some service in this matter, but the abuses have grown in spite of it.

A third method is, that private enterprise shall take up the matter and deter dealers from fraudulent practices by the danger of exposure. This is theoretically right, but practically insufficient, as private enterprise is a somewhat intermittent agency. The field has been long and temptingly open to it, but it has hitherto done little more than keep us advised, from time to time, of the extent of the mischief.

We now propose a fourth method of relief, which, while it is neither so short nor so sharp as the foregoing, is the only one adequate to meet the case. It is simply that the people interested in these proceedings shall be instructed to take care of their own interests. Where do these omnipresent malpractices have their roots? In public ignorance, and its consequent indifference. The people know very little about these things, and therefore care but little. They breathe poisoned air when they can get pure air at the same price; how, then, can they be expected to distress themselves about the concealed impurities in their food and drink? It is this ignorance and carelessness which makes them the victims of sharpers, and which makes the sharpers possible. While the dupes remain, it is of small use to root out the quacks; their places would be quickly supplied with new ones.

We charge these evils of adulteration to public ignorance, but we do not mean by this the mental vacuity or stupidity of the refuse of society; we mean that lack of general intelligence concerning common things which prevails in all ranks, and may be as noticeably exemplified in the college graduate as the illiterate blockhead who cannot read. We boast of our education, and the city abounds in public schools, seminaries, and colleges. These institutions impart much valuable information, but they are deplorably deficient in that which is most important. The pupils parse and declaim; they dig among the roots of algebra, and roam through geography and history; they learn all kinds of things, except those which involve their very life-needs. We say, then, direct the instruction in the New-York schools, and of the public schools throughout the country, to its proper end—"the preparation for right living." So long as we have not begun to teach the things in which life and death are involved—so long as the community is swindled and poisoned in its daily means of maintaining existence, and is not only ignorant of all means of defence, but of the very fact of the imposition, let us remit somewhat of our boasting, and talk in modest undertones about our "universal education."

The plan of relief we now propose is not to be objected to as impracticable. Every public school in the city ought to have a laboratory, and every boy or girl, fifteen years of age, should be instructed in elementary chemical testing and the use of the common microscope. This is entirely feasible: no more mental capacity is required to make a rough analysis of a sample of saleratus than to make an analysis of a sentence, or to work out a problem in fractions. This practice, moreover, would train the observing powers—a most important part of education, and one for which there is at present no adequate school provision. This is the true point of attack upon the system of commercial imposture from which we suffer. Let it once be understood that even half a dozen of the leading public schools are prepared to make this subject a regular study; let competent instructors be provided (and one such might officiate at several places), and let samples of the common articles of domestic consumption be made regular object-lessons of careful examination, and not only would the mental cultivation thus afforded be of itself valuable, but it could not fail to exert a powerful influence in repressing fraudulent practices. Definitely established, and with the sympathy of the community, it would act as a permanent commission of inquiry, and might be made to operate with energy and efficiency. Moreover, as the pupils went out into life armed with this knowledge, families would begin to have their defence, and a habit of searching into these matters would gradually arise among the people. Such an example would also be imitated by other schools throughout the country.

The impulses of scientific inquiry in past times have largely originated in the various exigencies of society, which required to be met and relieved; when education begins to respond to these requirements, and to prepare the young for the practical and urgent work of life, the most salutary results will assuredly be realized.

TABLE-TALK.

NOTHING can be more stirring, more vivid, or more brilliant, than the appearance of the grand drive at the Central Park, on a fair day, in the fashionable season. In the cartoon which accompanies this number of the JOURNAL, the artist has in no wise exaggerated the picture. The scene selected for the drawing is the circle which describes a small lake in the upper part of the Park, just where many carriages sweep around to return southward toward the city, and others detour into the wide avenues beyond the Park, where it is customary for the owners of fast horses to show the mettle of their steeds.

Probably nothing more fully exhibits the wealth, luxury, and taste of New-York City than its fancy "turnouts" and private carriages. These brilliant equipages are comparatively a new feature in our metropolitan extravagance. Our old families, it is true, kept their carriages; but they were almost solely used for ceremonious purposes; and it was not until the rapidly-increasing wealth of the city, added to the charms of our unsurpassed Central-Park drives, that a passion for fast horses and costly carriages existed more than in a few exceptional instances. One of our carriage-manufacturers marks the approach of this state of things by saying that, in the year 1839, the demand for costly equipages was nominal. In the succeeding ten years he manufactured one hundred a year; in the next ten years two hundred and fifty a year; and in the next ten years—from 1859 to 1869—an average of five hundred a year, making an aggregate, all the manufactures of the city included, of at least fifty new carriages a day. The fashionable styles are: the Clarence (large family or state carriage); landau (opening on the top); landaulet (opening on the top, with appliances to remove the front section if desired); coupé (for fair weather or fresh air); pony phaeton (riding *à fresco*); and a four-in-hand drag, which, within a few years, has become one of the most conspicuous features of the Central-Park drives.

The pictorial art of the stage now more than rivals the actor, and almost supplants the poetry of the dramatist. It has thrust itself into a first place in theatrical affairs, and not even Shakespeare himself is now acceptable to the public unless set forth with a wealth of scenic display. It has its meretricious aspects, undoubtedly; but it is by no means always mere show and glitter. It has often great pomp of color; it is sometimes intensely vulgar; it is frequently an appeal to barbaric taste; and in dramas of a certain character it aims, not only to be dazzling, but sensuous. In these it designs to heat the blood, and fill the imagination with voluptuous images. Female beauty is more or less identified and mingled with it. It exhibits paradises of intoxicating beauty, and places the houries there before our eyes. It is the Mohammedism of art.

But it is not always this. It sometimes affords us pictures of exquisite and elevating beauty. It often reproduces the periods of the past with fidelity and historic splendor. It can be, and occasionally is, all that art in any form can aspire to—the means of refined pleasure and elevating sentiment.

Art upon the stage not only reaches larger numbers than is possible otherwise, but its effects are broader, its illusions more perfect, its impressions more stimulating, and its lessons more decided. It is far more real. It is capable of grander and sublimer effects. It is more satisfying to the imagination. It is more nearly the thing depicted. We speak, of course, of this art in its better and more successful expression. We mean such pictures as were exhibited last year in "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Olympic; in a recent scene called the "Lilacs" at Niblos; in a few scenes in the French opera; and in several scenes now presented at Wallack's Theatre, in "Much Ado about Nothing," and at Booth's new beautiful dramatic temple, in "Romeo and Juliet." These are all artistically beautiful,

and prove that, while scene-painting has often been low, coarse, false, and hurtful, it is capable of being employed in a higher and purer spirit. In these instances quoted, the stage scenes have nearly the same effect upon the imagination, only more vivid, than a landscape by one of our painters has. Not so completely refining, of course; not so pure in taste; not so simple, symmetrical, and chaste; with more or less thought, no doubt, to dazzle the unthinking—and yet with a largeness, a triumph of perspective, a completeness in proportion and fullness, that render them the most powerful form of pictorial expression.

It is curious to note that, while the Positive Philosophy, so called, of M. Auguste Comte, seems to be growing in favor with certain semi-scientific or socialistic persons, it is fast losing its hold upon the well-trained scientific mind of the age. There is a tendency to accept the term "positive" as well applying to that body of definite scientific truth which is capable of verification and of universal acceptance; and there is an equally marked tendency to reject Comte's distinctive system of doctrines. The last decisive repudiation of Comte is by Prof. T. H. Huxley in a recent able lecture on the "Physical Basis of Life." Referring to a previous lecture of the Archbishop of York, he observed: "Now, so far as I am concerned, the most reverend prelate might dialectically hew M. Comte to pieces as a modern Agag, and I should not attempt to stay his hand. In so far as my study of what specially characterizes the 'Positive Philosophy' has led me, I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as any thing in ultramontane Catholicism. In fact, M. Comte's philosophy in practice might be compendiously described as Catholicism minus Christianity."

The proposition that there is no such thing as technical English grammar, though not originating with Mr. Richard Grant White, has found in him one of its warmest supporters. In a recent number of *The Galaxy* he gives plausible reasons for his position; and, though some scholars may think that he has strained a point here and there—as, for instance, when he asserts that, in the sentences, *I have loved* and *I have money*, the powers of *have* are precisely equivalent—few will be disposed seriously to contest his broad conclusion that, the English language possessing very few inflections, most of its written grammar is "so-called," or, as he terms it, *make-believe* grammar. But, from this conclusion, some practical inferences have been drawn or assumed by others, against which we cannot too strongly protest. Thus, it is urged, that absence of style necessarily follows absence of technical grammar, that there is and ought to be no such thing as style in English, and that it is no matter how a man expresses his ideas, provided he does so intelligibly. Surely the logical and natural conclusion is just the opposite. If the relations of English words to one another depend entirely, or almost entirely, on their position in a sentence, then indeed their arrangement is of great importance; and arrangement is a leading element of style.

Another question deeply affects the rising generation. If most of our English grammar is *make-believe*, the study of it should be suppressed, like all other shams. On the other hand, it is certain that any liberal education involves a very appreciable amount of verbal and grammatical study of some sort. The abolition of English grammar implies, therefore, one of two things: either the preservation of the much-assailed classics, or additional attention to the modern languages in their written form.

It may be questioned whether published literature is, after all, a full or just measurement of public taste and intelligence. No doubt there are twenty books written to where one is printed; and editors of periodicals will bear witness that, of

all the lucubrations offered to them for publication, a smaller proportion even than this finds its way into their pages. Clearly, then, our published literature exhibits an exceptional culture. That which goes into the waste-basket more nearly indicates our average taste and capacity. Bad as that which is printed may be, yet it has been culled and gleaned; there is behind it a vast residuum which is inferior to it. Only editors and publishers know how poor this remainder is; how capricious the taste, how strange the ignorance, how low the morals, how rambling the logic, which a very large number of ladies and gentlemen display, to the fortunate ignorance of their friends and the public.

Everybody has heard of the gigantic and extraordinary animals of the ancient world, which inhabited the earth long before the introduction of man. Their tombs are the geological formations, and fragments of their skeletons having been exhumed and pieced out by the anatomists, their colossal frameworks are set up in the museums, and engravings of them fill the geological books. To the student of these things, who discovers the vestiges in the rocks, chisels them out, and supplements the deficient parts, nothing can be more real than these extraordinary creatures and the circumstances of their lives; but to those who give little thought to the subject they are regarded, with a kind of incredulous wonder, as myths of the scientific imagination. Nothing is so well fitted to dispel this state of mind as the restoration of those extinct forms in their full dimensions and lifelike aspects; not with the flesh off, and standing in their bones, as Sydney Smith wished to do on a hot day, but filled out in due proportions, so as to simulate the reality of nature. Some of the largest and most remarkable of the American fossils are to be thus restored at the Central Park, the Commissioners having engaged Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins to do the work. This is an important step in the direction of public education, as there is no place on this whole continent where these objects would be seen by such multitudes of people, and seen under such favorable circumstances of leisure for observation as those afforded by the Central Park of New York.

The dinner of the Yale Alumni Association, at Delmonico's, last month, was one of the most successful public banquets of the season. Mr. Evarts, always happy, showed his very happiest vein; President Woolsey was as grandly ingenuous as Admiral Farragut could have been; and the graduates generally had what old Theocritus would have called a jolly revel. It is worth noting, however, that while alumni associations are becoming popular, there is no tendency to any thing like *inter-collegiate* action. The attempt to establish a university club a few years ago proved a total failure. The Harvard men especially pooh-poohed the movement from the first. Now the alumni clubs furnish opportunities for pleasant social gatherings, and confer more solid advantages on their respective colleges by encouraging benefactions and bringing graduate opinion to bear on academic management; but the *united* cultivation of the country might do much more than this. President Woolsey told the Yalensians that the union of educated men of all conditions was the only true democracy; he might have added, that it was also the only true aristocracy. And, when we consider how great a cause and promoter of evil ignorance has always been, the formation of such an aristo-democracy is surely desirable.

Literary Notes.

THE inquiry is frequently made, if Mr. Herbert Spencer is going forward with his new "System of Philosophy," and why we hear nothing about it in the English periodicals. He is proceeding with it regularly, and the last instalment—the "Data of Psychology"—will be given to the American public in a few days. The reason why nothing has been said by the English reviews is, that the works are not furnished them for notice. So gross were the misrepresentations of his

views, that he gave orders to his publisher to send no more copies of his books to the press. His philosophy is, however, being carefully studied by the leading thinkers of England, and is being reproduced upon the Continent. His works, curiously enough, were first undertaken in Russia, where they have nearly all appeared. The censor of the public press required that "First Principles" should be accompanied by a refutation. Accordingly, M. Thieblin, the translator, prefixed to it a learned essay, in which all its facts and generalizations were confounded by a formidable parade of quotations from the fathers. He closed the essay with the significant observation, "that if the refutation was not complete, it was not from lack of zeal to make it so, but from lack of knowledge!" The performance was satisfactory. Mr. Spencer's writings are now being translated into the French by three different professors of Philosophy, Doctor Cazelles, M. Ribot of the *Lyceé Impérial*, Laval, and M. Rethoré, Professors of Philosophy in the *Lyceé Impérial*, Angoulême.

The "Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck," just published by Appleton & Co., contains many interesting reminiscences of early New York. Halleck's associates and friends included a host of giants. There were Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Kent, Drake, Hoffman, Pierpont, Poe, Fay, Dr. Francis, Morris, Verplanck, Duer, Charles King, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and all the later literary celebrities. In addition to these, Halleck was intimate with the artists Inman and Elliott, with the actors Kean, Macready, Placide, Burton, Brougham, Charles Matthews, Miss Cushman, Ellen Tree, Wallack, the elder Booth, and Mitchell. He knew Lord Morpeth, Lord Stanley, Miss Mitford, Miss Martineau, Thackeray, Dickens, and, indeed, almost everybody of his time who is known and famous. When Louis Napoleon, then "Prince Louis Napoleon," was in New York, Halleck knew him well. The prince and the poet exchanged dinners, but Halleck never afterward obtruded upon the *Emperor* his recollections of the *Prince*—whom, indeed, he thought a dull fellow. As a youth, Halleck was noticeable for his studious and retired habits. He had no taste for rough sports and adventures, preferring solitude and a book to almost any other enjoyment. Although he wrote much in his juvenile days, his first published poem did not appear until 1818. It consisted of a few verses on the "Star of Peace," but he never included it in his collections. In this year he first met Rodman Drake, when began a friendship between the two poets that lasted until Drake's death. All the world is familiar with those elegiac verses to Drake's memory, beginning with, "Green be the turf above thee." When these were first printed, some of the journals in copying them substituted "sod" for "turf," and others "grass." "I think," said Halleck, "they will get it yet, 'Green be the *peat* above thee!'" Halleck was a good talker, but he could not make a set speech. Once, at a complimentary dinner given to him, he begged permission to respond sitting to the toast in his honor, because when he stood up all his "brains ran to his heels." He was like Irving in this particular. But he was a good talker, as we have already said, and he would relate with glee a delightful two hours' conversation he had once held with Hawthorne, in which the great romancist never opened his mouth. A singular fact is connected with the publication of "Marco Bozzaris." Although the popularity of this poem was immense, not only in America but in Europe—although it was quoted, declaimed, imitated, discussed, translated into French and modern Greek, the poet's own family remained for over five years in ignorance of its existence. A poet's own family, it seems, may be the last to know of his genius or his fame.

The London *Saturday Review*, notorious for its sharp criticisms, and its disposition to find fault, is pleased to say of the "American Annual Cyclopædia for 1867," published by D. Appleton & Co., that it "is the most complete and convenient work of reference for recent history, for the political events of the last few years, for the various features of social, commercial, industrial, and scientific progress, that has yet come under our notice, or, we believe, that has been published. It is impossible that a scheme so wide and so ambitious, embracing nearly every subject of human interest, should be executed in a manner fully worthy of the conception—that there should not be many omissions, many errors, many blemishes, due to haste, to carelessness, to prejudice, to ignorance, and to the simple impossibility of finding men with the qualifications and the leisure required to keep up with the times in each separate department of human knowledge. Were it otherwise, the work would be invaluable; as it is, its value is not easily estimated."

"Underground Life; or Mines and Miners," recently published in England, from the French of L. Simonin, is not only the most valuable and exhaustive work on the subject of mining, but it is also the most truly elegant and sumptuous. It contains one hundred and sixty illustrations, engraved on wood, twenty maps, geologically colored, and ten plates of metals and minerals, in chromo-lithography. The latter are surprising exhibitions of artistic skill. They were executed in Paris, by Regamey, and reproduce the colors and texture of the crystals with marvellous fidelity. The contents include not only a scientific history and description of minerals, but a graphic account of various forms of mining.

A Heine revival is taking place just now in the best literary circles of Paris. Henry Heine, the great German poet, who spent the last thirty years of his life in Paris, was so much neglected there during the latter part of his literary career that, when Hector Berlioz one day called upon him, he exclaimed, "Yes, Berlioz has always been an eccentric fellow. He pays me a visit!" Just now new translations are issued of Heine's works, and the *causeries* in the feuilletons are full of Heine's droll wit-cisms.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, author of the "History of Rationalism in Europe," has now ready for the press, and will shortly publish, a work upon the History of Morals in Europe. Every admirer of that recent inquisitive literature, adorned by the names of Buckle, Spencer, and Lecky, will welcome a work upon a subject which opens so wide a field for philosophic thought and investigation.

Krylow, the Russian fable-writer, received perhaps the largest copyrights of any modern author; the Moscow and St. Petersburg booksellers paid him, during the last fifteen years of his life, the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty thousand rubles for the copyright of his two thin volumes of fables, most of which are imitations of Æsop, Phædrus, and LaFontaine.

Hans Christian Andersen is not only the most brilliant and gifted, but also the most modest and kind-hearted of story-tellers. Here is what he wrote recently about the fairy tales of his Norwegian rival Bjornson: "These fairy-tales, I honestly believe, are the best which have appeared in Europe for many years past."

The rivalry between the German publishers of Goethe's and Schiller's works has now reached such a point, that Cotta, the great Stuttgart bookseller, offers his superb edition of Goethe's complete works, in six large royal 8vo volumes, with all the steel engravings by William Kaulbach, for three dollars.

Berthold Auerbach is at work upon an historical novel, the scene of which will be laid in the old Bohemian city of Eger. The manuscript will be presented to the Jews of Eger, who will publish fifty thousand copies of the work, and use the profits in building a new synagogue.

The manuscript of the second volume of Mme. Victor Hugo's work on the life of her husband, the first volume of which was issued in 1868, will not be allowed to be published until after M. Hugo's death.

The Paris edition of Victor Hugo's new novel will be printed by an old schoolmate of the great poet and romancist.

Matters of Science and Art.

OUR painters, unlike the famous Macedonian, seem to have little disposition to seek new worlds for conquest. While they repeat year after year pictures of the Catskills, the White Mountains, and the Adirondacks; while Lake George has scarcely a rock or tree unpainted; and the Berkshire Hills are as familiar to frequenters of galleries as Trinity Church to the bulls and bears of Wall Street; while, in brief, all the aspects of our Northern scenery are like thrice-told tales, a splendid range of mountain scenery remains nearly unconscious of the painter's canvas. Occasionally only do we meet with a picture of the Alleghanies, while the Blue Ridge of Virginia and the mountain scenery of North Carolina seem never to have been visited by our painters. We have some acquaintance with Virginia mountain scenery, by means of Mr. Strother's "Virginia Illustrated," and in Lanman's "Alleghany Mountains" there are descriptions of scenery that, if known to our painters and tourists, would surely fire their hearts, and fill, by another season, all the gorges and heights of that region with enthusiastic searchers for the picturesque. In the supposition that Lanman's descriptions are not generally familiar to our readers, we will quote a few sentences in support of what we have said. Describing what is called "Hickory-nut Gap," he says: "From any point of view this particular spot is remarkably imposing, the gap not being more than half a mile wide, though appearing to narrow down to a few hundred yards. The highest bluff is on the south side, and, though rising to the height of full twenty-five hundred feet, it is nearly perpendicular, and, midway up its front, stands an isolated rock, looming against the sky, of a circular form, and resembling the turret of a stupendous castle. Over one portion of this superb cliff, falling far down into some undiscovered and apparently unattainable pool, is a stream of water, which seems to be the offspring of the clouds." Lanman also describes two mountain views that are assuredly worthy of Durand or Gifford: "The first was a northern view of Black Mountain from the margin of the South Poe River. All its cliffs, defiles, ravines, and peaks, seemed as light, dream-like, and airy, as the clear-blue world in which they floated. . . . The other prospect was from the summit of the Blue Ridge, looking in the direction of the Catawba. It was a wilderness of mountains, whose foundations could not be fathomed by the eye; while in the distance,

towering above all the peaks, rose the singular and fantastic form of the Table Mountain." There are other views among these mountains glowingly described, and a word-picture of Lindville Falls that is full of interest. The most noticeable features of the falls are "a number of lofty and exceedingly fantastic cliffs peering over each other's shoulders into the depths below," and an isolated column "several hundred feet high, around which are clustered, in the greatest profusion, the most beautiful of vines and flowers." It is clear that our painters err in travelling so much over beaten ground. All through the Southern country lies ready for them a virgin field.

The multiplication of poor copies of inferior pictures by means of chromo-lithography would be more earnestly a subject of regret, if the passion for this sort of art was not sure very soon to follow the way of all fashions, and burn itself out by excess. The argument that chromo-lithography is the means of bringing pictures into every poor man's parlor, and that it serves, by instructing and preparing the public mind, as a pioneer to a higher art, is scarcely tenable. People are not likely to be educated in color by showy and vulgar examples. Moreover, these highly-colored, would-be paintings are really the means of injuring steel-engraving, which is a far purer and more instructive branch of art. And now this is particularly to be deprecated, when, by a recent invention, engravings on metal may be electrotyped, and, by this means, the easier art of engraving on copper restored. Copper-engraving was forced out because the metal was so soft that but few impressions from the plate could be taken, and the harder steel surface was introduced instead. The enormous labor and cost of pure line on steel soon became the means of introducing the cheaper methods of stipple and mezzotint, which are now used more or less on almost every plate. But this invention of electrotyping, whereby an engraving on copper may be reproduced on steel, is likely soon to be the means of restoring copper-engraving, and with it pure line; and if a corrupt popular taste is the means of delaying this consummation, there is certainly cause for regret. As to prints in colors, no doubt the eye will always crave them. But, in order that they may satisfy a refined taste, a decided improvement is needed, and this can be secured solely by the plan pursued in former years for the well-known Bagster prints, in which steel, stone, and wood, were all employed in order to obtain the requisite delicacy in some parts, and fullness of tone with proper texture in others.

The forces of civilization are urging communities to undertake bolder and more startling enterprises of improvement than any hitherto accomplished. It is in contemplation to drive a tunnel under the Straits of Dover, twenty-four miles, to connect the British and Continental railways. The chalk-beds which underlie the Channel are favorable for the work. For the securing of efficient ventilation, both during the construction and after the completion, instead of the towers in the sea, which were at first suggested, it is proposed to sink pits on each shore, and to drive thence, in the first place, two small parallel drift-ways or galleries from each country, connected at intervals by transverse drift-ways. By this means, aided by furnace-rarefaction and revolving air-fans, the air is to be made to circulate as in ordinary coal-mines, and the problem it presents is held to be less difficult than the ventilation problems in mining engineering. The formation of these double drift-ways is the preliminary part of the undertaking, as they are to be used as helps in carrying out the construction of the permanent tunnel. Should it be impossible to execute these, the expense of entering upon the main work, and the loss consequent upon abandoning it, would be avoided. The cost of the galleries is estimated at from eight to ten millions of dollars, and of the regular tunnel about five times that amount. Three English and three French engineers are preparing to report upon the scheme to a committee, which will soon meet in Paris.

Some interesting facts have been lately ascertained respecting the conditions of life at the bottom of the sea. Professor Edward Forbes, who has paid the greatest attention to the distribution of marine animals, speaks of "an abyss where life is either extinguished or exhibits but a few sparks to mark its lingering presence. Its confines are yet undetermined, and it is, in its exploration, that the finest field for marine discovery yet remains." Something has been contributed toward the discovery thus foreshadowed by Dr. Carpenter and Professor Wyville Thompson, who have recently been engaged in deep-sea dredging in the bed of the North Atlantic, having been furnished with a ship for the purpose by the English Government. They reached greater depths than had ever before been attained, bringing up mud by the hundred weight from the ocean-bed, 3,900 feet below the surface.

It had been generally supposed that animal life ceases at a depth of about 1,800 feet, but many varieties of it have now been shown to dwell at depths far lower, where the pressure of the superincumbent sea is more than 100 atmospheres. But the strangest result of this deep dredging has reference to the quality of the mud itself, which was brought up from the sea-bottom. It is described as a bluish-white, unctuous, or gelatinous substance, with indications of a protoplasmic or low organized constitution. By some it has been regarded as a gigantic pro-

tozoan, extending perhaps over miles of surface, and yet all one living mass. Professor Huxley has been engaged in studying this singular substance under the microscope, and has termed it *Bathybius*.

The absence of historical art in America is often noticed, and, no doubt, there exist good reasons for it. But both our sculptors and painters have utterly ignored one character in our imaginative literature, that not only seems completely consonant with the spirit of our woods, but with the history of America. We refer to young Uncas of Cooper's "Mohicans." This graceful and splendid savage is the type of the American past. He personates the history and spirit of the woods. We think of him as an aboriginal Apollo, or as an epic hero of the forests. He possesses every attribute of the typical hero—youth, beauty, grace, and "terrible daring." He is conspicuously the subject for the sculptor who would translate into stone the spirit of aboriginal life; he is equally the theme for the painter who would illustrate the link between Humanity and Nature—for what Undine in German tradition is to the waters, Uncas is to the woods. And what Apollo and Adonis are to Greek art, Uncas should be to American inspiration. There is nothing like him, indeed, outside of Greek imagination; and we may well wonder that he has never been accepted by art, either on account of his splendid personal qualities, or the typical character in which he may be viewed.

A movement was started in London, a year or two ago, to have a course of scientific lectures on Sunday evenings, to draw, if possible, from haunts of dissipation some of the multitudes who do not attend religious services. A number of men of high position, such as Lyell, Owen, Carpenter, and Huxley, were engaged to speak in the course, which had hardly got well under way, when it was closed by the Society for the Promotion of Sabbath Observance, under an antiquated statute against Sunday exhibitions. A portion of those in favor of the lectures propose to evade the law by ranking themselves as a sect under the title of *Recreative Religionists*. Others, among whom are Carpenter and Huxley, regard this as a mere petty subterfuge, and have denounced it as such in letters to the journals. If such meetings are unlawful, they say, they must be discontinued until the law is set aside. A brisk controversy is going on as to the tactics of "the body which promulgates the patent sham that it is a religious sect."

It is reported that an effort will soon be made to unite all the scientific bodies of London into one institution, under the title of the British Academy of Sciences; the Royal Society, however, is not to be included. Such a movement will hardly fail to result in advantages both to the societies themselves and to the general interests of scientific inquiry. The need for a better organization of those who devote themselves to investigation is becoming increasingly felt, and the recent movement in this city for the formation of a National Institute, is a further exemplification of it.

The Museum.

A GOOD telescope, with a 34-inch aperture, virtually brings the moon within 1,900 miles of the observer, or within one two-hundredth of its real distance. Lord Rosse's telescope brings it within 42 miles, so that objects 270 feet long are discernible. Baer has calculated that an instrument of ten times the power of Rosse's would be required to bring the moon within a German mile, at which distance the body of a man can be perceived.

Chemistry was for a long time occupied in analyzing substances, or taking them to pieces, and it was supposed that this was its chief business; but, latterly, it has turned round and taken to synthesis, or making new combinations, and the possibilities before it seem almost infinite. Berthelot, the eminent French organic chemist, makes a calculation of the number of combinations which may be made of acids with certain alcohols. He says if you give each compound thus possible a name, and allow a line for each name, and then print 100 lines on a page, and make volumes of 1,000 pages, and place a million volumes in a library, you would want 14,000 libraries to complete your catalogue.

The chemical power of the moon's light upon the photographic surface only surpasses that of Jupiter in the ratio of 6 to 5, and Jupiter's light has 12 times more chemical energy than Saturn's.

The evidence that the brain is the principal organ of the mind is fivefold: 1. The pain of excessive mental excitement is localized in the head. 2. Injury or disease of the brain affects the mental powers. 3. There is a general connection between size of brain and mental energy. 4. The products of nervous waste are more abundant after nervous excitement. 5. Specific experiments on the brain and nerves show that they are indispensable to the mental functions.—*Bain*.

According to Bence Jones's analysis, the relative strength or stimulating power of liquors is as follows: Ten glasses of cider or porter, six glasses of claret, five glasses of burgundy, four glasses of champagne,

three glasses of port or sherry, are equivalent to one glass of brandy or three-quarters of a glass of rum.

At Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, is a well 210 feet deep and 12 wide. The interior is lined by smooth masonry, and, if a pin is dropped into it, the sound produced, when it strikes the water, is distinctly heard.

The effect of the solar radiations upon each cubic mile of the earth's atmosphere has been calculated, by Professor Wm. Thompson, to be equal to the mechanical effect of raising 12,050 pounds' weight one foot high each minute.

There is a striking analogy between the senses of hearing and sight. Both are excited by undulations or waves. Sounds of different pitch are produced by different rates of air-pulses, and lights of different colors by different rates of ethereal pulses. But the ranges of the two senses are very different in relation to their respective media. In its width of perception the ear comprehends no less than eleven octaves, while the luminous scale embraces but a single octave. The quickest vibrations which strike the eye as light are the blue rays at one end of the spectrum, and they have only about twice the rapidity of the red rays at the other end of the spectrum. But the quickest vibrations which strike the ear, as a musical sound, have more than two thousand times the rapidity of the slowest.—*Tyndall*.

Two ounces and a half of magnesium will, when burnt, give a light equal to twenty pounds' weight of stearine candles.

M. Kosman, of Strasburg, observed that both the leaves of plants and their corollas give out a ponderable quantity of ozonized oxygen—a much larger proportion than that which exists in the air, and that the quantity is less in the night.

If the solar system had a nebulous origin, and has been undergoing gradual condensation and concentration, the process must be regarded as very far advanced, for all the planets put together are but the 74th mass of the sun.

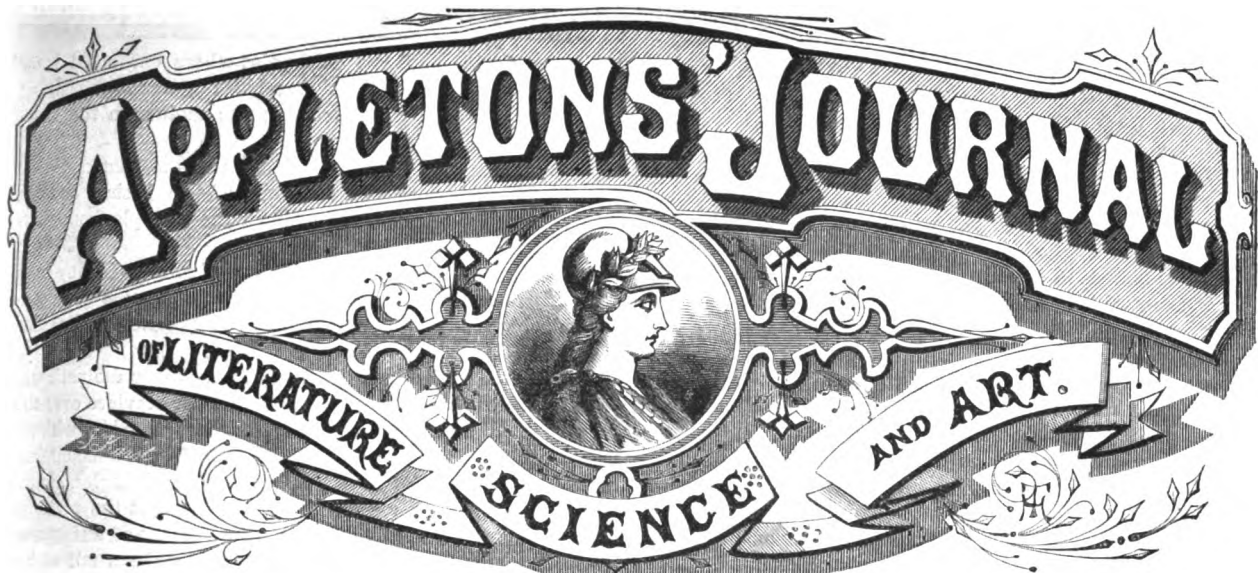
The *Noctiluca*, the most beautiful of the marine infusoria, emits a brilliant electric light, which makes the sea shine like streams of silver in the wake of a ship, of a warm summer evening, when they come to the surface in countless multitudes. It is a globular animal, like a minute soap-bubble, and, being about the thirtieth of an inch in diameter, is a giant among the infusoria. Its electric light, supposed to be emitted by a direct exertion of the nerve-power, appears constant to the naked eye, but really consists of momentary scintillations, that increase in rapidity and intensity by the dash of an oar or the motion of the waves.—*Somerville*.

The lowest animal and the highest animal present no contrast more striking than that between the small self-mobility of the one and the great self-mobility of the other. A monad passing, apparently with some rapidity, across the field of the microscope, really advances with extreme slowness; its velocity, unexaggerated by combined lenses, being about that of the minute-hand of a watch. Comparing the movements of Protozoa with those of birds that keep pace with a railway-train, their locomotive powers seem scarcely appreciable. Masses being supposed equal, the quantity of motion generated in the last case approaches a million times that generated in the first.—*Herbert Spencer*.

An artesian well in Louisville, Kentucky, has a depth of 2,086 feet; one in St. Louis has a depth of 2,200 feet; while that at Columbus, Ohio, is 2,575 feet deep. The boring at Columbus indicates an increase of temperature of one degree Fah. for every 71 feet; that at Louisville gives an increase of one degree for every 76 feet.—*Loomis*.

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No. 2.—WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART I.—SEA AND NIGHT.

BOOK I.—NIGHT LESS DARK THAN MAN.

I. THE SOUTH POINT OF PORTLAND.

AN obstinate north wind blew without intermission over the continent of Europe, and with special violence over England, during all the month of December, 1869, and all the month of January, 1690. Hence the destructive cold which caused this winter to be noted as one "to be remembered by the poor," on the margins of the old Bible in the Non-Jurors' Chapel of London. Thanks to the useful solidity of the old royal parchment employed in the official registers, long lists of poor, found dead of hunger and want of clothing, may still be read to-day in many local repositories, particularly in the archives of Clink Liberty Court, in Southwark Borough, of the Pie-Powder (*pieds poudreux*, "dusty-foot") Court, and of Whitechapel Court, held at the village of Stepney by the seigniorial bailiff. The Thames was frozen over, which happens only once in a century, as ice forms on it with difficulty, owing to the agitation of the water. Carts rolled on the frozen river; there was a fair on the Thames, with bear-baitings and bull-baitings; an ox was roasted whole on the ice. This thick ice lasted two months. The doleful year 1690 surpassed in severity even the celebrated winters at the beginning of the seventeenth century, so minutely observed by Doctor Gideon Delaun, who was honored by the city of London with a bust on a bracket, in his quality of apothecary to King James I.

One evening, toward the close of one of the coldest days in this month of January, 1690, there was going on in one of the many inhospitable creeks of Portland Gulf something unusual, which caused the seamews and wild-geese to scream and circle around the entrance of the creek, afraid to reënter it.

In this creek, the most dangerous, during the prevalence of certain winds, of all those running in to the gulf, and consequently the least frequented, convenient, by reason of this very danger, for ships that seek concealment, a little vessel, almost touching the cliff, thanks to the depth of the water, was moored

to a point of rock. It is wrong to say *night-falls*; we ought to say *night-rises*, for darkness begins from the earth. It was already night at the bottom of the cliff; it was still day above. Had any one approached the moored vessel he would have recognized a Biscayan ork.

The sun, hidden all day by the mist, had just set. Men began to feel that dark and deep grief which may be called anxiety for the absent sun.

As the wind did not come from the sea, the water of the creek was calm.

It was a lucky exception, especially in winter. Nearly all these Portland creeks have bars. In bad weather there is a high sea on the bar, and much skill and practice are required to pass it safely. These little harbors, more apparent than real, perform their function badly. It is fearful to enter them and terrible to leave them. That evening, for a wonder, no danger.

The Biscayan ork is an old species of lighter, now gone out of fashion. These orks, which did good service, even in war-navies, were stout hulls, barks in size, ships in strength. There were orks in the Armada; true, the war-orks reached a heavy tonnage, thus the flag-ship *Grand Griffon*, commanded by Lope de Medina, was a vessel of six hundred and fifty tons, mounting forty cannon; but the merchant and smuggling ork was on a very small pattern. Seamen considered this kind of lighter a petty vessel. The cordage of the ork was made of hempen strands, some ropes having a heart of iron wire, which shows a probable, though unscientific, design of obtaining indications in case of magnetic tension. The delicacy of this rigging did not exclude large working cables, the *cabrias* of the Spanish galleys and the *cameli* of the Roman triremes. The tiller was very long, which construction has the advantage of great leverage, but the disadvantage of small play; two sheaves on sheave-holes at the end of the tiller corrected this defect, and somewhat made up for the loss of force. The compass was well housed in a binnacle perfectly square, and well balanced by its two copper frames placed one within the other horizontally on little pivots, just as in a Cardan lamp. There was knowledge and cleverness in the construction of the whole ork, but it was ignorant science and barbarous cleverness. The ork was as primitive as the Dutch praam and the Indian canoe, having the former's solidity and the latter's speed, and possessing, like all vessels born of the fishing and piratical instinct, wonderful sea-going qualities. It was equally good for close and open waters; the play of its sails, complicated with stays and very peculiar, allowed it to beat well in the enclosed bays of Asturia, which are almost basins, passages for instance, and to run with a free

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wind on the open sea; queer ships of all work were they, good for a stagnant pool, good for an ocean-storm. The ork was among ships what the water-wagtail is among birds, one of the smallest and one of the boldest; the wagtail scarcely bends the reed on which it perches, yet traverses the ocean in its flight.

The Biscayan orks, even the poorest, were gilt and painted.

This tattooing is in accordance with the genius of a people, charming, but the least bit savage. The magnificent motley of their mountains, checkered with snows and meadows, has taught them the stern prestige of ornament at any price. They are poor and grand; they put coats-of-arms on their hovels; they have big asses which they trick out with bells, and big oxen which they deck with feathers; their carts, whose wheels you may hear creaking two leagues off, are bepainted, carved, beribboned. Your cobbler has a bas-relief over his door; Saint Crispin and an old shoe, but it's stone. They trim their leather jackets with gold lace; they don't mend a tatter, but they embroider it. Such is the depth and pride of their gayety. Like the Greeks, the Basques are children of the sun. While the Valencian shelters his sad nudity under a covering of red wool, with a hole for his head to go through, the Galicians and Biscayans rejoice in fair linen shirts, bleached in the dew. Their door-steps and windows overflow with fresh, blond faces, laughing under garlands of maize. A jovial and proud serenity is conspicuous in their simple arts, in their manufactures, in their customs, in the dress of their girls, in their songs. Those colossal ruins, the mountains, become masses of light in Biscay; the sunshine circulates through all their gaps. The savage Jaizquiel is full of idyls. Biscay is the embodied grace of the Pyrenees, as Savoy is of the Alps. In the perilous bays adjoining Saint Sebastian, Leso, and Fontarabia, you have tempest and cloud, foam spirting above the capes, rage of wave and wind, horror, confusion, and boat-women crowned with roses. Whoever has seen the Basque country wishes to see it again. There is a blessing on the land. Two crops a-year, villages resounding with gayety, a lofty poverty, all Sunday long a noise of guitars and dances, castanets and love-making, houses clean and well lighted, storks in the steeples.

Return we to Portland, that harsh mountain of the coast.

The peninsula of Portland, in its geometrical projection, presents the appearance of a bird's head, the bill turned toward the sea, and the back of the head toward Weymouth; the isthmus is the neck.

Portland, to the great deterioration of its wild picturesqueness, has now a manufacturing existence. The Portland hills were discovered by quarry-men and plasterers about the middle of the eighteenth century. Since that time, the cement called Roman has been made with Portland rock, a utilization which enriches the country and disfigures the bay. Two hundred years ago, these coasts were cliffs in ruins, now they are quarries in ruins; the pickaxe consumes on a small scale, the wave on a large; hence, a diminution of beauty. Man's measured cutting has replaced the grand waste of ocean. This measured cutting has annihilated the creek where the Biscayan ork was moored. To find any trace of this little harborage now demolished, one would have to look on the eastern side of the peninsula, toward the point, beyond Folly Pier and Dirdle Pier, beyond Wakeham even, between the places called Church-Hope and Southwell.

The creek, walled in on all sides by bluffs higher than it was wide, was every moment more encroached upon by the night; the indistinct mist peculiar to twilight grew thicker in it; it was like the spreading darkness at the bottom of a well; the narrow channel, where the creek gave passage to the sea, marked a whitish cleft in this interior darkness where the wave wandered. One must have been quite close to perceive the ork moored to the rocks, and hidden as it were in the cloak of their great shadow. A plank thrown from on board to a low, flat

projection of the cliff, the only point where one could land, connected the bark with the shore; black figures were walking on this movable bridge, and crossing one another in the darkness; people were embarking.

It was less cold in the creek than at sea, thanks to the screen of rock that rose on the north of this basin; but the difference was not sufficient to hinder these people from shivering. So they made haste.

Twilight has the effect of bringing out figures as if they were stamped; certain fringes in the dress of these people were visible, showing that they belonged to the class called in England *the ragged*.

Among the projections of the cliff a winding footpath was just distinguishable. The girl who hangs her staylace over the back of an arm-chair, and leaves it trailing, sketches, without suspecting it, nearly all the foot-roads of cliffs and mountains. The path leading to this creek, full of knots and angles, almost perpendicular, fitter for goats than men, ended at the platform where the plank was. Cliff roads are generally of a steepness far from tempting; they present themselves like a fall rather than a way, they crumble under your feet rather than lead you down. This one, probably a branch of some road on the plain, was so perpendicular that it was unpleasant to look at. From below you saw it zigzag up to the high ledges of the cliff, whence it opened out upon the table-land over sundry clefts, and through a notch in the rock. By this path must have come the passengers, for whom this bark was waiting in this creek.

Around the movement of embarkation in the creek, a movement evidently scared and unquiet, all was solitude. Not a step was heard, not a sound, not a breath. One could just perceive on the other side of the roadstead, at the entrance of Ringstead Bay, a flotilla of shark-fishers, which had clearly blundered in there. These polar vessels had been driven from the Danish waters into the English by the caprice of the deep. Northern gales play such tricks on fishermen. These men had just sought refuge in the anchorage of Portland, and this fact was a presumable sign of bad weather and danger on the open sea. They were employed in casting anchor. The chief bark, placed on sentry, according to the old custom of Norwegian flotillas, marked all its rigging in black on the white level of the sea, and forward might be seen the great fishing-fork, that bore all sorts of hooks and harpoons, destined for the *scymnus glacialis*, the *squalus acanthias*, and the *squalus spinax niger*, as well as the net for catching the *grand selache*. Except these few vessels, all swept into the same corner, the eye recognized nothing that lived in the vast horizon of Portland. At this time the coast was uninhabited, and at this season the roadstead was uninhabitable.

Whatever the aspect of the weather, the persons whom the Biscayan ork was to carry off, hurried their departure none the less for it. They formed, on the border of the sea, a sort of group, busy and confused, rapid in their movements. It was difficult to distinguish one from the other, impossible to see if they were old or young. The indistinctness of evening mixed them up, like the figures in a rough sketch. A mask of shade was upon their faces. They were profiles on the night. Their number was eight, one or two of whom were probably women, not easy to distinguish under the rags and tags in which the whole group was muffled, accoutrements which were no longer either men's or women's dresses. Tatters have no sex.

A smaller shadow, going and coming among the large ones, indicated a dwarf or a child.

It was a child.

II.

ISOLATION.

This is what might have been observed on closer inspection.

All wore long cloaks, full of holes and patches, but made

of stout cloth, hiding them up to the eyes if required—a good protection against the north wind and the curious. They moved with agility under these cloaks. Most of them, instead of hats, wore a handkerchief rolled round the head, a sort of rudimentary turban used by Spaniards. This head-gear was not at all extraordinary in England. The South, just then, was in fashion at the North, probably because the North used to beat the South. It triumphed over what it admired. After the defeat of the Armada, Castilian was an elegant court dialect with Elizabeth. To speak English before the English queen was almost “shocking.” To be influenced a little by the manners of those, to whom he gives law, is the custom of the barbarous victor in face of the polite vanquished. The Tartar contemplates and imitates the Chinaman. This is why Spanish fashions penetrated into England, while, on the other hand, English interests were working themselves into Spain.

One of the men in the embarking group looked like a leader. He wore Spanish buskins, his rags were embroidered and gilt, and a spangled waistcoat shone under his cloak like a fish's belly. Another pulled down over his face a great felt hat shaped like a *sombrero*. This hat had no hole for a pipe—mark of a learned man.

Over his tatters, on the principle that a man's coat makes a boy's cloak, the child wore, or was wrapped in, an old reefing-jacket that reached to his knees. His size denoted a boy of ten or eleven. He was barefoot.

The crew of the ork consisted of a master and two men.

Probably she came from Spain, and was returning thither. Doubtless she was on secret service from coast to coast.

The persons whom she was about to take in kept whispering together.

Strangely mixed was the mutual whispering of these creatures: now a Spanish word, now a German, now a French; sometimes Welsh, sometimes Basque. It was a *patois*, unless it was slang.

They seemed to be of all nations, and of the same band. The crew were probably of themselves, since they connived at their departure.

This diverse troop seemed a company of comrades, perhaps a set of accomplices.

Had there been a little more light, and had one regarded them a little carefully, there might have been seen on these people chaplets and scapularies half concealed under their rags. One of the might-be women mixed with the group had a rosary nearly equal in the size of its beads to a dervish's, and easy to recognize as a rosary of Llanymthefry, called also Llandiffry.

Had it not been so dark, one might also have observed a *Nuestra Señora* with her *niño*, carved and gilt, in the forepart of the ork, probably the Basque Virgin, a sort of *panagia* of the old Cantabrians. Under this image, which took the place of a figure-head, was a cage for combustibles, at present unlighted, an excess of precaution which showed extreme care for concealment. This fire-cage was clearly for two purposes; when lit, it burned in honor of the Virgin, and also lighted the sea, like a beacon doing duty as church candle.

The cutwater, long-curved and sharp under the bowsprit, sprang from the bow like a crescent horn. Low down in the cutwater, under the Virgin's feet, knelt an angel, his back against the stem, and his wings spread, regarding the horizon through a spy-glass. The angel was gilt like the Virgin.

In the cutwater were openings and passages to admit the waves, another chance for gilding and arabesque.

Under the Virgin was painted, in gilt capitals, the word *Matutina*, the ship's name, now illegible by reason of the darkness.

At the foot of the cliff was deposited, in the pell-mell disorder of their flight, the lading which these passengers took with them, and which, thanks to the plank serving as gangway, passed rapidly from the shore into the vessel. Bags

of biscuit, a keg of stockfish, a box of portable soup, three barrels, one of fresh water, one of malt, one of tar, five or six bottles of ale, an old portmanteau, with straps and buckles, some trunks, some chests, a ball of tow for torches and signals, such was this lading. These ragged gentry had baggage, which seemed to indicate a wandering life; walking beggars are obliged to own something; at times they would fain fly away like birds, but they cannot do so without abandoning their means of livelihood. Whatever their wandering business may be, they must have boxes of tools and instruments to work with. So these men carried this luggage, an encumbrance on more than one occasion.

It could not have been easy to transport all these traps to the bottom of such a cliff. The fact, moreover, disclosed an intention of quitting for good. No time was lost; there was a continual movement from the shore to the ship, and from the ship to the shore; each took his part of the work; one carried a bag, another a box. The possible or probable women in this mixed mass worked like the rest. The child was overloaded.

It may be doubted if this child had father or mother in the band. They took no notice of him. They made him work, that was all. He seemed, not a child in a family, but a slave in a tribe. He waited on everybody, and nobody spoke to him.

But he made haste, and, like all the doubtful troop of which he formed a part, seemed to have only one thought, that of embarking speedily. Did he know why? Probably not. He hurried mechanically, because he saw the others hurry.

The ork was a decked vessel. The stowage of the freight in the hold was promptly arranged; the moment had come to weigh anchor. The last case had been landed on the deck; there were only the men to ship. Those two of the band who appeared to be their women were already on board; six, including the child, were still on the low platform of the cliff. A movement of departure was made in the vessel, the master seized the tiller, a sailor took an axe to cut the mooring cable. To cut it, a sign of haste; one casts off when there is time. He of the six who seemed their chief, and had spangles on his rags, said in a low voice, *Andamos* (“We are going”). The boy darted toward the plank, to pass first. As he was putting his foot on it, two of the men, rushing forward at the risk of throwing him into the water, entered before him; a third shouldered him aside and passed; the fourth kept him off with his fist and followed the third; the fifth, who was the chief, bounded into the bark rather than entered it, and, as he leaped in, pushed with his heel the plank, which fell into the sea; an axe-stroke severed the cable, the tiller shifted, the ork left the shore, and the boy remained on land.

III.

SOLITUDE.

THE boy remained motionless on the rock, his eyes fixed. He uttered no call. He made no remonstrance. Yet it was unexpected; but he said not a word. In the ship there was the same silence. On both sides a mute acceptance of the increasing interval. Not a cry from the child to these men, not an adieu from these men to the child. It was like a separation of shades on the banks of a Styx. The child, as if nailed to the rock which the high tide was beginning to wash, looked after the departing ship. He seemed to understand—what? The dark.

Another moment, and the ork had reached and entered the strait which led out of the creek. The top of the mast was visible against the clear sky above the cloven blocks through which, as between two walls, the strait wound its way. The topmast quivered above the rocks, and seemed to sink into them. It disappeared. All was over. The bark had gained the sea.

The child beheld this disappearance, astonished, but reflecting. His stupefaction was complicated with a dark proof of

what life is. There seemed to be some experience in this young creature. Perhaps he was already a judge. Trials, come too soon, sometimes form in the depth of childhood's dim reflections a strange and fearful balance, in which these poor little souls weigh their God.

Feeling himself innocent, he submitted. Not a complaint. The irreproachable reproaches not.

The brusque elimination made of him could not wring from him even a gesture. He seemed to stiffen from within. Under this sudden assault of fate, which threatened to put the end of his existence almost before its beginning, the boy did not bend. He received this thunder-stroke upright.

To one who could have seen him thus astonished but not crushed, it would have been evident that, in the group who were abandoning him, nothing loved him, and he loved nothing.

Thoughtful, he forgot the cold. Suddenly the water moistened his feet; the tide was rising; a breath passed through his hair; the gale was coming. He shuddered. In waking from his trance he trembled from head to foot.

He cast his eyes around him. He was alone.

Till that day there had been for him no other men on earth than those now in the ork. These men had just fled.

Let us add, strange as it must sound, that these men, the only ones whom he knew, were unknown to him. He could not have told who they were.

His infancy had been passed among them, without his feeling that he was one of them. He was in contact with them; nothing more.

And now they had just forgotten him.

He had no money about him, no shoes on his feet, hardly clothes on his back, not even a bit of bread in his pocket.

It was winter and night; he had several leagues to go before reaching a human dwelling.

He knew not where he was. He knew nothing, except that those who came with him to the border of this sea had gone away without him. He felt himself put out of life. He felt his kind give way from under him.

He was ten years old.

The boy was in a desert, between depths where he saw the night rise, and depths where he heard the waves growl.

He stretched his thin little arms and yawned. Then suddenly, like one who has made up his mind, and bravely shaking off his lethargy, with the nimbleness of a squirrel—or a clown if you will—he turned his back to the creek and began to mount along the cliff. Alert and fearless of danger, he scaled the path, left it, came back to it. He was now hurrying toward the land as if he had a map of his route. Yet he was going nowhere. He was hastening without an object, like a fugitive before destiny.

Man climbs, brutes creep up; he climbed and crept. The Portland bluffs looking toward the south, there was scarcely any snow on the path. But what there was had been converted by the intense cold into powder, inconvenient enough to walk in. The boy got on as he best could. His man's jacket, too large for him, was an additional encumbrance. From time to time he found on an overhanging ledge, or in a declivity, a little ice which tripped him up. After hanging some moments over the precipice, he would hook himself on to a dry branch or projecting stone. Once he had to do with a flawed vein of rock which suddenly crumbled under him, drawing him along in its ruin. These clefts in flawed rocks are treacherous. The child slid for some seconds like a tile on a roof; he rolled down to the very verge of destruction and clutched a tuft of grass just in time to save himself. He did not scream at the abyss any more than he had screamed at the men; having made good his footing, he recommenced the ascent in silence. The face of the cliff was lofty, so that he met with changes and chances. Darkness increased the size of the precipice. This perpendicular rock had no end. It receded before the boy in the

heights above. The summit seemed to rise in proportion as he rose. Even in the act of climbing, he gazed on the black entablature, placed like a barrier between him and the sky. At last he reached the top.

He leaped upon the upland. We might almost say he landed, for he issued from the gulf.

Hardly was he off the cliff when he shivered. He felt in his face the night gale biting him. The sharp northwest wind was blowing. He hugged his sailor's jacket against his breast. It was a good garment. In naval language it is called a sou'wester, because this kind of woollen coat is impenetrable by the southwest rains.

The child, having reached the upland, stopped, planted his two naked feet firmly on the frozen soil, and looked around.

Behind him the sea, before him the land, overhead the heaven. But a heaven without stars. An opaque mist masked the zenith.

On reaching the top of the rocky wall, he found himself turned toward the land, and looked at that first. It stretched before him far as he could see, flat, frozen, covered with snow. Some tufts of heath shivered here and there. No roads visible. Nothing, not even a shepherd's hut. In some spots were seen pale, eddying wreaths, whirlwinds of fine snow torn from earth by the gale and flying away. The horizon was plated, as it were, with successive undulations of land, now suddenly wrapped in mist. The great wan plains were disappearing under the white fog. Profound silence; the expanse of infinity, the quiet of the tomb.

The child turned round to the sea.

The sea was as white as the land, the one with snow, the other with foam. Nothing could be so melancholy as the light of this double whiteness. Some night illuminations have very hard and clean shadows; the sea was steel, the cliffs ebony. From the elevation at which the boy stood, Portland Bay appeared almost as on a map, all wan within its semicircle of hills; there was something dreamy about this nocturnal landscape, a pale circle enclosed in a dark crescent. The moon sometimes presents a similar appearance. From one cape to the other, along all the coast, not a single spark could be seen to indicate a hearth-fire, a window-light, an inhabited house. On earth, as in heaven, there was absence of light; not a lamp below, not a star above. The wide, smooth waves of the gulf were here and there suddenly uplifted. The wind disarranged and wrinkled them like table-cloths. The fleeing bark was still visible in the bay, a black triangle gliding over the livid waves. Far off, the watery wastes were vaguely agitated, in the gloomy visible darkness of immensity.

The *Matutina* shot swiftly along. She grew smaller every moment. Nothing is so rapid as the melting away of a ship in the sea distance. At one moment she lit her bow lantern; probably the darkness about her was growing troublesome, and the helmsman felt the need of light on the water. This luminous point, this spark visible from afar, clung sadly to the high, long, black shape. It was like a winding-sheet upright and walking in the midst of the sea, and some one prowling under it with a star in his hand.

There was a storm threatening in the air. The child did not regard it, but a sailor would have trembled. It was that moment of prescient anxiety when it seems as if the elements are about to become persons, and we are going to be present at the mysterious transformation of the wind into Aquilo. The sea will be Ocean; the forces of Nature will reveal themselves as wills; what we take for a thing is a soul. We shall soon see. Hence comes horror; the soul of man fears to be thus confronted with the soul of Nature.

Chaos was coming on the stage. The wind, ruffling the fog, and piling up the clouds behind, was arranging the scenery for that terrible play of wave and winter which is called a snow-storm.

The symptom of returning ships showed itself. Within a

few minutes the roadstead was no longer empty. Scared barks, hurrying toward the anchorage, rose to view at every moment behind the capes. Some doubled Portland Hill, others Sainte Albans' head. Sails were coming from the farthest distance. It was who should find a refuge first. Southward, the darkness was increasing, and the clouds, full of the night, were descending on the sea. The weight of the overhanging storm mournfully hushed the waves. It was not a time for starting. Yet the ork had gone.

She had steered southward, was already out of the gulf and on the open sea. Suddenly the wind blew a squall; the *Matutina*, which could still be clearly seen, covered herself with canvas, as if resolved to profit by the hurricane. It was a north-wester, sullen and angry; it fell on the ork with stubborn fury. Taken in flank, the vessel heeled over, but did not hesitate, and kept out to sea. This indicated a flight rather than a voyage, less fear of the sea than of the land, and more anxiety about the pursuit of men than about that of the winds.

Passing through all the stages of diminution, she buried herself in the horizon; the little star which she trailed with her, into the shadow, grew pale; the ork, melting more and more into the night, disappeared, this time forever. At least the boy seemed to understand it so. He ceased looking at the sea. His eyes went back to the plains, the downs, the hills, the places where it was perhaps not impossible to find something alive. He started in this unknown land.

IV.

QUESTIONS.

WHAT was this fugitive band that had left this child behind? Were these runaways *Comprachicos*?

We have already seen in detail the measures taken by William III., and voted by Parliament, against the malefactors, male and female, called *Comprachicos*, or *Comprapequeños*, or *Cheyilas*.

There are enactments that have a scattering effect. This statute falling on the *Comprachicos* caused a general flight, not only of the *Comprachicos*, but of vagabonds of every kind. It was a regular devil-take-the-hindmost. Most of the *Comprachicos* went back to Spain. We have said that many of them were Basques.

The first result of this law to protect childhood was singular enough—a sudden abandonment of children. The penal statute brought forth at once a crowd of foundlings, that is to say lost-lings. Nothing easier to understand. Every wandering troop that contained a child was suspected; the mere fact of the child's presence was an information. These are probably *Comprachicos*—such was the first idea of the sheriff, the provost, the constable. Arrests and investigations followed. People, simply wretched, reduced to prowling about begging, were terrified at the idea of passing for *Comprachicos*, which they were not—but the weak are shy of the possible mistakes of justice. Besides, these vagabond families are habitually timorous. The charge against the *Comprachicos* was the utilization of others' children. But such are the comminglings of poverty and distress that it was sometimes difficult for a father and mother to prove that their own child *was* theirs. Where did you get this child? How could they prove that he came from God? The child became a danger; they got rid of him: flight was easier alone; father and mother decided to lose him, it might be in a wood, or on the sea-shore, or in a well. Drowned children were found in cisterns.

Let us add that, in imitation of England, the *Comprachicos* were from that time fair game all over Europe. The signal for pursuit had been given. There is nothing like setting a mark on people. Henceforth, there was rivalry among all the police-forces to seize them, and the alguazil kept as sharp a watch as the constable. Only twenty-three years ago, you might still read, on a stone of the gate of Otero, an inscription untrans-

latable—for the wording of law disregards decency—marking, moreover, in a very matter-of-fact way, the shade of difference between the child-trader and the kidnapper. Here it is in the original rough Spanish: *Aquí quedan los orejas de los comprachicos y las bolsas de los robaníños. Mientras que se van ellos al trabajo de mar.* You see that the confiscation of their ears, etc., did not hinder them from going to the galleys. So there was a general rout of the vagabonds. They started in fear, they arrived in a tremble. Along all the coast of Europe these stealthy arrivals were watched. It was impossible for a band to embark with a child, for it was dangerous to disembark with one. To lose the child was the shortest way.

Who had cast off the child, whom we have just seen darkly in the dark solitude of Portland?

Probably some *Comprachicos*.

V.

THE TREE OF HUMAN INTERVENTION.

It might be about seven in the evening. The wind had lulled, a sign that it would soon rise again. The boy was on the extreme south upland of Portland point.

Portland is a peninsula. But the child knew not what a peninsula was, and did not even know the word Portland. But one thing he did know, that a person may walk till he drops. An idea is a guide, but he had no ideas. They had brought him there, and left him there. *They* and *there*, these two riddles, represented his whole destiny; *they* were the human race, *there* was the universe. Here below he had absolutely no starting-point except the small portion of ground where he placed his heel, hard ground it was too, and cold to his naked feet. In the great world opening all around him in the dim twilight, what was there for this child? Nothing.

Toward this nothing he was advancing.

All around him spoke of the total absence of man.

He crossed the first plateau diagonally, then a second, then a third. At the end of each, the boy found a break in the ground; the slope was sometimes abrupt, but always short; for the high, barren downs of Portland point are like great flag-stones partly overlapping. The south side seems to underlie the preceding plain, and the north side rises above the next one. These places the boy had to cross by jumping, which he did with much agility. From time to time he checked his progress, and seemed to hold counsel with himself. The night was growing very dark, and his range of vision shortening; he could only see a few steps off.

Suddenly he stopped, listened a moment, and a slight movement of the head showed his satisfaction, as he turned rapidly and made for a moderate elevation which he perceived dimly on his right, at that spot of the plain which was nearest the cliff. On this eminence was a form which, through the mist, resembled a tree. The child had just heard in that quarter a noise, which was not the noise of the wind or the sea, neither was it the cry of any animal. He thought some one was there.

A few strides brought him to the foot of the mound. There was some one there, sure enough.

The doubtful object on the top of the elevation was now clearly visible. It was like a great arm rising straight out of the earth. At the upper end of this arm a sort of forefinger, propped underneath by its thumb, reached out horizontally. This arm, this thumb, and this forefinger, traced a carpenter's square against the sky. At the junction of this sort of thumb and sort of finger was a cord from which hung something black and shapeless. This cord, moved by the wind, made a noise like a chain, and this was the sound which the child had heard.

The cord, seen close, was what its sound denoted, a chain; a ship-chain with half-solid rings.

By that mysterious law of amalgamation which, throughout all nature, accumulates appearances upon realities, the place, the hour, the mist, the tragic sea, the distant agitations in the

horizon, all heaped themselves on this profile and made it seem of enormous size.

The object attached to the chain resembled a large sheath. It was swaddled like an infant and as tall as a man. The upper part was round, and the end of the chain wound about it. The bottom was jagged, and bones came through the holes.

A light breeze shook the chain, and that which hung on the chain waved softly. This passive mass obeyed the vague quiverings of surrounding space. It had an indefinable horror; the fear which makes objects disproportionate had almost taken away its size in leaving its shape. It was an essence of blackness with an aspect of its own, night above and night within. It was a prey to sepulchral exaggeration. Twilights, moon-rises, and star-sets, the clouds, those log-lines of space, all the winds of the compass, had finally entered into the composition of this visible nonentity. This block hanging in the wind shared the impersonality scattered far over sea and sky, and the darkness was finishing the thing that had been a man.

It was that which no longer is.

To be a remnant—human language cannot express the idea. To exist no longer and yet to persist, to be in the gulf and out of it, to reappear above the wave of Death as if refusing to be swallowed up—there is a certain amount of impossibility mixed with such realities, and therefore they are unspeakable. This being—if it was a being—this sombre witness—here were remains and terrible remains. Remains of what? First of nature, then of society. Cipher, and total.

The elements in their unmitigated rigor had it at their mercy. The profound forgetfulness of solitude encompassed it. Exposed to unknown adventures, without defence against the will of the darkness, it was forever suffering. The hurricanes were upon it, fulfilling their gloomy mission.

This spectre was given up to plunder. It suffered that horrible outrage, putrefaction in the open air. An outlaw of the coffin, it was annihilated without reposing, falling into ashes by summer and into mud by winter. Death needs a veil, the tomb requires modesty; there was no veil, no modesty here. Shameless and open rotteness. When Death shows his work, he is impudent. He insults all the decencies of the shade when working outside of his laboratory, the tomb.

This dead creature was stripped. Stripping the stripped, inexorable end. No more marrow in his bones, no more entrails in his stomach, no more voice in his throat. A corpse is a pocket, turned inside out and emptied by death. If he had possessed a personality, where was it? Perhaps still there, and that was grievous to think of. Something flitting around, something chained. Can one imagine a more ghastly feature of darkness?

There are realities here below resembling egresses to the unknown, by which it seems possible for our thoughts to go out, and which our conjectures seize upon. Imagination has its *compelle intrare*. Pass through certain places and before certain objects; you cannot help stopping, giving yourself up to dreams and letting your mind go on. In the invisible there are dim gates ajar. None could have lighted on this dead man without meditating.

He was wasting silently, but on a great scale. His blood had been drunk, his skin eaten, his flesh stolen. Nothing had passed without taking something from him. December had borrowed of him its cold, midnight its terrors, the iron its rust, the plague its miasma, the flower its perfume. His slow disintegration was a toll—a toll paid by the corpse to wind, rain, and dew, birds, and reptiles. All the dark hands of night had rummaged this body.

A strange, indescribable dweller this, who dwelt in the night. He was in a plain and on a hill, and he was not there. He could be touched, and yet he had vanished. He was something shadowy that made the darkness complete. After the disappearance of the day, in the vast, still gloom, he was gloomily of a piece with every thing. By his mere presence

he increased the melancholy of the storm and the calm of the stars. The inexpressible sense of the desert became concrete in him. Waif of an unknown destiny, he figured in all the savage concealments of night. In his mystery was a vague reflection of all enigmas.

All round him was sensible a diminution of life, as it were, which went to the very depths. The inanimate neighborhood had less certainty and confidence. The shudder of the grasses and brushwood, a lonely melancholy, an anxiety that seemed conscious, tragically appropriated all the landscape for this dark figure hanging by its chain. The presence of a spectre on the horizon aggravates solitude.

It was a phantom, implacable because exposed to blasts that were never lulled. The eternal commotion made it terrible. It seemed, fearful to say, a centre of space, with something immense resting on it. Who knows? Perhaps that equity, dimly seen and defied here, which is beyond our justice. In its sojourn outside the tomb, men's vengeance was mixed with its own. It bore testimony in the twilight and the desert. It proved that matter may disquiet us, for the matter before which we tremble is the ruin of our spiritual body. For dead matter to trouble us, mind must have inhabited it. This object denounced the lower law to the higher. Placed there by man, it waited for God. Huge, fantastic shadows, with all the dubious turns of cloud and wave, floated above it.

Behind this vision was some dark, indefinite obstacle. Around this corpse was infinity, broken by nothing; not a tree, not a roof, not a traveller. When the vastness that overhangs us, be it heaven or abyss, life, death, eternity, appears open, it is then that we feel every thing inaccessible, shut off, walled up. The opening of the infinite is the most formidable closing.

Before this thing stood the child, mute, astonished, staring.

For a man it would have been a gallows, for the boy it was a ghost. Where the man would have seen the body, the boy saw the spectre. Besides, he did not understand it.

There are fascinations of all kinds. There was one on the top of this mound. The child took a step, then two. He ascended, though he wanted to descend, and advanced, though he wanted to retreat.

Bold, yet trembling, he went to make a close examination of the phantom. When he had arrived under the gibbet, he raised his head and took a survey.

The phantom was tarred; in places it shone. The child could make out the face. It was coated with bitumen, and this sticky, tenacious mask seemed to shape itself by the nocturnal reflections. The boy saw the mouth, which was a hole, the nose, which was a hole, the eyes, which were two holes. The body was wrapped and almost packed in a coarse canvas impregnated with naphtha. This canvas was rotten and cracked. A knee passed through. One slit exposed the ribs. Part was body, part bones. The face was clay-color; some slugs had wandered over it, leaving vague silvery ribbons. The canvas, sticking to the bones, brought them out, like the drapery of a statue. The skull, cracked and split, was parted like a rotten fruit. The teeth had remained human; they had preserved their smile. A departing cry seemed to sound in the open mouth. There were some whisker-hairs on the cheeks, and the head, hanging on one side, seemed to pay attention.

There had been recent restoration. The face was freshly tarred, as well as the knee which projected through the canvas, and the exposed ribs. The feet below were uncovered. Just under them in the grass might be seen two shoes, grown shapeless in the snow and rain. They had fallen from the body.

The barefooted child looked at these shoes. The wind, more and more threatening, had those lulls which are part of the preparations for a storm; for some minutes it had ceased entirely. The carcass did not stir. The chain was motionless as a plumb-line.

Like all new-comers into life (taking into account the special pressure of his destiny), the child had in him doubtless that awakening of ideas peculiar to young years which tries to open the brain, and resembles the peckings of a bird in the egg; but all that his slight consciousness embraced at that moment was resolved into stupor. Excess of sensation, like too much oil in a lamp, finishes by stifling thought. A man would have questioned himself; the boy kept on looking.

The tar gave a moist aspect to this countenance. The drops of bitumen, congealed in what had been eyes, looked like tears. Moreover, thanks to the bitumen, the waste of death had been visibly slackened, if not stopped, and reduced to the least possible damage. What the child had before him was an object of care. This man was evidently valuable. He had not been worth keeping alive, but they made a point of preserving him when dead. The gibbet was old and worm-eaten, but solid, and had been many years in use.

It was an immemorial English custom to tar smugglers. They were hung on the shore, coated with bitumen, and left hanging; warnings require open air, and tarred warnings keep better. And this tar was humane, for thus the gibbeted ones required renewal less frequently. The gallows were placed at intervals along the coast, as lamp-posts are now. The hanged man did duty for lantern. He lighted, after his fashion, his comrades, the smugglers. They saw the gibbets far off at sea. Here's one, first notice; there's another, second notice. All which did not stop smuggling, but social order is built up of such things. This fashion lasted in England down to the beginning of our century. In 1822 three varnished culprits might be seen hanging before Dover Castle. Nor was the protective process limited to smugglers. England put her robbers, her incendiaries, and her assassins to the same use. John Painter, who set fire to the dockyard of Portsmouth, was hanged and tarred in 1776. The Abbé Coyer, who calls him John the Painter, saw him again in 1777. John Painter was hanged in chains over the ruin of his own making, and furbished up from time to time. This carcass lasted, one might almost say, lived, nearly fourteen years. In 1788 he was still in good working order, but in 1790 he had to be replaced. The Egyptians set store by kings' mummy; people's mummy, it seems, can be useful also.

The wind, having a strong hold on the mound, had stripped it entirely of snow. The grass was reappearing on it, with some thistles here and there. The hill was covered with that close, short marine turf which makes the tops of cliffs look like green cloth. Under the gallows, at the very spot above which hung the criminal's feet, was a high, thick tuft, remarkable on that barren soil. The bodies fallen piecemeal there for ages explained the beauty of the grass. The earth fattens upon man.

A sad fascination held the child. He remained there, open-mouthed. He only stooped down a moment for a nettle which pricked his legs, and stung him like a reptile. Then he stood straight again and looked up to the face which looked down on him. Looked at him all the more because it had no eyes. It was a general gaze, an indescribable, darkly-gleaming stare, which came from the skull and the teeth as much as from the void spaces under the eyebrows. The whole head of the dead man looks at you, and that makes it terrible. You feel you are seen without eyeballs; this makes the spectre horrid.

Gradually the child himself became terrible. He did not stir. Torpor was gaining on him. He did not perceive that he was losing consciousness. He was growing numb and stiff. Winter was silently betraying him to night, for winter is treacherous. The child was almost a statue. The petrifying cold penetrated his bones; the darkness was creeping into him like a reptile. The stupefying emanation of the snow rises in man like a dim tide; the boy was slowly absorbed in an immobility resembling that of the spectre before him. He was about to fall asleep.

In the hand of sleep is the finger of death. The boy felt himself seized by that hand. He was on the point of falling under the gibbet, and could no longer tell whether he stood.

The end always imminent, no transition between being and ceasing to be, the return to the crucible, the possible slipping off at any moment, such a precipice is creation.

A moment more, and child and corpse, the life just sketched and the life in ruins, would be joined in the same annihilation. The spectre seemed to understand this and wish to prevent it. Suddenly it began to move. It looked as if it would warn the child. It was the wind beginning to blow again.

Nothing so strange as this corpse in motion. The body at the end of the chain, impelled by an invisible breath, assumed an oblique attitude, rose to the left, fell back, rose to the right, kept rising and falling with a slow and deadly mechanical precision. Frightful see-saw! One might have imagined in the gloom the pendulum of eternity's clock.

It lasted some time. At this agitation of death the boy felt awakened, and was positively frightened through his chill. The chain, at every oscillation, creaked with hideous regularity. It seemed to take breath, then began again, and its creaking was like the chirp of a tree-cricket.

An approaching squall causes sudden puffs of wind. The breeze became a gale all at once. The swing of the carcass received a funereal emphasis. It was no longer balanced but shaken, and the chain screamed instead of creaking. It seemed that the scream was heard. If a call, it was answered. From the far horizon a great noise came up. It was the noise of wings.

An incident was at hand, the stormy incident of churchyards and solitudes, the arrival of a flock of ravens.

Black flying spots dotted the clouds, pierced the fog, grew larger, drew nearer, joined, thickened, as they hurried toward the hill, uttering their cry. It was like the coming of a legion. These winged vermin of the gloom pounced upon the gibbet. The child recoiled in terror.

Swarms obey orders. The ravens were grouped on the gallows. Not one on the body. They talked together. Croaking is frightful. Howling, hissing, roaring belong to life; croaking is a satisfied acceptance of putrefaction. It is like the sound which breaks the silence of the tomb. Croaking is a voice with night in it. The boy was petrified—with fright even more than with cold.

The ravens stopped croaking. One of them lighted on the skeleton. This was the signal. All threw themselves upon it; there was a cloud of wings; then all the feathers closed, and the spectre disappeared under a cluster of black blisters stirring in the darkness. At this moment the dead man shook himself.

Was it he or the wind that did it? He gave a frightful bound. The rising hurricane came to his help. The phantom went into convulsions. It was the squall, now blowing its hardest, that took hold of him and shook him in every direction. He became horrible. He struggled like a madman. Fearful puppet, with a gallows-chain for string! Some ghostly jester had seized the cord and was playing with the mummy. It turned and jumped as if about to disjoint itself. The birds flew away in terror: all these loathsome creatures rebounded, as it were. Then they came back, and a fight began.

The dead man seemed endowed with monstrous life. The blasts lifted him as if they would carry him off; he looked as if struggling and trying to get away; his fetters kept him back. The birds followed all his motions, recoiling, then rushing on, scared but obstinate. On one side a strange attempt at flight, on the other pursuit of a chained object. Impelled by every spasm of the gale, the corpse threw somersets, had fits of anger, went and came, rose and fell, repelling the scattered swarm. The dead man was a club, the ravens powder. The flock of fierce assailants obstinately refused to quit its hold. The corpse, as if maddened under this pack of beaks, multiplied

his blind blows in the void, like strokes of a stone tied to its sling. Sometimes he had all the claws and wings upon him, then nothing; the band would vanish and immediately return in full fury. Frightful punishment, continuing after life. The birds seemed frenzied. Such swarms ought to issue from the air-holes of hell. Blows of beak and claw, tearings-off of fragments no longer flesh, crackings of the gallows, rustlings of the skeleton, clankings of rusty iron, shrieks of the squall—what struggle could be more dismal? A spectre was matched against demons.

At times, when the gale redoubled its violence, he pivoted upon himself, faced the swarm on all sides at once, seemed to wish to run after the birds; his very teeth looked as if desirous to bite them. He had the wind for him and the chain against him, as if the dark deities were involved in the affair. The hurricane joined in the battle. The corpse twisted itself, the flock of birds rolled over him in a spiral.

It was a whirl in a whirlwind.

And below all was heard a huge rumbling. That was the sea.

The boy saw this vision. Suddenly he began to tremble in all his limbs, a shiver coursed through his body, he staggered, shook, all but fell, turned round, pressed both hands on his forehead, as if it were a support, then, haggard, with dishevelled hair and closed eyes, he descended the hill at full speed and took to flight, leaving this nocturnal battle behind him.

VI.

THE NORTH POINT OF PORTLAND.

He ran till he was blown, at random, lost, in the snow, in the plain, in space. This flight restored him to warmth. He needed it: without the run and the scare he would have died.

When his wind gave out, he stopped. But he dared not look back. He thought that the birds must be pursuing him, that the corpse must have unfastened its chain and was probably coming the same way as himself, that doubtless the very gibbet was running down the hill after the corpse. He feared to see this if he looked round.

When he had recovered his breath a little, he renewed his flight.

To sum up facts is not the province of childhood. Despite his growing terror he received impressions, but without connecting them in his mind or drawing conclusions. He was going, it mattered not whither or how, running with the pain and difficulty of one in a nightmare. Nearly three hours had passed since he was deserted; now his forward march, while remaining uncertain, had changed its object; before he was in search, now he was in flight. He was no longer hungry or cold, only frightened. One instinct had replaced another. His only thought now was to escape. Escape from what? from every thing. Life, from all sides, seemed like a horrible wall around him. Could he have escaped from things altogether, he would have done it.

But children are not acquainted with that jail-breaking which we call suicide.

So he ran on.

He ran for an indefinite time. But breath gives out, and so does fear also.

All at once, as if seized with a sudden access of energy and intelligence, he stopped, looking ashamed of running away; he drew himself together, stamped his foot, boldly lifted his head; and turned about.

There was no more hill, nor gibbet, nor flight of ravens.

The fog had regained possession of the horizon.

The boy pursued his course.

But now he did not run; he walked. To say that this meeting a corpse had made a man of him, would be to limit the manifold and confused impression which he was undergoing. There was much more and much less in it. This gibbet, very

dubious in the rudimentary apprehension of his thoughts, remained for him an apparition. But an overcome terror strengthens, and he felt himself stronger. Had he been old enough to fathom his own mind, he would have found in himself a thousand other incipient meditations, but the reflection of children is unformed; it is much if they feel the bitter after-taste of the thing, for them obscure, which the developed man calls indignation.

Besides, a child has the gift of promptly accepting the close of a sensation. Those distant and vanishing outlines, which form the aggravation of painful things, escape his notice. The child is protected against too complex emotion by the very weakness which is his deficiency. He sees the fact, and few things with it. The difficulty of contenting one's self with partial ideas does not exist for him. The trial of life begins later, when experience arrives with its brief. Then the groups of encountered facts are confronted, a grown and instructed intelligence compares them, the recollections of youth reappear under our passions like a palimpsest under its erasures; these recollections are logical grounds, and what was a vision in the child's brain becomes a syllogism in the man's. But experience varies, turning out well or ill according to the difference of natures. The good ones ripen, the bad ones rot.

The boy had run a full quarter of a league, and walked another quarter. Suddenly he felt a cramp in his stomach; then occurred suddenly to him an idea which immediately eclipsed the hideous apparition on the hill—that of eating. Luckily there is in man an animal nature which brings him back to reality.

Eat? what? and where? and how?

He felt in his pockets—mechanically, for he well knew that they were empty.

Then he quickened his steps. Without knowing whither he went, he hastened toward a possible lodging.

This faith in an inn is one of the roots of man's trust in providence.

To believe in a sleeping-place is to believe in God.

But on this snowy plain there was nothing that resembled a roof.

The child kept walking, the upland still spread before him, naked as far as the eye could reach.

There had never been a human habitation on this table-land. It was at the foot of the cliffs, in holes of the rock that they dwelt formerly, for want of wood to build huts—those old primitive inhabitants who had slings for weapons, dried cow-dung for fuel, for religion the idol Heil that stood in a clearing at Dorchester, and for occupation the fishery of that gray false coral which the Welsh used to call *plin* and the Greeks *Isidia plocamos*.

The child reconnoitred as he best could. All our life is a meeting of cross-roads where the choice of directions is perilous. This young creature had an early option of doubtful chances. Still he kept on; but though his legs seemed of steel, he began to tire. No paths in this plain; if there had been any, the snow had effaced them. Instinctively he continued to shift his course eastward. Sharp stones had flayed his heels; had it been light enough, there might have been seen, in his footsteps on the snow, red marks of blood, his blood.

He remembered nothing. He was crossing the table-land from south to north, and the band with which he came had probably crossed it from west to east, for fear of meeting some one. They had apparently started in some fisher's or smuggler's bark from some point of the Uggescombe coast, such as Saint Catherine-Chap or Swansea, to catch at Portland the ork which awaited them there, and they must have disembarked in one of the creeks of Weston to reëmbark in one of the creeks of Eston. This route was cut at right-angles by that which the lad now took. It was impossible for him to recognize his road.

The Portland table-land has here and there high swells,

cut short by the proximity of the coast, and perpendicular toward the sea. The boy came to one of these lofty points and stopped there, hoping to find more signs in a larger space, trying to see something. All his horizon was a vast livid opacity. He examined it attentively, and, under his fixed look, it became less indistinct. At the bottom of a distant fold of land, eastward, under this livid opacity, this sort of wan, moving bluff, which looked like a cliff cut out of night, crept and floated some dim black rags, a species of scattered fragments. This pale opacity was the fog, these black rags were smoke. Where there is smoke there are men. The child bent his steps that way.

At some distance he could just see a descent, and at the foot of the descent, among the shapeless forms of rock looming through the mist, something like a sand-bank or tongue of land, which probably joined the table-land that he had just crossed to the plains on the horizon. That was clearly his way. In fact, he had arrived at the isthmus of Portland, a sort of delta called Chess Hill.

He entered on the slope of the table-land. It was a hard descent, the counterpart of the ascent which he had made to get out of the bay, only less rugged. Whatever goes up, must come down. He rolled down, after having climbed up.

He leaped from one rock to another, at the risk of a sprain or a tumble into the dim depth. To hold himself back while slipping over the rocks and the ice, he clutched at the long rushes of the downs and the prickly furze, and all their points pierced his fingers. Sometimes he found a smooth declivity for a little way, and took breath as he descended; then it was steep again, and every step required a manœuvre. In descending precipices, every movement solves a problem; you must be skilful, under pain of death. The boy solved these problems with an instinct which a monkey would have remarked, and a science which a mountebank would have admired. The descent was steep and long, but he came to the end of it. The moment gradually approached when he would land on the dimly-seen isthmus.

At intervals, without ceasing to jump or slide from rock to rock, he pricked up his ears, like a deer listening. Far off on his left, he heard a faint, pervading noise, like the low note of a trumpet. There was in the air that movement of blasts preparatory to the terrific north wind, which one hears coming from the pole like a host of clarions. At the same time the child felt now and then on his forehead, his eyes, his cheeks, something which had the effect of the palm of a cold hand laid on his face. It was the large icy flakes, at first dropping gently, then in whirls, announcing the snow-storm. The child was covered with them. The snow-storm, which for more than an hour had been on the sea, was reaching the land. It invaded the downs gradually. It entered obliquely by the northwest on to Portland Heights.

MARY SHEA.

“THE desolate orphan,” who now came forward and exhibited not merely her bright eyes but her full form to my view, was somewhat singular in her appearance. She had but little of the original Celt in her features. Her beauty was purely Spanish, of which I have seen many perfect specimens in Tuosist and around Kenmare: large soft eyes, with beautiful dark downy eyelashes, the mouth well formed, and cheek of classic mould; while the figure, perfect in its symmetry, is erect and active, and exhibits a lightness of step and grace of motion which can rarely be attained but by constant practice in walking over the mountains. The form which now stood before me was a beautiful specimen of this perfect Spanish type. She was clean and neat in her person, though her clothes were of the coarsest kind. Her gown, made of the light gray flannel or frieze manufactured in the mountains where she lived, was crossed upon her bosom and extended up to her neck. Her hair, as black as jet, was neatly parted on her forehead, and hung in careless folds down her back. She had neither shoes nor

stockings, and her dress did not come down to within seven or eight inches of her feet. She wore no shawl, which is common in the district, about her neck. She held her head as erect as a startled fawn. Her hands were clasped in an attitude of wild supplication, and the symmetry of her form was enhanced by the unusual addition of a leather strap buckled around her waist, which, though neither new nor ornamental in itself, had the effect of showing off her naturally beautiful figure to the best advantage.

The moment she appeared from behind the holly-bush, she commenced her oration. And, talking with a volubility and amount of action which it would be impossible to describe, her features became animated, and the blood mounted to her cheeks. In truth, I have rarely seen so beautiful and so natural a girl. I think she knew she was a beauty, and had “chanced” a little of the success of her visit upon that score, as well as upon my “goodness;” but there was no vanity or coquetry in her manner—she was perfectly natural and simple, and, as regards the knowledge of her beauty, so intelligent a girl as she was could not possibly look at her reflection in one of her own dark mountain lakes, and not see that she was different from her neighbors.

She had watched my countenance with the quickness of an Irish peasant, during the whole time she was speaking; and in fact I felt sure she had prolonged her statement for that sole purpose, in order to form an estimate of her success, or vary her line of advance according as circumstances revealed themselves. I saw this perfectly at the time; but my interest in her vivacious courage was so great, and my admiration of her beauty so impossible to conceal, that she saw in a moment, though I had not yet spoken a word, that she had won her point.

“Ah! well I knew your honor had a good and kind heart within you,” said she, coming forward with graceful animation and under cover of her well-turned flattery. “And now, maybe I’d never have another opportunity, and oh! just listen to me till I tell you what I have to say, for mine is a sore, sore sorrow.”

In a moment her whole countenance—almost her form, had changed. Her courage—some of which she had evidently derived from her beauty—seemed to have departed. Tears filled her eyes as she looked down upon the ground, and even her form seemed to lose many inches of its height. I could scarcely have thought that the same human being was before me, as she now stood about to tell her tale of sorrow.

“What is your name?” I asked, “and where do you live?”

“Mary Shea is my name,” said she, “that is, my maiden name, and indeed for that matter I am not married yet.”

“Married!” I exclaimed, “why you seem scarcely seventeen years of age.”

“True for you,” replied she, “you guessed it very nigh, as I’ll only be seventeen next Shrove-tide.”

“And what is your case? what do you want me to do?”

“I’ll tell your honor that,” replied she, resuming in a moment a portion of her previous animation. “What I want your honor to do is, to put down Eugene’s name in the books, as tenant for the little place I have up in the mountain.”

“And who is Eugene? and how came you to have a little place of your own, and you so young as you are?”

“I’ll tell your honor all about it,” she replied: “the way of it all was this:” and again in a moment her countenance changed, her eye lids drooped, her form seemed to lose its height, and, with a little hesitation as to where she should begin, she commenced her tale of woe. “The way of it all was this; your honor was not here in the ‘hungry year’ (a term frequently used amongst the peasantry to describe the famine); but them was terrible times. I was only a little slip of a girl then—and sure for that matter I’m not much more this minute. But my father had a little place up in the mountains, the same as what I was now talking about. Well, you see, he was an ould man, and my mother was sickly, and they had no other child but me, and the place was very small, and, when the potatoes blackened, sure they had no one but God to look to. ‘Father,’ says I, ‘I fear ye’ll die, and mother too, if ye don’t get something to ate.’ ‘True for ye, child,’ says father, ‘but where are we to get it? the great God has rotted the potatoes in the ground, and what other support had we all, and sure the neighbors are as bad off as we are.’ Mother said nothing; she looked at father and me, she kissed me once or twice, as if to wish me good-by; and when I got up in the morning, I found her sitting in her clothes beside

the fire quite dead and stiff—not a month after the potatoes had blackened.

"Well, ye see we lived far up in the mountains, and no meal or any thing could be got there, except what I brought myself—and it was ten long miles from Kenmare. 'But still,' says I, 'I won't let father die, if I can help it!' So we had a few hives of honey which the gentlemen liked, because the bees made it all on the heather; and I used to slip over to Kenmare, now and then, with a hive, and bring back a little meal to father—we had no cow, as the place was too small to rear one. And I won't tell your honor a lie when I say that sorra ha'porth we had to live on except just the few hives of honey; and I knew when they were out, and I had no money to buy meal, we might just lie down and die. However, I said nothing to father about this, for I was only a slip of a girl; but I thought it for all that.

"Well, sure enough, after a time the honey was all sold, and I smothered the last bee I had—though in troth I was sorry to do so, as I had reared them all myself, and I think they knew me, as they never once stung me, though I used to sit close to the hive watching them. However, I knew well it was better for them to die than father, so I had to smother them; and I went down to Kenmare with a sorrowful heart, and got 15s. for the hive. Well, with that I fed father and myself for another weary month: and, when the meal was out, father says to me—'Mary dear, it's no use striving any longer against the hunger. I can't stand it. I'm weak and faint, and not able to go out to the public works, and I might as well die in the house as on the roads; and now mind, Mary dear, when I die, bury me beside your mother in the garden, and don't be making any noise about it—calling a wake or a funeral, for all has enough to do these hard times for themselves.' 'Oh father dear, don't talk that way,' says I, 'I'll just go out and see if I can't get something that will keep the life in ye yet.' So father said nothing, but just lay down on the bed, as if to wait till I came home. Well, I had some strength and spirit in me yet. And, as Eugene and I had known each other since we were little children, I thought I would just go to him and see if he could help me. But when I went to his house he was far away on the public works. So I had no more heart nor strength to go any farther, and I had enough to do to get home. But oh! sorrow came heavy on me then: for, when I called on father as I came in to ask him if God had sent him any food, he did not answer; and when I came to his bed, and put my hand upon his forehead, I found that he was dead and cold, and I was left alone in the world."

Here the poor girl's voice failed; and, commencing to weep bitterly, she turned her head away. I found the tears rising in my own eyes too, but, endeavoring to turn her thoughts from this sad scene, I said—

"You have mentioned Eugene once or twice—who is Eugene?"

She dried her eyes in a moment; and, resuming the natural vivacity of her manner, she called aloud to some one who was evidently near at hand—

"Eugene! where are you, Eugene? I wouldn't wonder if he was here this minute!"

And, truly enough, he was; for, slowly emerging from the same holly-bush where I had observed the young damsel's eyes in the first instance, came a tall, good-looking youth, clean and fair, with a cheek as smooth and free from beard as a woman's. He was about nineteen or twenty years of age, and as bashful as a youth detected under such circumstances—though she had evidently hid him there herself—could be.

"Don't be afeared, Eugene," cried the damsel—"don't be afeared. The gentleman isn't angry. Come and spake to him this minute.—He is shy, your honor," said she—turning to me in a conciliatory voice, as if excusing and patronizing her lover, over whom she evidently considered she had a great advantage in facility of speech and general knowledge of the world—"he is shy, and doesn't know how to spake to a gentleman; and I hope you'll excuse him; but he is a good kind boy for all that, and well able to become a tenant for the little place, if you will only put his name in the book."

"Well but," I urged, "if I put his name down in the book, he will be the tenant and not you; and how would that answer your purpose?"

"Oh, sure your honor, it would be all the same; we would get married at once, and we would have the little place between us, as I feel lonesome in it all by myself."

"How large is the little place?" inquired I.

"Well, for that matter, it is big enough," she replied; "but indeed it is not good for much, as it's able to feed nothing but the bees. And troth, I don't know where they find any thing to gather except in autumn, when the blossom comes upon the heather."

"What is the value of the place?" asked I.

"Well, indeed, it is not much. The late agent said it was good value, little cabin and all, for 7s. 6d. a year, and the rent was never raised since, and we made a few perches of potato-garden near the house."

"And so you and Eugene really want to marry and set up house upon a place only worth 7s. 6d. a year, cabin, mountain-land, garden, and all?"

"Well, indeed, your honor, I don't see what better we could do. You see Eugene and I have known each other a long time now, and all the neighbors knows we loves each other very much—and why wouldn't I love him, poor boy, when it was himself that saved my life?"

"How did he save your life?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I was telling you all about it," she resumed, "when you asked for Eugene, and I had to present him to your honor. But, shure enough, it was Eugene, and no one else, that saved my life, that night I was telling you of when father died. I found him cold and stiff in the bed when I came home; and I had nothing in the house myself—no meal, nor bread, nor potatoes, nor a ha'porth; so I just sat down on the bedside near him, and—God forgive me!—I prayed that He would take me too; for I was helpless and sorrowful, and weak and down-hearted, with the hunger. And then I began to cry; and I thought of mother, how she had died, and how father was dead, and no one to bury him. 'And,' thinks I, 'if I die too, the cabin will make a decent little grave over us all, and no one will know any thing about it!' So I was crying on, thinking of all these things, and wondering how it all came about, when I heard a footstep at the door, and I guessed at once it was Eugene's. So he never said a word to me at first, but he sat himself down beside me. And, after a little, he says, 'What is it, Mary dear?' 'Oh, Eugene,' says I, 'mother is dead, and now father is dead: there he is before you, and I'm going to die too, for I'm broken-hearted, and have nothing to eat.' 'Eat this,' says Eugene, and he pulled an elegant loaf out of his pocket—'I guessed ye came up to look for me to-day; and, when I came home from the works, and mother gave me my supper, I just put it in my pocket, as I wasn't hungry myself, and came off with it to you. So eat it, Mary dear; for I couldn't eat it if a basketful of bread was before me!' Well, I knew the poor boy had stinted himself to give it to me; but I was well-nigh gone, so I just gave him a loving look, and says I, 'Eugene dear, I know well how it is; but I'll eat it for all that for your sake, and for fear I'd die before your face.' And so I did. 'And now, Mary,' says he, 'come home with me, and mother will take care of you for a bit; and, in the morning, I'll come out myself and bury father for you.' And so he did—the brave boy that he is, shy as he looks before your honor now. And we dug the grave between us, and put father into it, just as he was—for we had no coffin—where would we get one that year? and we laid him beside mother. And when the great day comes, sure they'll both rise together as well as if they were in a coffin of gold!"

Again she began to weep; but it was of short continuance this time.

"And now won't you put Eugene's name in the book? and we'll go live there again, for it's hard to keep him away, and he is always pressing me to go with him to the priest. And we have put a new coat of thatch upon the little cabin, and maybe God would be good to us, and the bees would thrive, and the hungry year may never come on us again."

It was hard to resist such an appeal; especially when so easy an act would make a young and attached couple happy. But when I reflected upon the prospects in life upon which they were about to marry—nothing but a few acres of worthless heather, the cabin and all the land attached worth only 7s. 6d. a year, and fit for nothing but to feed bees—I felt that, in granting her request, I was only perpetuating the very system which had killed her father and mother; and, if extended now again, could not possibly lead to any thing but the utmost want and misery. To think of this noble youth and innocent and lovely maiden—such a handsome, loving couple as they were—squating on this miserable plot of irreclaimable mountain-side! I could not bear to think of it, so I resolved, if I could, to save them from so unworthy a fate.

"Well, Mary, I have heard all you have to say, and I would gladly do any thing in my power to serve you and Eugene,* but I cannot bear the thought of a handsome girl like you, and a fine manly boy like him, settling down for life on this miserable patch on the side of a barren mountain. I am thinking it would be far better to try your fortune in America together, and go out like the other emigrants, so many of whom were pressing to get their names down to-day."

Mary was silent for a little. At last she said—

"Well, your honor, I often thought it would be better, sure enough, to try our fortune in America, than to marry and settle on that small patch of barren land where my little place is; but I couldn't bear to think of going out on charity as a pauper. I never yet got poor-relief from the workhouse; and I wouldn't wish to go to America with the likes of the emigrants your honor is now sending out."

"I understand your scruples," I replied, "so I will propose another plan. What do you think if Eugene were to go out first—just for one year—and see whether the country would suit you and him? Let him return at the end of the year; and if he does not like America, then I will put his name in the books as tenant for your own little place, or probably I shall be able to give you and him a better farm by that time."

"I would be loth to part with him for a whole long year," said Mary, looking lovingly upon the bashful Eugene; "but still I think it might be the best way after all; for, no doubt, it is a poor place to settle on. But Eugene has no money to go out with, and I have little or none to help him, and he couldn't go without that."

"He shall not fail for want of funds; I will lend him the money for his voyage. If he return rich, he will repay me; if not, why it can't be helped."

"Your honor is very good," replied she, looking mournfully at Eugene; "but what will I do without him; and where will I go while he is away?"

"You can stay at mother's, dear, while I am away," broke in Eugene, who seemed suddenly to awake to an energy he had not before exhibited. "You well know she always loved you as a daughter, and she will care for you for my sake as well as for your own."

"I believe your honor's right," said Mary, turning to me; "let him go and try his fortune for one year; but mind," she added, as she looked toward the lad—"mind, Eugene, you must swear to me on the Book you will come back—rich or poor, I don't care which—within the one year."

"I will swear it to you freely," replied Eugene, who seemed suddenly to find his tongue and all his other energies at the prospect of such an opening.

"And will your honor promise, on the word of a gentleman, to give us back the little place, or get us another better one when he returns, if he won't take me out with him again?" asked Mary, with an appealing look.

"Indeed I will; I faithfully promise it, if I am alive and here."

"Well, then, let it be so," said the weeping Mary; "and now the sooner the better. When will your honor give him the money that he may go at once?"

"To-morrow morning. He shall also have a new suit of clothes, as fast as the tailor can make them, and I have no doubt he will get into immediate employment."

Mary looked at her intended husband, and at once perceived that a man's energy and courage had suddenly risen within him. He was no longer a sheepish boy, patronized and brought forward by her; and he took upon himself the unaccustomed task of comforting and patronizing her.

"Mary dear, don't fret; as sure as the sun is in the heaven, I'll come back; I know I will, and this will be the last parting we will ever have. The gentleman has advised us for our good. The barren lot on the mountain-side is no place for the likes of you and me to settle. I'll go seek my fortune in America; and, please God, I'll surely succeed; and then I'll come back for my own darlin', and take her out along with me. For God's sake, master, let us be quick; for I dar'n't rest, or think of leaving Mary, or maybe I couldn't go out at all."

Mary threw her arms about Eugene's neck, and—utterly regardless of my presence—sobbed and wept like a little child. Her patronizing

air was utterly gone, and she addressed him as a lover who had proved himself worthy of her affections.

"Eugene," she said, "I know well I need not fear for your love if you were ten thousand miles away. Ye have proved it too often for me to doubt it for a moment now. Go, and God be with you; but—mind you come back within the year, *whether ye be rich or whether ye be poor*—if rich, ye will be welcome, and if poor, ye will then be doubly welcome to your own darlin' Mary. *Never forget that.*"

She then turned to me, and, holding out her hand as a countess might have done, she continued:

"Thank your honor much for your kindness; I'll never forget it, either in this world or the next."

In a few days Eugene appeared before me, clad in a new and comfortable suit.

I gave him his passage-money, and a couple of pounds over, that he might be able to go up the country, and look for employment at once. He thanked me in a manly, open way, and departed.

My time and attention were so much occupied with the onerous duties in which I was then engaged, that though I often thought of Mary and her lover, yet I never had an opportunity of making special inquiries about her; but, one day, she sought me again as I was walking in the same grounds; and, coming up to me with a countenance beaming with pleasure, she showed me a letter from Eugene. It was not long, nor what most people would call very interesting; but he told her he was in full employment with a good and kind man; that he had already saved seven pounds out of his earnings, and he hoped, before very long, to come back and claim his prize, and carry his darling Mary off to a far home he was even then preparing for her. This was about six or seven months after he left, and she had remained sometimes in her "own little place," as she called it, and sometimes with his mother, ever since.

About five months after the last interview, I was walking alone along the sea-shore at Kenmare, when I was again waylaid by the handsome Spanish beauty; but this time she was accompanied by a young man. She looked grave, though happy, as she walked lovingly by his side, and her patronizing ways had altogether departed from her. I looked carefully at the young man. He was tall and strong; his beard was massive, and reached almost to his chest; his face was handsome, but sunburnt and weather-beaten; and his whole appearance was as little like her lover Eugene as it was possible for it to be.

I stood still as the pair approached me, looking intently from one to the other. Mary and the man came quite close up to me, and—as neither of them addressed me—I was the first to speak.

"How is this, Mary?" said I, "and who is this man who accompanies you? You surely do not mean to say you have cast off Eugene, and taken up with another man?"

Mary leaped nearly a foot from the ground as I said so. "I knew your honor wouldn't know him!" cried she in a sudden ecstasy of joy. "Why this is Eugene himself! Sure didn't he deceive me when he first came into the cabin, and why would your honor know him? Look at him now, and tell me if he is not grown a real man in earnest. Turn round, Eugene, and show yourself;" and, assuming her old patronizing way for a moment, she turned him round and round for me to look at and admire, while he submitted with a loving, tender look of admiration at his bride.

"And so this is indeed Eugene come back," I exclaimed, "and such a fine, manly-looking fellow too. I hope you have prospered, Eugene, and that you will now take out Mary to a new and happy home far better and richer than her little place on the barren mountain."

Eugene was about to reply, when Mary leaped up, and caught him round the neck with her arms.

"Oh, Eugene!" cried she—almost in hysterics between joy and anxiety—"take me away with you soon, oh take me away, we cannot go too soon to please me!" Then—turning rapidly to me—she said, in a joyous and altered voice—

"He has got a fine place of his own now, and twenty acres of good land, and a grand wooden house, in which he says I can live as comfortable as any lady. Oh, Eugene darling," cried she, turning to him again, "take me away—take me away, and let us go to our new home, and never know sorrow or hunger more!"

She burst into tears, and, clinging to his neck, kissed him over and over again, till he gently took her in his arms, and placed her sitting—still scolding like a child—on a bank of grass close by.

* "Eugene" is a common Christian name amongst the peasantry in that part of the country, probably of Spanish origin.

"Sir," said he, "I have to thank you for your kindness. I have brought back with me the money you lent me, and am now ready to repay you. I have a neat place to bring Mary to, and all reasonable comforts for her. I could have made it better, had I waited another year; but I promised in your presence not to let more than one year pass without returning, whether I came rich or poor. I have come back according to my promise. If not rich, at least with enough to give her plenty to eat, and a warm, comfortable home; and I hope soon to make it better. To-morrow we go to Cork: we are to be married there. The next day we sail for the West. May God bless you, sir; I will never forget your kindness." And he placed his passage-money in my hand.

Mary sat listening while he spoke, sobbing and crying all the while. He lifted her gently up. She seized my hand and kissed it, covering it with her tears. Then suddenly smiling, while the large drops trembled in her eyes, she gave me one grateful and happy look, and left the sea-shore with her lover.

SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE IN BOSTON.

No. I.

HOW THERE CAME TO BE SUCH A PLACE AS BOSTON.

LONDON, August 31, 1629. The great Buckingham, murdered in the cause of royalty, is buried to-day with pomp and circumstance in Westminster Abbey. Funeral bells are clanging, muffled drums are rolling, solemn trumpets are wailing, sable plumes are nodding, while the long procession creeps through the streets of the great city to the venerable church by the Thames, where the bones of the illustrious dead are to be laid away in the darkness. A mournful day, perhaps, to a little circle of noble relatives and friends; but a holiday to the populace, who know no difference between a splendid funeral like this and a coronation. It is enough for them that business is suspended, and a gorgeous spectacle exhibited; but whether a young prince comes to the crown, or an old king is buried, they consider as a matter comparatively unimportant.

While this pageant is going on, some ten or twenty men have been deliberating all day upon a matter, of little interest at the time to any but themselves, but which is destined to affect the world, ages after all the Buckinghams and Stuarts have passed into oblivion. They have been in session for two long days, and now, as night draws near, they have reached their final decision. Candles are lighted, the parchment is laid upon the table, and one by one these men append their names to a document—you may see it to-day in the archives of Massachusetts, yellow and worn, and the ink almost faded out—by which the patent and government of the Massachusetts Bay Company are transferred to New England, with the understanding that the members of the company will also transport themselves and their families thither.

Thus far this has been known only as a trading association, and, when they came together, their talk was of fisheries, beavers, and the profits that would probably be derived from their investments over the sea; and in the inventory of articles to be sent to the colony we read of "all sorts of seed-grain, stones of all sorts of fruits, saffron-heads, madder-roots, currant-plants, quince-kernels, liquorice-seed, tame-turkeys," and so on. In fitting out the ship *Talbot*—calculated to carry a hundred passengers and thirty-five mariners, and to make her voyage in about three months—there are provided "six tons of water, forty-five tons of beer, one cask of Malaga, one of Canary, and twenty gallons of distilled liquors."

Applications have been made from time to time by various classes of persons for a free passage to the new settlement in America: as, for instance, Mr. John Betts urges the somewhat indefinite claim that "he is able to discover divers things for the good and advancement of the plantation;" one Mr. Gardner is represented as "an able and expert man in divers faculties;" a French physician "gives good commendation both of his sufficiency and of his godly life and conversation." In the

records of the company there are three professions mentioned, the members of which are to be specially encouraged to emigrate to New England, and identify their interests with those of the colony—"vine-dressers, men skilful in making pitch, and ministers."

But there were other matters working in the mind and heart of the members of the Massachusetts Bay Company, besides those mentioned in the patent, and there were reasons which led to the decision reached on the 31st of August, that are alluded to very vaguely in the resolutions passed that day. It was not merely to raise madder—poor returns those roots must have yielded in our cold soil—and manufacture pitch, that they determined to expatriate themselves and take up their abode in a foreign land. *What* their purpose was, we shall find out after they have arrived on these shores; what *God's* purpose was in sending them here, we shall know only after the lapse of generations.

The winter is passed in making the necessary preparations for their expedition, and in the month of March a fleet of eleven sail, with seven hundred souls on board, was gathered in the harbor of Southampton and elsewhere, waiting for a favorable wind. Mr. Winthrop and other leading men embarked on board the *Arbella*, and in the cabin of this ship drew up and signed a touching and affectionate farewell to "their brethren in and of the Church of England," from which they had not as yet separated, asking their sympathy and prayers, "as those whom God had placed nearest His throne of mercy."

The journals kept by the voyagers are not very copious or prolific in incident, but they are sunny and cheerful; in fine weather, we are told how "the sailors played wag with the children;" Mr. Winthrop writes home to his wife in England: "Our boys slept as soundly at night under their rug as they ever did in Groton;" and at last, in the beautiful month of June, they came in sight of Cape Ann and the Isle of Shoals, and found themselves surrounded by little shallops which had put out from the shore to meet them. By the 6th of July, the eleven ships had all arrived safely in Massachusetts Bay, and the new-comers established themselves at various points; "they who had health to labor fell to building;" but sickness and death soon began to make sad inroads upon their ranks, and not less than a hundred of the fainthearted took the first opportunity to return to England. "And glad we were," says the historian of the times, "to be rid of them."

One man, however, who seems to have been in remarkably good spirits, relieves himself in the following extraordinary effusion: "Whiles our houses were building, I did endeavour to make a survey of the country. The more I looked, the more I liked it; and, when I had more seriously considered of the beauty of the place, with all her fair endowments, I did not think that in all the known world it could be paralleled. For so many goodly groups of trees; dainty fine round rising hillocks; delicate fair large plains, sweet crystal fountains, and clear running streams that turn in fine meanders through the meads, making so sweet a murmuring noise to hear, as would ever lull the senses with delight asleep, so pleasantly do they glide upon the pebble-stones, jetting most jocundly when they do meet; and hand in hand run down to Neptune's court, which they owe to him as sovereign lord of all the springs: which made the land to me seem paradise; for in mine eye, 'twas Nature's masterpiece: her chiefest magazine of all, where lives her store: if this land be not rich, then is the whole world poor!"

Truth obliges us to add that this poetical gentleman, who went rollicking about the country while others were at work building houses, proved to be a very uncomfortable member of society, and gave more trouble to the colonists than any other person within their jurisdiction.

The first meeting of the company after their arrival in America was held at Charlestown. Opposite to this place, on the south side of the river, lay a peninsula, called by the Eng-

lish *Trimountain*, from the three hills which looked in the distance like separate islands, and by the Indians *Shawmut*, or, a spring of water. The only inhabitant of this spot was the Rev. Mr. Blaxton, a clergyman of the Church of England, who, dissatisfied with the turn things were taking at home, had betaken himself to the wilderness, that he might do and think as he pleased. Attracted mainly by the superior quality of the springs of water, the company enter into negotiations with Mr. Blaxton for permission to occupy a portion of the land, to which he courteously assents. After a while, finding his freedom somewhat straitened by his new neighbors, he decides to sell the whole peninsula to these settlers, which he does for the sum of thirty pounds, and betakes himself to the banks of what is now known as the Blackstone River, "having," as he remarked, "escaped from the hands of the Lord Bishops in England, only to fall into the hands of the Lord Brethren."

On the 7th of September, 1630, it was ordered "that Trimountain shall be called Boston."

This is, in brief, the way in which there came to be such a place as Boston. Two hundred and thirty years ago, it was a little village that lay nestled near the water, under the shadow of a green hill. A single ferry-boat connected the almost insulated town with the adjoining country. Warders kept watch all night on the summits of the three wooded elevations that towered above the peninsula, ready to light the beacon-fires and discharge the "loud-babbling guns," whenever the wild whoop of the Indian might break the stillness. The cattle grazed, and the corn grew, and the forest-trees moaned, all around the little village at the foot of the hill. Once or twice in a month, an English bark or a French pinnace dropped her anchor in the quiet bay, and nearly three-quarters of a century elapse before a post-office is opened, or a mail runs, or a newspaper is published. In 1633, the taxation of Boston and seven adjacent towns amounted to only ninety-four pounds.

What Boston is to-day, who does not know? *Is it not written?* Who is not familiar with the names of her statesmen and journalists and philosophers and poets and novelists and historians? Who has not heard some of the great divines of Boston preach, or some of her great lawyers plead, or some of her great lecturers discourse, or some of her great orators declaim? What region of the land is there that has not felt their influence? Who has not heard of her great physicians, her men of science, and her princely merchants? What great societies have originated there; what reforms have been started there; what new thoughts she has given to the world, and what noble institutions she has established!

Who can have failed to hear of "Boston Common," with its aged elm, last survivor of the primeval forest, now kept from falling to pieces by iron clamps and rods, its beauty and grace well-nigh departed; and its venerable "frog-pond," from which no croak of frog has issued for many a year—nothing but a shallow paved bowl to-day, which the boys could drink dry in one or two summer afternoons, if it were not replenished by the tall fountain hard by?

Who has not heard of the State-House, with its somewhat adipose dome, which, of late years, has changed its tints at little intervals, now assuming a cold leaden hue, now a sober brown, and at last flaming into brilliant yellow, and which, it is proposed, some day, when the treasury is full and jobs are scarce, to cover all over with gold? Whose feet have not trod with awe the chamber where "The Great and General Court" solemnly deliberates—under the symbolical cod that swims in the upper firmament—and passes from year to year marvellous sumptuary laws, as the fathers did of old?

Whose blood has not kindled at mention of Faneuil Hall, "cradle of liberty," which, for nearly a century, has never failed to rock whenever the goddess of freedom has brought a new bantling into the world?

Who has not heard of Quincy Market, so massive and so clean, where every edible creature that walks, or flies, or swims,

or creeps, may be bought; and of the *old* State-House? Why has the ruthless hand of innovation been allowed to mar its ancient beauty? And of the Hancock House; alas, that it is now among the things that were?

Who has not heard of the stately warehouses of granite and marble, in which Boston stands absolutely unrivalled; and of her multitudinous railways, piercing the city at every point for more than one-half of her circumference?

Who can have failed to hear the "Great Organ," which thunders at high noon on every Wednesday and Saturday, for the delight of all who can afford to pay a moderate fee?

There are spots in the sun; there are sombre fies in Italy; there may be weak points in the Constitution of the United States; and so a microscopic scrutiny might possibly disclose some defects even in Boston. Her streets are not very wide, and many of them are uncomfortably crooked. Most of the churches built there during the transition period of architecture, when honest old meeting-houses were replaced by Grecian banks and Gothic castles and gingerbread nondescripts—set apart for public worship—are as ugly as the perverse device of man could make them. Neither do her public statues do the city much honor. It is sad to think that, in the ages to come, Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett will be supposed to have resembled the bronze effigies which Boston now calls after their name. There may also be a little excess of self-respect occasionally manifested among the citizens of our modern Athens; and there certainly is manifested, at times, a tyranny of opinion and a severity of denunciation, under the guise of freedom and philanthropy and reform, that would be endured in few other places on the face of the earth; but, after all, it has been a great blessing to the nation that there came to be such a town as Boston.

And now we shall go on to see how the people conducted themselves there, two hundred years ago.

HISTORICAL ART IN THE UNITED STATES.

TO speak of historical art in the United States is first to remark the want of it. But if we have instructed and sensitive minds, we shall be grateful for the absence of what is commonly understood as historical art. For we must believe that the painting of past historical events, which is to say, the representation of the destructive and aggrandizing action in war of great nations, does not offer us a civilizing spectacle; it rather justifies the rebuking sentence of Proudhon concerning the most boasted French historical pictures: "the fame of Horace Vernet is the accusation of a whole people."

Historical painting, like historical writing, before Voltaire, has been chiefly devoted to illustrate wars of conquest and the exploits of great families; it has ministered to the vanity of kings and depicted the trivial or striking actions of great men, but has ignored the mightiest agents of change and progress in the history of the human race; it has embodied the fictions of tradition, but turned its eyes from the crumbling, monumental facts of civilization. If it has perpetuated something of the splendor of combined human action, it has shown also the distressing tragedy of the immolation of the individual man. Versailles, the prodigal and corrupting monument of kingly ostentation, is the reproach of French art, and Horace Vernet is at the height of his power as an historical painter in Versailles. But Vernet, decorated by every crowned head of Europe, was, as a man and artist, essentially vulgar and unchristian. But unchristian as he is, he is without an idea, save that of action, which would have pleased a Greek of the age of Phidias. Only Frenchmen and brutal Americans can take pleasure in his harshly-colored, positive, and violent scenes of carnage, and of the marches and evolutions of great armies.

Ary Scheffer is at his lowest inspiration when making historical pictures for Louis Philippe, and it is but necessary to

look at Gérôme's work in Versailles to see an exhibition of the tame and vain service of art illustrating an aspect of official life.

When we say historical art, we mean such pictures as make the galleries of European capitals so tiresome, and Versailles so shocking to a lover of humanity. The historical pictures of the Luxembourg and of Versailles represent the average production of historical painters; and in art, as in poetry, the average production may possibly instruct, but it does not make the glory of a people.

Historical painting in America begins with Trumbull. It has mortified every true artist from his day to our own—that is, if artists have exercised their critical sense. American historical art is still mortifying to us, save in the example by Mr. Winslow Homer, the "Prisoners from the Front," which, in spite of its rough execution, and because of its truth and vigor, arrested the attention of polished Parisians, and fixed itself in the memory of so many of us as an actual and representative group out of our recent struggle, and which alone, of all our contemporary paintings, has the first claim to a place at Washington as a true bit of history, without animosity or partisanship, but frankly expressive of the elements in our Southern society that fomented and fed the rebellion against a beneficent and unaggressive Government. We must all regret that it is not permanently placed on the walls of the Capitol.

But historical art in America does not mean such undazzling and unpretending pictures as the "Prisoners from the Front;" it means rather the composed, the invented, the false, the conventional paintings which we shall not have the bad taste to mention, but which have won appropriations from Congress, and are the disgrace of the nation. Of such historical art we have too much; and yet, compared with the abundance of bad historical painting in France and England, we must be grateful that we have so little of it.

Historical art, under official patronage, has not given any thing comparable to the less imposing works silently solicited by nature and truth, which have made, and will always make, their own historic record through the artistic genius of a people.

Walk through the Continental galleries of historic art, and look for representations of the mightiest events of our modern civilization! You look in vain. You will meet fictitious representations of the Birth and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ; you will discover the painted inventions of the battles of the Crusaders; the odious succession of French exploits; episodes in the life of that great humbug Louis XIV.; pictures of that ruthless destroyer Napoleon I.; pictures of that cold-eyed usurper Napoleon III. But is this the noblest service of historical art? And should it oftenest give us the monotonous and tiresome delineations of the scourges of humanity? The past has something else to show us. The building of cathedrals; the invention of gunpowder; the invention of printing; the advent of the mail; the Declaration of Independence; the Emancipation Proclamation! Historical painting is inadequate to embody the significance of these subjects, and yet they are the great historic facts of mightiest meaning.

Trumbull painted the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," but it can hardly be called an impressive picture; it might be a conference of the Continental fathers for any other purpose. It is, strictly speaking, our most important example of American historical art up to our recent war. But it is historical art not on a level with its subject. The talent of the artist was inadequate, his training still more so. And what can an ordinary painter make out of historical events which do not occur under picturesque or tragic circumstances?

The only historical art we should be judicious in asking, is that which the contemporary genius leaves as its personal record of its personal experience. In this sense, great portraits of grand or infamous citizens; noble architecture; true landscapes: sincere paintings by any gifted artist—these shall make true historical art in the United States. Less than these

—which may be commissioned by bought committees—may come into our public halls at the solicitations of political representatives, ignorant of the character and service of art. Of such are the humiliating pictures at the Capitol at Washington, of which we can only say, they are on a level with the artless spirits of our politicians.

No; we cannot ask for historical art in America as it is commonly understood. Give us art that shall become historical; not art that is intended to be so. Doubtless, that in proportion to the excellence of the painter's work, it will survive as the cherished expression of the artistic genius of the period in which it was produced. But any thing so impressive as Gérôme's "Cæsar," or splendid as Couture's "Romains de la Décadence," we shall not produce, for the materials of such impressive and splendid historical art are wanting. The assassination of the good Lincoln offers no picturesque and beautiful adjuncts. It is a death profoundly shocking, but devoid of the dignity of action, and without the majestic situation of the fall of the august Roman in the senate-chamber, at the feet of Pompey's statue. Cæsar fell amid chaste and beautiful architectural forms, in a vast space, and among figures clad in flowing draperies. Without either the picturesque or beautiful, the tragic is unsuited to painting, however much it may impress in a narrative.

We must abandon the pretension to historical painting as it is commonly understood. It is fatal enough to talent in France, in spite of a few masterpieces. The finest pictures are not those which are painted to represent historical events, to which the frenzy of the hour gives a false splendor and an exaggerated importance. The finest pictures are those which represent Nature, or the personal sentiment of the painter uncorrupted by the bad taste of his time. Historical art is the best *contemporary* art; it is portrait-painting at its highest level; it is *genre* painting; it is landscape-painting; it is the bust of Vitellius in Rome; it is the statue of Lorenzo de Medici in Florence; it is the portrait of the wife of Francesco del Giocondo in Paris. In our own country it is made by Stuart's and Trumbull's, by Allston's and Inman's heads; by Copley's, by Malbone's. Tomorrow it will be the best work left by the best painters and sculptors of to-day. Any other historical art in our country must be historical fiction and conventional misrepresentation, imposing upon the ignorant and unreflecting, and, at best, no more than a composed, a studied, and lifeless piece of pictorial art, oftenest exciting the scorn of critics, and making the judicious grieve.

If no other cause but the want of the means of study could be cited, it would be sufficient to justify the prediction of a poor form of historical painting in this country; for historical painting is dependent upon museums, trained models, and the prolonged discipline, which is exacted in the *École des Beaux-Arts* in Paris. But the *École des Beaux-Arts* has not made the glory of French art; therefore we can expect a noble and beautiful form of art without museums, trained models, and the *École des Beaux-Arts*. But we cannot expect a comprehensive and adequate historical art without the museums, monuments, and *retrospective* genius of Europe.

In France, with all its historical accumulations, among the vast number of historical pictures there are but few veritable and satisfactory examples of historical painting. Gérôme's Roman subjects, Müller's "Conciergerie during the Reign of Terror," Delaroche's paintings illustrative of English history, Delacroix's "Barricade," are the most striking. If all the artistic genius of France, disciplined by study, and urged by a passion for the past, has but seldom fulfilled the high conditions of noble and impressive historical pictures, what fatuity for us to expect our painters to produce great examples of historical art! The American artist must content himself with his contemporaries; the American citizen must believe that only his current achievements are within the reach of the pictorial genius of his fellow-countrymen.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER I.—UP-HILL WORK.

"THERE are just two objections to your plan," said Woodville to his companion, in the *coupé* of the diligence, as it rolled and rumbled along the Simplon road, soon after leaving Domo d'Ossola, advancing toward the Lago Maggiore; "one is the unconscionable hour at which we must start to accomplish it; the other is the appalling length of the walk."

"Trust me," replied the more energetic Alexander, smiling—indeed, almost laughing outright—at the strong expressions his friend had employed; "you will be rewarded a thousandfold; the prospect from the summit of Montarone is, by all accounts, one of the finest on the south side of the Alps. We shall not only look down upon the lake of Orta, which so few English tourists visit, but we shall see Monte Rosa in all its glory by sunrise, and a wonderful range of mountains into the bargain. As to fatigue, that is a difficulty easily got over—you can take a mule or a donkey, and then you will have six legs against my two."

"If I surrender," said the less robust, or less adventurous, of the travellers, "it must be on two conditions: first, that you guarantee me a fine day—"

"That I do," said Alexander, intrepidly.

"And, in the next place, you must promise me two clear days' halt at Orta."

Alexander smiled and shook his head, demurring to the second clause. He felt quite sure one day would suffice for all the recruiting necessary after an excursion, which, to him, seemed a mere bagatelle. But Woodville would not abate a minute of the forty-eight hours, and, after some more discussion, his friend had no alternative but to yield.

"Ah, my friend," said the other, as soon as the point was settled, "I have neither your vigor nor your marvellous passion for up-hill work; you show it in every thing as well as in mountaineering."

"Your profession does not exact the same continuous labor as mine," said Alexander.

"You are mistaken there," said Woodville; "there is no success in painting any more than in law or any thing else, without the energy and toil in which you exult, and of which I am constitutionally incapable. With your force and courage, I feel that I could be a Titian. Even now, after the compact I have made with you, I almost doubt whether I shall be physically equal to keep my part of the engagement. What will you do if you fail to get me out of bed at three in the morning?"

"There will be nothing for it but oxen and wain-ropes," said Alexander.

"Yet, after all," continued the artist, "I am not a sluggard in principle. How often do I slug in bed on the long, bright summer mornings, speculating on the advantages of early rising, thinking of the wealth and distinction which men of your stirring habits are sure to win by their superior activity!"

"I love my pillow too," said his companion, "but I fancy I sleep more than you in a given time."

"Another proof of what I say: you sleep strenuously, as you do every thing. I have never seen you at your work, but I can imagine what you must be at business, from what I have seen of you on this tour, which is only your relaxation. You seem to me to have an unnatural appetite for exertion."

Alexander made a gesture of dissent.

"I know you have," continued Woodville; "as you fix your eye on that peak yonder, you are turning to scale it. Its crags encourage you as much as they dishearten me. Confess, now, if the diligence were to stop for half an hour, you would at least make the attempt."

Alexander neither admitted nor denied the impeachment; he merely said that, in his opinion, what seemed to be in some men a passion for toil was, in many cases, the mere result of a still more ardent passion for repose. "Would you know," he added, "what the object is at the bottom of all my plans, as far as I know myself—the *terminus*, to use a technical phrase, to all my aspirations? Do you see that old peasant at his cottage door, basking in the setting sun? He looks as if his

working-days were over; he is seated under a tree of his own planting, enjoying, literally eating, the fruit of his own industry. Well, I am not conscious of any more elevated motive than to attain to that poor husbandman's fortune, and, after some thirty or forty years of hard work at the bar, sit down like him and spend the evening of my days under my own fig-tree."

Woodville was so long without answering, that Alexander fancied that either his long speech, or the monotonous roll of the lumbering coach, helped by the advancing shadows of the hills, had lulled him to sleep; but, in fact, his sentimental friend was only musing with half-closed eyes in his corner on the beautiful though hackneyed image with which his companion had left off. He was also fixing in his memory, for the subject of a future sketch, the details of the rural picture to which his attention had been drawn. It had just the kind of interest to invite his indolent poetic pencil, a lovely bit of landscape, with a thought and touch of humanity in it. In such subjects Woodville's talent lay, and he might have been without a rival in it, had it not been for the half-mental, half-physical infirmity which always prevented him from doing his fine conceptions justice. He threw a charming thought upon canvas or into his sketch-book, and left it there; began a hundred subjects, and seldom finished one. He would paint one side of a face exquisitely, with an eye to haunt your memory forever, and leave the other for a future day, which never came. His studio in Paris, in a *quatrième* of the Faubourg St. Honoré, where he had lived for some years, and where Alexander first made his acquaintance, was a museum of abortive undertakings, evidence of as much genius as can exist without the power of sustained exertion. His very art was a proof of his instability, for he had not been brought up to it, but had dropped the medical profession for the pencil; he had actually taken a degree in medicine, but nothing annoyed him more than when a friend, in ignorance or thoughtlessness, called him Doctor, though every now and then he betrayed himself by the technical knowledge he displayed, particularly when he expatiated on his own complaints, of which he had a wonderful and amusing variety for a man who had never been seriously ill in his life. As to practice, he had as much now as ever he had, though he had only two patients: his old servant, Honorine, when she was rheumatic or dyspeptic, and himself. He dosed both patients freely; but, as his views had latterly been homeopathic, the harm his prescriptions did was probably only infinitesimal.

To return from this long digression. Woodville proved he was still awake by the one word with which he resumed the thread of the dialogue.

"Alone?" he said, looking full and interrogatively at his companion, who had, perhaps, been pursuing pretty much the same train of ideas, or, after so long a pause, he would have hardly understood that the question related to the fig-tree.

"Probably," said Alexander, with a smile; "the peasant was alone, as you must have observed."

"His better-half was probably within-doors," said Woodville; and, as he spoke, the wheels ceased to rumble, the bells to jingle, and the diligence stopped, amidst a jabbering of beggars and ostlers, in front of the principal inn of Baveno.

Now there is a hotel there of considerable pretensions; but its best inn was a poor one between twenty-five and thirty years ago, which was about the date of Frederick Alexander's first Continental tour. Italy, indeed, is not an eating country; she has made great advances in freedom, but in gastronomy she is behind the age. We must only hope that, when her political organization is complete, she will begin to cultivate the arts of the kitchen, and remember that she is as much the land of Apicius and Lucullus as of Cicero and Dante.

Our tourists had as sorry a supper served up to them as any cook in the whole Peninsula could have prepared; but, under the circumstances, this was no great trial of temper to either of the young men: the one was too fresh, and had too healthy an appetite, to turn up his nose, at the end of a long journey, at any dish that was eatable; while the other was too jaded and done up, after thirty-six hours' tumbling in the diligence, to care much for any thing but a bottle of wine and his pillow. Indeed, their project for next day was argument enough for roosting with the least possible delay, which poor Woodville did in half an hour after their arrival, leaving his friend at the table charged, as usual, with all the necessary arrangements for the morrow's expedition. It diverted Alexander, though he took care not

to show it, to observe the apprehension with which the nervous and vacillating artist evidently contemplated a march, which was no great feat, even in those days, when there was no Alpine Club in existence. Woodville made an unavailing attempt, before he retired, to reopen the question, suggesting the propriety of quietly circumnavigating the Lago Maggiore before they left its shores, but Alexander was as steady as a rock to the programme that had been arranged. They were to return to the Lago Maggiore by way of Arona, and from thence take all the lakes in order.

Left to himself, the young barrister (he was in about his three-and-twentieth year, two or three years Woodville's junior) first finished his supper, even clearing off two plates of walnuts and dry biscuits, which had probably been destined to do duty for the whole of the touring season. Then he hired a guide, with two donkeys—one for his comrade, one for the luggage; after which he called for the bill, settled it while he was undressing, and, in less than five minutes, was sound asleep, sleeping unconquerably through all the opposition which a sultry night in August, conspiring with legions of mosquitoes, offered to his rest. Poor Woodville, on the other hand, notwithstanding his extreme fatigue, would hardly have got an hour's sleep in the face of such a formidable league, had it not been for a phial of aconite which he had always with him in his neat portable medicine-chest, that Alexander took to be the paint-box. In fact, the artist seem-

ed to himself to have scarcely closed his eyes when he was startled by the matin song of the asses under his window, as they were led into the courtyard. He dozed again for a moment in the midst of this agreeable serenade; but it was short-lived bliss, for now came his ruthless companion tapping at his door, and thrice was the tap repeated, always *crescendo*, before Woodville realized its terrible significance. The third tap was accompanied with sounds still nearer and more appalling. A strong hand was laid gently on his shoulder, and a hollow voice, not without pity in it, accosted him with—

"Woodville, your hour is come!"

Alexander was humane enough to feel that he was almost acting the part of Abhorson in the play, when he requests "Master Barnardine to get up and be hanged."

But Woodville proved a man of his word, and the oxen and wain-ropes were not wanting, although the clocks of Baveno were only striking three as they left the hotel. The guide went first, leading the beast that carried the baggage; Woodville followed on his own animal, which really looked as if it had six legs, those of the rider being rather long, and almost touching the ground. The rear was brought up by the bold limb of the law. On one point he had been rather too bold;

in covenanting for the weather, he had gone a little too far. When they started, however, it was still too dark to read the signs of the sky; as they looked back over the lake, even the white terraces of the Isola Bella were scarcely distinguishable in the gray gloom, but the air was fresh and balmy, and had such a stimulating effect on Woodville that he soon began to forget his grievances, and, finding his seat tolerably easy at first, his spirits rose, and he felt even grateful to his friend for combating his *vis inertiae*. The ascent was tedious, for the long-eared brutes had their inflexible regulation pace, beyond which, on the most favorable ground, a forest of cudgels would have failed to urge them; but it was so much the easier for the friends to chat. Alexander asked how the artist had got through the night. He had found his own bed clean and comfortable.

"The beds are often better than they look," said Woodville; "but it is not enough for me that a bed is clean; it ought to be, like Cæsar's wife, not only clean, but above



suspicion. There may have been no jumpers in mine, but every thing about it suggested that there were; that was enough to put comfort out of the question."

"Don't we do those little jumpers injustice?" said Alexander: "we complain of finding them in our beds, yet where else should one expect to find them? A bed is their *habitat*, as naturalists call it; we go to them, they don't come to us."

"Happy man," cried Woodville, "who can make a joke of all the troubles of life; nothing fatigues you, or worries you, or bites you. If you were an Irish Catholic, you would think the Protestant Church a laughing matter; if you were an Italian, you would be as patient as Job under the Austrian dominion."

"No, no," said Alexander, warmly. "If I were an Irish Catholic,

or, indeed, if I were an Irish Protestant, I should never rest while the Church existed; if I were an Italian, I should never be contented while a German swaggered in the Peninsula."

They were in the middle of a discussion on the prospects of Italy, which, at that period, seemed hopelessly gloomy; when, happening at the top of a sharp rise to face about toward the quarter they came from, the lake, of which they had seen the whole expanse a few minutes before, had disappeared from their view. While they had been chatting, a dense mist, born of the heat of the previous day, had stolen a march on them; and, what was worse, it seemed to be climbing the hills as fast as themselves. Both looked blank, and Woodville reminded his companion of his unlucky guarantee. Alexander put the best face on it, and declared that these Italian mists were of no consequence—they were not like Scotch mists—and he called Woodville's attention to the brow of the mountain, which was perfectly clear. In five minutes they should reach it, and in three more the sun would be up in all his glory.

"Ah, false prophet!" cried the artist, when the five minutes were expired, and they stood indeed on the crown of Montarone; but it was like standing on a few square feet of rock in the midst of an ocean of vapor.

Still Alexander's faith was strong; the vapors would vanish as quick as they came, the might of the sun would disperse them as a justice does a mob with the Riot Act, and then—then they would see the grandest spectacle in Europe.

But the sun either refused to do his duty, or the mists were too rebellious; instead of dispersing, they became rapidly condensed into a fine rain, which soon made Woodville feel that, in imitating the early bird, he had brought on himself the fate of the earlier worm. Not even then did the spirits of his friend fail him; and, to keep Woodville from sinking entirely, he insisted (while loading him with all sorts of wraps) on detailing all that he would, could, and should have seen, only for the treachery of the day.

"There," he cried, pointing in one direction, "there is Rosa, the second mountain for sublimity in the Alps, scarcely second to Mont Blanc; I almost fancy I see his outlines; but, no, he is totally invisible. Far southward the cone of Monte Viso—follow my finger; not a bit of him to be seen either. Now carry your eye half round the horizon, northward, and you come to another giant—I forget his name—lost in the fog like his betters. Milan is yonder, as plain as I see you, only for this provoking revolution in the weather, which prevents one from seeing any thing. Orta must be just below us, but the fact is, we can see nothing."

"A good reason for not staying here any longer," said poor Woodville, who was all this time shuddering with cold on his donkey, but too dejected to check his friend's enthusiasm, which was certainly rather untimely.

To make matters worse, not only did the rain increase until it thoroughly drenched them—even Woodville through all his wraps—but they had not been descending long before the track they had been following was suddenly lost, and, when they attempted to confer with the guide, they were unable to understand his *patois*, but he was evidently as much bewildered as themselves; so, after groping about for some time, trying in different directions, there was nothing better to be done than to trust the asses, who had probably often made the same journey. The beasts, however, were not so well acquainted with the town of Orta as they were with another place, called Omegna, on the same lake, but distant from Orta by several miles. At Omegna, accordingly, our travellers arrived, early enough in the day, but in such a pickle as to make it necessary to stop many hours at a wretched cabaret, which could scarcely afford either a breakfast or fire to dry their clothes. The latter was the chief point, and, as soon as it was tolerably well effected, they hired a boat, which landed them late in the evening under the balcony of the Leone d'Oro, the only inn at that time in Orta.

In the Countess Guiccioli's recently-published "Recollections of Lord Byron" it is stated that the great poet left behind him, besides a journal of his fatal expedition to Greece, five unpublished cantos of "Don Juan;" and that Moore, who was Byron's literary executor, burned these cantos along with the journal, because they contained some violent attacks on English society.

WHAT'S MY LOVE LIKE?

TELL me,—What's my love like?

A lily of the May,

That does not shun the kissing sun,

Yet keeps its dew all day?

Yes, and no;

Fond is she, and coy is she,

But—whisper low—

She is more than this to me,

So, no lily shall she be.

But tell me,—What's my love like?

A little, cooing dove,

Who feels your breast her safest nest—

A thing of fear and love?

Yes, and no;

Timid she, and tender she,

But—whisper low—

She is more than this to me,

So, no dove my love shall be.

O tell me,—What's my love like?

Perhaps a pearl of girls,

For whose sweet face the king would place

His crown upon her curls?

Yes, and no;

Worthy of a king is she,

But—whisper low—

She is more, and is for me,

So, no queen my dear will be.

CRUSOES OF THE AIR.

A RECENT French work, translated and reproduced in America, gives an account of a pretended journey in a balloon across the Continent of Africa. It possesses a certain value in affording us a nearly complete *résumé* of African travel and discovery, and it describes the tribes, animals, and surface of the country with as much accuracy as we usually find in books of travel. The adventures of the aeronauts are varied, amusing, and only a little more wonderful than those that usually befall African travellers. The narrative exhibits all that attention to detail which makes De Foe's works so fascinating. The adventures have an air of plausibility, and even the very ingenious contrivances, described at length, by which the balloon rises or sinks at the will of the aeronauts, seem to the ordinary reader in every way practicable. There is a great charm in the idea of the journey, and the author has exhibited no little ingenuity in transferring to a new element those Crusoe-like adventures, for which all people at all times have so keen a relish. The party consists of three persons: one Dr. Ferguson, of the Royal Geographical Society, of great renown as a traveller; Dick Kennedy, his friend, an open, resolute, headstrong Scotchman, who is a great hunter and a mighty shot; and, lastly, Joe, a servant of Ferguson's, a devoted, whole-souled, incomparable fellow, who looks up to the doctor as the greatest man in the universe.

The expedition proves a triumphant one, and the balloon accomplishes all that the enthusiastic doctor had predicted. "With it," he would say, "every thing is possible; without it, I fall back into the dangers and difficulties as well as the natural obstacles that ordinarily attend such an expedition; with it, neither heat, nor torrents, nor tempests, nor the simoom, nor unhealthy climates, nor wild animals, nor savage men, are to

be feared! If I feel too hot, I can ascend; if too cold, I can come down. Should there be a mountain, I can pass over it; a precipice, I can sweep across it; a river, I can sail beyond it; a storm, I can rise away above it; a torrent, I can skim it like a bird! I can advance without fatigue, I can halt without need of repose! I can soar above the nascent cities! I can speed onward with the rapidity of a tornado, sometimes at the loftiest heights, sometimes only a hundred feet above the soil, while the map of Africa unrolls itself beneath my gaze in the great atlas of the world."

These new Crusoes undergo an abundance of adventure. In one of their halts they are attacked by the savages. In another, while anchored in a forest, the trees are set on fire by the natives. Another tribe lets loose upon them a great number of pigeons, each with its tail garnished with fire. They get becalmed in a desert, and nearly die of thirst. They kill a lion and a lioness with all the expertness of Gordon Cumming himself. We cannot give the space to recount all the extraordinary adventures that befell these novel travellers, but quote the following in full. Once having decided for a halt, their anchors, flung out from the car, were sweeping the excessively tall grass of an immense prairie:

"In truth, it was a charming excursion that they were making now—a veritable navigation on this green, almost transparent sea, gently undulating in the breath of the wind. The little car seemed to cleave the waves of verdure, and, from time to time, coveys of birds of magnificent plumage would rise fluttering from the tall herbage, and speed away with joyous cries. The anchors plunged into this lake of flowers, and traced a furrow that closed behind them, like the wake of a ship.

"All at once a sharp shock was felt—the anchor had caught in the fissure of some rock hidden in the high grass.

"'We are fast!' exclaimed Joe.

"These words had scarcely been uttered when a shrill cry rang through the air, and the following phrases, mingled with exclamations, escaped from the lips of our travellers?

"'What's that?'

"'A strange cry!'

"'Look! Why, we're moving!'

"'The anchor has slipped!'

"'No: it holds, and holds fast too!' said Joe, who was tugging at the rope.

"'It's the rock, then, that's moving!'

"An immense rustling was noticed in the grass, and soon an elongated, winding shape was seen rising above it.

"'A serpent!' shouted Joe.

"'A serpent!' repeated Kennedy, handling his rifle.

"'No,' said the doctor, 'it's an elephant's trunk!'

"'An elephant, Samuel?'

"And, as Kennedy said this, he drew his rifle to his shoulder.

"'Wait, Dick; wait!'

"'That's a fact! The animal's towing us!'

"'And in the right direction, Joe—in the right direction.'

"The elephant was now making some headway, and soon reached a clearing where his whole body could be seen. By his gigantic size, the doctor recognized a male of a superb species. He had two whitish tusks, beautifully curved, and about eight feet in length; and in these the shanks of the anchor had firmly caught. The animal was vainly trying with his trunk to disengage himself from the rope that attached him to the car.

"'Get up—go ahead, old fellow!' shouted Joe, with delight, doing his best to urge this rather novel team. 'Here is a new style of travelling!—no more horses for me. An elephant, if you please!'

"'But where is he taking us to?' said Kennedy, whose rifle itched in his grasp.

"'He's taking us exactly to where we want to go, my dear Dick. A little patience!'

"'Wig-a-more! wig-a-more! as the Scotch country folks say,' shouted Joe, in high glee. 'Gee-up! gee-up there!'

"The huge animal now broke into a very rapid gallop. He flung his trunk from side to side, and his monstrous bounds gave the car several rather heavy thumps. Meanwhile the doctor stood ready, hatchet in hand, to cut the rope, should need arise.

"'But,' said he, 'we shall not give up our anchor until the last moment.'

"This drive, with an elephant for the team, lasted about an hour and a half; yet the animal did not seem in the least fatigued. These immense creatures can go over a great deal of ground, and, from one day to another, are found at enormous distances from where they were last seen, like the whales, whose mass and speed they rival.

"'In fact,' said Joe, 'it's a whale that we have harpooned; and we're only doing just what whalers do when out fishing.'

"But a change in the nature of the ground compelled the doctor to vary his style of locomotion. A dense grove of *calmadores* was descried on the horizon, about three miles away, on the north of the prairie. So it became necessary to detach the balloon from its draught-animal at last.

"Kennedy was intrusted with the job of bringing the elephant to a halt. He drew his rifle to his shoulder, but his position was not favorable to a successful shot; so that the first ball fired flattened itself on the animal's skull, as it would have done against an iron plate. The creature did not seem in the least troubled by it; but, at the sound of the discharge, he had increased his speed, and now was going as fast as a horse at full gallop.

"'The deuce!' ejaculated Kennedy.

"'What a solid head!' commented Joe.

"'We'll try some conical balls behind the shoulder-joint,' said Kennedy, reloading his rifle with care. In another moment he fired.

"The animal gave a terrible cry, but went on faster than ever.

"'Come,' said Joe, taking aim with another gun, 'I must help you, or we'll never end it.' And now two balls penetrated the creature's side.

"The elephant halted, lifted his trunk, and resumed his run toward the wood with all his speed; he shook his huge head, and the blood began to gush from his wounds.

"'Let us keep up our fire, Mr. Kennedy.'

"'And a continuous fire, too,' urged the doctor, 'for we are close on the woods.'

"Ten shots more were discharged. The elephant made a fearful bound; the car and balloon cracked as though every thing were going to pieces, and the shock made the doctor drop his hatchet on the ground.

"The situation was thus rendered really very alarming; the anchor-rope, which had securely caught, could not be disengaged, nor could it yet be cut by the knives of our aeronauts, and the balloon was rushing headlong toward the wood, when the animal received a ball in the eye just as he lifted his head. On this he halted, faltered, his knees bent under him, and he uncovered his whole flank to the assaults of his enemies in the balloon.

"'A bullet in his heart!' said Kennedy, discharging one last rifle-shot.

"The elephant uttered a long bellow of terror and agony, then raised himself up for a moment, twirling his trunk in the air, and finally fell with all his weight upon one of his tusks, which he broke off short. He was dead."

But, perhaps, the most original of their adventures was an attack by a dozen condors, the most formidable of birds. A battle with birds three thousand feet up in the air! Is not here a new incident for the sensational drama, or the sensational pictorial papers? Is there any thing quite like it in the whole range of romantic adventure?

"The condors flew around them in wide circles, their flight growing gradually closer and closer to the balloon. They swept through the air in rapid, fantastic curves, occasionally precipitating themselves headlong with the speed of a bullet, and then breaking their line of projection by an abrupt and daring angle.

"The doctor, much disquieted, resolved to ascend so as to escape this dangerous proximity. He therefore dilated the hydrogen in his balloon, and it rapidly rose.

"But the condors mounted with him, apparently determined not to part company.

"'They seem to mean mischief,' said the hunter, cocking his rifle.

"And, in fact, they were swooping nearer, and more than one came within fifty feet of them, as if defying the fire-arms.

"'By George, I'm itching to let them have it!' exclaimed Kennedy.

"No, Dick; not now! Don't exasperate them needlessly. That would only be exciting them to attack us!"

"But I could soon settle those fellows!"

"You may think so, Dick. But you are wrong!"

"Why, we have a bullet for each of them!"

"And suppose that they were to attack the upper part of the balloon, what would you do? How would you get at them? Just imagine yourself in the presence of a troop of lions on the plain, or a school of sharks in the open ocean! For travellers in the air, this situation is just as dangerous."

"Are you speaking seriously, doctor?"

"Very seriously, Dick."

"Let us wait, then!"

"Wait! Hold yourself in readiness in case of an attack, but do not fire without my orders."

"The birds then collected at a short distance, yet so near that their naked necks, entirely bare of feathers, could be plainly seen, as they stretched them out with the effort of their cries, while their gristly crests, garnished with a comb and gills of deep violet, stood erect with rage. They were of the very largest size, their bodies being more than three feet in length, and the lower surface of their white wings glittering in the sunlight. They might well have been considered winged sharks, so striking was their resemblance to those ferocious rangers of the deep."

"They are following us!" said the doctor, as he saw them ascending with him, "and, mount as we may, they can fly still higher!"

"Well, what are we to do?" asked Kennedy.

The doctor made no answer.

"Listen, Samuel!" said the sportsman. "There are fourteen of those birds; we have seventeen shots at our disposal, if we discharge all our weapons. Have we not the means, then, to destroy them or disperse them? I will give a good account of some of them!"

"I have no doubt of your skill, Dick; I look upon all as dead that may come within range of your rifle, but I repeat that, if they attack the upper part of the balloon, you could not get a sight at them. They would tear the silk covering that sustains us, and we are three thousand feet up in the air!"

"At this moment, one of the ferocious birds darted right at the balloon, with outstretched beak and claws, ready to rend it with either or both."

"Fire! fire at once!" cried the doctor.

"He had scarcely ceased, ere the huge creature, stricken dead, dropped headlong, turning over and over in space as he fell."

"Kennedy had already grasped one of the two-barrelled fowling-pieces and Joe was taking aim with another."

"Frightened by the report, the condors drew back for a moment, but they almost instantly returned to the charge with extreme fury. Kennedy severed the head of one from its body with his first shot, and Joe broke the wing of another."

"Only eleven left," said he.

"Thereupon the birds changed their tactics, and by common consent soared above the balloon. Kennedy glanced at Ferguson. The latter, in spite of his imperturbability, grew pale. Then ensued a moment of terrifying silence. In the next they heard a harsh tearing noise, as of something rending the silk, and the car seemed to sink from beneath the feet of our three aeronauts."

"We are lost!" exclaimed Ferguson, glancing at the barometer, which was now swiftly rising.

"Over with the ballast!" he shouted, "over with it!"

And in a few seconds the last lumps of quartz had disappeared.

"We are still falling! Empty the water-tanks! Do you hear me, Joe? We are pitching into the lake!"

"Joe obeyed. The doctor leaned over and looked out. The lake seemed to come up toward him like a rising tide. Every object around grew rapidly in size while they were looking at it. The car was not two hundred feet from the surface of Lake Tchad."

"The provisions! the provisions!" cried the doctor.

"And the box containing them was launched into space."

"Their descent became less rapid, but the luckless aeronauts were still falling, and into the lake."

"Throw out something—something more!" cried the doctor.

"There is nothing more to throw!" was Kennedy's despairing response.

"Yes, there is!" called Joe, and with a wave of the hand he disappeared like a flash, over the edge of the car.

"Joe! Joe!" exclaimed the doctor, horror-stricken.

"The *Victoria* thus relieved resumed her ascending motion, mounted a thousand feet into the air, and the wind, burying itself in the disinfated covering, bore them away toward the northern part of the lake."

The title of this amusing and really fascinating narrative is "Five Weeks in a Balloon."

LANGUAGE AS ONE OF THE SCIENCES.

THE history of Philology closely resembles that of all other sciences. Like them it has passed through its theological, empiric, and positive stages. Just as, in Astronomy, there was a time when the stars were regarded as divine animals, or as "nails fixed in the crystalline sky," or as having no other function than to illuminate the nights of earth—just as, in Geology, there were periods when it was believed that the earth in its present condition was called into being by the work of six solar days, or that the fossils were mere abortive forms, "the sportings of Nature," or that they were due to the supposed necessity for some deceptive law of "prochronism"—so in Philology there were times when language was believed to have been given by distinct and immediate revelation to mankind. God was supposed to have spoken visibly with Adam, and to have uttered His creative fiat in articulate sounds of human utterance. Words were believed to sway the dumb blind motions of circumstance by virtue of a certain natural force, and mystical affinity with the things they signified. The stage in which there began to be an observation of certain obvious phenomena, and a premature attempt to guess at their explanation by natural causes; the stage of the Ptolemaic system in Astronomy; the stage of the Neptunian and Plutonic theories, with their respective cataclysms and conflagrations, in Geology—had their exact counterpart in the long epoch of linguistic empiricism, during which it was an accepted belief that all languages were derived from Hebrew, and every observed fact was with supreme violence coördinated to that *a priori* conclusion.

We must, however, remember that the errors were not all on one side. The conventional theory of the origin of language held by such men as Lord Monboddo and Condillac, "Qu'on croirait avoir dîné avec nos premiers parents," is as a *heterodox* attempt to account for the phenomena of language—hardly less absurd than the theory of Voltaire, that "the fossil shells of Europe were scallop-shells dropped by the mediæval pilgrims." But Philology, like its sister sciences, rose from these metaphysical and empiric stages to the acquisition of scientific methods and positive results. In each instance this advance was due to the powerful influence of an apparently accidental discovery. The external impulse given to Astronomy by Galileo's discovery of the moons of Jupiter and the phases of Venus—the external impulse given to Geology by Buffon's prescient estimate of the facts to be deduced from the fossil bones and shells submitted to his inspection—was given to Philology when, in 1786, the Asiatic Society was founded by Sir W. Jones; and he announced the then startling conclusion, that "no philologer would examine the Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin without believing them to have sprung from some common source." But if Sir W. Jones be the Galileo of Philology, Halhed was its Copernicus. As the editor of the code of Gentoo law, drawn up by order of Warren Hastings, he was the first who made known the word "Sanscrit" to English ears, and the first to express that astonishment at its resemblance to Persian, Greek, and Latin which was destined to be the fruitful mother of so much marvellous and inestimable knowledge.

It will be seen, from this brief sketch, that Philology has suffered as long and as seriously as other sciences from the dominance of merely traditional assumptions—and has suffered in a precisely similar manner. It took centuries for Astronomy to disembarass itself of the empiric belief in the geocentric hypothesis; for Geology to get rid of the attribution

of all marked terrestrial phenomena to violent and sudden catastrophes; and for Philology to disprove the assumption that there must have been a primitive language, and that Hebrew must have been *the* primitive language, and consequently that all languages are deducible from the Hebrew. Few people are aware of the vast mass of linguistic literature which has been rendered practically valueless by the abandonment of this erroneous hypothesis; by the *demonstration* that, if there were a primitive language, no traces of it are now discoverable, and that, if they were discoverable, Hebrew is one of the very last languages in which any one, moderately acquainted with the facts, would think of looking for them. But, although the progress of discovery seems at first sight to rob the labors of past investigators of all importance, we must beware that we do not push too far so ungrateful a conclusion. No honest worker ever worked at any science quite in vain. He at least helped to contribute the solid facts on which all theories must be founded, and to bequeath a sacred heritage of *interest* in the subject to which his labors were devoted. The coral at a certain distance beneath the ocean surface is the only *living* portion of the gigantic organism, but its life was only rendered possible by the death of those zoophytes who furnished in myriads the calcareous secretions which even now are forming the solid bases of "continents to be."

It would be easy to show that there is hardly a single science which does not furnish us with analogies and illustrations for the study of language so obvious as to force themselves naturally upon our notice, and so luminous as to suggest important conclusions, as well as to furnish the terms in which they are expressed. We talk quite naturally of the *strata* of language; extinct words and forms spontaneously suggest to us the analogy of fossils; we find among them rare varieties and typical forms, and unique examples and intermediate species, and any philologist would instantly catch our meaning if we were to talk to him about a linguistic "dike," or about the "pipings" in two contiguous linguistic formations. Displacements and denudations and tertiary deposits and palæozoic systems have their existence in language no less than in geological phenomena, and, without any exercise of fancy, it would be easy to multiply such analogies almost indefinitely. They occur indeed spontaneously, and almost unconsciously, in every book which is written on the subject. The very word "roots," involving one of the most essential philological conceptions, is itself an indispensable and ineradicable metaphor. We talk quite spontaneously of the *soil* on which a language *grows*. "Language," says Bunsen, "has all the distinctive peculiarities of vegetable nature." In fact, the analogy between words and plants has even been sufficiently powerful to influence our linguistic conceptions, and it led Schlegel not only to the striking *metaphor*, but even to the erroneous *conception* that the suffixes of words bourgeoned from the roots like leaves from the stem—that the roots were in fact "living germs," organized bodies, which carried in themselves the principle of their development. Such a notion would naturally lead to mere mysticism, but it was hardly to be wondered at, previous to the victories won by analysis over inflectional terminations. And, although the notion of any inherent and self-developing power in roots is now justly discarded, yet the distinction between the material and formal elements in words—between the *stem*, or *root*, and its inflections—is as important to Philology, and throws as much light on its essential nature, as the discovery that every portion of a plant might be reduced to stem or leaf was to Botany; and, if we exclude the notion of a germinative force, we can hardly describe the linguistic discovery without using expressions which would recall to every naturalist the botanical fact. I may conclude this part of my subject by a quotation from a writer, who, not being specially either a botanist or a philologist, may serve to prove how naturally the phenomena of the one science may be described in metaphors which are entirely borrowed from the other. "The operative agencies of lan-

guage," says Professor Ferrier, "are hidden; its growth is imperceptible. *Like a tree*, unobserved through the solitudes of a thousand years, up *grows the mighty stem and the mighty branches* of a magnificent speech. No man saw the seed planted—no eye noticed the infant sprouts—no mortal hand watered the bursting of the grove—no register was kept of the gradual widening of its girth, or the growing circumference of its shade; till the *deciduous* dialects of the surrounding barbarians dying out, the unexpected *bole* stands forth in all its magnitude, carrying aloft in its *foliage* the poetry, the history, and the philosophy of an heroic people."

But the *methods*, no less than the *history*, of Philology are identical with those of the natural sciences. Let us, for instance, compare the processes by which Botany arrived at its present position with those which have resulted in the establishment of the science of language. It will require no manipulation on my part to show their complete identity in idea and principle.

Many centuries usually elapse before the first dawn of any science. Even the commonest and most obtrusive phenomena often remain unnoticed for immense periods. But every now and then rises some man whose eyes are opened, and the observations of such men, however elementary, gradually form a nucleus of simple facts which either lead to, or are interpreted by, some theory which at this early stage is usually erroneous. When sufficient facts are accumulated, a wider hypothesis is formed, which is supposed to sum up all past observations, and tends to stimulate the further inquiry which often overthrows the very hypothesis which it was intended to support. At last, by the aid of ever-widening induction, "by the collection of similar, and the distinction of dissimilar things," the facts are colligated into a final and established conclusion. These processes have taken place alike in Botany and in Philology. There were long ages during which the rude human swains paid equally little attention to the sounds which they emitted in articulate speech, and to the little "golden flowers" on which they trod daily with their "clouted shoon." Then followed that era of *imaginary knowledge*, in which fancy and ingenuity took the place of accurate investigation. The history of etymology, from the days of Cratylus down to those of Menage, passes exactly through the same phases as the history of Botany from the days of Dioscorides down to those of Cæsalpinus. No doubt during both periods the storehouse of reliable facts was being gradually filled—the habits and more salient peculiarities of plants being observed as well as the external grammatical relation of combined words. In fact, during this long period, the foundations were laid in both sciences for an *artificial* system which gradually led to a *natural* one.

It was by the observation of different and distinct ideas of speech that Philology arrived at a true classification of languages, just as it was by the study of foreign floras that Botany gradually acquired a natural system. If the wealthy Provençal gentleman, J. de Tournefort, had never travelled in the Levant, or the poor Swedish peasant, Karl Linné, had never visited Lapland, after they had already gained some knowledge of plants, it is probable that they would never have arrived at the conceptions which reformed and almost created the science of Botany; and similarly, Comparative Philology would not even yet have existed but for the mighty Providence which bestowed upon us the government of India, and guided to that country such scholars and Orientalists as Colebrooke and Sir William Jones.

All great botanists, from Cæsalpinus down to Linné, had probably foreseen the establishment of a natural system, just as all great philologists, from Leibnitz down to Colebrooke, had realized the conception of linguistic families; but in both sciences the final establishment of the theory on a firm and scientific basis was left to others. Bopp and Pott did for language what was done for botany by Jussieu. Borrowing from Magnol and Adanson the plan of arriving at a perfect *natural* system

by means of the points of resemblance suggested by *many artificial* systems, Jussieu added the immensely important conception of a *subordination of characters*, and thus advanced the science, both in its structural and its classificatory branches, a long way toward its present position. Now Philology has its various branches no less than Botany; its analysis of words corresponds to the study of vegetable structure; its arrangement of linguistic families, to botanic classification; its examination of the functions of formative syllables, to organography; even its *Lautlehre*, or study of sounds, to microscopic histology. And in the present stage of these two sciences the student who adds any thing to our knowledge of *one* of these branches probably renders a service to them *all*. This is precisely what has been done by such "fellow-laborers with Hercules" as Bopp, and Grimm, and Pott. By that wide induction which led to the establishment of the *laws* that dominated alike in the resemblances and divergences of words, they introduced a cosmos of guiding principle into the chaos of multiplex phenomena.

THE SCORPION AND ITS ANTAGONIST.

A FEW mornings since I received by post a small box. On account of the holes pricked in the cover I suspected it might contain something alive, therefore refrained from opening it until I had read my letters. It was fortunate I did so, for from one of the letters I learned that the box contained two live scorpions, a present from my friend J. K. Lord, who caught them under a stone at Heliopolis, in Egypt, and had sent them off at once. On opening the box carefully I saw two scorpions sitting in it, with their tails turned over their backs. They were divided from each other by a partition, and were very quiet; but on seeing the light they immediately began to move, so that I had to be careful not to let them escape into the room. Sending for a glass fish-globe, I turned the box suddenly over, and with a tap at the bottom shook them out into it. For a moment the scorpions remained quiet at the bottom; then, waking up, they suddenly rushed at each other, and began fighting and wrestling, claw to claw, like two bull-dogs. I had great trouble to separate them, and get one of them out of the globe. At last I succeeded, by using two paper-knives and a long pair of forceps. I wonder they did not poison each other or myself. In the course of the morning it was announced that a mouse had been caught in a trap. I immediately thought of testing the poison of the scorpion upon the mouse. The reader must know that my scorpion is a little beast with a body the size of a large black-beetle. He has small legs on each side like the legs of a lobster, and also two nipping-claws. At the end of the body is a tail, nearly two inches long, consisting of five joints, strung together like a bead necklace. At the end of the last joint is the sting, which consists of a horny bag the shape of an apple-pip, and armed with a brown-colored sting having the curve of a bramble-thorn. The point of the sting is exceedingly sharp. The general color of the scorpion is a horrid-looking waxy brown. The eyes of the scorpion—little black shining points—are situated at the top of his head. When preparing to fight he carries his tail in a curve over his back, and brandishes his sting with immense rapidity. He aims his blows directly forward, as a soldier gives a bayonet-thrust.

The scorpion was lying quietly at the bottom of the globe when I shook the mouse from the trap into it, but the sudden arrival of a stranger into his private apartments woke him up directly. He hoisted his sting, and began brandishing it about. The mouse shortly crossed his path; the scorpion instantly lunged his sting into him. This in turn woke up the mouse, who began to jump up and down like a jack-in-the-box. When he became quiet the scorpion again attacked the enemy, with his claws extended, like the pictures of the scorpion in the signs of the zodiac; he made another shot at the mouse, but missed him. I then called "Time," to give both combatants a rest. When the mouse had got his wind, I stirred up the scorpion once more, and, as "the fancy" say, he "came up smiling." The mouse during the interval had evidently made up his mind that he would have to fight, and not strike his colors to a scorpion as he would to a cat. When, therefore, the scorpion came within range, the mouse gave a squeak, and bit him on the back; the scorpion at the same moment planted his sting well between the mouse's ears on the top of his head.

The scorpion then tried to retreat, but could not, for one claw had got entangled in the fur of the mouse; and then came one of the most ludicrous scenes I ever beheld. Mouse and scorpion "closed," and both rolled over and over together, like two cats fighting. The scorpion continued stabbing the mouse with his sting, his tail going with the velocity and swift spring of a needle in a sewing-machine; in fact, the scorpion had the mouse, as pugnacious schoolboys used to say, "in chancery." The moment the scorpion got tired, and the lunges of his tail became less frequent, the mouse got hold of the last joint of his adversary's tail with his paw, and gave the sting a sharp nip with his teeth (it was most interesting to notice that the mouse used his paw). The scorpion at once tried to make his retreat, but he couldn't get away, as his claws were entangled in the fur. The mouse seized this opportunity, and deliberately bit two of the scorpion's side legs off. He then retired to the corner, and began to wash his face and comb his fur. I took out my watch to note how long it would be before the poison of the scorpion took effect. I waited minute after minute, and nothing happened; the mouse seemed a little tired, and that was all. When ten minutes had passed I shook the scorpion up to the place where the mouse was sitting. The scorpion was a plucky "arachnoid," for he tried to come up to the scratch once more; but as a ship is disabled when she has lost her mainmast by a shot, so "*Scorpio formidolosus*," as Horace calls him, was crippled for further encounter. He tried to hoist his sting, but the bite from the mouse had injured his tail, so that he could not strike straight with it, and it had lost its spring from the wound. Seeing that the scorpion was "lying under bare poles," the mouse sat himself down and began deliberately to eat the scorpion's legs up one after the other. I was at this time obliged to go away to my work, and when, in about six hours, my secretary came down to my office, he reported that the mouse had shown no symptom whatever of poisoning. When I came back in the evening I went at once to the globe to see what had happened; instead of finding a dead mouse I found about half a dead scorpion, and a live mouse. The mouse had, in fact, made a good meal of his enemy. Some bread had been placed in the globe; the mouse had eaten this also, so I hope he had enjoyed his meal of bread and scorpion. The battle therefore was decided in favor of the mouse, and the backers of the scorpion had to "throw up the sponge," while, as a reward for his courage, the mouse, after a parting supper of toasted cheese and milk, was let free in a place where the cat was not likely to find him. The friends of the scorpion have lodged a protest, inasmuch as the scorpion was not "in training," and the mouse was not a "fair mouse," being too large and too heavy. For my own part, I think the fight was hardly fair, as the scorpion had just come off a long, cold journey, and had not eaten any thing. The mouse, on the contrary, was just caught and in good condition.

TREE-WORSHIP.

OUR purpose is not to speak of that part of the pagan theogony which transforms every bush and tree into so many gods, demigods, and goddesses, nymphs, fauns, satyrs, and hamadryads; nor do we refer to the symbolic or sacred character which the Greeks and Romans attributed to certain trees that their priesthood had consecrated to the deities: the myrtle, for instance, to Venus; the olive, to Mercury; the laurel, to Apollo. Our object is simply to mention the worship offered to trees by certain nations and tribes on account of their real or imaginary properties.

The Gauls entertained a peculiar veneration for the mistletoe. In the Gallic language, *gui*, or mistletoe, signified *plant*; and in the symbolic phraseology with which the Druids only were familiar, the word *achen*, meaning oak, or the tree of all others, stood for *force, power, authority*.

The oak mistletoe was gathered every year, in the month of December, by the high-priest of the Druids, or by the queen of the female Druids, with a golden sickle, and was received in the skirts of a white tunic.

The juice of the ivy was considered a very efficacious counter-poison, and a useful agent in promoting fecundity in animals.

In Germany, it was believed that no one who had a sprig of mistletoe about his person could be wounded, and that he was even certain to hit those at whom he aimed his arrows. However, the Germans never rendered worship to the ivy or the oak, as the Druids did in their mysterious forests.

The ancient people of India, if we are to believe Quintus Curtius, had a profound veneration for certain trees, before which they were in the habit of kneeling, in the attitude of devotion; and the most terrible punishment awaited the sacrilegious transgressor who might dare to injure one of them.

In Persia, there are two kinds of trees that are worshipped to this day. The one is the *dirakeh-i-fusel*, or, *tree that surpasses the rest*; the other is the *dir-dar*, or *tree of the genii*. The true believers decorate these trees with strips of precious stuffs. The ancient Persians had a particular veneration for the *barrom*, a gigantic tree, over which the sun, as they believed, kept watch in an especial manner.

The Orientals, generally, have always had an exceptional respect for the cypress.

When Xerxes bedecked a plane-tree that he met with on his march, with ornaments, it was not, as has been foolishly related, through an absurd, insensate passion for the mute plant, but through religious feeling.

The Ouigours, a people of northern Guinea, worshipped the cypress and the birch. The ceremonies of this curious rite took their origin in a legend relative to the establishment of their kingdom.

One day, says the legend, there suddenly rose out of the ground, at the confluence of the two principal rivers, two marvellous trees, that gave forth melodious sounds as they shot up into the air.

When they had grown large and were covered with leaves, they opened from top to bottom, and there stepped forth from them five children, one of whom became the king of the Ouigours. When these children had grown up, they approached the trees with great respect, and the latter spoke to them, giving them good advice, and wishing them long life and great renown. Thenceforth the Ouigours, seeing in the cypress and the birch the cradles of their first king and first lawgivers, rendered to these trees the homage that we offer to the real God.

Beside these trees, which superstition has elevated to divinity, may naturally be placed certain other productions of the vegetable realm, which ignorance and prejudice have, at different periods, made the object of the admiration, the wonder, or the awe of races of men. Of this number is the upas-tree, that grows on the island of Java. Travellers relate that this tree exhales a poison so virulent, that all other vegetation in the neighborhood is destroyed. Not a bush nor a blade of grass is to be found in the valley where the upas grows. The surrounding mountains are sterile rocks. This terrible spot has neither birds, quadrupeds, nor reptiles. Here and there is seen, bleaching on the ground, the skeleton of some hapless wretch who, having been condemned to death, had obtained the poor favor of an attempt to purchase his life by trying to gather the upas-poison for the sultan.

Such was the fable narrated by a Dutch surgeon in 1783, and subsequently contradicted by Dr. Horsfield. From the statement of the English botanist, it appears that the upas-tree does indeed contain a poisonous juice that flows from it when an incision is made in its trunk, and that arrows, dipped in this sap, inflict mortal wounds. But, far from causing other plants near it to perish, the upas of Java, found also at Macassar and elsewhere in great abundance, flourishes in dense forests only.

Similar fables have been told concerning the Sicilian manna-tree. The story was, at one time, prevalent that, upon a certain occasion, when the King of Naples was about to wall in the gardens of Enotria, which produce the best manna of Calabria, and subject the product to taxation, the manna dried up suddenly, and did not appear again until the tax was abandoned. Now, this legend simply masks a gentle hint to governments disposed to grind the people.

The bread-tree, also, has given rise to singular stories. Rumphius, the Dutch traveller, once affirmed that the variety known as the *Jaquier helerophilis*, yields fruit so large, that a man cannot lift one of them! The truth is, that the fruit of the real tree is about double the size of a man's fist. It grows for eight months, and then is fit to pluck. For eating, it is cut in slices, and broiled on hot coals, or baked in an oven. When it commences to blacken with the heat, the burnt part is scraped off, and beneath it is found a sort of white, mealy pulp, as tender as the crumb of fresh bread, and greatly resembling in flavor a good wheaten loaf.

We now come to the *Dry-Tree*. A traveller of the thirteenth century, one William de Mandeville, has given a lengthy description of this wonderful tree, of which some theologians, not greatly troubled with scruples of conscience, speak in their books. The *Dry-Tree*, ac-

cording to their statements, grows not far from the tomb of Lot. It has been there since the beginning of the world, and, until the death of Christ, was always covered with green leaves. At the moment when Jesus breathed His last, all its leaves fell, and its trunk and branches instantly dried up, but without the tree itself dying.

William de Mandeville terminates his recital as follows: "Some prophecies say that a prince of the West shall win the Land of Promise by the aid of the Christians, and will have mass performed under the Dry-Tree, and that then the tree will become green again, and bear leaves. By this miracle many Saracens and many Jews will be converted to the Christian faith. For this reason, the tree is held in great veneration, and carefully and affectionately tended."

The good people of the middle ages were persuaded that it sufficed to have about one's person a piece of the Dry-Tree in order to be safe from nearly all the maladies that afflict the human species.

But even among Christians and enlightened people of the most modern day, there are some trees and plants that awaken emotions of reverence. Who, for instance, could gaze unmoved upon the few lonely cedars of Lebanon, the sole remaining witnesses of Biblical days and incidents? Of these but thirty were left in A. D. 1550; twenty-four in 1600; twenty-two in 1650; sixteen in 1700, and only seven in 1800.

The weeping willow and the sombre yew are ineradicably associated in our minds with the scenery of the churchyard; and quite as naturally, although through habit merely, do we connect the laurel and the vine-wreath with thoughts of triumph and festivity.

The witch-hazel and several of its kindred enjoy the credit of possessing supernatural qualities among the peasantry of all Europe to this day, and to thousands that "rare old plant, the ivy green," is still an object of superstitious regard.

Religion, in all ages and climes, has found powerful auxiliaries and exquisite symbols in the garden and the grove.

SPEED OF UTTERANCE IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

THE understanding of the spoken language in Italian, Spanish, and German, presents great facilities, owing to the correspondence between the pronunciation and the orthography. But the most difficult of all languages for a foreigner to understand is perhaps the English, on account of the complete absence of analogy in the alphabetical representation of its pronunciation, as well as of the rapidity with which it is spoken and its innumerable contractions.

This is humorously illustrated in the following anecdote: In a late trial before the Queen's Bench, Mr. Hawkins, a barrister, had frequently to advert to that description of vehicle called brougham, which he pronounced in two syllables. Lord Campbell, the chief justice, suggested that the word was usually contracted to broom, and that he had better adopt the latter pronunciation, as he would thereby save one syllable and gain so much time. Henceforward Mr. Hawkins called it broom. Shortly after, the pleading turned upon omnibuses; and Lord Campbell frequently used the word omnibus, to which he gave its due length. "I beg your lordship's pardon," retorted Mr. Hawkins, "but, if you will call it bus, you will save two syllables, and make it more intelligible to the jury." The learned judge assented to the proposed abbreviation.

Some people think that the French language is spoken faster than the English; this is a great error. Voltaire shrewdly observed, that an Englishman gains every day two hours on a Frenchman in conversation. The truth is, that English is spoken considerably quicker than French. This results from a difference of kind in the pronunciation of these languages.

Pronunciation is composed of two elements, vocal sounds and articulations, represented in writing by vowels and consonants. Vocal sounds admit of duration: quantity is their essence. Vocal articulations, with few exceptions, cannot be prolonged: instantaneity is their essence. When a consonant is placed after a vowel, it generally shortens it. Thus the long syllables, *me, we, fie, no, due, though*, become short by adding consonants to them, *mel, web, fib, fil, fig, not, dun, thought*. Now, in English, consonants predominate, and usually form the end of syllables; hence a rapidity of utterance is the unavoidable consequence.

In French, on the contrary, consonants act but a secondary part, and are often silent. The spoken words, in reality, end with vowel-

sounds, although consonants terminate their written representatives. In the division of the words, consonants seldom terminate syllables; the French word *caricature*, for example, is divided into syllables thus, *cà-ri-cà-tù-rě*; its pronunciation, conformably to this division, is necessarily longer than that of the English word, commonly pronounced, according to this other division, *căr-ic-ă-tûre*. The same may be said of every other word in the two languages. The vowels, which contribute so much to lengthen the words, are pronounced full in French, as if every syllable were accented. From these facts there necessarily results a slow and steady enunciation.

As the opinion of a foreigner, however, in regard to the English pronunciation, can have little weight, we beg to quote a few competent authorities: "Such is the vehemence of our accent, that every syllable which follows the accented is not only short, but almost lost in the pronunciation." (Lord Monboddo.) "We incline, in general, to a short pronunciation of our words, and have shortened the quantity of most of those which we borrowed from the Latin." (Hugh Blair.) "Such is the propensity for dispatch that, overlooking the majesty of words composed of many syllables aptly connected, the prevailing taste is to shorten words, so as to make them disagreeable to the ear." (Lord Kames.) "It must be regretted that contraction subjects our tongue to some of the most hissing, snapping, clashing sounds that ever greeted the ear of a Vandal." (John Walker.) "Our rational conversation is, for the most part, carried on in a series of most extraordinary and rugged abbreviations, a species of short-hand talking." (Bulwer Lytton.)

AIR AND THOUGHT.

IT is related of Alexander the Great that, having captured some outlandish barbarians, he consulted his scientific adviser, Aristotle, as to the propriety of killing them. Aristotle recommended an inquiry into their physical circumstances, and particularly as to the *air* they had breathed, before deciding whether or not they were worth saving. Though this was putting rather a serious aspect upon bad ventilation, yet, in connecting the quality of the air with the character of the people respiring it, we are persuaded that the old Stagirite was not so far wrong as many may suppose. Let us look a little into the connection as traced in the light of our better knowledge.

It is now well established that mental activity depends upon cerebral activity, and that cerebral activity in turn depends upon oxygenated blood. The character of the mental organ qualifies that of intellection in all its grades, from the idiot who cannot feed himself to a Napoleon Bonaparte who aspired to rule the world. But whether the brain be good or bad, the quality of its action depends immediately upon the oxygenating process. Of course, no amount of oxidation could cause the brain of an idiot to evolve high mental results, for the organ of thought is structurally deficient; but no brain, whatever its grade, can do as good work or as much work, where this process is defective, as where it is perfect. Beings of a lower organization are, of course, less disturbed by atmospheric impurities than those of a higher character, for the more complex the mechanism and the finer the effects it produces, the greater is the necessity for nicety and completeness of conditions. No doubt when the brain is lowered in efficiency by impure air, it is possible to exalt its action by artificial stimulation with tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol (and it is unquestionably a cause of their frequent employment); but this does not disturb the truth of our statement, for the transient effect will undoubtedly be greatest when these stimuli conspire with perfect atmospheric conditions.

We have spoken of degrees of perfection in the structure of the brain; of degrees of perfection in its oxidizing processes, and of degrees of perfection in the mental results. The two former are obviously measurable. The anatomist reports on the amount of cerebral nerve-matter and the degree of its organization. The chemist defines purity of the air, and gives us the scale of its deteriorations. But can the psychologist speak with equal definiteness of the corresponding grades and amounts

of mental performance? There is, no doubt, more of vagueness and difficulty in this, but the principle, though less clearly defined, will be found to hold here as in the other cases.

There are two kinds or grades of mental activity which, although imperceptibly shading into each other, may nevertheless be broadly distinguished as higher and lower. Intellectual action constantly tends to become automatic. Actions frequently repeated acquire a tendency to repeat themselves. They become so easy as to cost little effort, and it may at length require exertion to stop them. This is the meaning of the power of habit. Incomparably the larger portion of the world's thinking is of this kind. People think and act as they are in the habit of thinking and acting. They converse, harangue, write, imprecate, and pray, in the set phrases which they have acquired by imitation and repetition. This kind of automatic mental action, as it is allied to the mental workings of the inferior animals, may be regarded as the lower form of intellectual manifestation.

The higher form of thought is less mechanical, and consists in bringing the mind to bear upon the materials before it. It is to reflect, to compare, to judge, to make new combinations, to form independent conclusions—in short, to "make up one's mind." To revise the data of opinions, and breaking out of the beaten track to form new opinions more in harmony with the facts, is the highest function of mind; and it is just as essentially displayed by the mother when she contravenes fashion and conforms to reason in the dressing of her child, or by the merchant in weighing the trustworthiness of a candidate for credit, as by the philosopher in forming a new scientific theory.

Now these two forms of mental activity have their respective physical conditions and accompaniments. That higher mental action which involves the establishment of new relations among the elements of thought, involves also the highest action of the organ of thought. The brain draws upon the system for a greater supply of blood, and the cerebral changes, of which oxygenation is the mainspring, proceed at an accelerated rate. On the contrary, automatic mental activity, employing as it does less effort, involves a less amount of cerebral change, and may take place in less perfect conditions of change.

It is therefore clear that to these two grades of mental action the air which impels the thinking mechanism stands in very different relations. In fact, as there are two qualities of thought depending upon two sets of cerebral conditions, so there are two states of the air which correspond to those conditions. To maintain the higher form of cerebral activity, air of perfect purity is required; impure air disturbs and defeats it. On the other hand, the easier processes of automatic thinking go forward with little or no disturbance in vitiated air. There is then a state of mind to which pure air is essential, and another with which foul air is congenial. Contaminated air is more favorable to routine work, and the mental processes that have become habitual, than to those which involve a critical and questioning deliberation. Fresh air raises the spirits, stimulates hope, and encourages to action: foul air depresses the spirits, favors gloomy and discouraging views, and thus paralyzes action. Air loaded with contaminations, as it tends to mental dullness, is therefore congenial with the stupidities of blind tradition and the stolidities of unreasoning conservatism. On the contrary, pure air, by quickening the highest cerebral functions, favors freedom and boldness of thought, enlargement of view, and consequent independence of action. As the mass of people accept their opinions ready made, and fall spontaneously into ruts of thought, they are naturally and instinctively content with bad ventilation, while those who put their brains to their highest possibilities are so few that their protests, if made, are unheeded.

There is an important hint here for the guides of public opinion: Why should they not have an atmospheric policy? If the old fogies will assiduously plug up the apertures of their

assembly-rooms, and the progressives will hold their conventions in the open air, they will do quite as much to promote their respective ends as can be accomplished by all the arts of rhetoric. Truth, we doubt not, has inscrutable affinities with oxygen; while error, like the reptiles of old, flourishes in an atmosphere laden with carbonic acid.

In affirming this relation between the highest action of the mind and the quality of the air respired, we are not dealing with wire-drawn fancies. There is more in this idea than is dreamed of in our current philosophy, as every student can testify who heeds the conditions of his best mental exertion.

We began by quoting an alleged opinion of the greatest man of science in the ancient world, and may fitly close by referring to the greatest man of science in modern times. The immortal discoverer of the law of universal gravitation probably did more original and powerful thinking than any other man who ever lived. His great brain, when wrought to its highest capability, revealed a new order of the universe. How did this mighty thinker stand on the question of air and ventilation? His record is conspicuous. Knowing nothing of what the air is composed, and nothing of the nature of the respiratory process, the dictates of sensation were sufficient, and he scrupulously obeyed them. Sir Isaac Newton was a member of the British House of Commons, and during the whole course of his parliamentary career he is reported to have made but one speech, and that a very brief one. He arose and asked a person in the gallery to open a window.

AUTHORITY IN OPINION.

REFERRING to Stephen Pearl Andrews's "Universology," or newly-discovered science of the universe, the London *Saturday Review* has the following remarks on the state of mind in this country, which favors the multiplication of all kinds of mental extravagances:

Americans sometimes boast—and with occasional truth—that they discover English writers of genius before they have gained honor in their native country. They do it, however, at the price of accepting also a good deal of rubbish. Tuppens pass current there as well as Tennysons, and sham philosophy, if it only uses big enough words, and asserts itself with sufficient audacity, secures a foothold as well as the genuine article. The most high-flying transcendentalism will find sympathetic souls in Boston when it can excite nothing but a sneer in London.

There is nothing surprising, and certainly nothing discreditable, about this. It is an illustration of the real meaning of the frequently-misused term, that America is a young country. The analogy between a nation and an individual is apt to mislead; but in some points there is a genuine resemblance. Most clever young men go through a certain phase, as naturally as babies take the measles. If poetically inclined, they are cured by a favorable eruption of bad verses; and if given to speculation, they frequently invent what Mr. Andrews so happily calls universology. An intellect of average strength and cultivation discovers, generally about the age of twenty-three, that it has not quite solved the 'riddle of the painful earth;' that there are flaws in the scheme which once seemed so perfectly satisfactory; and that the same ideas which looked so novel and startling, had previously occurred to more than one philosopher since men began to speculate.

Occasionally men of ability are so peculiarly constituted that they carry on this temper of mind into maturer life; and they then develop into the creators of the various ephemeral Utopias which amuse or sadden us for a time. Great social convulsions such as the French Revolution naturally encourage this temper, and throw up St. Simons, and Fouriers, and Comtes, because they seem to open wide possibilities for mankind; and America, in a certain sense, is in a permanent state of revolution. The order of things changes so rapidly, and the whole mind of the people is so constantly set upon the development of its vast resources, that it is no wonder that enthusiastic people suffer from a kind of spiritual intoxication. Every thing seems to be possible; and it is the most natural thing in the world to propose a com-

pletely new system which shall introduce an impromptu renovation of society from top to bottom. There is no deeply-rooted respect for old traditions to hamper the boldest schemer; he has, as it were, a blank sheet of paper on which to draw his diagrams just as pleases him best; and he naturally gives full play to the indomitable hopefulness which is the most attractive feature of new societies. In a less satisfactory sense, he falls into the credulity which in an old country is eradicated before a man grows up to years of discretion. There is as yet no thoroughly cultivated class in America which can speak with authority in matters of speculation. One man is as good as another—not merely in regard of his political rights, but because he has attained pretty nearly the same level of cultivation. No ferocious critic sits in the seat of judgment ready to pass sentence on any impostor who claims to be a leader of thought. Doubtless such a class is being slowly developed; but, meanwhile, questions, which ought to be decided by competent judges, are determined by universal suffrage or popular acclamation.

We are astonished at the success with which the impositions of spiritualism thrive on Transatlantic soil. No story of eccentric tables and mysterious spirit-writings seems to be too gross to find favor. New dodges are found out as soon as the old ones disappear; and a little sleight-of-hand would enable any unscrupulous person to make a very comfortable living out of our kinsmen. If we ask why similar delusions are not so prevalent in England, we can hardly flatter ourselves that it is because we have in general attained a higher intellectual level. Everybody has known persons of apparent sanity, and even sense, who believed in the whole nonsense of spiritualism. And it was easy to see, in the discussions produced by the case of Home, that most people, whatever their judgment might be, were incapable of forming it on scientific grounds. They did not in the least appreciate the requirements of sound reasoning, or know what tests should be satisfied before the advocates of such an amazing doctrine would acquire a right to be heard.

The peasantry, we are often reminded, are still at that stage of education in which a belief in witchcraft is possible, though it need not always exist; and it is probable that the majority of the upper classes are equally capable of believing in spiritualism; that is to say, a good round assertion of its truth would find them incapable of testing it critically. Now, American believers are, very many of them, fully as intelligent as the body of English skeptics. What is more singular, they have generally a rather higher respect for the claims of science, and are apt to clothe their intolerable nonsense in a singular scientific jargon. They generally argue with naïve ignorance of the subject. Thus they fancy that a belief in discoveries about electricity (the favorite name for every thing that people don't understand) ought to make a belief in spiritualism easier, and run over all the fine words which will doubtless find a place in the science of Universology. The true difference between the cases is, not that the general run of Englishmen are more intelligent or more sensitive to the claims of science, but simply that they have a court of appeal for which they have a good deal more respect. They have a dim belief that a spiritualist must be a fool, because Faraday or Dr. Tyndall assures them that spiritualism is folly. In America, where there is a general presumption in favor of any thing that is new, there is also no one to exercise any supervision over the purveyors of novelty. They are, in short, in the same intellectual position as the youth who has read some popular books of science, but has not learned by experience the labor which goes to form a scientific authority.

TABLE-TALK.

THE contrasts of social life in London are favorite subjects of sensational description, satirical animadversion, and philanthropic lamentation. At one extreme, there are the rich, wallowing in unbounded wealth and all the extravagance of luxury; and, at the other, squalid poverty, beggary, and pauperism, in their most frightful and sickening forms. Shall we infer then that, in this great Babylon, the fountains of human sympathy are dried up, and that all charity is dead? Far from it. The provision for the relief of destitution and suffering is on a scale which no other city in the world can parallel. The London *Times* has lately made a rough investigation into the charitable

resources of the English metropolis, and devoted three pages of its large sheet to a tabulation of results. Its footing up shows *ten million dollars a year* devoted to purposes of charity.

The Bishop of London, who has long been a close student of its charities, and an authority in all that pertains to it, follows the *Times's* account by a statement, in which he says that, if the excepted items of the *Times's* reporter are filled out, the figures will be doubled. According to the highest authority, then, the sum expended by organized charitable associations in London amounts to *twenty millions of dollars a year*; and this, be it remembered, is exclusive of private aid and of the enormous expenditures for relief under the poor-law. And what is the result? Not a diminution, but an increase of poverty and pauperism—in the language of the *Times*, "Such a spread of want, misery, pauperism, and crime, that we are at our wits' end to meet it."

Some singular facts have been developed in the course of this investigation which assist to explain the confessed failure of this method of relieving the needy. In the first place, one-quarter of the money is absorbed in running the institutional machinery which stands between the donor and the recipient; that is, it takes five million dollars to work the organizations which disburse fifteen millions. In the next place, the extent and perfection of the organizations for charity have led to something like a counter-organization on the part of impostors to get the money. There are a thousand charitable associations, and, of course, many are devoted to the relief of the same objects; the temptation thus offered for the same individuals to get money from different associations, tends naturally to the multiplication of impostors. The *Times* says: "Large sums are consumed in expensive and superfluous machinery, and large sums again are lavished in the support and encouragement of systematic and organized imposture. In the mean time, though charity so freely gives, deserving poverty is not relieved."

About fifty years ago, one of the most fashionable young New-Yorkers was Colonel M—, who, being rich, handsome, and well-connected, had fallen into the habit of strutting along Broadway in a very lofty and pompous manner. As he one day approached old Trinity Church, he saw Washington Irving standing on the stone base, and holding fast to the iron railing in front of the church. "Hallo, Irving, what the deuce is the matter?" shouted the colonel, and, in reply, heard these words: "Why, I supposed, from your manner of walking, that Broadway must belong to you, and so I'm trying to get out of your way."

Robert Buchanan, following if not imitating the example of Charles Dickens, has appeared before English audiences as a reader of his own poems. He has been, we believe, successful; and this success, as in the case of Mr. Dickens, has arisen from his power of dramatic characterization rather than by his skill as a reader. Artistic reading is the perfect use of emphasis and inflection. Mr. Dickens is singularly at fault in both; but he has the actor's talent of dramatic personation. Mr. Buchanan, we are told, threw his audience in tears on reading his poem of "Willie Baird." It would be a strange humanity that could listen to this pathetic poem with dry eyes, even if the dullest of readers were uttering it.

It is somewhat singular that we have produced no good dramatic reader in this country. We are often told that there is a good deal of amateur dramatic talent in private society. It may be so; but clearly it never gets on the stage or into the reading-desk. The public speakers of America are probably about as pompous, loud-mouthed, and manneristic a set of declaimers as the world can show. Their delivery is ruled either by the pulpit or the platform, and it would be hard to say

which is the most abominable. Our lecturers, for instance, usually have the manner of the pulpit, and preach; or the manner of the platform, and declaim. Dramatic reading, as presented by Mr. Dickens or Mrs. Butler, is highly entertaining. But mere declamatory reading is an offence. What our public speakers really need is the art of effectively *talking* to an audience. The most perfect delivery of this kind we recollect was that of Thackeray's; there was great art in the nicety of his emphasis and inflection, but his sentences glided from the tongue in a smooth, simple, unaffected, yet singularly effective manner that was a triumph of the art that conceals art.

It is rumored that we are to have a Museum of Natural History in the Central Park—a circumstance which will not be more gratifying to the citizens of New York than to the people throughout the country, who have a pride in the metropolis, and all of whom expect to visit it some day or other. The value of such an institution, not only as a source of interesting and instructive recreation to the throngs who will visit the Park, but as affording a rallying-point of scientific effort and organization, will be great and important. There can be no doubt that art and science are very considerably out of balance in our metropolitan thought and activity. That the interests of art are better appreciated, there can be no better proof than is afforded by the Central Park itself, while the interests of science are without a corresponding recognition or expression. A museum of natural history, on a scale commensurate with the wealth of the city and the artistic perfection of its local surroundings, will relieve us from our present reproach, and give a vigorous impulse to scientific pursuits. The kindred work of restoring some of the gigantic American fossils, which the Commissioners have commenced, and which is but a part of the comprehensive plan for the illustration of natural history, is already of much interest to men of science, remote as well as near, and will be a marked element of public attraction.

But more important still is the bearing which such an institution, or group of institutions, will have upon the cause of popular enlightenment; and we are glad to note that the Commissioners recognize this in speaking of the contemplated museum as "an aid to the great educational system of the city." This is, after all, the most valuable and vital aspect of the movement. A museum of natural-history objects, so arranged as to be thoroughly accessible, and accompanied with clear and simple descriptions of the objects, might be systematically visited by classes from our public schools, and a knowledge of things instead of words—a most desirable end in education—would be thereby essentially promoted.

Considerable discussion has been going on in the English papers in reference to Mr. Robertson's new comedy of "School" and its claim to originality. The comedy was at first enthusiastically praised on account of its novelty and freshness, but a correspondent of the London *Times* showed that its plot was entirely drawn from a German play called "Aschenbrödel;" whereupon Mr. Dion Boucicault hurries into print in defence of Mr. Robertson—prompted very naturally by a fellow-feeling—and insists that this "ridiculous cant about originality should be exploded." What the "ridiculous cant" is, does not seem quite clear—unless it is that play-makers must be allowed to beg, borrow, or appropriate, where they list and how they list, and the critics to accept what is offered in thankfulness and peace. Mr. Boucicault claims that the language of "School" is original, and cites a host of authorities to prove that in rehabilitating a drama from foreign or remote sources, Mr. Robertson has not transcended the law and the custom of the stage. Mr. Boucicault's letter has brought out numerous other correspondents, some in defence of and some in opposition to his arguments. The writer, it seems to us, forgot or ignored the

real issue. It is Mr. Robertson's reticence and want of candor that are justly complained of. The comedy of "School" was specially praised for exactly that quality which was derived from the foreign origin. Every one who is acquainted with the comedies of "Caste" and "Ours"—which we consider the purest and best productions in recent dramatic literature—would expect to find in a new drama from the same pen the taste, skill, and genuine power, for which those plays are so justly noted; but, when something is shown to have been concealed, a distrust arises which must necessarily qualify the public praise.

A New-York journal sums up a political article by declaring that "the whole use of government is to make things cheap." Would it not be better if government did not attempt to regulate either the cheapness, or dearness, or value, or price of "things?" When it is discovered that the whole use of government is to make "things" secure, we shall have advanced a little in our knowledge of political economy.

There are two things common in our New-York architecture which are utterly destructive to its dignity. One is the use of iron. There is no beauty of texture in the material itself, and the necessity of covering it with paint renders it in effect mean and contemptible. Paint in architecture is at all times a degradation; when fresh it is glaring and vulgar, when old it is dingy and stained. The other defect referred to is the custom of concentrating all the ornamentation on the fronts of buildings, leaving the rear and side walls piles of rough, cheap bricks. Warehouses built in this way may, perhaps, be tolerated, but in public buildings it is inexcusable. The Academy of Design building, for instance, viewed from the front, is very unique and beautiful; but, if approached from the upper side along Fourth Avenue, a blank pile of rough, unfinished brick confronts the spectator. Opposite this building the Young Men's Christian Association are erecting a very large, costly, and handsome structure—handsome, if you stand where the architect designs you to stand—but if you approach it from the south or the west, directions from which it will be seen more frequently than from any other, you will see nothing but tall altitudes of cheap brick and mortar. Almost all our buildings are marred in the same way. That is not architecture worthy the name which does not stand isolated, and present a finished picture from every point of view.

General Wilson, Fitz-Greene Halleck's literary executor and biographer, supplies us with an anecdote of the poet which has not elsewhere appeared. Halleck's habit of maintaining unusual opinions in a manner between jest and earnest, on one occasion cost him the loss of a fine portrait. Seth Cheney, a simple-minded, serious, and credulous artist, who died in 1856, was very successful with his crayon-pictures, transferring to the sheet before him the finest and most elevated expression of which the countenance of his sitter was capable. Halleck once sat to him, but the painter found the frame of mind which he brought to his task disturbed by the poet's rattling fire of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," and by the sportive manner in which his sitter spoke of certain matters which, to the mind of the artist, should only be referred to with the utmost reverence. One morning when Halleck came as usual, Cheney said to him: "I have finished your likeness." "You have been expeditious," said the poet, with that old-school courtesy for which he was so noted. "Yes," replied the painter, "I put it in the fire this morning."

The third number of APPLETONS' JOURNAL will be accompanied by a steel-plate engraving, from a painting by KENSETT, called "Noon on the Sea-shore."

Literary and Personal Notes.

PROFESSOR BICKMORE'S "Travels in the East-Indian Archipelago," published in New York by D. Appleton & Co., and in London by John Murray, has been well received by the English critics. "That an American professor," says the London *Examiner*, "should undertake a long and perilous voyage, mainly for the purpose of collecting shells upon the shores of the Spice Islands, shows that the devotion to science which distinguished the earlier *savants*, is still a living truth among its humble followers in the nineteenth century . . . Let not the unscientific reader, however, imagine that the work is made up of somniferous and unentertaining descriptions of specimens, or that it is only suited to the student of natural history and the museum collector; for, besides an account of the Flora and Fauna of the tropical East, there are many amusing and pleasantly-written chapters detailing the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Indeed, the greater portion of the book is thoroughly entertaining reading; the scientific chapters even being pleasantly relieved by accounts of the adventurous explorations of Mr. Bickmore. We certainly know no other book which gives us so complete a survey, historical and scientific, of the islands which together form what is now called Malaysia. Sumatra and Java, Celebes and Timor, Ceram and Buru, Gilolo and other smaller islands, were all visited by the author; and their geology, inhabitants, and productions are described and descanted upon to much practical purpose."

John Bull calls the book "a delightful one," and adds: "We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most charming and scientifically valuable book of travels published since Humboldt wrote that wonderful account of his travels in South America and Mexico. To naturalists, philologists, and ethnologists, these pages are of the highest value, . . . while the sportsman will revel in the accounts of tigers, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, deer, wild-boars, pythons, Malay pirates, and Dyack head-hunters. We have read these charming travels with the greatest avidity." *Land and Water* says, "We have seldom read a book of travel with greater pleasure;" and the London *Review* closes a long notice by saying, "The work is carefully written, and exhibits an amount of research that is most creditable."

The London correspondent of *Hours at Home*, in speaking of Mr. Lecky's promised new volume, "A History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," remarks: "In these days of personal gossip, the author of 'The History of Rationalism' stands almost alone in his incognito; even his publishers know little or nothing of him, except that he is a young gentleman, presumably of Irish birth, who spends most of his time travelling on the Continent. At the first glance, the period covered by his forthcoming book seems of singular choice; but, it will be noticed, that it includes the whole era of the death-struggle of classical paganism, introduction, and establishment of Christianity; what truths are received from special supernatural revelation, and what, from that earlier revelation in the reason of man, called by Dean Milman 'the great religious problem interesting to every thinking being,' and it may fairly be presumed that Mr. Lecky's book will afford valuable materials for its study."

Madame Rattazzi, *née* Marie de Solms-Wyse, cousin of the Emperor Napoleon, and grand-daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, has just published a novel entitled "If I were a Queen," and which has created quite a sensation both in Italy and France. One of the characters (the wife of the Italian ex-premier) indulges in the following Utopian dream of organized charity:

"If I were a queen, I should give—give with lavish hands, but with prudence, with deliberation—that honest poverty might be relieved, and laziness, much less vice, be not supported. I should organize a regular little army, which I should send out in search of hidden poor and sick persons, and to appear before them as messengers of charity and Christian mercy. How delightful it would be to save a mother in time from despair, and a young girl from ruin! From among the ladies of my acquaintance I should select the best, the wealthiest, and most charitable, and send them out into the quarters of my city that they might visit the most secret recesses of misery. Every morning I should then receive reports on the discoveries made on the preceding day, and should bestow warm praise on those who found out persons most urgently in need of relief. I should in this manner organize, as it were, a race of the charitable. I should then go out myself and bring relief to the poor; the misery of the families I should lessen by a better arrangement of their dwellings. I should buy a large, curtained bed for the parents, and bedsteads for the children of both sexes. I should teach the housewife to attract her husband by neatness and cheerfulness, and by means of good fare to cause him to cease visiting taverns. At the same time I should establish soup-houses, where nutritious dishes would be prepared, and the time and money might be saved to the housewife. The homeless would find shelter and warmth at these soup-houses, and they might rest there before returning to their daily toil. I should bestow the most tender solicitude on the poor creatures that are

mothers without being wives; I should give them a small dower for their babes; I should support them if they wished to nurse them at their own breasts; I should teach them that they might blot out their disgrace by becoming good mothers. For the old and sick I should always have doctors and refreshments in readiness; during my visits to the various quarters of the city, wagons should always follow me to convey the sick to the hospital, unless their horror of it should be too great, as is unfortunately the case with so many persons of the lower classes. It would, therefore, be my desire to provide for the proper nursing of the sick poor at their own homes."

Buying "curtained beds" for poor folks is a novel but harmless form of charitable zeal, but a too "tender solicitude for poor creatures that are mothers without being wives," would be found, we should judge, to indefinitely increase this class.

Rocheport gets up the manuscript of each number of his *Lanterne* in a very peculiar manner. He writes his malicious witticisms and *mots* with a lead-pencil on small scraps of paper, which he holds on a book, while walking up and down his room. As soon as one of the scraps is filled, he throws it into a basket, which the "devil" empties whenever he calls for "copy." Sometimes there is nothing in the basket when the "devil" arrives. "The basket is empty, M. Rocheport," he then says to the great Lanternist. "*Mon Dieu*, is that so?" replies Rocheport, who seizes his book and pencil and commences writing, while pacing the room. Often, when a good idea strikes him, he bursts into a peal of laughter, flings his book and paper away, and throws himself on the sofa, laughing all the time at the top of his lungs. His best witticisms, he has often said, were not enjoyed more heartily by any one than himself.

The young King of Bavaria has a wonderful memory. He knows all of Schiller's poems by heart. The other day he was present at a school-exhibition in Munich. Some of the boys were to recite poems; the king took the whole school by surprise by prompting the boys without glancing at the book which was offered to him. A Munich correspondent says that the true reason why the young Russian grand-duchess was not betrothed to Louis the Second of Bavaria last summer at Kissingen was, because he talked to her all the time about literature, of which the young lady was rather ignorant. He was ungallant enough to recommend to her a more careful study of certain poets, at which she took umbrage, and said she would not marry him.

It is untrue that Queen Isabella of Spain is writing a volume of "Reminiscences," as certain London newspapers have asserted. M. Charles Yriarte, the French feuilletoniste, is writing, at Marforis's suggestion, a book destined to defend the ex-Queen of Spain against the aspersions of her adversaries.

Max Ring, the author of "John Milton and his Times" and other popular novels, says, in a biographical sketch of Louisa Mühlbach, that he never knew an author who, after once studying a literary subject thoroughly, was able to write as rapidly and elegantly on it as the authoress of "Joseph II." and "Marie Antoinette." Mr. Ring mentions in the article that Louisa Mühlbach writes at least sixteen pages of original matter daily, and the ease with which she composes her works is so great that there are hardly ever any alterations in her manuscript.

Alexander Dumas, Sr., is, at the present time, at work upon no fewer than six novels and three plays, besides a cook-book, and a work upon that humble but useful animal, the hog.

Justus von Liebig speaks five languages and reads eight. In his personal appearance he looks considerably younger than he really is. His manners are exceedingly courteous, so much so indeed that the late King Maximilian II. of Bavaria once said to his courtiers, "Somebody called Liebig the other day, in my presence, a dry bookworm; what nonsense! I have never seen a more polished and elegant gentleman."

Frederick Gerstäcker, the German traveller and novelist, has been urgently invited by the Emperor of Brazil, who is an admirer of his South-American novels, to visit Rio Janeiro in the course of the present year.

Victor Hugo's "*L'Homme qui rit*" will be published in no fewer than nine different languages—French, English, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Hungarian, Danish, and Swedish.

Matters of Science and Art.

DR. H. CHARLETON BASTIAN, of University College, London, has made an interesting discovery in relation to the cause of the insanity which is attendant upon fevers. While experimenting, last summer, on the production of inflammation in the mesentery of the frog, he was much impressed with the amazing activity displayed by the white corpuscles of the blood in inflamed areas of tissue; and by

the fact that these white corpuscles, which had come into contact in or upon the inflamed mesenteric tissue, after they had passed out through the walls of the veins, cohere together, and finally fuse themselves into a single protoplasmic mass of varying size, according to the number of corpuscles of which it was composed. Upon subsequently examining the blood of patients suffering from rheumatic fever, typhoid fever, pneumonia, etc. (obtained by pricking the tip of the finger with a needle), he was again struck with the appearance of nodules of protoplasmic material in every way similar in composition to the white corpuscles themselves, though often forming masses from eight to twelve times as large as these. In a recent case of a man with erysipelatos inflammation of the face and head, accompanied with delirium, so strongly was Dr. Bastian impressed with the foregoing facts, that he unhesitatingly diagnosed the "rebellion" of the white corpuscles of the blood as the cause of the delirium. The case terminated fatally, and, upon *post-mortem* inspection, the brain was found to be generally healthy; but a careful microscopic examination disclosed an actual plugging up of the minute vessels of its gray matter. These obstructions were unmistakably composed of cohering white blood-corpuscles, in some cases small, and formed by the union of three or four white corpuscles, while in others large, irregular-shaped aggregations, consisting of one, two, or three hundred adhering together.

The Siamese twins, Messrs. Chang and Eng Bunker, who have long resided in North Carolina, and lost their property during the war, have gone to England to make a little money by exhibition. The question of a surgical separation of the brothers has been submitted to some eminent physicians, and the results of recent examinations of their condition have been published. They are fifty-eight years of age, short in stature, Eng being five feet two and one-half inches in height, and Chang an inch shorter. The band that unites them sprang originally from the lower portion of each breast-bone, and at first held them face to face, but, by efforts in childhood, they were enabled to stand nearly shoulder to shoulder. Their inner arms are usually crossed behind each other's backs, but they can bring them forward over each other's heads, which is quite a curious movement, and are thus enabled to use all their hands, as at meals. The cartilaginous band which joins them is about four inches long, and seven in circumference, at the centre. The nerves of each extend a little beyond the middle of the band, so that a touch about an inch on either side of the centre is felt by both. There is, of course, a slight communication of the blood-vessels, but no interchange of blood, and no mutual dependence of circulation or respiration. They are, therefore, independent in personality, and are simply two persons tied together by a living knot. But although their mental operations are entirely distinct, their life-long similarity of experience has brought them into an extraordinary concord in thought and action.

The relative positions of the twins have produced an inequality in the action and efficiency of their organs: those turned toward each other, and therefore less used, being weakest. The adjacent eyes are in this way enfeebled, and the adjacent legs measure an inch less in circumference than the external ones.

The Messrs. Bunker married sisters, and have nine children apiece, Mr. E. Bunker having six sons and three daughters, and Mr. C. Bunker six daughters and three sons. The cousins do not get along together as well as the fathers, and there are times when each family wishes to have a father all to itself. The question of their separation has been raised on this ground rather than because the brothers desire it. The surgeons think that there is probably no anatomical impediment to their separation, but that the moral shock to two not very robust men, advanced in life, which would follow the breaking of the chain of life-long habits, would prove serious if not fatal.

They are reported as having educated themselves fully in the language and literature of this country; to be intelligent and agreeable companions, and to have won the respect and esteem of their neighbors.

It is stated by the *Scientific Opinion* that Messrs. H. G. Clarke & Co., of London, have invented and "published" a rival to the zoetrope, which they call the "Anorthoscope." The instrument produces very surprising optical effects out of prepared materials, which are remarkable chiefly for their chaotic absurdity. Indeed, before putting one of the plates into the machine to be interpreted, an interesting amusement is to try to find out what this colored confusion is likely to become. The "Anorthoscope" is highly ingenious, and certain to become popular.

It is reported that the authorities of the French mint have been experimenting upon the replacement of copper by zinc as an alloy for the silver coinage of the country, as well as for articles of silverware generally. It is claimed that the metal is more homogeneous, has a clear ring, considerable elasticity, and has a fine white lustre. It is less liable to be blackened by exposure to the sulphuretted hydrogen of the atmosphere, while there is no green coating formed by acids. Its constitution is 835 parts silver, 98 copper, and 72 zinc.

The Museum.

HELMHOLTZ has shown that the motion or velocity of the electric current in man is at the rate of two hundred feet in a second; and that the currents in the nerves are eight or ten times stronger than those in the muscles. He found that the time required to contract a muscle, together with the time required to relax it again, is not more than the third of a second, and is a constant quantity.

It is difficult to say which is calculated to arouse the higher degree of wonder, the stupendous scale of the mechanism of the solar system, or the consummate perfection with which it works. If, for example, a small tube, with fine cross-wires at each end, be so placed that some familiar fixed star can be seen through it exactly in a line with the crossing of both wires, and the tube be then left in its exact position, it will begin to sweep away from the star in consequence of the earth's revolving movement. But, after twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, and four seconds, the tube will be restored to its former position, and the star will again appear exactly in a line with the crossings of the wires. This time is, therefore, called the *sidereal day*, or the day with reference to the stars.

A small privateer of forty or fifty men, having on board some hives made of earthenware, full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by five hundred seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury; while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon their enemies, sword in hand, and captured the vessel almost without resistance.

The light from the sun comes to us in two ways—direct, and by reflection from the atmosphere; and the chemical rays from the sun come also in this twofold way. But the *proportion* of light and chemical force which reach us in this twofold manner is very different. Professor Ruscak found that when the sun had an altitude of twenty degrees, of one hundred rays of visible light, sixty came direct and forty from the light diffused over the sky; but of one hundred chemical rays, only eight came directly from the sun, while ninety-two were reflected from the atmosphere.

The style of Milton's "Paradise Lost" had become so antiquated, so obscure, about a hundred years ago, that a bookseller named Osborne thought proper to publish a prose version of it for the benefit of "ordinary readers."

The movements one makes are generally stimulated through the senses, as when a loud sound makes us start, but they are often spontaneous or determined from within. In awakening from sleep, movement often precedes sensation. Most commonly the first symptom of awakening is a general commotion of the frame, a number of spontaneous movements—the stretching of the limbs, the opening of the eyes, the expansion of the features—to which succeeds the revived sensibility to outward things. No decided facts have ever been adduced to

show that a stimulation of the senses invariably precedes the awakening movements. We are therefore led to believe that the reanimation of the system consists in a rush of nervous power to the moving organs at the same time that the susceptibility of the senses is renewed.—*Bain*.

The metric system of weights and measures has been adopted in Mexico, Chili, Peru, New Granada, Bolivia, Venezuela, and French and Dutch Guiana. It was in evidence before the British House of Commons, in 1862, that, in 1859, of the total trade of Great Britain, including 79,405 vessels, there were 47,898 vessels, or about 60 per cent. of the total number, going to or from countries using the kilogramme.

It is now well known that, in all febrile diseases, the disintegration or combustion of the tissues is greatly increased beyond the healthy standard. To this is to be ascribed the increased temperature which is the symptom of the febrile state and the rapid emaciation. The products of the increased metamorphosis are mainly eliminated by the kidneys. As long as the kidneys are equal to the increased work thrown upon them, the blood is properly depurated, and the typhoid state is worked off. But if the kidneys be unequal to the task, either from the large amount of effete material to be eliminated, from primary disease in the reacting tissue, or from congestion resulting (as it often does) from their increased work, then the blood becomes contaminated, and convulsions or the typhoid state supervenes.—*Dr. Murchison*.

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UNDERGROUND LIFE ; OR, COAL-MINES AND MINERS.

It has been very justly asserted that the material prosperity of a country can be ascertained by its richness or poverty in the possession of coal-mines. The chief motive power which does all the physical work, independent of that achieved by the muscles of men and animals, is heat; fuel, therefore, is the most important element

in all of the industries which create the wealth of a people. England, France, and the United States, among the nations of the earth, are preëminently powerful; and it is also true that they possess within their respective boundaries larger amounts of coal, in given places, than can elsewhere be found. It is also a remarkable fact that this mineral fuel is most abundantly diffused over the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere, as if the nations who are now the most civilized had naturally settled around beds of coal, that most powerful agent of civilization and progress.

The English people ascribe their great commercial prosperity to their coal-mines; they significantly term them their "Black Indies." An eloquent writer, speaking on the subject, remarks: "On one occasion three hundred vessels, all coal-laden, were seen making deep into the waters, and weighed down with the mineral burden of far more worth to us (England) than auriferous sands or Mexican mines."

What is true of England must be true of the United States; and it is, therefore, with just pride that we read, in a general review of mineral wealth made by M. Simonin (in a recent exhaustive work on mining, published in Paris, and reprinted in London and New York), that "*The coal-fields of the United States are the largest in the*

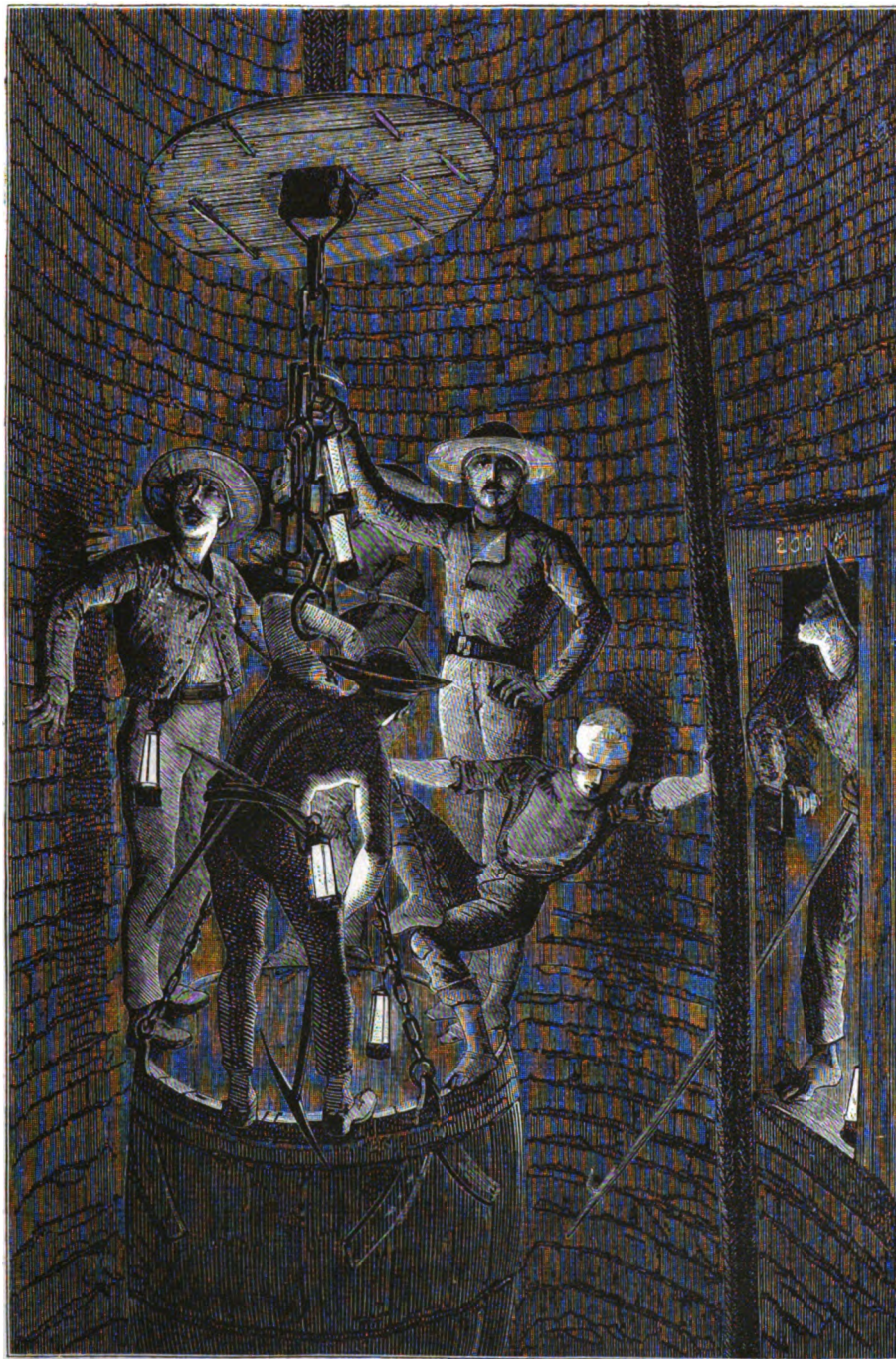
world, extending from the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, on both sides of the chain, but especially on the western side, as far as the Missouri and the Arkansas, reappearing at the base of the Rocky Mountains."

The area of the American coal-formation is asserted to be eight

times larger than that of all other known coal-deposits. The coal-fields of the United States have been worked for little more than forty years, but their product already equals the "out-put" of France and Belgium united. The coal-deposits of many of the United States, indeed, cover a fourth, and, in some instances, a third, of their entire area. In these vast and probably exhaustless mines exists the great reserve for future ages. The coal in America mainly lies in fields, or near the surface, while in Europe it is mostly in mines, deep under ground. The following account applies more especially to the mines and miners of France, Belgium, and England.

Like most mineral substances, the history of coal is largely combined with fable. The Greeks and Romans were probably acquainted with the fossil fuel. Aristotle's favorite pupil, Theophrastus, in his treatise on stones, does not omit to speak of coal being found in Liguria

and Elis. The ancients, however, made little or no use of this combustible; probably they did not know the proper way to burn it. The forests, in those early times, afforded ample supplies for all the wants of industry, which was then in its infancy. Possibly some miners who smelted and worked the metals, or some blacksmiths who made and tempered arms, might have made occasional use of it as fuel; but this is exceedingly doubtful. In the houses, wood and charcoal were



Miners going down a Shaft.

the only fuel; and, as the polished people of those ages inhabited countries favored by Heaven, such as Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor, where severe cold is of rare occurrence, they warmed themselves in the sunshine during the winter, even while discussing public affairs in the forum. Perhaps it may also be allowable to suppose that the mean temperature of the air was, in those days, slightly in excess of that of the present day. However this may be, the laws of heat were unknown to the ancients; the presence of vapor was not even suspected, and all mechanical force was solely derived from the muscles of living beings.

When the wind-bags of Æolus were empty, convicts rowed the galleys; when the absence of a stream of water would not allow a bad water-wheel being put up, animals, and even men, turned the mill.

The working of coal-mines on a large scale is really a modern invention, and originated in England. As late as 1306, Edward I. issued a proclamation forbidding the English people to use coal. Toward the close of the thirteenth century, mention is made of the coal-mines of Scotland and Wales. In the seventeenth century the British coal-mines were in full operation, and then gave employment to four thousand ships that carried coal to France, Germany, and Holland. At the close of the reign of King James I. of England (1620), after numerous failures, the manufacture of iron by the use of coal was established; and from this period may be dated that activity in coal-mining which has distinguished modern times. England obtaining the supremacy, Belgium, and then France, followed.

The importance of coal-mines is only measured by the quantities



Geometers and Surveyors of the Mine in Consultation.

We read on the walls of Pompeii, beneath a caricature representing an ass in a mill, this line:

"Work away, little donkey, as I have worked, and you will profit by it."

Thus, amongst the ancients, there was little need of coal, either for industrial purposes or in common life. We see with what indifference the masters of the world passed by mineral fuel, when we find that the aqueduct of Fréjus passed through the middle of a coal formation; and that, in the Lyonnaise, the aqueduct that carried water to the beloved capital of Claudius traverses the carboniferous formation; one of the subterranean branches is even cut through the coal, yet nobody troubled his head about this substance. The people and senate of Rome evidently knew nothing of the value of coal.

The Chinese, to whom all great discoveries, except that of America, have been rightly or wrongly accorded by some persons, were acquainted with mineral fuel from a very remote period. They knew how to work it, they even collected the inflammable gases which exude from coal, and used them for purposes of illumination. They have, however, throughout all their history, worked their mines in a very slovenly manner, making no supports for underground ways, no provisions against the inroads of water, or the dangers arising from the explosions of fire-damp and other inflammable gases.

produced, and, from this point of view, coal-mines are affairs of yesterday; it may be said that the date of working them on a large scale marks the date of their origin, and also opens one of the brightest pages recording human progress.

The important fact was not in the discovery of the coal itself, but in its application on a large scale, like that of the present day, to the manufacture of iron and all other metals, and to the heating of steam-bollers, whether fixed, locomotive, river, or engine. It is of no import to the modern to know that the ancients were acquainted with coal, as they did not know how to use it. The true history, therefore, of coal, dates from the eighteenth century, and may be said to be connected with and form part of the history of modern civilization. The steam-engine was invented among the coal-mines; it was needed to pump water from the coal-pits; that necessity met, it was used to raise coal from the mines. Coal is a heavy, bulky article, selling at a low price. It is not enough to tear it from the bowels of the earth; it must be transported economically often to considerable distances. What makes transportation difficult and costly is the state of the roads. To remedy the evils of soft earth sinking under the pressure of heavy bodies, wooden tracks were devised, over which wheels rolled easily; these were applied to underground ways, then extended over the surface—then the wooden rail gave way to iron. Then followed

discoveries that made coal an efficient agent to raise steam in boilers, and from that time the railway and the locomotive, born of the necessities of working coal, were complete.

Coal-mines profited the earliest, and to the greatest extent, by these magnificent applications. Already the locomotive carries the indispensable mineral afar, and at so small a cost as to seem almost incredible. This low cost of carriage has everywhere facilitated the distribution of the supply of coal. Ships and railways carry it to countries which do not possess the mineral, and ordinary roads are placed under contribution when the distances are not too great; hence the demand for the fuel has exceeded all bounds. For the last half century the mines have doubled their production in England, France, and Belgium, every fifteen years; in the United States, every four years.

The natural causes which combine to create the vast coal-deposits, necessarily place them far down in the bowels of the earth; and it therefore requires the most untiring energy, lavish expenditure of money, and physical endurance, to bring the coal where it will be practically useful for the wants of man. It is, therefore, to be expected, in the course of years, with the inducements held out to succeed, that mining should become a vast interest, and that the inventions and ways resorted to, to get at the coal, and bring it to the surface of the earth, would be as novel and startling as the object pursued is useful and grand.

At the start, two kinds of underground work are always required by coal-miners: first, the *shaft*, which is the perpendicular opening that descends from the surface of the earth down to the coal-deposit; second, the *levels*, which are the winding streets, if you please, that are opened in the mine by the progress of excavation. The coal-bed having been discovered, and its extent ascertained, if it is decided to "work it," the preliminary steps of opening are commenced.

When the earth's surface over the coal-bed is composed of lime or sand-stone, the progress is slow and wearisome—sometimes the rocks to be penetrated blunt the tools—in this case the walls of the descending shaft support themselves.

When the ground is soft and fragile, the shaft is walled either by brick, stone, or timber, which linings are now in large mines constructed according to the strictest rules of art. Sometimes the shaft goes through a water-bearing strata, and then the difficulties are unusually great, for the walls have to be protected with a lining that

will not only keep out the water, but bear the enormous pressure of it from the outside. The cost of making these shafts is often enormous: on a single one in Durham, England, was expended a half million of dollars. M. Simonin makes mention of a shaft over one thousand six hundred feet deep—and which is really a magnificent work of art—which, if it had been built from the surface of the earth upward, would make a tower five times higher than St. Paul's, Lon-

don, and three times higher than the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome.

The same obstacles to be overcome in constructing a shaft are to be met with in opening the *levels*, they are sometimes even more difficult in construction, for in them advantage cannot always be taken of circular or elliptical forms, to resist the pressure without; the consequence is, that the levels often crush and crumble, filling themselves with earth, rocks, and, what is more terrible, floods of water. The cost, of the levels is, therefore, but little less expensive than the shafts, and their amount of cost in the aggregate, is much larger, for they often, in one mine, reach the united length of four or five miles. The water-levels, used for draining the mines, frequently grow into huge canals and artificial rivers, some of which are used to trans-

port boat-loads of coal from one locality of the mine to another.

The commencement of the opening of a coal-mine is always interesting. In Catholic countries, in Belgium especially, after the shaft has been opened a few yards, its top is crowned with flowers, and the attendant priest invokes the blessing of Heaven on the enterprise, which, if successful, will give employment to so many people. In course of time, a mine, if it is rich, becomes a large village under ground. It has its streets, its water-courses in the form of canals and rivers, its restaurants, taverns, residences, stables, and workshops. The place is laid off with mathematical care by experienced surveyors. In some collieries there is a person especially appointed, who is charged with those responsible duties; he is called the *geometer* or *surveyor* of the mine: he has his instrument-bearer, his chain-carrier, and other necessary assistants. He makes his underground examinations with care, and brings them to completion in the mining-office above-ground.

A visit to a coal-mine is always extremely interesting and exciting to a novice. The underground workings are of course reached by the shaft. In descending, there is an unpleasant sensation of vacancy; the bucket which holds you rubs against the walls; the space is narrow, and appears more so on account of the darkness. The water filters through the surrounding rock, drop by drop, making things damp and unwholesome. Now and then it occurs to you that a stone might fall from the wall, and break your head; that the rope, stretched by the weight

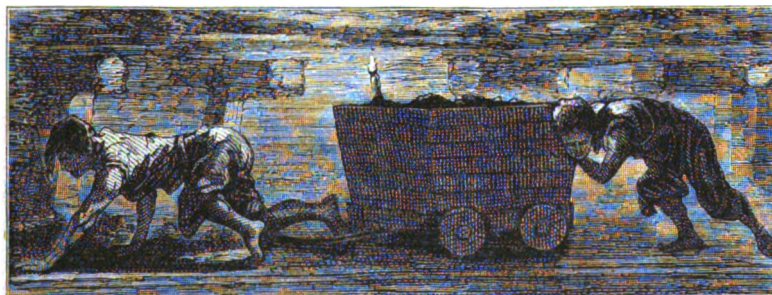
it supports, the oscillations of which are perceptible, may also break, or the bottom of the tub may fall out. Then there may be a collision, and possible entanglement with the ascending bucket; but you finally reach your journey's end. Visitors most frequently refuse to descend the shaft in this rude way; some cover down in the bottom of the bucket, where they remain motionless through fear, and it is sometimes actually necessary to turn the bucket over to get these stupefied



Longitudinal View of a Timbered Level.



Walled Level.



Potters or Trolley-boys, in England, formerly.

people out, and they often recover their senses with difficulty. The miners, on the contrary, make this journey twice every day without thought of danger, laughing, and talking, and cracking their jokes as they go down. When the miners arrive at the bottom of the shaft they separate in the gloom, each going to his place of work with all the ease that characterizes people who move about in daylight.

Under the protection of an experienced person you start on your visit, and enter wonderingly the subterranean labyrinth. The lights are dim, but you soon become accustomed to the gloom, and begin to perceive objects. You first notice men begrimed with soot, and get the smell of gunpowder; here the miners are blasting, and getting coal. In the levels the "rolley-boys" are crowded together, and you gradually get the sight of long trains of coal-wagons going and coming, the lamps only for a moment lighting up the faces of the drivers, and showing the forms of the wagons. As you proceed, you find the galleries from which the coal is taken intersecting each other, like the streets of a town; there are cross-roads and squares, each one named, and giving its direction. Some of the galleries, which are long and wide, are well ventilated from the principal thoroughfares and great streets, and constituting, if you please, the aristocratic quarter of the mine; other galleries are low and tortuous, full of bad air, and

out of repair. This underground town you find full of inhabitants, who seem to be as contented, and as much at home, as if they were living in sunshine, and working in the green fields. You finally discover that you are walking beside railways used by horses and coal-cars, that you cross large streams by handsome bridges, that you see canals and fountains; and, by more minute observation, you perceive that there are even plants and living creatures peculiar to the mines.

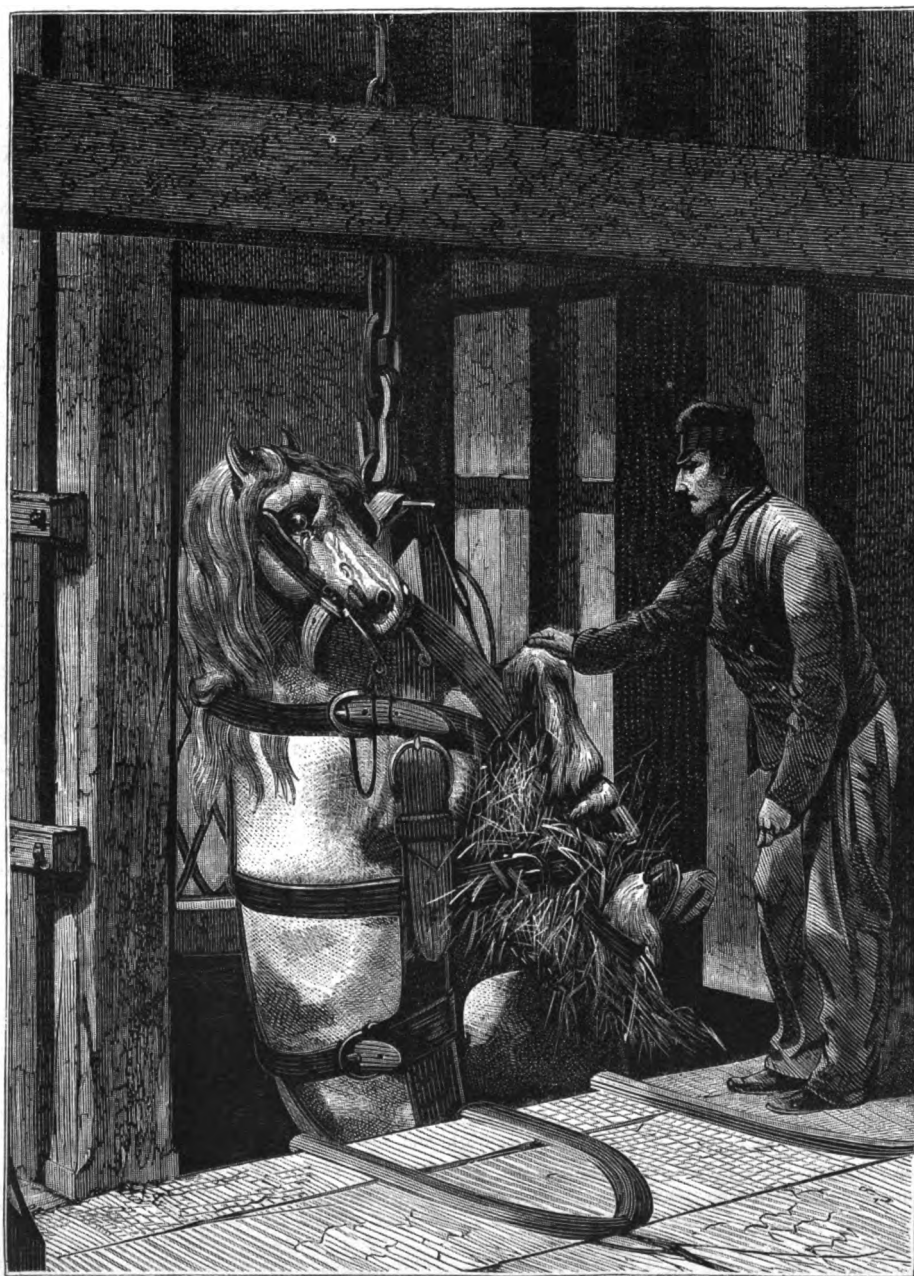
As horses are much used in mines, it is interesting to note how their superior intelligence and fidelity to man develop themselves in these subterranean regions, where they are excluded from the light of day. They are always greatly alarmed at the sight of the mouth of the shaft, which alarm is increased when they are bound with ropes, or forced into a cage used for lowering them into the mine. When thus treated, they are so paralyzed that they make no resistance; being to all appearance overcome with fear, they often seem, in their descent, to be absolutely dead; but when they reach the bottom of the pit they slowly recover their senses and good-nature. Their instinctive ability to look for good footing comes in play in these dark regions of their new home, and they soon become acquainted (even though they cannot read the signs) with the streets and their directions, and learn all the side-passages, corners, and dangerous places. It is truly interesting

to see how careful these faithful creatures are not to run against the coal-trains at the "turn-offs," and stopping-places, and how soon they learn the right distance from the air-ways at which they ought to stop, to clear the lungs of foul vapor, and snatch a moment's respite from labor.

The horses are well cared for by their owners, and are great favorites with the miners, and in time they become fat and glossy, and seem, on the whole, absolutely to prefer the equable and warm atmosphere of the mine, to great roads varied by wind and rain, sunshine and frost. Rats follow the luxury of oats, and the hiding-places of the hay kept in the mines, and often become great nuisances; they seem to thrive in parts of the mine that would destroy human beings. On one occasion a miner pursued a rat with a lighted candle, and in his excitement passed beyond the line of vitalized air: the consequence was an explosion that killed himself, and wounded many other persons. Bats also find their way into the mines, and are thus more comfortably provided for than where they are annoyed by daylight. It yet remains for the naturalist to illustrate, describe, and classify the animal and vegetable life peculiar to these underground worlds created by man's industry in the acquirement of coal.

A mode of discipline is adopted among the miners, who are sent up and down the shafts in cages or "guides." A certain number go down in the morning and come up at night, to make way for others who compose the "night set" of men. On the following week the "night shift" relieves the day crew of the week before, except in the case of the "packers" and "stowers" away of "gib" or waste. They work only at night and sleep by day, paraphrasing the story of the Belgian miner, who can say—

"My lamp is my sun, and all my days are nights."



Descent of a Horse down a Mine-Shaft.

The mouth of a coal-shaft is always animated, as the work is carried on in the open air and by daylight. The tubs filled with coal have, by the aid of powerful steam-machinery erected at the mouth of the mine, rapidly ascended. These tubs are, with surprising promptness, emptied by ingenious ways, some having a movable bottom of the shaft, or turned over by mechanical means. Now, in the bottom of the shaft, the work is performed in reverse order—that is to say, the tubs are loaded and started upward without the loss of a moment. At a given signal, the engine-man, who is on the alert, turns on the steam, the ropes glide on the pulleys, the full tubs coming up, and the empty ones going down. The engine-man is governed by an index, which informs him when the tubs will pass each other in the shaft, and he avoids the possibility of even casual collision by moderating his speed when the ascending and descending tubs meet. This point passed, every thing moves rapidly again. It is thus, by good management and promptitude, coupled with rapidity and the power of the enormous engines, that, in many instances, such immense quantities of coal are drawn from a single pit—from six to eight hundred tons per day in France and Belgium, and a thousand tons per day in England.

We have only now been informed of the beginning of the struggle. It has been hinted at how great the expenditure of capital and labor a mine involves; it must now be our painful duty to allude to the cost of human life, and show how much sacrifice is sometimes required to produce a piece of coal for every-day use. It is not without reason that the art of mining borrows some of its terms from the art of war; that in France a year's work is called a campaign, the underground working-places posts, a gang of miners a brigade or squadron—in England a crew or shift—while in Cornwall the underground manager is called a captain, and the store-keeper a purser. Is it not said that they attack the coal, and is not the mine itself the colliers' field of battle? Is it not there that, in his struggles against all dangers, he may be said to combat them foot to foot? The four elements of the ancients—earth, air, fire, and water—all conspire against him.

Fire menaces him in blasting, in the firing of the coal, and in explosions of fire-damp; the air, by becoming rarefied, or mixed with mephitic or explosive vapors; the earth, in falls of roofs, etc.; the water, by inundations. The collier opposes to all these (often invisible) enemies, the calm stoicism, the approved courage, and the practical science which tend to make the brave and skilled miner. And the underground soldier is the more meritorious, in that he is encouraged neither by the certainty of advancement, nor by the hope of honorable recompense, in this contest in which he risks his life at every moment. He has only the satisfaction of observing discipline, and of faithfully doing his duty.

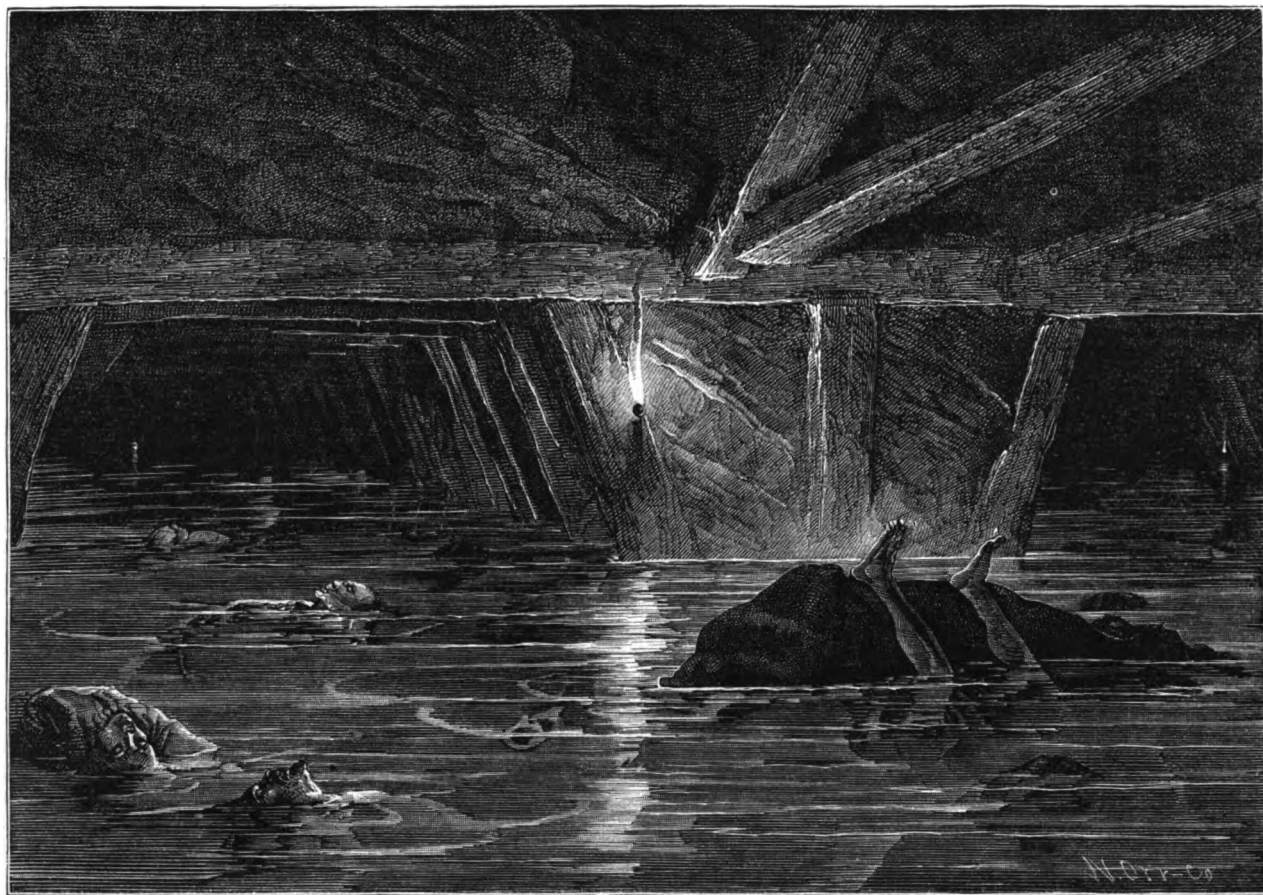
Fire is perhaps the most terrible enemy the collier has to encounter, and it is in the firing of shots in blasting that he is to guard most carefully against its attacks.



Collision of Tubs in a Shaft.

A stall, when blasting is being carried on, always offers a splendid sight. In order to lose as little time as possible, all the shots are fired together. At a signal given by the leading man, a light is applied to the match, and all retire as fast as they can. The shots go off at close intervals: the air is driven afar; the masses give way, and are shattered; fragments of rock are blown here and there, and the noise of the explosion is reëchoed throughout the mine. It is a regular cannonade. A thick white smoke, with a nauseous smell, deleterious gases resulting from the combustion of sulphur, charcoal, and salt-petre, fill the level, and are slowly dissipated. Then the men soon return to their work, and sound the rock with a hammer, in order to judge of the effects produced by the explosion.

When a shot does not go off, it is only after the utmost precautions have been taken, and a proper delay, that the miner ought to approach. There are instances of shots having gone off ten minutes after being lighted. Numerous and dreadful accidents have arisen in consequence of too great a haste on the part of the miner in his anx-



Inundation of a Mine.

iety to return to his post, to untamp the hole. In many districts this is not allowed; then new holes have to be made.

Accidents from blasting arise, also, from other causes: instead of using cartridges, the powder is merely poured into the bottom of the hole, under the pretext that it will act more powerfully. It is scattered over the sides, and, in working the tamping-bar or the needle, a spark may be produced by the friction of the iron against silicious substances, precisely as in the impact of steel. The spark is then communicated to the powder, and the charge explodes in the face of the miner, who is blinded or disfigured, if not killed on the spot.

It is always at the bottom of the shafts that the firing of powder is attended with danger. The men can only escape to the surface after the charge is lighted, and it is necessary that they should be raised with all speed—at any rate, to a certain height. The horses working in the mines understand the signal that precedes an explosion, as, at the first sound of the bell, the intelligent animals start off at full speed.

Men mutually engaged in dangerous work become greatly attached to each other, and instances of heroic devotion are frequently occurring among the miners.

"In a certain Cornish mine (South Caradon) two miners, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting: they had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up; one at a time was all their coadjutor at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed. Now, it chanced, while they were both still below, one of them thought the match too long; tried to break it shorter; took a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, to cut it shorter; did cut it of the due length, but, horrible to relate, kindled it at the same time, and both were still below! Both shouted vehemently to the coadjutor at the windlass, both sprang at the basket; the windlassman could not move it with them both. Here was a moment for poor miner Verran and miner Roberts! Instant horrible death hangs over both, when Verran generously resigns himself: 'Go aloft, Roberts,' and sits down; 'away, in one minute I shall be in heaven!' Roberts

bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruises his face as he looks over; he is safe above-ground: and poor Verran? Descending eagerly, they find Michael Verran too, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over them, and little injured; he too is brought up safe, and all ends joyfully."

L. Simonin quotes the above incident from Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*, and the additional fact that Verran was anxious after this to work above-ground, and also to gain a little schooling; a few hearty admirers of his heroic act were glad to subscribe a little sum to enable him to spend some months at school. Here he acquired the great arts of reading and writing, then established himself in a farm and married a schoolmistress, with whom he and his affairs prospered as they deserved.

One of the most melancholy catastrophes that can overwhelm the miner is the falling in of the roofs and wallings that support the various levels of the mine, and woe to the unfortunate who is involved in the catastrophe! The interruptions of water from old workings are perhaps to be most apprehended.

One of the most fatal cases of inundation took place at Heaton Colliery, near Newcastle, on the 3d of May, 1815, owing to a failure in exploring through a fault, where the ordinary thickness of coal between the workings of the colliery and the inundated wastes of the adjoining Old Heaton had been reduced till it gave way under the extreme pressure. A dreadful inundation was the consequence, which immersed ninety human beings in the upper part of the workings, from which there was no possibility of relief. Some miraculous escapes were made by some of the persons who happened to be close to the shaft, but the place where the water burst in being many hundred yards distant, and forming a descending plane of one in ten, the tremendous force of the current bore down every obstacle, and hurled, in the most awful confusion, men, horses, carriages, and all that stood in its way toward the shaft, where some fortunate beings escaped when the water was nearly breast high. Many months elapsed before the waters were sufficiently drained to render the workings again accessible. On the 19th of February, in the following

year, fifty-four bodies were brought to the surface, and were all recognized, with one exception, principally by their clothes. Twenty-nine were buried at Wallsend, and the mournful procession filled the road for a mile in length.

The bodies of these poor people were without smell, but so perfect and clay-like that, upon pressing the flesh, the indentation remained. No opinion can be formed whether they had suffered much bodily pain; but their mental agonies must have been of the most maddening description, since no earthly hope could be entertained that it was in the power of their fellow-men to afford them any succor.

Subterranean fires only trouble the miners by the mephitic vapors which they give out, and the high temperature they create in the stalls. But it is otherwise with fires caused by the explosive gas of coal-mines—that combination of hydrogen and carbon, that brother of illuminating gas.

No meteor, however terrible its imagined splendor, can be compared to an explosion of fire-damp. Let one of those scourges of Heaven be imagined, which appear sometimes as if designed for the punishment of human beings—a thunderbolt, a hurricane, a cyclone, or a whirlwind—burning, overthrowing, destroying every thing in their course, and the effects produced by them will still be inferior to those caused by an explosion of mine-gas. A discharge of cannon loaded with canister-shot, and fired point-blank into a crowd; a powder-magazine taking fire in the midst of a body of workmen; a gasometer exploding in a factory—can scarcely give an idea of an explosion of fire-damp suddenly overtaking the miner.

The moment the mixed gas comes in contact with the flame of a lamp, a tremendous explosion takes place, resulting from the combination of the components of the fire-damp, hydrogen and carbon, with the oxygen of the air. The two former separate to combine with the oxygen, with which they have the greatest affinity. The double phenomenon only takes place at a high temperature; without flame it would not arise. The reaction produces an effect like the most brilliant lightning, and makes itself heard by a clap of thunder. The explosion spreads instantly into all the galleries of the mine; a roaring whirlwind of flaming air destroys every thing it encounters, over-

throwing trams, barricades, and trap-doors, mounts into the shaft, and lifts from their foundations the staging which covers its mouth, through which it discharges thick clouds of coal, stone, and timber.

The men are blinded, thrown down, scorched, and sometimes burnt to a cinder; often their clothes take fire, and not unfrequently they are buried beneath the ruins of the fallen roofs. When an attempt is made to fly to their assistance, there is not time to rescue them; there are only corpses left which are scarcely recognizable. The calamity spares nobody, even though as many as one or two hundred miners may be at work; death extends over the whole of the mine where the explosive gas was present.

The air-doors are thrown down, the ventilation of the mine is reversed, the underground atmosphere is vitiated by the combustion of the fire-damp, and the stalls are filled with steam and carbonic acid. Sometimes the temperature rises so much that the coal is converted into coke at the sides of the galleries, and the commotion is so great that the dams have to withstand both fire and water, and the wallings, raised for the purpose of resisting the thrust of the measures, are themselves overthrown. Then to a scene of already indescribable desolation are added the horrors of inundation, falls of the ground, and fire, where the explosion has already made only too many victims.

To take at random an example of these heart-rending accidents, we will notice that of the mine of Méons, near Saint-Étienne. The over-man and three other men went down into the mine, where they found the stable-men looking after the horses, and the carpenters at their work. Suddenly a frightful report was heard. The masonry surrounding the mouth of the shaft, made of large, dressed stones, the framework supporting the pulleys, were all blown to a distance of even more than a hundred yards from the opening. The very tubs and the ropes were lifted from the bottom of the mine by the devastating hurricane, and hurled into space. The superintendent arrived, filled with alarm. He thought a boiler had burst, but it was an explosion of fire-damp. An attempt at rescue was promptly organized, but the lamps were extinguished, and, the galleries of the mine being filled with smoke and bad air, the rescuers fell suffocated, and two of them were dead.



Falling in of a Mine.



Explosion in a Coal-Mine.

An ambulance was established at the entrance to the mine, and another descent made. The colliers, when a comrade has to be rescued from danger, will sacrifice themselves to the last man. The search was carried on throughout the night, by feeling, for the lamps would not burn. At ten o'clock the next morning none of the victims had been recovered, and a number of asphyxiated searchers filled the ambulance.

An agitated crowd, consisting of the families of the miners, pressed round the pit-mouth. One woman in particular attracted attention, on account of the deep sorrow she displayed; she was young and beautiful; she carried a babe at her bosom, and large tears fell from her eyes. She is the wife of the over-man. She requested, as a special favor, to be allowed to enter the mine in order to recover her husband; but no woman being permitted to go into the workings, she anxiously waited outside.

Now they returned into the interior. The wrecks of the timberings and the coal which had been blown down formed a desolating sight. From time to time blocks of coal were still heard to fall, as they became detached from the walls. The carpenters, who were repairing the timbering, had been crushed. All the horses (of which there were six) were found suffocated in the stable, and the groom dead with them, lying in the manger, apparently asleep; the hay had been set on fire and was still burning. At length one of the men, who went down with the over-man, was discovered, and alive! Blown by the explosion to the bottom of a gallery, he had been horribly scorched and nearly blinded. His escape was cut off by falls of coal and rock, and, as he had no light, he durst not move. Hearing no noise for fifteen hours, and despairing of ever beholding the light of day again, he awaited death with resignation, consoling himself with the thought (to make use of his own words) "that his wife and children would be supported by the benefit-club of the mine." After this first rescue, another man was found, almost burned in the rubbish, but still alive. He said he had seen a *river of fire* pass over him, and, to save himself, he placed his hand over his eyes. They were frightfully injured, and he was blind.

This memorable catastrophe long inspired the miners of the country where it occurred with a sort of superstitious terror. They no longer went to work without their safety-lamps, and without first imploring divine protection, and commending themselves to Saint Barbe, the miners' patron saint, whose statue was solemnly erected at the mouth of the gallery.

Modern mechanical inventions of great size and power, known as air-pumps, worked by steam-engines of the largest size, are used to ventilate the mines. Not only is pure air supplied by these immense machines, but all the irrespirable gases are got rid of which accumulate in them, and which form distinct layers in the galleries. The carbonic acid, being the heaviest, is at the bottom; if a dog were carried into it, the animal would fall dead from suffocation. The lamp of the miner would also be extinguished by coming in contact with it. Then comes the middle layer, which is composed more or less of pure air, and, lastly, occupying the higher levels, is the light carburetted hydrogen, the inflammable gas which, when mixed with air, forms the terrible fire-damp, the effects of which we have attempted to describe. Sometimes all these gases are intermingled; it is then that explosions and suffocations are especially to be apprehended. Good ventilation, either by natural or artificial means, and the use of safety-lamps, are the only means by which accidents from explosions of fire-damp can be avoided.

On entering a mine where the air is bad, the lights gradually grow pale, and are finally extinguished. A sort of pressure on the temples is felt, a faintness, a sense of extreme lassitude and fatigue in the limbs, the action of the heart fails, and suffocation approaches. The lights now either cease to burn in the foul air, or become, on the slightest motion, extinguished; a better place must be obtained without delay, and instant retreat becomes necessary. With what delight a fresher and purer air is breathed! that which was just left being, in the language of the miners, *dead*. The successful lighting of a match is now hailed with joy, and, less inquisitive than Lot's wife, the delighted miners flee from threatening danger, without looking once behind.



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SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1869.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;* OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK II.—THE ORK AT SEA.

I.—THE OUTER LAWS.

THE snow-storm is one of the unknown quantities of the sea. It is the most obscure of meteors, obscure in every sense of the word; a mixture of fog and tempest, a phenomenon not yet well explained. This uncertainty causes many disasters.

Men try to explain every thing by the wind and the current. Now, there is in the air a force which is not wind, and in the water a force which is not current. This force, the same in the air as in the water, is effluvium. The air and the water are two masses of liquid, nearly identical, and changing mutually into each other by condensation and dilatation, so much so, that breathing is a species of drinking; the effluvium alone is fluid. The wind and the current are only impulses, the effluvium is a steady stream. The wind is visible in its clouds, the current in its foam; the effluvium is invisible. Yet from time to time it says, *There I am*, and its way of saying so is a thunder-clap.

The snow-storm presents a problem analogous to that of the dry fog. If an explanation of the Spaniard's *callina*, and the Ethiopian's *quobar*, be possible, this explanation will certainly be made by attentive observation of the magnetic effluvium.

Without the effluvium, a host of facts remain enigmatic. The altered velocity of the wind, changing in a storm from three feet to two hundred and twenty feet a second, may possibly cause the alteration of the waves, rising from three inches in a calm, to thirty-six feet in a stormy sea; the horizontalness of the blasts, even in a squall, may possibly make us understand how a wave thirty feet high can be fifteen hundred feet long; but why the waves of the Pacific are four times higher near America than near Asia, that is to say, higher at the west than at the east; why it is the contrary in the Atlantic; why, under the Equator, it is the middle of the sea which is highest; why these ocean swells change their place: this is what the magnetic effluvium, combined with the rotation of the earth and the attraction of the heavenly bodies, can alone explain.

Does it not require this mysterious complication to understand an oscillation of the wind, going, for instance, by the west,

from southeast to northeast, then returning abruptly by the same great round, from northeast to southeast, so as to make, in thirty-six hours, the prodigious circuit of five hundred and sixty degrees, which was the course run over by the snow-storm of March 17, 1867?

The storm-waves of Australia reach eighty feet in height; Australia is near the pole. A tempest in our latitudes is due less to the disturbance of the winds, than to continuous electric submarine discharges; in 1866, the transatlantic cable was regularly impeded in its working two hours out of the twenty-four, from noon till two P. M., by a sort of intermittent fever. Certain compositions and decompositions of forces cause phenomena, and thrust themselves on the sailors' calculations, under pain of shipwreck. The day when navigation, now a routine, shall become a mathematical science; the day, for instance, when men will try to find out why, in our climate, hot winds sometimes come from the north, and cold ones from the south; the day when we shall understand that the diminutions of temperature are proportioned to the depths of the sea; the day when we shall have before our minds the fact that the globe is a great magnet polarized in space, having two axes, one of rotation, one of effluvium, cutting each other at the centre of the earth, and that the magnetic poles revolve round the geographic; when those who risk their lives shall choose to risk them scientifically; when the unstable medium of navigation shall have been studied; when every captain shall be a meteorologist, every pilot a chemist—then will many catastrophes be avoided. The sea is as much magnetic as watery; an ocean of forces floats, unknown, in the ocean of currents; down-stream, we may say. To see in the ocean only a mass of water is not to see it at all; the ocean is a coming and going of fluid as much as a flux and reflux of liquid, affected even more by attraction than by hurricanes. Molecular adhesion (shown by capillary attraction, among other phenomena) shares, in the ocean, the grandeur of the ocean's volume, and the waves of effluvium sometimes assist, sometimes oppose, the waves of the air and the water. He who knows not the electric laws knows not the hydraulic, for they interpenetrate. True, no study is more difficult or more doubtful; it borders on imposture, as astronomy borders on astrology. But without it there is no real navigation.

This said, let us pass on.

The snow-storm is one of the most dangerous compounds of the sea. It is above all magnetic. The pole produces it, as it produces the aurora borealis, inspiring the fog of the one and the gleam of the other; the effluvium is perceptible in the snow-flake as well as in the striated flame.

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Tempests are the nervous attacks and fits of madness to which the sea is subject. The sea has its sick-headaches. Storms may be compared to sicknesses; some are mortal, others not; you may escape from this one, and not from that. The whirlwind of snow passes for being usually fatal. Jarabija, one of Magellan's pilots, styled it "a cloud that came from the bad side of the devil."*

The old Spanish sailors called this kind of whirlwind *La Nevada* when it snowed, and *La Helada* when it hailed. According to them, bats fell from the sky in the snow.

Snow-storms belong to the polar latitudes. But sometimes they slip, one might almost say crumble, there is so much ruin in these aerial incidents, as far down as our climes.

We have seen that the *Matutina*, in leaving Portland, entered on a great nocturnal risk, aggravated by an approaching storm. She had confronted all these threats with a sort of tragic audacity. Nevertheless, let us not forget it, she had had her warning.

II.

FILLING UP THE ORIGINAL PROFILES.

As long as the ork was in Portland gulf, there was little sea; the waves were almost still. However dark the ocean, it was still light in the sky. The ork hugged as closely as possible the cliff which was a good screen for it.

There were ten persons on board the little Biscayan felucca, three of the crew, and seven passengers, two of these, women. By the light of the open sea (for extent illumines twilight) all the figures were now clearly brought out. Besides, they were no longer hiding, no longer embarrassed; each resumed his liberty of motion, uttered his cry, showed his face; their departure was a deliverance.

The motley nature of the group was strikingly apparent. The women were of no age; a wandering life cuts youth short, and poverty is a wrinkle of itself. One was a Basque of the dry-ports, the other, the woman with the large rosary, Irish. They had the careless air of poor devils. On entering, they had crouched down together on some boxes at the foot of the mast. They conversed; Irish and Basque, as we have said, are kindred tongues. The Basque woman's hair smelled of onions and basil. The master of the ork was a Guipuscoan Basque; one sailor was a Basque of the north slope of the Pyrenees, the other a Basque of the south slope, that is to say, of the same nation, though nominally the former was a Frenchman and the latter a Spaniard. The Basques do not recognize the official division. *Mi madre se llama montana*, "My mother's name is mountain," said the muleteer Zalarens. Of the five men accompanying the two women, one was a Frenchman of Languedoc, one a Frenchman of Provence, one from Genoa, one, the old fellow who had the hat without a pipe-hole, seemed to be a German, the fifth, their leader, was a Basque from the moors of Biscarossa. It was he who, at the moment when the child was going to enter the ork, had kicked the foot-bridge into the sea. This man, stout, fidgetty, quick in his movements, covered, it will be remembered, with embroideries, spangles, and tinsel that made his rags shine, could not keep in one place, stooped, rose again, went and came unceasingly from one end of the craft to the other, as if distracted between what he had just done and what was going to happen.

This leader of the band, and the master of the ork and the two men of the crew, all four Basques, spoke now Basque, now Spanish, and then again French, all these tongues prevailing on the two slopes of the Pyrenees. The others, except the woman, spoke something like French, which was the staple of their slang. At this time the French tongue was beginning to be chosen by the nations as a medium between the preponderance of consonants at the North and the preponderance of vowels at the South. Business men in Europe talked

French; so did thieves. It may be remembered that the London robber, Gibby, understood Cartouche.

The ork was a good sailer and went at a good rate; nevertheless, ten persons with their baggage made a heavy cargo for so small a craft.

This saving of a troop by the vessel did not necessarily imply the affiliation of the crew with the troop. It sufficed that the master of the vessel was a *Vascongado*, and the leader of the band another. With this race, mutual assistance is a duty admitting no exception. A Basque, we have just said, is neither French nor Spanish, he is Basque, and bound to save another Basque, always and everywhere. Such is the brotherhood of the Pyrenees.

All the time that the ork was in the gulf, the sky, though it had an awkward look, was not angry enough to disturb the fugitives or occupy their attention. They were running away, they were escaping, they were brutally gay. One laughed, another sang. The laugh was dry but unrestrained, the song low but careless.

The Languedocian cried, *Caucagno!* "Cockaigne" expresses the height of satisfaction in Narbonne. He was a half-sailor, native of the maritime village of Gruissan, on the south slope, a sea-going man rather than a seaman, but clever in handling the scows of the pond at Bages, and drawing up on the dark sands of Saint Lucia the drag-net full of fish. He was one of that race who wear red caps, make complicated signs of the cross, Spanish fashion, drink wine from goat-skins, squeeze the sack, scrape the ham-bone, kneel down to swear, and invoke their patron saints with a threat: Great Saint, grant me what I ask, or I'll throw a stone at your head, "ou té feg' un pic." He might, at need, be a useful addition to the crew.

The Provençal, in the galley, was making up a turf-fire under an iron pot, and cooking the soup.

This soup was a sort of *puchero*, in which fish replaced the meat, and the Provençal kept throwing into it small peas, little square bits of salt pork, and cloves of red pepper, concessions made by the bouillabaisse eater to the ollapodrida eaters. By his side was one of the provision-bags, unpacked. Over his head he had lighted an iron lantern with talc sides, that swung from the galley ceiling. Alongside it was suspended, on another hook, the kingfisher weathercock. It was then a popular belief that a dead kingfisher, hung up by the beak, always turned his breast to windward.

While he went on making the soup, the Provençal occasionally put the stem of a gourd to his mouth and swallowed a mouthful of brandy. It was one of those wicker-covered gourds, broad and flat, with handles, which were hung from the side by a strap and then called "hip-gourds." Between each swallow he mumbled a couplet of one of those country songs the subject of which is just nothing; a hollow road, a hedge; you see in the meadow, through an opening in the thicket, the lengthened shadow of a horse and cart in the setting sun, and from time to time the end of the fork loaded with hay appears and disappears above the hedge. No more is required to make a song.

A departure relieves or overwhelms, according to what is on the heart or the brain. All seemed relieved except one, who was the patriarch of the band, the man with the pipeless hat.

This old man, who seemed German more than any thing else, although he had one of those faces in the depths of which nationality is lost, was bald, and so grave that his baldness seemed a tonsure. Every time he passed before the Virgin at the bow, he lifted his felt hat, disclosing the swollen veins of his aged head. A sort of large cloak, of brown Dorchester serge, worn and torn, in which he was wrapped, only half hid his body coat, light, narrow, and hooked up to the collar like a cassock. His two hands were always coming together, joining mechanically, as if accustomed to prayer. He had what might be called a white look, for looks are above all a reflec-

* Una nube salida del mala lado del diablo.

tion of the mind, and it is an error to suppose that ideas have no color.

This look was evidently the surface of a strange interior, result of a medley of contradictions, tending some to good, others to evil. To an observing mind it was the revelation of an imperfect humanity, which might fall below the tiger or rise above the man. Such chaotic souls exist. There was something in this face that could not be deciphered, a very essence of secrecy. This man had evidently known the calculating foretaste and the blank after-taste of guilt. On his impassiveness, perhaps only apparent, were imprinted the signs of two ossifications, that of the heart, belonging to the executioner, and that of the mind, belonging to the mandarin. One might affirm (for monstrosities have their way of being perfect) that every thing was possible to him, even an emotion. Every learned man has a little of the corpse in him; this man was learned. Only by looking at him, you might detect the philosopher in the movements of his body and the folds of his cloak. His was a fossil face, yet the wrinkled, polyglottic mobility, which degenerates into grimace, marred its seriousness. Still it was severe; no hypocrisy, but no cynicism. The man was a tragic dreamer, whom crime had left pensive. He had a bandit's eyebrows softened by an archbishop's eyes. His scanty gray hairs were white on the temples. You perceived in him the Christian modified by Turkish fatalism. Chalk-stones deformed his skeleton fingers; he was ridiculously tall, but had good sea-legs. He walked slowly on the deck, with an air of sombre conviction, looking at no one. The gleam of his eyeballs, fixed yet vague, revealed a soul that watched the gloom, without escaping the pricks of conscience.

From time to time the leader of the band, abrupt and alert, zigzagging swiftly through the vessel, came to whisper in his ear. The old man replied by a nod. It was like the lightning consulting the night.

III.

UNQUIET MEN ON AN UNQUIET SEA.

Two persons in the vessel, the old man and the master of the ork (who must not be confounded with the leader of the troop), were entirely occupied, the master with the sea, the old man with the sky. The eyes of the one never quitted the waves, the other kept watching the clouds. The behavior of the water caused the captain's anxiety; the old man seemed to suspect the heavens. He watched the stars through every opening in the clouds.

It was the moment when it is still light, and a few stars begin to twinkle feebly in the evening sky.

The horizon had a singular aspect, with different sorts of mist.

The fog was chiefly over the land, the clouds mostly over the sea.

Even before emerging from Portland bay, the master, anxious about the sea, had gone through a long series of manœuvres. He did not wait till he had rounded the point. He examined the braces, satisfied himself that the stays of the lower shrouds were in good order, and held taut the futtock-shrouds, precautions which showed the daring of a man bent on speed.

The defect of the ork was that it drew more water forward than aft.

The master moved every moment from the sailing to the variation compass, sighting all the objects along the coast, for the purpose of finding to what point of the card they corresponded. A breeze on the bowline first showed itself; he did not seem vexed at this, though it varied five points from their course. Most of the time he held the tiller himself, as if he could only trust himself to lose no momentum, the effects of the rudder being commensurate with the rapidity of headway.

The difference between the true and the apparent rhumb being greater in proportion as the vessel has more speed, the

ork seemed to make more way to windward than she really did. She was not going very close to the wind; but to know the true rhumb accurately you must go before the wind. If we see in the clouds long streaks, ending in the same point of the horizon, that point is the source of the wind; but that evening there were several winds, and the point of the rhumb was doubtful, so that the master mistrusted these illusory indications.

He steered cautiously, yet boldly, braced up to the wind, kept sharp watch for sudden shifts, would not let the vessel come up in the wind, noted the lee-way, observed little jerks of the tiller, had an eye on all the incidents of the vessel's motion, all the variations of their headway, kept constantly, for fear of accidents, some points clear of the land that he was coasting, above all, made the angle of the vane with the keel larger than the angle of the sails, the wind-line indicated by the compass being always doubtful, owing to the small size of the instrument. His eyes, immovably cast down, examined every change of the deep.

Once, however, he lifted them into space, and tried to see the three stars in Orion's belt; these stars are called the Three Magi, and an old proverb of the old Spanish pilots says: "He who sees the Three Magi is not far from the Saviour."

This glance of the master toward heaven coincided with a grumbling aside of the old man at the other end of the vessel.

— We cannot even see the *Claire des Gardes* or Antares, red as he is. Not a star is distinct.

No anxiety among the other fugitives.

Nevertheless, when the first joy of escape was over, they could not help perceiving that they were at sea in the month of January, and that the gale was icy cold. Impossible to stow themselves in the cabin, much too narrow, and, moreover, encumbered with baggage and bales. The baggage belonged to the passengers, the bales to the crew, for the ork was not a pleasure-vessel, she was a smuggler. The passengers had to establish themselves on deck; such wanderers were easily resigned to it. Out-door habits simplify the night arrangements of vagabonds; the open air is their friend; the cold helps them to sleep, sometimes to die.

The Languedocian and the Genoese, while waiting for supper, rolled themselves up near the women at the foot of the mast, on tarpaulins, which the sailors threw to them.

The bald old man stood in the bow, immovable and seemingly insensible to the cold.

The master of the ork uttered, from the tiller where he stood, a sort of guttural summons not unlike the cry of the bird called in America the Exclaimer; at this interjection, the leader of the troop and the master thus apostrophized him: *Etcheco jaïna*. These two Basque words, which mean "laborer of the mountain," are, among these antique Cantabrians, a solemn formula for entering on business.

Then the master pointed out the old man to the leader with his finger, and the dialogue continued in Spanish, not entirely correct, as it was mountain-Spanish:

*Etcheco jatna, que es est hombre? **

* Laborer of the mountain, who is this man?

A man.

What tongues speaks he?

All.

What things knows he?

All.

What country?

None and all.

What God?

God.

How do you call him?

The madman.

How do you say you call him?

The sage.

What is he in your band?

He is what he is.

The chief?

No.

What then is he?

The soul.

Un hombre.
 Que lenguas habla?
 Todas.
 Que cosas sabe?
 Todas.
 Qual pais?
 Ningun y todas.
 Qual Dios?
 Dios.
 Como le llamas?
 El Tonto.
 Como dices que le llamas?
 El Sabio.
 En vuestra tropa que esta?
 Esta lo que esta.
 El gefe?
 No.
 Pues que esta?
 La alma.

The leader and the master separated, each returning to his own train of ideas, and soon after the *Matutina* issued from the gulf. The great undulations of the open sea began.

Where the ocean was free from foam it had a sticky appearance; the waves, losing their sharp edges in the twilight, looked like puddles of gall. Here and there a flattened billow showed cracks and stars, like a window at which stones had been thrown. At the centre of these stars, in eddying apertures, trembled a phosphorescence which recalled the cat-like after-gleam of departed light in the screech-owl's eyes.

Proudly and like a stout swimmer, the *Matutina* crossed the dangerous vibration of Chambers bank. Chambers bank, a hidden obstacle at the entrance of Portland roads, is not a bar, but an amphitheatre. A circus of sand under water, benches carved by the rolling waves, an arena round and symmetrical, round as the Jungfrau, but submerged, an ocean Coliseum of which the diver has glimpses in the moments of his plunge—such is Chambers bank. Hydras fight there, leviathans meet there; there, say the legends, at the bottom of the gigantic funnel, lie the carcasses of ships seized and sunk by the huge spider-kraken, called also the mountain-fish. Such is this frightful ghoul of the sea.

These spectral realities, unknown by man, show themselves at the surface by a slight shiver.

In the nineteenth century, Chambers bank is a ruin. The breakwater recently constructed has upset and cut down, by the surf it causes, this lofty specimen of submarine architecture, just as the pier built at Croisic, in 1760, altered by a quarter of an hour the tidal computation there. Yet the tide is eternal; but eternity obeys man more than is commonly supposed.

IV.

A CLOUD, DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS, COMES UPON THE SCENE.

THE old man, whom the leader of the band had at first called a madman, and then a sage, did not leave the bow any more. Since passing over the Chambers bank, his attention had been divided between the sky and the sea. He lowered his eyes; then he raised them. What he looked at most closely was the northeast.

The master gave up the tiller to a seaman, strode over the hatch of the cable-tier, traversed the gangway, and came upon the fore-castle.

He made up to the old man, but not fronting him. He kept himself a little in his rear, with elbows stuck into his hips, hands spread out, head bent down upon his shoulder, eye opened, eyebrow elevated, a corner of the lips smiling—which is the bearing of curiosity, when it vacillates between irony and respect.

The old man—it may be that he was in the habit of talking sometimes when alone; it may be that feeling some one behind

him induced him to speak—began to talk to himself as he scanned the distance.

—The meridian, whence one reckons the true ascension, is marked in this age by four stars, the Polar, Cassiopea's chair, Andromeda's head, and the star Algenib that is in Pegasus. But no one of these is visible.

These words succeeded each other involuntarily, confused, scarcely spoken out, and as though he had nothing to do with pronouncing them. They floated out of his mouth, and were lost. The monologue is the smoke of the mind's internal fires.

The master broke in:

—Seignior!

The old man, perhaps a little deaf as well as very pensive, continued:

—Not enough stars and too much wind. The wind always leaves its course, to throw itself upon the coast. It flings itself there perpendicularly. This is because the land is warmer than the sea. Its air is lighter. The cold and heavy sea-wind precipitates itself on the land, to take its place. This is why, in the open sky, the wind blows toward the land from all sides. It would be important to make lengthened tacks between the estimated and the presumed parallels. When the latitude by observation does not differ from the presumed latitude more than three minutes in ten leagues, and four in twenty, one is on a fair course.

The master bowed, but the old man did not notice him. This personage, who wore what resembled a university gown of Oxford or Gottingen, did not budge from his haughty or stubborn attitude. He looked upon the sea, as a connoisseur of the waters and of men. He studied the waves, but almost as though he were about to seek in their tumult for the turn of his words, and to impart something to them. There was in him a touch of the pedagogue and of the seer. He had the air of a pedant of the abyss.

He pursued his soliloquy, uttered perhaps, after all, to be listened to.

—One might struggle on, if there were a wheel instead of a tiller. At the rate of four leagues an hour, thirty pounds of weight upon the wheel can produce three hundred thousand pounds of effect upon the direction. And more still, for there are occasions when one can make two additional turns.

The master bowed a second time, and said:

—Seignior. . . .

The old man's eye fixed itself upon him. The head turned, without the body moving.

—Call me doctor.

—Seignior doctor, it is I who am the captain.

—So be it! replied the doctor.

The doctor—we shall call him thus henceforward—appeared willing to talk.

—Have you an English octant?

—No.

—Without an English octant, you cannot take an altitude at either end.

—The Basques, replied the master, took soundings before there were any Englishmen.

—Don't trust to springing your luff.

—I ease away when necessary.

—Have you measured the vessel's speed?

—Yes.

—When?

—Just now.

—By what means?

—By means of the log.

—Were you careful in keeping your eye upon the reel?

—Yes.

—Does the sand-glass make exactly its thirty seconds?

—Yes.

—Are you sure that the sand has not worn the aperture between the two globes?

— Yes.

— Have you tested the sand-glass by the vibration of a musket-ball suspended to a spun-yarn drawn from above the soaked hemp?

— Certainly.

— Did you wax the spun-yarn, for fear that it might stretch?

— Yes.

— Have you made a counterproof of the log?

— I have made a counterproof of the sand-glass by the musket-ball, and a counterproof of the log by the cannon-ball.

— What diameter had your ball?

— A foot.

— Good weight?

— It is an old cannon-ball of our old war-ork, the *Casse de Par-grand*.

— That was in the Armada?

— Yes.

— And that carried six hundred soldiers, fifty seamen, and twenty-five guns?

— The wreck knows all that.

— How have you estimated the force of the water acting against the ball?

— By means of a German steelyard.

— Have you made allowance for the impulsion of the wave against the cord to which the ball is attached?

— Yes.

— With what result?

— The force of the water was a hundred and seventy pounds.

— That is to say that the vessel makes four French leagues an hour.

— And three Dutch leagues.

— But that is only the surplus of the speed of the wake over the speed of the vessel.

— Assuredly.

— Where are you steering?

— For a creek that I am acquainted with, between Loyola and St. Sebastian.

— Put yourself as quickly as you can on the parallel of the place to which you are bound.

— Yes. The least possible falling off.

— Mistrust the winds and the currents. The former provoke the latter.

— The traitors!

— No abuse! The sea can hear. Insult nothing. Be satisfied with watching.

— I have watched, and I do watch. The tide is at present against the wind; but soon, when it will run with the wind, we shall have an improvement.

— Have you got a set of charts?

— No; not for these waters.

— Then you grope your way as you navigate?

— No; I have the compass.

— The compass is one eye; the book of charts is the other.

— A man, blind of one eye, sees.

— How do you measure the angle that the vessel's course makes with the keel?

— I have my compass of variation, and then I guess.

— Guessing is well; knowing is better.

— Columbus guessed.

— When there is a constant shifting, and when the card in the compass-box turns about balefully, one knows no longer what to do with the wind, and the end of it is having no estimated point, and no corrected one. An ass that knows his way is worth more than a diviner with his oracle.

— There is none of this shifting in the northeaster yet; and I see no ground for alarm.

— Ships are flies in the spider-web of the sea.

— For the moment all is well enough in sea and wind.

— A tremor of black points upon the flood; such is man upon the ocean.

— I do not look forward to any thing bad for to-night.

— There may come such inky darkness, that you will be troubled to get out of the mess.

— So far, all goes well.

The doctor's eye fixed itself upon the northeast.

The master continued:

— Let us only get into the Bay of Biscay, and I answer for every thing. Ah! yes, indeed, I am at home there. I have it fast, my Bay of Biscay! It is a hand-basin often in a terrible fume; but I know all its depths of water, and all the nature of its bottom: mud before San Cipriano, shell before Cizarque, sand off Cape Penas, small pebbles at Boucaut de Mimizan; and I can distinguish the color of all the pebbles.

The master stopped; the doctor was no longer listening.

The doctor was looking steadily at the northeast. Something more than ordinary passed across that icy visage. All the terror conceivable upon a mask of stone was there depicted. His mouth dropped out this expression:

— Well and good!

The pupil of his eye, become all at once that of the owl, and quite round, dilated with stupefaction, as he seemed to probe a point in the distance.

He added:

— It is right. For my part, I am willing.

The master looked at him.

The doctor resumed, speaking to himself, or to some one in the void:

— I say yes.

He was silent; opened his eyes wider and wider, redoubling his attention to what he saw; then continued:

— It comes from a long way off; but what it will do, nobody knows but itself.

The segment of space, whereinto the eye and the thought of the doctor were plunged, being opposite the west, was illuminated by the ample reflection of twilight, almost as by day. This segment, very circumscribed and surrounded by patches of grayish vapor, was entirely blue; but the blue was leaden, not azure.

The doctor, turned altogether to the side of the sea, and without looking further at the captain, pointed out with his forefinger this airy segment, and said:

— Do you see that?

— What?

— That.

— What?

— Away there.

— The blue? Yes.

— What is it?

— A bit of sky.

— For those who are going to heaven, said the doctor. For those who are going elsewhere, it is something else.

And he emphasized these enigmatical words with a fearful look, lost in the obscurity.

There was silence.

The master, reverting to the double estimate put upon this man by the leader, debated within himself this question: Is he a madman? Is he a sage?

The doctor's bony and rigid forefinger remained at point, as though fixed there, toward the blue and overcast bit of the horizon.

The master examined this blue.

— In fact, muttered he to himself, it is not sky; it is cloud.

— Blue cloud worse than black cloud, said the doctor; and he added:

— It is the cloud of the snow.

— *La nube de la nieve*, said the master, as if he sought to understand the phrase better by translating it to himself.

— Do you know what the cloud of the snow is? asked the doctor.

— No.

— You will know before long.

The master betook himself again to studying the horizon. All the while that he was observing the cloud, the master spoke between his teeth.

— A month of squalls, a month of rain, January coughing, and February crying; that's the whole winter for us Asturians. Our rain is warm. We have snow only in the mountains. Ay, indeed, look out for the avalanche! The avalanche knows nothing whatever. The avalanche is a beast.

— And the whirlwind of snow is a monster, said the doctor.

The doctor, after a pause, added:

— Look, here it comes!

He resumed:

— Several winds are setting themselves to work at the same time; a hard wind from the west, and a slow-blowing wind from the east.

— That one is a hypocrite, said the master.

The blue cloud grew bigger.

— If the snow, continued the doctor, is formidable when it descends from the mountain, judge what it is when it hurls itself down from the pole.

His eye was glassy. The cloud seemed to be increasing upon his countenance, as it was upon the horizon.

He went on, as though in a reverie:

— Every minute brings on the hour. The will from on high is revealing itself.

The master again put this question to himself internally: Is he a madman?

— Captain, asked the doctor, his eye all the time fixed upon the cloud, have you navigated much in the Channel?

The master answered:

— To-day is the first time.

The doctor, who was absorbed in the blue cloud, and who, as a sponge can only hold so much water and no more, could only feel a certain amount of anxiety, was not moved by this reply of the master, beyond a very slight shrugging of his shoulders.

— How so?

— Seignior doctor, my voyages are generally to Ireland. I sail from Fontarabia to Black Harbor, or to Akill Island, which is two islands. I go sometimes to Bractipult, which is a point in Wales. But I steer always above the Scilly Islands. I am not acquainted with this sea.

— That is serious. Unfortunate he, who spells out the ocean. The Channel is a sea that must be read off-hand. The Channel—it is the sphinx. Beware of its bottom.

— We are in twenty-five fathoms here.

— You must get into the fifty-five fathoms that are to the westward, and keep clear of the twenty that are to the eastward.

— We will sound as we go.

— The Channel is not a sea like any other. The rise and fall is fifty feet at spring, and twenty-five at neap-tides. High-water flood is not low-water ebb. Ah! you look as though you were disconcerted.

— To-night we will sound.

— For sounding, you must lay-to; and you will not be able.

— Why?

— On account of the wind.

— We will try.

— The hurricane is a sword in the reins.

— We will sound, Seignior doctor.

— You will not be able even to bring-to.

— Trust in God.

— Prudence in words! Pronounce not lightly the irritable name.

— I shall sound, I tell you.

— Be diffident. You are soon going to be cuffed by the wind.

— I mean that I shall try to sound.

— The rush of the water will prevent the lead from going down, and the line will break. Ah! this is your first visit to these latitudes?

— The first.

— Well, in that case, listen, captain!

The accentuation of this word, "listen," was so imperative, that the master bowed.

— Seignior doctor, I am listening.

— Haul on board your larboard sheets, and stand off to starboard.

— What do you mean?

— Stand to the west!

— Caramba!

— Stand to the west!

— Not possible.

— As you please. What I tell you is for the others. For myself, I accept.

— But, Seignior doctor, standing in to the west...

— Yes, captain.

— Is the wind in one's teeth.

— Yes, captain.

— Is the devil's own pitching.

— Choose other words! Yes, captain.

— It is the vessel on the rack.

— Yes, captain.

— It is, perhaps, the mast carried away.

— Perhaps.

— You want me to steer to the west?

— Yes.

— I cannot.

— In that case, battle it out with the sea as you please.

— It would be necessary to have a change of wind.

— It will not change, all night.

— Why?

— This is a blast twelve hundred leagues long.

— Beat against this wind? Impossible.

— Steer westward, I tell you.

— I will try. But, in spite of every thing, we shall fall to leeward.

— There's the danger.

— The gale drives us to the east.

— Do not go to the east!

— Why?

— Captain, are you aware what for us is the name of death, in these days?

— No.

— Death is called the East.

— I will steer to the west.

The doctor, this time, looked at the master and looked at him with a look that bears hard, as though to drive home an idea into a brain. He had turned entirely round to the master, and he uttered these words slowly, syllable by syllable:

— If, to-night, when we are in midwater, we hear the sound of a bell, the vessel is lost.

The master looked at him, stupefied.

— What do you mean?

The doctor made no reply. His look, one instant gone forth from him, had now reëntered. His eye had again become introspective. He did not seem to take in the master's startled question. He was now only attentive to that which he listened to within himself. His lips articulated, as if mechanically, these few words, low as a murmur:

— The moment is come for black souls to wash themselves.

The master made the expressive wry face, that brings all the lower part of the countenance up toward the nose.

—He is more of madman than of sage, grumbled he.
And he walked away.
Nevertheless he laid his course for the west.
But the wind and the sea were getting up.

V.

HARDQUANONNE.

SHAPELESS, in all sorts of swellings, the fog gathered at once upon every point of the horizon, as though invisible mouths were occupied in puffing up the leather bags of the tempest. The form of the clouds became threatening.

The blue cloud held all the lower part of the sky. There was as much of it now in the west, as in the east. It worked up against the gale. These contradictions belong to the law of winds.

The sea, which, a moment before, had scales, now had a skin. Such is this dragon. It was no longer the crocodile; it was the boa. This skin, livid and foul, appeared thick, and wrinkled itself heavily. At the surface, bubbles of spume, isolated and resembling pustules, rounded themselves, then burst. The scum was like leprosy.

It was at this instant that the ork, still visible in the distance to the child left behind, lighted up its signal-light.

A quarter of an hour passed away.

The master cast his eyes about in search of the doctor. He was no longer on deck.

Immediately on the master leaving him, the doctor had stooped his inconvenient height under the companion-way, and had gone into the cabin. There he seated himself near the stove, upon a block. He drew from his pocket a shagreen inkhorn, and a Spanish-leather portfolio. He took out of the portfolio a piece of parchment with four folds, old, spotted, and yellow. He smoothed out the parchment, took a pen from the pen-holder of his inkhorn, laid the portfolio flat upon his knee, and the parchment on the portfolio, and began to write upon the second side of the parchment, making use of the light that came from the cook's lantern. The motion caused by the sea troubled him. The doctor wrote a long time. As he wrote, he remarked the gourd-bottle of aguardiente, that the Provençal tasted each time that he put spice into the lobsouse, as though he consulted it as to the seasoning.

The doctor noticed this gourd, not because it was a bottle of brandy, but on account of a name woven in the wicker-work, in red withes upon the black withes. There was light enough in the cabin to read this name.

Pausing in his work, the doctor spelled it to himself in low tone:

—Hardquanonne.

Then he turned to the cook:

—I had not previously noticed this gourd. Did it belong to Hardquanonne?

—To our poor comrade Hardquanonne? said the cook. Yes.

The doctor went on:

—To Hardquanonne, the Fleming from Flanders?

—Yes.

—Who is in prison?

—Yes.

—In the strong keep at Ohatham?

—It is his gourd, replied the cook, and he was my friend. I keep it as a souvenir of him. When shall we see him again? Yes, it was the gourd he carried slung about him.

The doctor took up his pen again, and began, with difficulty, tracing lines, somewhat irregular, upon the parchment. He was evidently taking pains that they should be quite legible. Notwithstanding the trembling of the vessel and his trembling from age, he got to the end of what he wished to write.

It was time, for suddenly there was a shock of a wave; a very heavy sea struck the ork, and that sort of shivering

began to be perceptible, with which vessels welcome the tempest.

The doctor got up, approached the stove, all the while bending his knees adroitly at each abrupt pitch or roll, dried at the fire the lines he had just written, refolded the parchment in the portfolio, and replaced the portfolio and the writing apparatus in his pocket.

The stove was not the least ingenious bit of the ork's furniture down below. It stood well, by itself. Nevertheless, the seething-pot rocked. The Provençal watched it.

—Fish-soup, said he.

—For the fishes, replied the doctor. Then he went again upon deck.

VI.

THEY THINK THEY OBTAIN HELP.

In the midst of his increasing preoccupation, he passed as it were under review the circumstances of the case; and any one who had been near him might have heard these words fall from his lips: — Too much rolling, and not enough pitching.

And the doctor, recalled by the dark laboring of his mind, went down again into his thoughts as a miner into his mine.

But this meditating in no way hindered his observation of the sea. Gazing upon the sea is a reverie.

The sombre chastisement of the waters, eternally tormented, was about to begin. A lamenting voice went up out of all this waste. Preparatives, doleful and confused, were being made in immensity. The doctor studied what was under his eye, and lost not one of its details. Otherwise, there was nothing of contemplation in his look. One does not contemplate hell.

A vast commotion, still half latent, though plain enough in the troubled distance, accentuated and aggravated more and more the wind, the mists, the surgings. Nothing is so logical as the ocean, nothing more absurd. This incongruity with itself is inherent in its sovereignty, and is one of the elements of its amplitude. The wave is, without ceasing, for and against. It coils itself up, only to uncoil itself. One of its swashes attacks, another delivers. No sight like that of the billows. How paint those alternated and scarcely actual hollows and reliefs, those valleys, those hammocks, those heavings of the breast, those rough outlines? How express those thickets of foam, made up of mountain and of dream? The indescribable is there, everywhere, in the racking to pieces, in the frowning, in the restlessness, in the perpetual contradiction, in the lights and shadows, in the cradling of the clouds, in the vaulted key-stones forever displaced, in the disintegration without gap and without fracture, and in the funereal din that is made by all this frenzy.

The wind came out due north. It was so favorable in its strength, and so fair for getting away from England, that the master of the *Matutina* decided to crowd her with canvas. The ork broke away in the foam as at a gallop, all sails spread, wind astern, bounding from wave to wave, with rage and glee. The fugitives, enraptured, laughed. They clapped their hands, and applauded the rolling, the waves, the puffs of wind, the sails, the speed, the flight, the future unexplored. The doctor appeared not to see them, and was dreaming.

Every trace of day was eclipsed.

It was at this moment that the child, watching upon the distant cliffs, lost sight of the ork. Up to this time his look had remained fixed, and, as it were, dependent on the vessel. What part had this look in destiny? At the instant when distance blotted out the ork, and when the child no longer saw any thing, he went his way northward, while the ork stood on her course to the south.

All burying themselves in the night.

VII.

SACRED HORROR.

On their part, but with opened hearts and joyfulness, those whom the ork was carrying away saw the hostile ground

recede and diminish behind them. Little by little the dark, round outline of the ocean grew higher, obscuring, in the twilight, Portland, Purbeck, Tineham, Kimmeridge, the two Mathavers, the long strips of misty cliff, and the coast marked out with light-houses.

England became obliterated; the fugitives had no longer any thing around them but the sea.

All at once the night was terrible.

There was no more distance or space. The sky was turned into blackness, and shut itself down upon the vessel. Slowly the fall of snow began. Some flakes appeared. One might have thought them souls. Nothing was longer visible on this the race-course of the wind. One felt one's self delivered over. Every thing possible is therein—deception.

It is by this cavernous obscurity that the polar whirlwind of snow makes its début in our clime.

A vast turbid cloud, like the under-body of a hydra, weighed upon the ocean, and in places this livid belly adhered to the waves. Where it adhered, there was the resemblance of pockets full of holes, exhaling vapor, and filling themselves with water. These suction-throws up, here and there upon the waves, cones of spume.

The boreal hurricane threw itself upon the ork; the ork flung up its heels therein. The gust and the vessel came together, as though to insult each other.

In the first infuriate onset, not a sail was brailed up, not a jib was lowered, not a reef was taken in—so frenzied was the onward rush. The mast creaked and bent backward as though affrighted.

Cyclones, in our northern hemisphere, work from right and left, like the hands of a watch, with a whirling movement that equals sometimes sixty miles an hour. Though she was entirely at the mercy of this fierce rotatory assault, the ork behaved as though under control, with no other precaution than that of keeping herself upright, and of presenting her head to the first blast, while receiving another on her side, and avoiding another astern. This *quasi* prudence would have served no purpose, in the event of the wind veering suddenly from one quarter to the opposite.

A hollow sound inflated an inaccessible region.

The bellowing of the abyss—nothing is comparable to this. It is the immense bestial voice of the world. What we call matter—that unfathomable organism, that amalgamation of immeasurable energies wherein one sometimes recognizes an imperceptible amount of horrifying intention, that cosmos blind and nocturnal, that Pan incomprehensible—has a cry, a cry strange, prolonged, obstinate, continued, which is less than the Word and more than thunder. This cry, it is the tempest. Other voices—songs, melodies, clamor, words—issue from nests, from hatchings, from pairings, from marriages, from dwelling-places; this one, the whirlwind, issues from the Nothing which is All. Other voices express the soul of the universe; this one tells of its monster. It is a shapeless howling. It is the inarticulate spoken by the indefinite. Fact, pathetic and full of terror! These noises carry on dialogues above and beyond man. They rise up, are lowered, fluctuate, induce waves of sound, give rise to all sorts of indignant surprises in the mind, now burst forth close to our ears with the importuning of a flourish on trumpets, now have the husky hoarseness of the far-off-disordered hurly-burly that resembles a language, and that is a language in truth; it is the effort that the world itself makes at speaking; it is the stammering of prodigy. In this wailing, confusedly manifests itself all that an enormous sinister palpitation endures, undergoes, suffers, accepts, and rejects; most frequently, this wailing reasons falsely; seems to be an access of chronic malady, is rather a wide-spread epilepsy than a force employed; one imagines one's self assisting at a fall from an epileptic fit into the infinite. At intervals, one has glimpses of the reestablishment of the normal order of things, one knows not what

feeble attempt of chaos to reassert its sway over creation. At intervals, it is a complaint; space laments and justifies itself, somewhat as though the cause of the world were being pleaded. One fancies that the universe is a lawsuit. One listens, one tries to seize the reasons assigned, the tremendous for and against. Such groaning of the shades has the tenacity of a syllogism. Vast trouble for the thought! The cause of existence of mythologies and of polytheisms lies therein. To the fearfulness of these prodigious murmurs are added superhuman profiles, vanishing away as soon as perceived, indistinct Eumenides, breasts of Furies outlined in the clouds, Platonic chimeras partially defined. No horror equals that of these sobs, these laughings, these waverings of hubbub, these questions and these answers undecipherable, these appeals to unknown auxiliaries. Man knows not what to make of himself in the presence of this awful incantation. He covers under the enigma of these Draconian intonations. What meaning underlies them? What signify they? What do they threaten? Whom do they supplicate? There is, as it were, an unchaining. Vociferations from precipice to precipice, from air to water, from wind to waves, from rain to rock, from zenith to nadir, from stars to foam, the muzzle taken off the abyss: such is this tumult, a complication of evil consciences with one knows not what of mysterious disentanglement.

The loquacity of the night is not less lugubrious than its silence. You feel therein the anger of the unknown.

Night is a presence. Presence of whom?

This mist, mysterious and nocturnal, is the struggling, the fleeting, the crumbling, the baleful. You feel the earth no more; you are sensible of another reality.

In the shadow, infinite and indefinite, there is something or some one, of the living; but what is living there is parcel of our death. After our earthly passage, when this shadow shall be a light for us, the life which is beyond our life will take hold upon us. Awaiting this, it seems to be touching us. Darkness is a pressure. Night is a sort of hand laid upon our soul. At certain hours, hideous and solemn, we feel encroaching upon us that which lies behind the wall of the tomb.

Never is this proximity of the unknown more palpable than in storms at sea. The horrible gains growth therein from the fantastic. The possible interrupter of human actions, the ancient cloud-gatherer, has there at his disposal, for moulding the event at his good pleasure, an inconsistent element, an unlimited incoherence, force diffused without defined intention. This mystery, the tempest, accepts and executes, at every instant, one knows not what changes of will, apparent or real.

Poets in all times have called this the caprice of the waves.

But there is no caprice at all.

Disconcerting occurrences that, in Nature, we call caprice, and, in destiny, chance, are fragments of a law seen imperfectly.

VIII.

NIX ET NOX.

WHAT characterizes the snow-whirl is that it is black. The habitual aspect of nature in a storm—earth or sea obscure, the sky wan—is reversed; the heavens are black, the ocean is white. Below, foam; above, darkness. An horizon walled with smoke, a zenith ceiled with crape. The tempest is like the interior of a cathedral hung with mourning. But there are no lights in this cathedral; no St. Elmo fires upon the points of the waves; no sparks; nothing phosphoric; nothing but one immense shadow. The polar cyclone differs from the tropical cyclone in this, that the one sets blazing all the lights, and the other extinguishes them all. The world becomes suddenly a cavern-vault. From this night falls a dust of pale specks, that hesitate between this sky and this sea. These specks, which are flakes of snow, glide, wander, float. It is almost as though the tears upon a winding-sheet should take to life and put themselves in motion. With this sowing a maddened blast commingles. A blackness in crumbs of white, the furious in

the obscure, all the tumult whereof the sepulchre is capable, a tornado under a catafalque—such is the snow-storm.

Beneath, trembles the ocean, masking formidable depths unknown.

In the polar wind, which is electric, the flakes immediately become hail-stones, and the air is filled with projectiles. The water crackles under the grape-shot.

No thunder-claps. The lightning of the Boreal hurricanes is silent. What one says sometimes of a cat—"she spits"—may be said of this lightning. It is the threat of a half-opened jaw, strangely inexorable. The snow-storm is a storm blind and dumb. When it is over, the ships are often blind and the sailors dumb.

To get out of such a gulf is not easy.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that shipwreck is absolutely inevitable. The Danish fishermen of Disco and of Balesin, the cruisers after black whales, Hearn going toward Behring's Straits to examine the mouth of the Coppermine River, Hudson, Mackenzie, Vancouver, Ross, Dumont d'Urville, experienced, at the Pole itself, the most inclement snow-storms, and escaped from them.

It was into a tempest of this sort that the ork had entered, under full sail and in triumph. Frenzy against frenzy. When Montgomery, stealing out of Rouen, threw his galley at full speed of oars upon the chain barring the Seine at La Bouille, he had the same hardihood.

The *Matutina* flew. Her laying over under canvas made at times, with the sea, a fearful angle of fifteen degrees; but her good tun-bellied keel stuck to the water as though glued to it. The keel resisted all the pressure of the hurricane. The fire-cage lighted up the bow. The cloud charged to the full with blasts, spreading its tremor over the ocean, narrowed in and preyed upon the water round about the ork more and more. Not a gull, not a cliff-swallow; nothing but the snow. The visible extent of the waves, though small, was frightful.

One saw but three or four, immeasurable.

From time to time a vast flash of lightning, of the color of red copper, appeared behind what was obscurely piled from the horizon to the zenith. This vermilion widening set off the horror of the clouds. The sudden lighting up of the depths, upon which, during a second, stood out the foregrounds of the clouds and the distant summits of the celestial chaos, brought the abyss into perspective. On this fiery background the flakes of snow became black, and they might have been called sombre butterflies flying in a furnace.

The first outburst over, the squall, ever chasing the ork, began to roar in continued bass. This is a phrase in rumbling, a fearful diminution of the hubbub. Nothing so disquieting as this monologue of the tempest. The gloomy recitative resembles a breathing-spell of the mysterious opposing forces, and indicates a sort of watchfulness in the unknown.

The ork continued her headlong course. Her two principal sails fulfilled, above all, a terrific function. The sky and the sea were of ink, with jets of foam leaping higher than the mast. Every moment floods of water traversed the deck like a deluge; and at every lurch, whether to port or starboard, the scupper-holes became so many open mouths revomiting the spume to the sea. The women had taken refuge in the cabin: but the men remained on deck. The blinding snow whirled in eddies; the spittings of the wave-crests were added. All was in a state of fury.

At this moment, the leader of the band, standing up, aft, on the transom, with one hand holding on to the shrouds, and with the other pulling off his cotton cap that he shook in the glimmer of the fire-cage, arrogant, happy, his face puffed with pride, intoxicated by all this gloom, cried out:

— We are free!

— Free! free! free! repeated those who had escaped.

And all the band, clutching the rigging, stood up on the deck.

— Hurrah! cried the chief.

And the band howled in the tempest:

— Hurrah!

At the instant when this clamor was drowned in the squalls, a voice, loud and solemn, was heard from the other end of the vessel. It said: Silence!

All the heads were turned to it.

They had recognized the voice of the doctor. The darkness was thick. The doctor was leaning his back against the mast, with which his lean figure was blended; they did not see him.

The voice went on:

— Hark!

All were hushed.

Then was heard distinctly in the gloom the tolling of a bell.

ORSO'S VENDETTA.

A LEGEND OF CORSICA.

I.

LEST any one his day forget
And fall in due devotion,
The Saint of Monte d'Olmo set
His bells in merriest motion.
They called the folk, on every side,
From slanting fields and orchards wide,
And dells of dropping streams, that hide
In dimples of the height,
Far up, and out of sight.

II.

From cork-tree wood and pastures brown
The herdsmen heard the warning;
And girls, that sought the lofty town,
Made bright the summer morning
With gold and red of holiday trim,
Flashing athwart the olives dim,
As, light of heart and lithe of limb,
They climbed the rugged crest
Where the gray old houses rest.

III.

Along the paths glad murmurs ran,
That grew to shouts at meeting—
The ringing music Corsican,
In jest and joyous greeting:
Yet some among them, shy to claim
The festal joy, unwilling came,
With lowering brows and eyes aflame,
That chid, with threatening speech,
The silent tongues of each.

IV.

Vincentis these, Grimaldis those—
Both leaders well attended:
A hundred years by birthright foes,
The holy day suspended
Their right of murder, and compelled
A show of peace in hate unquelled:
For, hand on gun, each man rebelled,
And inly cursed, to see
His foe's immunity.

V.

Pietro led Grimaldi's clan:
Vincenti's chief was Orso,
The handsomest and bravest man
From Borgo to Cape Corso.
He bore a thoughtless galliard's part,
Quick-blooded, rash, and light of heart,
Who smiled to see Pietro smart
With graver sense of wrong,
Fed, nursed, and hugged so long.

VI.

The people thronged the little square,
And heard the sacred pleading
Through open church-doors—bell and prayer,
And music, interceding
To lift their ignorance from sin;
When—from the stillness burst a din
Drowning the *gloria* within—
A fierce, tumultuous rout,
With trampling rush and shout.

VII.

How came the feud? Some thrust, or word,
Or whispered imprecation,
Where itching hands a blow preferred—
Some precedence of station—
A little spark, no matter what,
Dropped into the mine, already hot;
And Orso, the holy place forgot,
Hard-pressed and stung by blows,
Fired right among his foes.

VIII.

Pietro's son, Antonio, fell,
And "Dead!" they cried around him:
The father burst, with rageful yell,
Restraining arms that bound him.
Though still the service breathed and burned,
The holy place to hell was turned,
And prayer and bell and chanting spurned,
While the Grimaldi pack
Stormed upon Orso's track!

IX.

He, springing down the winding street,
Already gained the gateway,
When, lo! a band of foes, more fleet,
His flight confronted straightway.
No space for thought: he chose the act,
And, ere Grimaldi's men attacked,
Sprang through a door: their muskets cracked,
But he, behind the wall,
Defied them, one and all.

X.

While Orso door and window barred,
The mansion fortifying,
Pietro, pale and breathing hard,
Came up and saw it, crying:
"O spite of hell! Is Orso there?
Must I, then, give the whelp a lair?
And shall the house, I built so fair,
Vincenti's fortress be?
Perish the house and he!"

XI.

Therewith he fetched a blazing brand,
While silent stood the foemen,
And on his roof with frantic hand
He flung the deathful omen.
And then a shriek arose—a cry
Of horror and of agony,
As the distracted wife came nigh,
With bloodless lip and cheek,
And tongue that strove to speak.

XII.

"Hold! hold!—our girl!" at last she said:
"Our little maiden sleeping—
Hold! or her blood is on thy head!"—
Then shuddering fell, and weeping.
Pietro answered, stern and slow:
"The girl may burn, my goods may go,
So Orso's ashes lie below!"

I close my line in peace,
If but Vincenti's cease."

XIII.

Then silence fell upon the day,
Save of the sparks that kindled.
With clasping hands that did not pray,
As hope of succor dwindled,
Pietro stood, and watched the flame:
The hostile clans, through horror tame,
Gave way: the priest between them came,
That unction might be given
To those who died unshriven.

XIV.

The glad and limber arms of fire
Waved from the walls, and after
Shot from the roof in roaring spire,
Till crashed each blazing rafter.
It spread and grew, devouring fast;
And when the roof-tree crumbled last,
Pietro's mood of madness passed,
And, sinking in his place,
He knelt and hid his face.

XV.

And where was Orso? When the breath
Of flame, increasing ever,
Sent through his soul the thought of death,
He made one last endeavor:
And, wildly driven from room to room,
He found, asleep in curtained gloom,
The maiden, innocent of doom—
A gentle, pure-browed thing,
And in her tenth sweet spring.

XVI.

Then, suddenly, in Orso's heart,
Awoke and spake the Tempter:
"Not yet foredoomed to death thou art;
But she—wherefore exempt her?
In *her* his race shall disappear!"
And then the maid sprang up in fear,
That hideous roar and crash to hear,
And see that face of dread
Bending above her bed!

XVII.

"Mother!" she cried; but Orso now
Stooped down and softly kissed her,
And said, contrition on his brow:
"Nay, fear not, little sister!"
Then in his arms, through smoke and roar,
All tenderly the maid he bore,
Groping and staggering over the floor,
Beneath the ceiling's glare
And down the fiery stair.

XVIII.

In stony silence Pietro knelt,
Beside him, prone, the mother.
None there might guess what either felt:
They stood, and faced each other,
Vincenti and Grimaldi, bound
In awful dread, the people round,
The priest in the midst—when, hark! a sound
Louder than trumps and drums,
Of "*Orso! Orso comes!*"

XIX.

Pietro shrank, as from a blow;
His trembling wife awaited
As through the darkness of her woe
Some light had penetrated:
And Orso came, O God of grace!

The maiden in his strong embrace;
The wounds of fire on breast and face,
With bloody shoulders bare,
And singed and shrivelled hair.

XX.

Serene in pain, and proud, was he,
In old Vincenti fashion:
The mother fell and clasped his knee,
O'ercome with grateful passion;
And caught the maiden to her breast
And felt her limbs, and, crying, pressed
The lovely head, and could not rest,
But thanks and blessings poured
Upon her child restored.

XXI.

The father came where Orso stood,
As though a power impelled him,—
Made him forget the hate of blood,
The fury that had held him.
He tried to speak, but tried in vain;
Then cowered to earth, and there had lain,
But Orso lifted him again,
And whispered: "Say no more—
Our long vendetta 's o'er!"

XXII.

Pietro kissed upon the cheek
And flung his arms round Orso;
And cried, when tears would let him speak:
"From Corte to Cape Corso
Proclaim our long vendetta o'er!
Never shall seek Grimaldi more
Vincenti's blood! Even as I swore
Him hate, I swear him love!
God hears me from above!"

XXIII.

That power came o'er the clansmen round:
Their old mistrust abated,
And hands to hands their swift way found,
That ne'er before were mated.
And peace was born in holiest form:
The people's joy was like a storm,
And, while all hearts were throbbing warm,
Came one, who smiled and said:
"Antonio is not dead!"

XXIV.

Then Monte d'Olmo's Saint again
Bestowed his festal blessing:
Before the altar knelt the twain,
Forgiving and confessing.
That day from memory dare not fade!
If, afterward, the little maid
Of Orso was no more afraid,—
Nay, took Vincenti's name,—
What heart the maid could blame?

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A NEW FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THE Eastern Archipelago is almost a new field of adventure and exploration for the traveller. While the secrets of interior Africa have been wrested from their fastnesses, the Nile traced to its source, and all the dangers and difficulties of travel in those inhospitable wildernesses boldly combated by many travellers, we find the numerous islands of the Asiatic Archipelago to have been singularly neglected by both English and American explorers. The jealousy of the Dutch Government has doubtless been one cause of this—probably the sole cause; for we cannot suppose that Livingstone, or Barth, or Burton, who ran such tremendous risks in Africa, could have been de-

tered from penetrating these islands by the cannibals, the fierce head-hunters, the tropical fevers, or the other dangers incident to the country. We find but two English books on these islands; one that of Sir Stamford Raffles, published in 1820, chiefly treating of Java; and the other by Sir John Crawfurd, published in 1825, who did not visit the eastern part of the archipelago and the interior of Sumatra. Recently an American, Professor Bickmore, of Madison University, has travelled through the entire region known as the Malay Archipelago, making his way through dangerous tribes, penetrating islands hitherto entirely unexplored, and travelling over a larger portion of the archipelago than had ever been accomplished before, either by an Englishman, Dutchman, German, Spaniard, or native. He journeyed from Batavia in Java, along the north coast of that island to Samarang and Surabaya; thence to Macassar; thence through Sapi Strait to the southern end of Timur; thence along the west coast to Dilli, and north to the Banda Islands, ascending their famous volcano, and thence to Amboina. He passed several months in the Moluccas; visited Ceram and Buru; proceeded to Padang, making a long journey through the interior of this island to the land of the cannibals; and from Padang came down to Bencoolen, and made his way across the whole island of Sumatra, through the mountains and down the rivers, to the island of Banca. Professor Bickmore was enabled to accomplish this task by means of the friendly aid of the Dutch officials, secured by credentials from Senator Sumner, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and by letters from J. G. S. Van Breda, Secretary of the Society of Sciences in Holland, to Baron Sloet van de Beele, Governor-General of the Netherlands India.

Without referring particularly to all the islands and tribes visited by Professor Bickmore, a few passages from his book may be quoted with interest. The island of Nusalaut is one of a group called the "Uliassers." It is oblong in form, less than two miles in length, and, in some places, only half a mile wide. The surface is hilly, but with no great elevation. The number of villages is only seven. Arriving at Sila, the professor found his fame had travelled before him:

"As we entered the kampong, we found the main street ornamented in a most tasteful manner. The young, light-yellow leaves of the cocoa-nut palm had been split in two and were bent into bows or arcs with the midrib uppermost, and the leaflets hanging beneath. These bows were placed on the top of the fence, so as to form a continued series of arches; a simple arrangement that certainly produced a most charming effect. As we passed along, scores of heavily-loaded flintlocks were discharged in our honor, and these mimic warriors continued their peculiar evolutions. From Sila a short walk brought us to Lainitu, and here our reception took a new phase. In front of the rajah's house was a wide triumphal arch, made of boards, and ornamented with two furious red lions, who held up a shield containing a welcome to the Resident. But just before we passed under that, the crowd in front parted, and lo, before us stood eighteen or twenty young girls, who had been selected from the whole village for their beauty. They were all arrayed in their costliest dresses, which consisted of a bright-red sarong and a low kabaya, over which was another of lace, the latter bespangled with many thin pieces of silver. Their long, black hair was combed backward, and fastened in a knot behind, and in this were stuck many long flexible silver pins, that rapidly vibrated as they danced. Most of them had a narrow strip of the hair over the forehead clipped short, but not shaven, a most slightly custom, and perhaps originally designed to make their foreheads higher. Their lips were stained to a dull brick-red from constantly indulging in the use of the betel. They were arranged in two rows, and their dance, the *minari*, was nothing more than slowly twisting their body to the right and left, and, at the same time, moving the extended arms and open hands in circles in opposite directions. The only motion of their naked feet was to change the weight of the body from the heel to the toe, and *vice versa*. During the dance they sang a low, plaintive song, which was accompanied by a *ti-ta*, and a number of small gongs, suspended by means of a cord in a framework of *gaba-gaba*, the dried midribs of palm-leaves.

"While we were watching the slow, graceful dance, dinner was pre-

pared, and we were summoned from the veranda to an open room in the rear. The wife of the rajah was the only lady at the table, and, as all the princes and notables of the other villages were present, the number of guests who were ready to take seats with us was not small. Our bill of fare was sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious epicure; for substantial diet the neighboring forests had furnished us with an abundance of venison and the meat of the wild boar, and the adjoining bays had yielded several kinds of nice fish. All was prepared in an unexceptionable manner, and the rich display of pineapples, mangos, dukus, and several kinds of bananas, was finer than many a European prince could set before his guests. The process of demolishing had fully begun, when the dark beauties, who had been dancing before the house, came in, and ranged themselves round the table. My first impression was, that they had come in to see how Europeans eat, and I only refrained from hinting to that effect to the Resident on my right, because he had already smiled to see my surprise at our novel reception, and besides, I was anxious not to appear to be wholly ignorant of their odd customs. Soon they began to sing, and this, I thought to myself, is probably what is meant by a sumptuous banquet in the East, and, if so, it well deserves the name. As the song continued, one after another took out a handkerchief of spotless white, and, folding it into a triangular form, began to fan the gentleman in front of her. This is indeed Eastern luxury, I said to myself, and, while I was wondering what would come next, the damsel behind the Resident reached forward and gave him a loud kiss on his cheek. "That was intended as an appetizer, I presume?" *Natuurlijk*, "Of course," he replied, and I leaned back in my chair to give way to a hearty laugh, which I had been trying for a long time to restrain, when suddenly I was astonished by a similar salutation on the lips! It was done so quickly that I had no time to recover from my bewildering surprise, and coolly explain that such was not the custom in my land.

Instead of my laughing at the Resident's expense, the whole party laughed at mine; but my confusion was dispelled by the assurance of all that even the governor-general himself had to submit to such treatment when he came to inspect these islands."

The Battas are a tribe of cannibals living in the interior of the island of Padang. Singular enough, these people are so far civilized as to have invented an alphabet, and yet their fondness for human flesh is unconquerable. Many tribes within the territory under the control of the Dutch Government were at one time cannibals, but the Dutch compelled them to relinquish

their fiendish custom. The tribes in the interior mountain districts have been too inaccessible to the Dutch arms to secure this result. They give an odd origin of this habit. Many years ago one of their rajahs committed a great crime, and it was evident to all that, exalted as he was, he ought to suffer the penalty, but no one would take upon himself the responsibility of punishing a prince. In this dilemma the idea was hit upon that he should be put to death, but that each one should eat a piece of his body, and in this way all share in punishing him. The morsels thus distributed, to the astonishment of all, proved so exceedingly palatable, that it was unanimously agreed there-

after to feast themselves upon convicts, prisoners, and all persons legally put to death. The custom thus established has been handed down to the present day. The parts of the body esteemed the greatest delicacies are the palms of the hands, and after them the eyes. As soon as a piece is cut off it is dipped, still warm and bloody, in *sambal*, a condiment compounded of red pepper and salt. Formerly it was the custom to broil the flesh, as we have the testimony of a European, that a native of Nias, who had stabbed a Batta, was seized by the friends of the murdered man, tied to a stake, cut in pieces with the utmost eagerness while yet alive, and eaten upon the spot partly broiled, but mostly raw. A missionary informed Professor Bickmore that he knew a Batta, who had been guilty of a small theft, being seized, his arms extended full length and fastened to a bamboo, a sharpened prop placed under his chin, so that he could not move his head, and in this condition he was bound fast to a tree. The knife was then handed to the native who had lost the article, who, promptly stepping for-

ward, cut out of the living man the piece he preferred. The rajah took the second choice, and then the people finished the butchery. Our traveller was shown a spot where a Batta, who had been guilty of adultery, had been killed and eaten by his fellows not long before. Two villagers were seized by this fierce tribe during Professor Bickmore's sojourn on the island, one of them eaten, and the other retained for a future banquet. The resident authority was appealed to, to force the cannibals to deliver up their intended victim, but this could not be done. The Battas occupied a country extremely moun-



tainous, covered with dense forests, and they could only be reached with extreme difficulty, by a large force, and with a great outlay of money.

While in Ceram, the largest island in the Moluccas, Professor Bickmore saw a number of the *Alfura*, a fierce tribe dwelling among the mountains, to whom messengers were sent by the Resident, inviting them to come down to the coast and perform their war-dance:

"In a few hours a party of about twenty appeared. Only eight or ten were able-bodied men; the others were women, children, and old men. In height and general appearance they closely resemble the Malays, and evidently form merely a subdivision of the Malay race. Their peculiar characteristics are the darker color of their skins and of their hair, which, instead of being lank like that of the Malays, is crisp, but not woolly like that of the Papuans. They wear it so very long, that they may properly be said to have large and bushy heads. When in full dress, however, this abundance of hair is confined by a red handkerchief, obtained from the natives on the coast, and ornamented with parts of a small shell, the *Nassa*, in place of beads. Their clothing is a strip of the inner bark of a tree beaten with stones until it becomes white and opaque, and appears much like white, rough paper. This garment is three or four inches wide and about three feet long. It passes round the waist and covers the loins in such a way that one end hangs down in front as far as the knee. On the arm, above the elbow, some wore a large ring, apparently made from the stalk of a sea-fan, *Gorgonia*. To this were fastened bunches of long, narrow green leaves, striped with yellow. Similar ornaments were fastened to the elbows and to the strip of bark at the waist. Each of the warriors was armed with a *parang* or cleaver, which he raised high in the right hand, while on his left arm was a shield three or four feet long but only four or five inches wide, which he held before him as if to ward off an imaginary blow. Their dance was merely a series of short leaps forward and backward, and occasionally whirling quickly round as if to defend themselves from a sudden attack in the rear. Their only musical instrument was a rude tifa, which was accompanied by a monotonous song from the women, children, and old men. At first the time of the music was slow, but by degrees it grew quicker and louder, until all sang as fast and loud as they could. The dancing warriors became more excited, and flourished their cleavers and leaped to and fro with all their might, until, as one of our company remarked, their eyes were like fire. It was easy to understand that in such a state of temporary madness they would no more hesitate to cleave off a head than to cut down a bamboo. They are far-famed 'head-hunters.' It is a custom that has become a law among them that every young man must at least cut off one human head before he can marry. Heads, therefore, are in great demand, and perhaps our realization of this fact made these frenzied savages appear the more shocking specimens of humanity. The head of a child will meet the inexorable demands of this bloody law, but the head of a woman is preferred, because it is supposed she can more easily defend herself or escape; for the same reason the head of a man is held in higher estimation, and the head of a white man is a proof of the greatest bravery, and therefore the most glorious trophy.

"On the north coast, near Sawai Bay, the Dutch, a few years ago, had a war with these natives, and when they had driven them to the mountains, they found in their huts between two and three times as many human skulls as it is probable there were people in the whole village, men, women, and children, taken together. When a man is afraid to go out on such a hunt alone, he invites or hires two or three others to assist him, and all lie in wait near a neighboring village until some one chances to pass by, when they spring out and dispatch their victim, and escape. This, of course, creates a deadly enmity between each tribe and every other near it; and the whole interior of the eastern half of the island, where this head-hunting prevails, is one unchanging scene of endless, bloody strife. The same custom prevails over the greater part of the interior of Borneo among many tribes known as *Dyaks*, the Malay word for 'savage.' There only the heads of men are valued, and new ones must be obtained to celebrate every birth and funeral, as well as marriage. I have seen a necklace of human teeth made in that island by those people. Small holes had been drilled in several scores of them, which were then strung on a wire long enough to pass two or three times round the neck of the hero who wore it. When a head is secured, the brains are taken out, and it is placed over a fire to be smoked and dried. During this process,

the muscles of the face contract and change the features until they assume a most ghastly grimace.

"The dance being finished, we conversed with them as well as we could about their customs, for none of them could speak but a few words in Malay. On the piece of paper-like bark which hangs down in front, each warrior makes a circle when he cuts off a head. Some had one or two of these circles; but one man had four, and I gave him to understand that I knew what they meant by drawing my hand four times across my throat, and then holding up the fingers of one hand, and instantly he hopped about as delighted as a child, thinking that of course I was regarding him as the bravest of the brave, while I looked at him in mute astonishment, and tried to realize what a hardened villain he was. Our North American savages are civilized men compared to these fiends in human form."

While among the Banda Islands, Professor Bickmore ascended the famous volcano forming the island of Gunong Api, or "Burning Mountain," which is the most active crater in the Indian archipelago. The mountain is almost a perfect cone, rising two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. A party was formed for the ascent, consisting of the governor, the captain and lieutenant of a vessel in port, the professor himself, and the requisite number of guides and servants. Crossing at an early hour the "Strait of the Sun" to the foot of the mountain, they prepared for the ascent. A gang of coolies had preceded them, and cleared a way up the steep acclivity; but soon the only road was the narrow banks formed by large masses of rock and sand, loosened from some place high up in the mountain, and which, shooting down to the base, had ploughed up the shrubbery in their descent, and left a sort of pathway.

"As long as we climbed up among the small trees, although it was difficult and tiring, it was not particularly dangerous until we came out on the naked sides of the mountain, for this great elevation is not covered with vegetation more than two-thirds of the distance from its base to its summit. This lack of vegetation is caused by the frequent and wide land-slides, and by the great quantity of sulphur brought up to its top by sublimation, and washed down its sides by the heavy rains. Here we were obliged to crawl up on all fours among small, rough blocks of porous lava, and all spread out until our party formed a horizontal line on the mountain-side, so that when one loosened several rocks, as constantly happened, they might not come down upon some one beneath him. Our ascent now was extremely slow and difficult, but we kept on, though sometimes the top of the mountain seemed as far off as the stars, until we were within about five hundred feet of the summit, when we came to a horizontal band of loose, angular fragments of lava from two to six inches in diameter. The mountain-side at that place rose at least at an angle of thirty-five degrees, but to us, in either looking up or down, it seemed almost perpendicular. The band of stones was about two hundred feet wide, and so loose that, when one was touched, frequently half a dozen would go rattling down the mountain. I had got about half-way across this dangerous place, when the stones on which my feet were placed gave way. This, of course, threw my whole weight on my hands, and at once the rocks which I was holding with the clinched grasp of death, also gave way, and I began to slide downward. The natives on either side of me cried out, but no one dared to catch me for fear that I should carry him down also. Among the loose rocks, a few ferns grew up and spread out their leaves to the sunlight. As I felt myself going down, I chanced to roll to my right side and notice one of them, and, quick as a flash of light, the thought crossed my mind that my only hope was to seize *that fern*. This I did with my right hand, burying my elbow among the loose stones with the same motion, and that, thanks to a kind Providence, was sufficient to stop me; if it had broken, in less than a minute—probably in thirty or forty seconds—I should have been dashed to pieces on the rough rocks beneath. The whole certainly occurred in a less space of time than it takes to read two lines on this page. I found myself safe—drew a long breath of relief—thanked God it was well with me—and, kicking away the loose stones with my heels, turned round and kept on climbing. Beneath this band of loose stones the surface of the mountain was covered with a crust formed chiefly of the sulphur washed down by the rains, which have also formed many small grooves. Here we made better progress, though it seemed the next thing to climbing the side of a

brick house; and I thought I should certainly be eligible to the 'Alpine Club'—if I ever got down alive. At this moment the natives above us gave a loud shout, and I supposed of course that some one had lost his footing and was going down to certain death. 'Look out! Look out! Great rocks are coming!' was the order they gave us; and the next instant several small blocks, and one great flake of lava, two feet in diameter, bounded by us with the speed of lightning. 'Here is another!' It is coming straight for us, and it will take out one of our number to a certainty, I thought. I had stood up in the front of battle when shot and shell were flying, and men were falling; but now to see the danger coming, and to feel that I was perfectly helpless, I must confess, made me shudder, and I crouched down in the groove where I was, hoping it might bound over me: and at that instant, a fragment of lava, a foot square, leaped up from the mountain and passed directly over the head of a coolie a few feet to my right, clearing him by not more than six or eight inches.

"When we had surveyed the top and it was time to descend, we called our guide, to whom some one had given the classical prænomen of Apollo (a more appropriate title at least than Mercury, for he never moved with winged feet); but he could not tell where we ought to go, every thing appeared so very different when we looked downward. I chose a place where the vegetation was nearest the top, and asked him if I could go down there, to which, of course, he answered yes, as most people do when they do not know what to say, and must give some reply.

"I had brought up with me an alpen-stock, or long stick, slightly curved at one end, and with this I reached down and broke places for my heels in the crust that covered the sand and loose stones. For hundreds of feet beneath me the descent seemed perpendicular, but I slowly worked my way downward for more than ninety feet, and had begun to congratulate myself on the good progress I was making. Soon, I thought, I shall be down there; where I can lay hold of that bush and feel that the worst is past, when I was suddenly startled by a shout from my companions, who were at some distance on my right. 'Stop! Don't go a step farther, but climb directly up just as you went down.' I now looked round for the first time, and found, to my astonishment, that I was on a tongue of land between two deep, long holes or fissures, where great land-slides had recently occurred. I had kept my attention so fixed on the bush before me that I had never looked to the right or left—generally a good rule in such trying situations. To go on was to increase my peril, so I turned, climbed up again, and passed round the head of one of these frightful holes. If at any time the crust had been weak, and had broken beneath my heels, no earthly power could have saved me from instant death. As I broke place after place for my feet with the staff, I thought of Professor Tyndal's dangerous ascent and descent of Monte Rosa. At last I joined my companions, who had found the way we had come up, and after some slips and sprains, and considerable bruising, we all reached the bottom safely, and were glad to be off the volcano, and, landing on Banda Neira, feel ourselves on *terra firma* once more."

THE STORY OF A PIECE OF COAL.

CAN any of my listeners form any idea of what a million of years means? It is very difficult, I grant, but I cannot give any more definite conception of my own great age than by saying I am many millions of years old. You must therefore take it for granted that all this immense lapse of time has occurred since I was born. Before I attained my majority—that is to say, before I became really and positively coal—I had existed in manifold forms, more numerous and varied than the metamorphoses of the butterfly. You cannot hit upon a greater mistake than to suppose I was originally made just what you now see me—a jetty mass of mineral. The doctrine of metempsychosis, said to be held by the Hindoos, would apply almost literally to my own biography. You may trace my career through a hundred different stages, each more widely various than the other. Nay, the process of elaboration through which I have passed is so complex that I may well be forgiven if I have not a clear recollection of it myself.

I am English born and bred, notwithstanding the tropical character of my antecedents. In some measure, it may be thought that I hardly partake of English characteristics as regards the climate which affected my earlier career; but I can assure you I was never once removed from British ground. In the distant ages to which I have

briefly referred, my recollections go back to waving forests of tree-fern and gigantic club-mosses, as well as to a thick underwood of strange-looking plants. The name now given to this formation by geologists is termed the Carboniferous, and you may form some idea of the ages which have flowed away since then by the fact that no fewer than nine subsequent distinct formations and periods occurred. These are known as the Permian, Triassic, Liassic, Oolitic, Cretaceous (or chalk), Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene, and Quaternary, to say nothing of the epoch comprehending the human race. To make myself still more clearly understood, it is necessary to state that the formations newer than that to which I belong attain a vertical thickness of more than fifty thousand feet! All this mass was slowly formed by gradual deposition along old sea-bottoms, while a more than equivalent period of time was taken up in the upheaving and other processes which have elevated these rocks into their present position!

The climate and geography of Great Britain were very different from what they now are when I was born. You must imagine a soft, balmy temperature, neither too hot nor too cold, and lacking those extremes which at present characterize the seasons. There was no great necessity for extreme heat—rather it was most important to the growth of a luxuriant vegetation to be free from cold. There were few ranges of hills or mountains, for these always cause a refrigeration of the atmosphere by condensing the clouds; thus hanging the sky with a curtain which shuts off a great deal of solar heat. True, right across what is now central England, there stretched a hilly barrier, which separated two coal-formations going on contemporaneously. Scotland and Wales were also then widely different from what these countries are at present. Instead of the grand mountainous scenery they now possess, we had long-extended saline mud-flats, thickly studded with trees now extinct, and known to the geologist by the names of *Sigillaria*, *Lepidodendra*, and *Calamites*. In fact, all the district now considered as "coal-yielding" was then similarly circumstanced. The entire area had a geographical condition similar to the marine swamps which now fringe the coast-line of the Southern States of America. To these the slowly ebbing and flowing tides had access nearly twice a day. Around the more aged trunks of these extinct trees, standing on a muddy, shallow sea-bottom, so to speak—marine worms clustered, and their coiled tubes are now occasionally found fossilized, along with the petrified vegetation to which they clung when in life. These *Spirorbi*, as they are commonly termed, are tolerably plentiful in the north of England. It was owing to the semi-marine, semi-terrestrial character of the area on which the luxuriant vegetation of the Carboniferous period grew, that we now find so many fossil muscles and other marine shells embedded in the same strata.

I am told that chemists nowadays have discovered only one atom or particle of carbon associated with every thousand of the other gases forming the atmosphere. The atmosphere of the period when I was born hardly contained more. This small quantum was absorbed by the waving forests into their structure, and thus added to their solid bulk. Day by day, and year by year, each individual tree grew, so that the mass of solidified carbon increased, but without exhausting the original store. This was constantly being furnished by volcanoes, as well as by the lowly animals of my own time. Every thing, they say, is composed of minute and cellular parts, and originally my atoms freely floated in the air as so many particles of carbon. This was before I had entered into that combination which made me part and parcel of a living tree. Once having been sucked into the leaf-pores of a *Lepidodendron* or *Sigillaria*, I started existence under a new form. I became subject to those unknown laws of vital force which philosophers find so great a difficulty in explaining. I had now an active duty to perform, and had to assist in the growth and well-being of the tree in whose bulk I lay. But this did not prevent me from noticing the many strange objects which surrounded me. Human beings there were none, nor did the race to which I am now so useful an auxiliary appear upon the earth's platform for millions of years afterward. Tree-lizards, not very much larger than those which haunt the sunny banks of old England, climbed up and down the sculptured branches of the forest-trees, and lived upon the marsh flies and beetles, whose "drowsy hum" was the only sound that broke upon the stillness of these primeval woods. They found a shelter in the hollow trunks of *Sigillaria*, in association with the pupæ of beetles and other insects. In some places they have been found fossilized together—a conserved recollection of those bygone times. Great reptiles, much resembling a frog, only as large as a small ox, waddled to and fro over the extensive

beaches, and left their enormous hand-like impressions in myriads upon the yielding mud. As such they are now found in the flaggy sandstones which compose the strata of the coal-formation. Occasionally, when overtaken by death, their carcasses rotted on the shores, and were embedded in the sands, to be found in long-subsequent ages in a fossil state. Several species of these gigantic batrachians existed contemporaneously. Very frequently the salt-water reaches were visited by alligator-like animals, now termed *Archagosaurus*, whose bodies were covered by hard, horny scutes or scales, held together much after the manner a slater now adopts when he tiles a house. These reptiles were five and six feet long, and, together with the great frogs I have mentioned, were the principal and most powerful animals of the age I am speaking of. The atmosphere differed little from its present condition, being neither denser nor more rarefied. This you may prove for yourself by the impressions of rain-drops preserved in the Carboniferous sandstones. The great drops were driven by the wind aslant, so that even now there is indicated the very quarter from which the wind blew at the time! The passing shower over, the sun peeped forth from behind the dark clouds, and his heat baked the mud, and cracked it, just as he does now the bottom of a clayey pond. These sun-cracks were subsequently filled up, sometimes by sand of a different color, so that they are fossilized as truly as the shells and plants. The same sandstones yet bear the trail-markings which the marine worms left after they had crawled over them when in a soft state. Occasionally you may even come across their burrows or holes; while the flagstones also are impressed with ripple-marks left by the retreating tides!

Although the sea-bottom was so shallow in the neighborhood of the great forests, I should state that many miles farther out it gradually shelved deeper, until there was an area where "blue water" was attained. Here the sea was fairly alive with animals of all sorts of natural history orders and classes. Coral banks, with animals putting forth their beautifully colored tentacles, more various than the rainbow hues, stretched over many leagues of old Devonian rocks, and, as the area was slowly submerging at the time, their united labors, in the course of ages, produced no small portion of what is now termed the "Mountain Limestone." Shell-fish, allied to the existing nautilus, found in these purer waters, free from land sediment, the essentials of their well-being. In the limestones which their dead shells helped to form there are no fewer than thirty different species of nautilus! They had relatives termed *Goniatites* (long since died out, for they did not possess the hardness of their congeners), whose chambers were fashioned in a zigzag or angular manner. Then came another group of shell-fish, equally near by blood, the *Gyroceras*, whose coils did not lie so closely together as those of the nautilus. One other class of cephalopods are now known as *Orthoceratites*. They were also chambered, but were straight instead of being coiled. The limestones of this age are crowded with immense numbers both of species and individuals belonging to these genera. Of them all the *Orthoceras* was perhaps the most dreaded, partly on account of its size (some of their shells being three feet long, and as thick as a man's leg), and partly on account of their voracious habits. Fancy them, as I have frequently seen them, with their last chamber surrounded with a fringe of long arms, each of which was furnished with suckers that would indicate no slight danger to bathers nowadays! Hundreds of thousands of these creatures existed. Indeed, they were the scavengers of the Carboniferous seas, eating up every thing that came in their way, and perhaps not particular about preying upon a weakly brother when appetite prompted them. In Scotland, in many parts of the limestones formed at this time, the strata, for hundreds of feet in thickness, are composed of hardly any thing else but the accumulated shells of *Orthoceratites*!

At the bottom of the sea in which these cephalopods lived and flourished there were gathered together immense shoals of a peculiar shell called *Spirifera*, now extinct. Scores of species of this particular shell lived and died there, for it was the period when the family attained its maximum of existence. In fact, they occupied the place in those earlier seas that cockles and muscles do now. Their anatomy was very peculiar, each shell-fish being furnished with a peculiar coiled-up apparatus which it could protrude so as to produce currents that brought to it its food. Small but beautiful crustaceans, of a race then fast dying out, still swarmed the waters. Formerly they were known as *Trilobites*—those of this age are christened *Phillipsia*. Their family had exercised a sort of molluscan oligarchy during previous geological epochs. But the carboniferous period saw the last of

the race, and its limestones became their tomb. I am told that the geologist knows few fossils more beautiful than these little trilobites. The cream-colored matrix in which they are embedded, and the perfect and ornate characters of the fossils themselves, cause them to be greedily collected and much admired. In the same sea were hundreds of species of shells besides, all of which thronged together to enjoy a common life; but to mention them separately would be to convert my story into a tedious detail. I should be lacking greatly in memory, however, if I were not to mention a most abundant and peculiar family, allied to the star-fishes and sea-urchins of the present day—I mean the *Crinoids*. The common feather-star of recent seas most resembles the upper parts of these extinct animals. But the tentacles of the latter were longer, while each was subdivided into branches. When at rest, these closed around the body like the petals of a tulip. Again, each was fastened to a jointed stem, which anchored itself by roots to the sea-bottom. Submarine forests of these crinoids covered many square miles of the rockier portions, and their graceful outlines and motions in the water, as well as their bright colors, were sufficient to induce admiration. In Derbyshire the limestone is almost entirely composed of their broken and aggregated stems.

As these dead shells and other animal remains accumulated along the ocean-floor to form a limestone that should afterward be easily identified by their embedded forms, almost every individual was coated by minute sea-mats. No Honiton lace of the present day ever excelled in grace and elegance that which belonged to these lowly animated beings. In the solid masses of the carboniferous limestone you may now find them festooning shells and corals; and few objects afford greater delight to the geologist when he comes across them. The single corals also—that is to say, those which did not grow in reefs, but lived solitary on the sea-bottom—were not inferior in beauty to any now existing. Their fringe of gorgeously-colored tentacles made them appear like so many animated flowers; and thus the dark caves of ocean then bore many a flower that was born to blush unseen. Slowly, through countless myriads of years, the carboniferous limestone increased to its present thickness, principally by the accumulation of dead shells! The sea-water contained more or less of carbonate of lime, which the shell-fish absorbed in order to build their dwellings, just as the trees did carbon that they might form wood. In this way the minute particles became ultimately condensed into rock masses. Meantime, the water was animated by little creatures that would have evaded human eyesight, although their forms were not a whit less elegant and graceful than those of their larger neighbors. Their tiny shells fell to the sea-bottom, and there formed a limy mud, which acted as a fine cement for the bigger fossils. As time passed on, the sea actually became shallower, by reason of the vast numbers of organisms lying on its floor. The weight of sea-water pressed them into a solid limestone rock, such as you now behold it. Can you wonder, after this, that such a deposit should take a high polish when worked, or that the marble thus produced should be speckled and marked by so many strange forms as you see it in your mantel-pieces or pillars?

In the shallower waters of the sea, and sometimes even in the marine lagoons where the trees grew, multitudes of strangely-clad fishes swarmed. The largest of these, the *Megalichthys*, or "great fish," possessed characters which linked it to the reptile family. Its teeth and jaws rendered it a formidable assailant, and its powerful build and rapidity in swimming made it the terror of its neighbors. In fact, the "great fish" occupied a place among the fishes of its time similar to that held in modern rivers by the pike, its size, also, averaging about the same. Time, however, would fall me to enumerate the various kinds of fish that lived in the same epoch that I did. From four or five feet in length, to thousands no bigger than the common stickleback, all were covered with enamel plates instead of horny scales. Indeed, horny-scaled fishes did not come into existence for ages afterward. In many parts of Lancashire, in the shales which overlie the coal-seams, these shining enamelled plates may be turned up by the thousand. The smaller fishes haunted the shallower lagoons overhung by club-mosses and ferns, and the dim light that broke through these was often reflected from the sheeny mail of *Palæoniscis*, as they wanted and gambolled, unaware of "great fish" lying near. When the muddy bottoms of these reaches and lagoons became afterward hardened into coal-shale, the dead fishes lying there, whose hard covering had protected them from decay, were entombed and passed into a fossil state.

But what tongue can describe the vegetable wonders of the forests where I grew? The woods were so thick, and the gloom so impenetrable in consequence, that it required a keen eye to make out individual peculiarities. Fancy *Lepidodendra*, four or five feet in diameter, and as much as fifty or sixty feet high, and yet nothing but gigantic "club-mosses!" Their long leafy ribbons waved like the leaves of the aspen, and, where these had fallen off, the bark was most gracefully and geometrically reticulated from their attachment. Thirty or forty different sorts of these immense club-mosses existed at the same time, each characterized by different leaves and bark. The gigantic *Sigillaria* were nearly related to them, the main difference being their longer leaves, straighter stems, and the larger marks made on the bark. The roots, also, of this latter class of trees were very peculiar, and stretched through the mud on every side, seeking a firm foundation for the tree to which they belonged. Shooting many feet above these great club-mosses were huge "mares' tails," as easily distinguished from the rest as the wavy poplar nowadays is from oak and elm. These are called *Culamites*, and, truly, they were extraordinary objects. You have only to magnify the little "mares' tails" growing in ditches until you see them fifty and sixty (or more) feet high, and you would have the best restoration of these calamities that could be imagined. There were many species, characterized by fluted joints and by difference of foliage. Here and there, but more sparsely scattered, were graceful tree-ferns, whose former fronds had left great scars on each side the trunk. The higher grounds were occupied by peculiar species of pine, bearing great berries as big as crab-apples. The humid morass was densely covered by a thick underwood of smaller ferns, which grew there in rank abundance. The equable temperature, rich soil, and humid atmosphere, were just the needful accessories to the growth of vegetation of the class I have mentioned. It consequently flourished at a rate of which we can form but a poor idea from the present. The accumulated trees, ferns, etc., were very great, and these gathered in immense quantities over the entire area. I mentioned before that there was a slow sinking or submergence going on. Well, occasionally, the tides brought up silt, and strewed it over the decomposing vegetation. In fact, many of the forests were actually buried thus, and their trunks are frequently met with standing erect in solid sandstone rock. But though the covering-up of the vegetation prevented the liberated gases from escaping, it also obstructed for a time the growth of other trees. The latter could not well flourish on sand-banks, and so they were limited to conditions elsewhere similar to those I have mentioned. But, as time elapsed, the old circumstances returned. Another forest grew on the site of the older, to be buried up in its turn. During countless ages this alternate growth and covering-up went on, until in some places, as in the South-Wales coal-field, there are no fewer than one hundred different seams of coal!

After this vegetation had been thus collected, chemical changes began to take place. The mass heated and turned black, just as a stack of hay does now when it has been packed in a damp state. By-and-by, it was transmuted into a pulpy condition, wherein almost all traces of vegetable structure became lost. It afterward changed into a solid sub-crystalline mass, and obtained the jetty, semi-cubical character it now presents. As many of the tissues of coniferous trees contain more or less of siliceous matter, which is indestructible, it follows that, when coal is burned, this drops out of the grate as a white ash. When the microscope is applied to it, the peculiar spiral and dotted vessels of these ancient trees are plainly visible. But notice the associations which cling to a piece of coal! It represents a more solid condition of carbon than is to be found in mere wood. And here I should state that, though various conditions of fossil fuel are met with, from green wood to culm and anthracite, their vegetable origin is never once lost sight of; while Chemistry steps in with an easy statement of how these changes occurred! The ancient vegetation of the coal period grew by virtue of the stimulus of the sunlight. The heat and light induced growth, and thus even a piece of coal represents so much fossil sunshine. And now, when men light their fires or manufacture their gas, they are but setting free the light and heat of the sun which poured down on the old carboniferous forest, and were stored up by the vegetation in their tissues. Nay, more, botanists will tell you that the three primary colors of light are sure to be developed at some time or another in the history of every plant or tree—in the blue and yellow which form the green of the leaves, and in the red of the fruit or russet of the bark. Just so with the fossil vegetation termed coal. The very aniline colors which are obtained from coal-tar are nothing

more or less than the restoration of the primary colors which the ancient vegetation stored up from the light. Such is a portion of my history, briefly sketched; but the broad traces of design manifested in my preparation are too palpable to be overlooked. The age in which I was born was a special one, like to none other which went before or came after; and it is to me that modern progress is indebted. In my mass is stored up a force that saves the wear and tear of human muscle and sinew, that does away with the fearful toil which makes simple slaves of men, and enables them to gain daily bread by easier means. But, through the vast ages during which I have been silently stowed away, plutonic disturbances have repeatedly broken through and cracked the solid strata, and have thus brought them to the surface to enable men to work the coal they contain. Meantime, life in its manifold phases has never once been absent; while its upward progression culminated in a being endowed with moral and mental as well as physical perfections, and it was for him and his kind that I was specially prepared, to surround him with the means of social happiness and comfort, and to enable him to rise higher in the scale of intellectual being.

THE MIRAGE.*

IF in summer we look at objects visible across a field heated by the sun, they seem to waver, and their shapes continually change. This effect is accounted for by the crossing and recrossing of thin streams of cold and warm air rising and descending. The luminous rays, in passing through them, modify their movements at nearly every instant.

The phenomenon known as the *mirage*, of which the most remarkable examples are met with in Egypt, have an analogous origin. In that country the atmosphere is usually calm and extremely pure. At sunrise remote objects can be seen with the most perfect distinctness. From the borders of the Nile to the limits of the desert arise, from point to point, small eminences crowned with villages and groves of palm-trees, which look down upon each year's inundation of the river. Gradually, as the sun climbs above the horizon, the ground, becoming heated, imparts its superior temperature to the lower strata of the atmosphere. At such times the undulating, tremulous motion of which we have spoken is frequently noticed. But when there is no wind, and the dead calm of the atmosphere allows the lower strata to expand without commingling with those that are resting upon them, the spectator might fancy that he had before him a huge lake, in the midst of which are seen the images reversed of the surrounding eminences, and the villages that are built upon them. The magnificent blue sky seems to be reflected in it too, but, as one approaches, the imaginary sheet of water fades away, leaving only the burning sands in its place, while farther away the same deceptive picture is reproduced under a different aspect.

These appearances often misled the French troops in Egypt. Worn out with forced marches, dying of thirst under the scorching heat of an African sun, and choked by the clouds of sand that filled the air, they would rush headlong toward the fancied shore before them, but the delusive shore, alas! always fled farther and farther at their approach.

To the distinguished *savant*, Monge, who accompanied the French expedition into Egypt, is due the elucidation of this phenomenon. He has demonstrated that the most rarefied strata of air, in this case being the lowermost, a luminous ray darting from an elevated object toward the ground, deflects more and more in consequence of refraction, up to the moment when it is reflected from a last stratum, as it would be from a mirror, and then rises again, subject to a series of refractions the reverse of those first encountered. It thus, at last, strikes the eye of the observer in the same direction as though it came from a point situated below the level of the soil, presenting the reversed images as they would appear if he saw them on the surface of a placid lake.

Mariners frequently get a view of the *mirage* under circumstances the opposite of those that we have just set forth. The temperature of the sea being colder than that of the superincumbent strata of air, renders them less dense below than above, and the reversed picture of distant shores or vessels is defined on the atmosphere itself. Cap-

* From "Meteors and Meteoric Phenomena," translated from the French, and in press by D. Appleton & Co.

tain Scoresby made many such observations in the waters of Greenland.

On the 19th of June, 1822, says this accomplished navigator, in one of his narratives, the sun was very warm, and the coast seemed suddenly to come from fifteen to twenty miles nearer. The highlands were

raised so much to the view, that we could see them as well from the deck of the ship as we could previously from the foretop. The ice on the horizon assumed the most singular forms; huge blocks looked like pillars and columns; the icebergs and field-ice resembled a chain of prismatic rocks, and at many points the ice appeared to be in the air

at a considerable height above the horizon. The ships that happened to be near us had the most fantastic aspect. On some of them the mainsail seemed to be reduced to a mere nothing, while the foresail looked several times as large as it really is.

Above the vessels, at a distance, we saw an exact picture of them, but reversed and magnified. In some cases this was at quite an elevation above the ship, but then it was always smaller than the original. For some minutes we saw the image of a vessel that was really below the horizon, and one ship was surrounded by a picture of no like it, but one upright and the other reversed.

Among the numerous varieties of this phenomenon of the *mirage*, one observed by Messrs. Soret and Jurine on the Lake of Geneva, which might be correctly styled the *lateral* or *horizontal mirage*, is not the least curious. These gentlemen were at a window in the second story of a house close to the shore, and were looking with a spy-glass at a number of sail-boats passing from right to left in the middle of the lake, while, nearer to the shore, the same fleet of boats appeared to be sailing in exactly the opposite direction! This was an illusion analogous to the Egyptian mirage, and explicable in the same way. Close to the shore the air had been in the shade a part of the morn-

ing, and was comparatively cooler, while out in the open lake it had been heated by the blaze of the sun. Hence, *vertical strata* of air of different densities had remained motionless, or nearly so, in the prevailing calm, and refraction had produced its magical effects from side to side, instead of above and below, as in the cases previously detailed.

When, instead of occurring in level and regular strata, these effects of refraction and reflection take place in curved and irregular strata, a mirage is produced in which the images are distorted in every respect, broken or repeated over and over again, and separated for considerable distances from each other. This is what takes

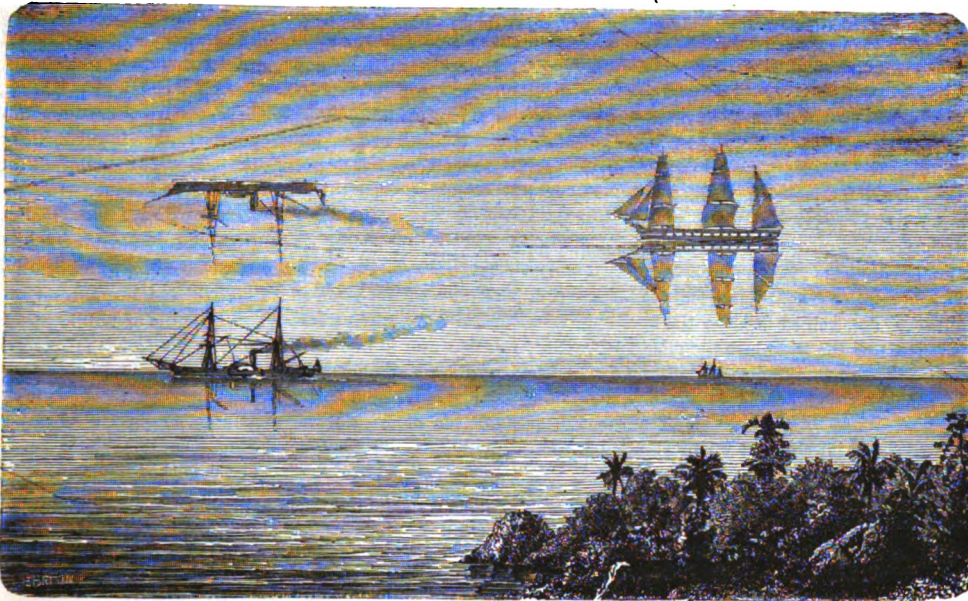
place in the fantastic aerial vision formerly ascribed to the fairy *Fata Morgana*, and sometimes attracts multitudes to the seashore at Naples, and at Reggio, on the Sicilian coast.

"For an extent of several miles along the coast of Sicily," says an eye-witness of this extraordinary spectacle, "I saw the sea assume the

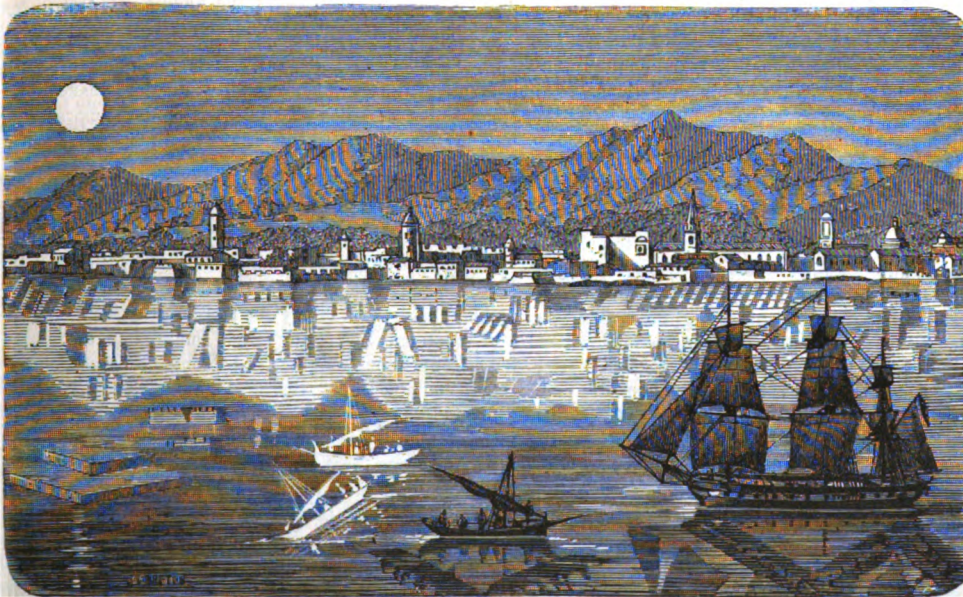
appearance of a chain of gloomy mountains, while the waters in the direction of Calabria remained perfectly smooth. Above them were seen, in *chiaro-oscuro*, a range of many thousand pillars, all of equal height, distance, and degrees of light and shade. In the twinkling of an eye, these pilasters lost half their height, and seemed to

bend over, and resolve themselves into arches and arcades like the old Roman aqueducts. Then, a cornice formed along the top, and an endless number of castles, all alike, appeared. These presently faded away into towers that vanished also, leaving nothing visible but a long colonnade, succeeded, in its turn, by windows, and then by pines and cypresses, also indefinitely repeated."

Sometimes these objects are depicted in the sky at a great height above the ground. On such occasions some of them are in rapid motion, while others are at rest. Their outlines often gleam with rainbow colors, and, as the light augments, their form becomes more and



A Mirage at Sea.



The Fata Morgana.

more aerial, until they melt away and disappear when the sun shines forth in all its splendor.

Bernardin de Saint Pierre relates the following incidents :

"A very singular phenomenon was once described to me by our celebrated painter Vernet, who was my friend. During his youth, when in Italy, he devoted himself particularly to the study of the sky, a more interesting branch of his art, no doubt, than the study of the antique, since it is from the sources of light that the colors and aerial perspective issue that form the charm of pictures, as well as of nature itself. Vernet, in order to fix their variations, had conceived the idea of painting on the leaves of a book all the shadings of each principal color, and then had marked them with different numbers. When he was designing a sky, after having sketched out his rough draft, and the forms of the clouds, he would rapidly note down all the fugitive tints on his canvas, with figures corresponding to those in his book, and then color them at his leisure. One day he was greatly astonished to see in the sky the appearance of a city reversed. He could perfectly distinguish the steeples, the towers, and the houses. He hurriedly made a sketch of the phenomenon, and then, determined to know the cause of it, he set out following the direction of the wind into the mountains. But, what was his surprise when, some twenty miles distant, he found the very city the spectre of which he had beheld in the sky, and had a sketch of it in his portfolio."

It is, perhaps, to the effects of mirage that we must attribute the extraordinary faculty of sight once so famous on the *Ile de France*. Toward the close of the last century a colonist, named Bottineau, could make out vessels below the horizon, which were still a considerable distance. The new science which he pretended to have constructed by combining the effects produced by distant objects, upon the water and upon the atmosphere, he called *Nauscopy*. He went to Paris, provided with letters from the intendant and the governor of the island, attesting the reality of his discovery; but he could not even succeed in obtaining an audience with M. de Castries, who was then Minister of Marine. No one took the pains to investigate the means by which he mastered such surprising results. In the latter, Arago was not altogether an unbeliever, as we glean from his efforts to discover whether certain phenomena of the twilight, in which the shadows of distant mountains probably play a part, would not help to clear up this important secret. The poor colonist returned to his home, on the Isle of France, where he was afterward seen passing most of his time until he died, on the seashore, his gaze fixed on the horizon, and continuing to excite the amazement of all by the accuracy of his predictions.

HEREDITARY GENIUS.

IT is well known that in the realm of horsehood there is a close relation between breed and speed; does this law of transmitted qualities extend to man and to the mind of man? Are those higher mental traits, which we name talent or genius, inherited like physical peculiarities? A negative answer has been usually given to this question, and everybody can cite instances of gifted parents having mediocre children, which are held as justifying disbelief in the doctrine. It begins, however, to be suspected that the old and prevalent idea is an incorrect one, and must soon be consigned to the category of "popular errors." The recent assiduous study of biological science, the aim of which is to unfold the laws of life, has thrown important light upon the subject of hereditary transmission, and yields accumulating proof that mind forms no exception to the general law.

Mr. Francis Galton, a distinguished English scientist, who has devoted many years to the investigation of the subject, maintains that the principle of the descent of high mental character admits of full proof, and he is about to publish a work in which the question is to be systematically treated, and which will probably go far toward revolutionizing current opinion with reference to it.

In an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, for March, Mr. Galton fore-shadows his method of investigation. It embraces first an historic inquiry into the hereditary relations of eminent men in England—its illustrious judges, statesmen, commanders, those distinguished in literature and science, poets, painters, musicians, divines, and scholars. This will be an extensive examination of data, and will be independent of all theory. Having established his case in this manner, he will proceed to an analysis of the question with a view to explanations and the determination of principles. In his article he anticipates that portion

of the work which relates to the English judges, and the results are most interesting.

The common notion is that ability is irrespective of descent; that genius starts suddenly into existence and disappears with equal abruptness, and that, therefore, all families have equal chances of turning out eminent men. Mr. Galton denies every one of these propositions, and appeals to the history of 286 of the first judges of England, embracing a period from the restoration of the monarchy in 1660 to 1865. As regards the fact of the eminent ability of these men, we are reminded that they held the foremost places in the vast body of the legal profession. They are taken from three thousand lawyers, who are themselves selected men, and it is from those, by a process of re-selection, that the judges are mainly derived. "The majority of English judges belong to a strongly-marked type. They are not men who are carried away by sentiment, who love seclusion and dreams, but they are prominent members of a very different class, one that Englishmen are especially prone to honor for at least the six lawful days of the week—I mean that they are vigorous, shrewd, practical, helpful men; glorying in the rough-and-tumble of public life, tough in constitution and strong in digestion, valuing what money brings, aiming at position and influence, and desiring to found families. The vigor of a judge is testified to by the fact that the average age of their appointment in the present reign has been fifty-seven. The labor and responsibility of the office seem enormous to lookers-on, yet these elderly men continue working with ease for many more years; their average age at death is seventy-five, and they commonly die in harness. Now, are these remarkable gifts and peculiarities inherited by their sons? Do the judges often have sons who succeed in the same career, and whose success would have been impossible if they had not been gifted with the special qualities of their fathers?"

In answer to these questions Mr. Galton states that of the 286 judges no less than 133, or nearly one-half, had one or more kinsmen of little or no less eminence than themselves. There are no less than ten families where both father and son are English judges, and the same number of other families where either the father or the son is an English judge, and the son or the father is a high legal officer. There are five pairs of judges who are brothers, and seven other judges who had brothers, in high legal offices. In short, out of the 286 judges more than one in every nine of them have been either father, son, or brother to another judge, and the other high legal relationships have been even more numerous. It is furthermore significant that the judges of the very highest ability—the lord-chancellors—illustrate the connection of blood and talent still more impressively, twenty-three out of the thirty lord-chancellors having had kinsmen of exceptionally high ability.

If we now take the question in another aspect, as respects the number of persons of distinction appearing in a family, the case becomes still more striking. According to the common doctrine that ability is fortuitous and wholly unconnected with breed, we are far within bounds in assuming that it is ten to one, against a man of judge-like ability being born in any one family. On this supposition there would be found only one family in one hundred that contained two eminent men, one in one thousand that contained three, and one in a million that contained six. But how does this compare with the families of the judges? Mr. Galton says that the 133 English judges, who have eminent legal relations, may be grouped into ninety-five families, and that of these there are thirty-eight cases of two eminent men in one family; forty cases of three; five cases of four or five, and six cases of six or more. In view of these facts Mr. Galton remarks: "It is therefore evident beyond the possibility of doubt that ability is not distributed hap-hazard, but that it clings to certain families."

We cannot here give the evidence of the larger generalization that ability is gradually built up, so to speak, by degrees in the ancestry, and conversely is dispersed by degrees in the descendants. Mr. Galton remarks that "it rises in a gradual and exceedingly regular curve out of the ordinary level of family life. There is a regular increase of ability in the generations that precede its culmination, and as regular a decrease in those that succeed it. In the first case the marriages have been consentient to its production; in the latter they have been incapable of preserving it. After three successive dilutions of the blood the descendants of judges appear incapable of rising to eminence. These results are not surprising when compared with the far greater length of kinship through which features or diseases may be transmitted. Ability must be based on a triple footing, every leg of which

has to be firmly planted. In order that a man should inherit ability, in the concrete, he must inherit three qualities that are separate and independent of one another. He must inherit capacity and zeal and vigor; for, unless these three, or, at the very least, two of them, are combined, he cannot hope to make a figure in the world. The probability against inheriting a combination of qualities not correlated together is necessarily far greater than it is against inheriting any one of them."

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER II.—THE LEONE D'ORO.

THE lake and little town of Orta, now as familiar as Hampstead Heath to every cockney tourist, were at the period in question not much better known than the Dolomite Mountains, or the gorges of the Sierra Morena. The situation of the inn, under which our travellers landed, is charming, it stands out so picturesquely into the glassy water, with its roses dropping their leaves, and its vines their clusters upon its breast. The Leone d'Oro, which still exists (flourishing would be too much to say), is fairly entitled to add a small percentage to its bills, on the score of its position, and the delicious views from its windows and galleries, opening on the lake.

When Alexander, leaving his wearied and disconsolate companion sitting, enveloped in a Scotch plaid, as if the sun was in Capricorn, on a bench of white marble which was still warm (for at Orta it had not rained at all), entered the vestibule, the little inn seemed either deserted or asleep. He looked about for a bell, but probably there was no such thing in the town, save those of the adjacent convent, or in the campanile of the parish church. He liked the Leone d'Oro all the more for having no bells. So he passed into a room that seemed to him at being a *salle-à-manger*, but finding this also as still and empty as a rifled tomb at Thebes or Persepolis, he made his way to a place that affected to be a kitchen, but was also forsaken, and in temperature felt alarmingly like a grotto. This was discouraging, but ere he had time to be provoked, the hostess made her appearance, seemingly by accident, a comely woman of middle age, whose cosy person contrasted favorably with the desolate state of her house, and whose bright and affable eyes were pledges of at least a hearty good-will to do the best she could for her customers. Aided, perhaps, more by his own good looks (for Alexander was a tall, handsome fellow, with clustering brown hair, and had bright eyes in his head) than his acquaintance with the good woman's tongue, he soon came to a perfect understanding with her, and his first care was to provide a comfortable room for Woodville, and see that his sheets were well aired, a point about which he was not a little punctilious.

A common apartment looking out on the water was, of course, indispensable, and on that point there was no difficulty, for he might have had all the rooms in the albergo; the wide world of the Leone d'Oro was all his own. His own little chamber was one of a suite of similar rooms, all of which opened upon the airy gallery already mentioned; it had the merit of being clean, though rudely furnished, and was curtained with a glorious old vine, which twisted itself like a great serpent round the pillars that supported it, pushing its lithe branches through every interstice of the balustrade, from which he could have dropped plump down into the lake.

Woodville was too indisposed—whether it was fancy or not—to want any thing but some posset or another, with a thimbleful of brandy from his own flask in it, which posset, when his friend had ordered, he prudently left the subject of his own dinner, or rather supper, to the landlady's discretion, confiding, however, more in her good dispositions than in her power to give effect to them. But there were always eggs, coffee, and fruit; the lake was sure to furnish some fish, and at that period a flask of tolerable wine was not so hard to find in any part of Italy as it was in later years, after the divine grape caught the distemper, which caused you and me, and all honest fellows, such deep and heartfelt concern.

As soon as the warm drink was ready, Alexander took it himself to Woodville, whom he found sitting on the side of his bed, in a queer old dressing-gown, his hands miserably folded, and so dismal that he might have sat for a picture of blameless insolvency. It was hard to help laughing at the length of his face, long enough at all times, but now longer than ever, he was so chop-fallen, and besides a two days'

growth of a sandy beard added something mildly savage to his physiognomy. No doubt he was inwardly execrating Switzerland and Italy, mountains, lakes, forests, and waterfalls, and all that had tempted him to leave his tranquil garret in Paris to be drenched to the skin on the top of Monterone. Alexander knew all this perfectly well, but he did not know the worst and most indescribable of the poor artist's grievances, which related to his six hours' side on the back of the donkey. He was just recording a vow that no force, persuasion, or argument, should ever induce him again to expose himself to such torture and indignity, particularly as his box was provided neither with spermaceti nor diachylum, when Alexander came in; and hoping to cheer his friend, while he was dropping the cognac into the drink, he repeated what he had gathered from the landlady about the weather, that such a morning as they had on the hills was quite exceptional at that season.

"I suspect the exceptions are tolerably frequent," grunted the dejected artist.

"But you know," said his friend, soothingly, as you talk to a peevish child, "the exception proves the rule."

"From which, I suppose," muttered Woodville, "we are to infer that the more numerous the exceptions the stronger the proof. I know to my cost what exceptional weather means; I never went anywhere in my life at home or abroad for the sake of a holiday, or change of air, or climate, without finding it exactly the contrary of what I had been promised—but it was always exceptional—that was always the word."

Alexander knew this pettish fit would pass with a good night's rest, but not before it, so he made as if his dinner was cooling, and left his companion to get into bed. But there was still a moment to spare before his dinner came, and from the balcony through the foliage of the old vine he enjoyed a view which repaid him for what he had been cheated of in the morning. If he missed the sunrise, there was a sunset to make him amends. The lake glowed with all the lovely combinations of color which you see on the necks of doves, or breasts of golden pheasants, the sky lending its glories liberally to the unruffled water. The terraces and white walls of San Giulio were bathed in rose, rapidly deepening to vermillion; the mountains seemed pressing in all round as it were to take charge for the night of the sleeping beauty of the lake, and the hamlet on the opposite side seemed already buried in slumber under the shadows of the great chestnuts for which Orta is famed. The languor of the hour and the clime was over every thing, but it was the languor of life, and the scenery pleased Alexander more than the severer beauty north of the Alps, which might have been expected to be more in tune with the boldness and vigor of his character. But the handsome young lawyer was as genial and social as he was strong, and the Alps rose in his esteem when he saw their savage grandeur softened, as it was here, by all the varied opulence of Italian vegetation. The convent bells, too, which were now filling the air with tinkling music from the adjacent heights dedicated to St. Francis (suggesting refection, while perhaps they only meant to invite him to prayer), disposed him to be even more than social, even to be convivial, just at the moment when he was called to supper, and, through the defection of his friend, was forced to sit down to it alone.

There are men who will tell you solitude spoils their appetite; but Alexander was not a man of that kind, and though he preferred company, the want of it did not prevent him from doing justice to the omelet, the frittura, and roast fowl, which were set before him, and which, with cheese, coffee, and a bottle of the best wine to be had, proved the resources of the Leone d'Oro not so deficient as first appearances threatened. In short, he thought all so good that his wonder grew how such cheer was to be had in an inn which could only boast of two guests in the height of the summer. "Can it really be true," he asked himself, "that no travellers before ourselves have ever had the good sense to turn aside from the beaten route to visit this attractive spot?"

'Are we the first
That ever burst
Into this silent lake?'

It was not very likely, in such circumstances, that they kept a travellers' book, but the rarity of a guest would perhaps make them the more careful to record the arrival of one, when such a secular event occurred.

At all events he would ask the question. The Leone d'Oro did keep a book. If it had few visitors it made the most of them. The

book was brought him, but he turned over the entries of seven years, scarcely finding the names of as many Englishmen. For the last three years, however, the names of a Mr. and Miss Evelyn appeared uniformly in August, and, with a curious precision, always on the same day of the month. They had, moreover, as the entries showed, always come from a place called La Tour, which Alexander learned from his itinerary was a town in the Vaudois country, so renowned in history for the struggles and sufferings of its people in the cause of religious liberty.

"Three times!" thought Alexander. "The Evelyns, whoever they are, if they are not the original discoverers of Orta, know at least how to appreciate it. I honor their constancy, but I fear it is exhausted; already they are a day behind their time, so they will probably return no more."

With these reflections he drank the last glass of his bottle, strolled to the top of the Monte Sacro by what remained of twilight, and went to his bed.

CHAPTER III.

THE GIRL OF BUSINESS.

At Orta they do not eat their nightingales and thrushes so systematically as is the general barbarous usage in Italy—at least, they had not eaten them all up at the period of our story; for there remained a choir quite large enough, at least, with the help of the convent-bells, to have roused Mr. Alexander at a very early hour, had he not required a little more of Nature's soft nursing than usual to set him up after the fatigues of the last two days. In fact, he slept until near seven, and even then lay on his back for a few minutes, which was also against his usage, just to deliberate what might be done before breakfast, as well as during the day.

While his thoughts were thus occupied, he fancied he heard a stirring and rustling in a room adjoining his own, and which he now perceived was only separated from it by a slight, and perhaps temporary partition. He knew it was not Woodville's, for that was on the other side of the corridor. Presently a voice, or voices, were also audible; it was easy to distinguish that they were female voices. One was remarkably articulate and silvery, and evidently that of an English girl.

"Ha," said Alexander to himself, "this is Miss Evelyn, no doubt; they must have arrived during the night, or at a very early hour this morning. They are tolerably punctual, I must do them the justice to say."

He now heard the casement opened, which gave access, like his own, to the vine-wreathed balcony, and, at the same instant, the lady, with the more youthful and articulate voice, broke forth into a rap-

turous address to the lake, of which, without hearing every word, he was easily able to gather the tenor. She vowed it was lovelier than she had ever seen it before; she said the foliage was richer, the roses sweeter, the grapes larger—every thing was more beautiful than ever. Over and over again she vowed it was the sweetest spot in all the world, and once or twice she even called the lake her own, which made Alexander think that she must indeed have been the original discoverer.

After this burst of girlish enthusiasm, her tone was a little altered, but still her next-room neighbor could collect very distinctly that she was delighted on her father's account, even more than her own, to find herself once more at "the dear, quiet, old Leone d'Oro."

The next observation was addressed to her companion, who was probably her maid.

"I trust, Hannah, we are the only people in the house?"

Alexander lost the reply, but it must have been in the affirmative, for the mistress was

heard to say that more visitors would destroy the charm of Orta and quite ruin the Leone d'Oro.

It was a pleasant idea of Miss Evelyn's, that of an inn ruined by its guests!

She seemed next to be inquiring about some books, hoping nothing had been left behind; and she called for a certain list in a different key from her rapturous speech at the window—not at all harsh or vixenish, only a little dry and peremptory. The list must have been handed to her, for Alexander could hear her murmuring over a number of names in succession, obviously telling off the volumes they referred to, which appeared to be all forthcoming, except a certain account-book, about which there was a to-do. The title of the missing



book sounded funny to Alexander's ear. It was called "the little green Bobbio account-book," and it would evidently be a serious affair for Hannah if the book with this droll name had by any chance been lost or even left behind.

All this occupied so short a time, and the young lawyer's curiosity was so much excited, that it only now occurred to him that he was rather in a false position, placed so as to overhear the conversation of a lady who not only was not aware that his room was occupied, but was under the impression that she and her father were the only guests in the house. To make any sign now, by coughing, or in any other way, would be almost to confess himself an eavesdropper; so that he was quite at a loss what to do, and it was a great relief to him when, in a few minutes, both mistress and maid left the room, probably to go in quest of the missing treasure.

You may suppose he had plenty of food for his thoughts, and employment for his faculties of divination, while he made his expeditious but not negligent toilet, a little more careful certainly than it would have been if the Evelyns had not arrived. Alexander was not yet much of a lady's man, or a deep student of the sex; but he had never been so perplexed as he now found himself between the conflicting indications of character out of which his fancy had to frame a notion of Miss Evelyn, with only her voice and a few scraps of dialogue to guide him. She was a very young lady by her enthusiasm, and not so very young by her careful habits. She was wild about scenery, and a martinet with her maid; had a passion for roses, yet kept accounts; and, lastly, she arrived after he had gone to bed, and yet she was stirring before him. Was there ever such a curious medley? Was there ever such a riddle of a girl?

However, it was not to solve enigmas, much less to keep accounts, that he had come to Orta; so, as soon as he was dressed, he sallied forth, mortified a little at finding that he had already lost so much of the morning. In the kitchen, through which he passed, having missed his direct way to the inn-door, he found my lady's maid (a tight girl of thirty, neatly dressed in a crisp-blue calico, black apron, and smart cap fluttering with pink ribbons) in an altercation with the hostess on the subject of breakfast, the difficulty arising, as usual in such cases, from the mutual ignorance of the parties of each other's tongue. Hannah wanted new-laid eggs, and, as the landlady neither understood English nor French, at least the French that Hannah spoke, the girl was reduced to the primitive expedient described in the old rhyme—

"If I wanted bread
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs
By clapping hands and crowing."

Through Alexander's intervention the difficulty was soon got over, and the maid was profuse of her thanks and courtesies for the assistance which her obliging countryman gave her to settle it. Alexander then gave his own instructions for breakfast, at which meal he expected to be joined by his friend, and in the mean time there was half an hour at his disposal, time enough for a row to the island and back again. On the little quay, which was hard by, he found an elderly gentleman, who, of course, was Mr. Evelyn, inquiring about a boat for the same purpose, but for a later hour, after the heat of the day had subsided. They saluted one another without speaking. Alexander selected his boat, and the elderly gentleman returned to the inn.

ABOUT EARS.

I HAVE been asked, says Toussenel, why the horse, which delights in cleanliness, muddies the water before drinking; and why his ears, erect in servitude, turn downward in the state of liberty, contrary to what occurs in the dog.

The answer to these questions is easy; and, in the first place, the horse does not mean to muddy the water which he agitates.

The horse is a native of sandy, sun-burned regions, and he rejoices in the toilet—two reasons for loving the bath. But, as in these countries the rare and treacherous wave is the habitual resort of crocodiles, of leeches and electric eels, the horse paws the water before entering it, so as to drive away such vermin; and he sounds the bottom with his hoof to see whether it be propitious for his bath, for every horse that feels the water is ready to roll in it.

As to the second question, the answer requires a physiological study of the ear.

The ear is an organ destined to give information by the perception

of sounds in space; consequently the direction of the ear of a beast should instruct you at once concerning its behavior and its character. The ear of the hare, directed backward, tells you that this poor animal is destined to be chased. This direction of its channel of sound announces the especial object of the organ, viz., to inform the fugitive of the number and the swiftness of his pursuers.

But, if the ear of the beast chased is turned backward, so cannot be the ear of the pursuer, of the fox, or the wolf, or the hunting-dog.

The ear of these *forcers* assumes, in fact, an opposite direction. The primitive hunting-dogs—the greyhound and the shepherd's dog, which only hunt by running down their game—will then have their ears straight, and the auditory canal directed forward. The weasel, the cat, even the fox, which need to know what is going on among the branches overhead, will have their ears large, expanded, and fitted to perceive little noises above them.

The horse, in his wild state, wanders in pasturing, but does not hunt; he has no man in charge, and grazes with his head low. The conduit of the ear is then directed toward the soil, which is the best of all conductors of sound, and which transmits to it that of the march and the voices of the enemy.

But, when the horse has once accepted the companionship of man's labors and dangers, other duties are incumbent on him in this capacity, and he changes his bearing along with his diet. As soon as, with this change of spirit, he must take the lead, and guide his rider in the dark, he raises his ear like the greyhound, so as to catch every sound in front of him. By virtue of the same principle, the setter dog, when made to quit running down his game, ceases to hold his ear straight, and wears it like the mummy.

Why, then, all dogs of running breeds ought to carry their ears straight, like the greyhound and the Arabian horse? Certainly; and you are up to your ears in the truth.

Pallas, cited by Cuvier ("*Règne Animal*"), has also noted the downward cast of the ear in a wild colt caught upon the steppes of Tartary, and which became extremely docile.

The horse has two muscles of the ear peculiar to himself among animals, and which give it a varied freedom of movements.

The ears of the mole close by a sphincter muscle which excludes the dirt. In the owl and the bat tribes, this organ has remarkable developments—in some of the latter (to which it gives name) being as large as the rest of their body, and completing that grotesque appearance which has made them a favorite type of the hobgoblin.

SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE IN BOSTON.

No. II.

HOW THEY TRIED TO REGULATE LIFE AND MANNERS IN BOSTON.

IN its social aspects, life in Boston during the earlier years of its settlement was altogether unique. When the nine-o'clock bell rang at night, it was the signal for all wanderers in the streets to betake themselves to their respective habitations; and "presently the constables walked the rounds to see good order kept, and to take up loose people." The curfew still tolls, not only in Boston, but in almost all the towns and villages of New England; at this signal, however, the lights are not extinguished, neither are the embers on the hearth-stone covered with ashes—embers and hearth-stones for the most part belong to the past; patriots must now swear, if they swear at all, "by their *furnaces* and *registers*"—nor does silence reign in the streets. In modern times, the season of festivity begins at the hour when our good fathers and mothers consigned themselves to saintly slumbers.

On every Saturday morning, all persons residing in Boston, able to bear arms, were drilled on the Common, and, after the companies were formed in order, we read that "a certain space of time was allotted to private devotion, after which the officer in command prayed aloud for a season." At the close of the drill, another season of devotion followed. "The poor Indian" could testify that these men were not backward in the day of battle, because they prayed before they fought.

In these days, when contractors under government are supposed to enrich themselves in so many illegitimate ways, and the rate of taxation in some of our cities is so much enhanced

by the fraudulent transactions of officials, it is refreshing to find how differently such things were managed by the settlers of Boston. The first public contract which they made was for the erection of a framework of timber, then called the "Bilboes," on which offenders were exhibited with some badge of shame—usually a piece of scarlet cloth, with a letter upon it, indicating the nature of their crime—suspended around their neck, or perhaps publicly scourged; and this structure was usually placed directly in front of the meeting-house door. The bilboes having been constructed, duly examined by the authorities, and the bills audited, the first person that was sentenced to occupy the machine was the carpenter who built it, "in consideration of his excessive charges for the work."

In the good old times of which we write, it is evident that the evils of intemperance were as great as they have ever been in any portion of our history. Mr. Winthrop complains bitterly of the amount of hot drinks consumed by the young people on board the *Arbella* during the voyage from Southampton to America; and every art of legislation was devised to check the ravages of this vice, short of absolute prohibition, or any restriction upon the *private* use, by the more respectable members of society, of what is sometimes termed in the statute "the good creature of God." Mr. John Josselyn, gent., who visited Boston eight years after its settlement, says: "I found two houses of entertainment, called ordinaries, into which if a stranger went, he was presently followed by one appointed to that office, who would thrust himself into his company *uninvited*, and, if he called for more drink than the officer, in his judgment, thought he could soberly bear away, he would presently countermand it, and appoint the proportion beyond which he could not get one drop."

The custom of "drinking one to another, which draweth the abominable practice of drinking healths," is positively forbidden by law. Among the reasons assigned by the General Court for this order, are the following:

"1. It was a thing of no good use.

"2. It was an inducement to drunkenness, and occasion of quarrelling and bloodshed.

"3. *It occasioned much waste of wine and beer.*

"4. It was very troublesome to many, especially the master and mistress of the feast, who were forced thereby to drink more oft than they would."

Drinking with disreputable associates, more especially if it was not accompanied by judicious and timely remarks on the evils of intemperance, also appears to have brought the offender under the reproof of the magistrate. Thus "Benj. Hubbard is solemnly admonished of his failing for being in company with James Brown and the rest, and often drinking of the strong-water bottle with them, *and not reproving them.*"

A man, convicted of drunkenness in the year 1688, was sentenced to attend every day upon the session of the General Court, and in their presence wear the ominous scarlet cloth, with the letter D inscribed upon it. The thought will here suggest itself, whether some such exhibition as this might not have a salutary effect upon our modern representative assemblies, and also whether the general aspect of these bodies would not be somewhat enlivened if the erring *members* thereof were adorned in like manner with scarlet.

Some time before the transfer of the patent to America, a petition was forwarded to the Massachusetts Bay Company to this effect: "We especially desire you to take care that no tobacco be planted under your government, unless it be some small quantity for mere necessity and for physic, for preservation of their healths; and that the same be taken privately by *ancient men*, and none other." It would appear as though "the ancient men" were a little inclined to monopolize the poisonous weed.

A few years later, we find that the court felt it to be necessary to relax in some degree the rigidity of the law; for it is ordered "that no person shall take any tobacco *publicly*; and

every one shall pay one penny for every time he is convicted for taking tobacco in any place." Still later, the law is again modified: "It is further ordered, that no person shall take tobacco privately, in his own house, or in the house of another, *before strangers*; and that two or more shall not take it together, anywhere, under the penalty of eleven shillings and sixpence for every offence."

From the tone of legislation adopted soon after this, we may infer that the early settlers of Boston found it as hard to regulate such matters as these by law as their posterity have proved it to be. "This court, finding that, since the passage of the former laws against tobacco, *the same is more abused than before*, it is therefore ordered that no man shall take any tobacco in the fields, except in his journey or at meal-times, upon pain of twelvepence for every offence; nor shall take any tobacco in any inn or common victualling-house, except in a private room there, so as neither the master of the same house, nor any other guests there, shall take offence thereat." Constables are further charged "to take special notice of common coasters, unprofitable fowlers, and tobacco-takers."

In modern times, the only legislation that we ever heard of in this country, aiming to regulate the matter of apparel, was the law adopted some few years since by Congress, forbidding our ministers abroad to assume any other than an ordinary citizen's dress on state occasions, it being presumed that the crow-like appearance of an American ambassador, moving about in sable simplicity among the gilded and scarleted myrmidons of foreign courts, would be an impressive testimony to the chaste and severe grandeur of republican institutions. Any attempt on the part of our Legislatures to interfere with the ordinary fashions of society would be the ruin of the political party which proposed it.

It was not so in the days of which we write. Four years after the settlement of Boston, this whole matter, in its most minute details, came under the inspection of the General Court, when the number of slashes in the sleeve was determined by law; and lace, gold thread, gold or silver girdles, hat-bands, belts, ruffs, and beaver hats, are forbidden any longer to be worn, with the proviso that those who already have such vanities as these in their possession may wear them until they are worn out, always excepting "immoderate great sleeves, slash-apparel, and long wigs," which must see the light no more. With a minuteness that is edifying, the statute goes on to say that "no person shall make or sell any *bone* lace, to be worn upon any garment or linen, upon pain of five shillings for every offence, provided that binding or small edging lace may be used."

The grand climacteric of this style of legislation appears in an order providing for the arraignment before the court of any person "who should give offence to his neighbor by the excessive length of his hair!"

There is a *specialty* in the legislation of this period, which is without any parallel in the history of nations. In 1687, "Geo. Barlow for his idleness is sentenced to be whipt," and "Richard Osborne is enjoined to give an account to the constable weekly *how he doth improve his time.*" "Capt. Lovell is admonished to take heed of light carriage." A year or two after, "Elizabeth Chaunkley is enjoined to make double restitution for the eggs and things which she stole;" "John Grosse, for common railing, is disfranchised;" and "John Stone and his wife are admonished to make bigger bread."

The legislative assembly of the colony were perhaps as profitably occupied in the consideration of such matters as they would have been if they had turned their attention to other topics, which in our day consume the time of senators and representatives; but it is hard to believe that a civilized community could ever submit to such an impertinent interference with their domestic affairs as is involved in the following order of the court: "A daily register shall be kept in each family of what is done by all and every person"—subject, of course, to

the inspection of the legal authorities. We wish that a few of these family registers had been preserved and transmitted to posterity. What strange light they would throw upon the habits of the times!

Freedom of utterance, both in private and in public, is one of the priceless privileges of a citizen, and there are none who hold it more sacred and precious than the good people now inheriting the soil and the virtues of the early settlers of Boston. It might not be going too far to say that, among the great reformers and "silver-tongued orators" to whom that city has given birth, there are some whose candid and trenchant criticism of public men and measures at times borders upon vituperation. Let us see how these outspoken brethren would have been treated, if they had lived and talked some two hundred and thirty years ago:

"Boston, 1632.—Third Annual Session of the General Court.

"Ordered, that Thos. Knewer be set in the bilboes for threatening the court, that, if he should be punished, he would have it tried in England whether he was lawfully punished or not.

"Ordered, that Sam. Norman shall be whipped for saying that, if the ministers who come here will only rail against England, it would make them more popular with many persons.

"Ordered, that Ensign Jennison shall be fined the sum of twenty pounds for upbraiding the court with injustice, he having uttered these words—'I pray God deliver me from this court!'—professing he had waited from court to court, and could not have justice done him."

Mr. Aspinwall was discharged from being any longer a member of the court, for affirming his conviction of the lawfulness of a certain petition that had been sent in; and Mr. Coggeshall was, in like sort, dismissed for declaring his belief in the innocence of the Rev. John Wheelwright, who had been charged with teaching erroneous doctrine.

Robert Shorthose was committed to prison for remarking to a bystander that, "if the magistrate had any thing to say to him, he might come to him." Mr. Shorthose was, however, soon released, having become bound, in the sum of twenty shillings, to appear in person at the next session of the court, and to be of good behavior in the mean time.

Thos. Lechford, who appears to have fallen into the habit of expressing his opinion of matters and things in general rather freely, "acknowledging to the court that he had *overshot himself*, and is sorry for it, promising hereafter to attend to his proper calling, and not to meddle with controversies, was dismissed."

Mr. Thos. Makepeace—it is sad to think that a man with such a name should have exposed himself to official censure—was arraigned before the court, and, "because of his *novel disposition*, was informed that we were weary of him, unless he reform." What would happen if all persons in our day possessed of "a novel disposition" were liable to similar treatment?

Two or three years after this, Mr. Israel Stoughton published a book in which he had the temerity to intimate that the Court of Assistants were not to be considered as, in all respects, paragons of legislation. The civil authorities at once took up the matter, and the book is declared "to have given much trouble and offence." The pressure upon the author soon becomes so severe, that regard for his own safety impels him to acknowledge his sin, and at the same time petition the court that they would cause "said book to be burnt, as *weak* and offensive." To what depths of humiliation must Mr. Stoughton have been reduced before he could be led to pronounce a work, written by his own hand and bearing his name, to be a *weak* production! But even this acknowledgment did not save him from punishment.

It was not, however, only those who railed against the state, upon whom the arm of the law fell; the clerical profession were also shielded from improper criticism, and protected in the ex-

ercise of their functions as teachers of religion against lay intrusion, especially against the interference of women with their prerogatives. Perhaps the Boston clergy would not be as sensitive to the charge of heresy as they were when a stiff-necked Antinomian was fined forty shillings "for affirming that all the ministers in Boston, except two and perhaps three, *did teach a covenant of works*." The "covenant of works" is thought somewhat better of, now, than it was in those days.

Two pictures are brought before us in the next extracts that we shall give from the records of the General Court, which may excite laughter or tears of indignation, according to our mood:

"Ordered, that Jane Hawkins has liberty till the beginning of the third month, called May. And then the magistrates, if she does not depart before, to dispose of her. And, in the mean time, she is not to meddle in surgery or physic, drinks, plaisters, or oils; nor to *question matters of religion*, except with the ministers, for her own satisfaction." The doctors of medicine, as well as the doctors of divinity, are protected by this order.

The second picture suggests more painful thoughts. In accordance with a general law, to be found in the statute-book, a woman—whose name we shall suppress, lest there may be surviving relatives whose feelings might be wounded—was condemned to stand for half an hour in front of the meeting-house on a lecture-day, "with her tongue hanging from her mouth in a cleft stick, *for speaking against the minister*." Suppose that, in these days—but we forbear.

Neither did the law fail to recognize the sacredness of *private* reputation, and to visit the slanderer of his neighbor with swift and stern punishment; as, for instance, it is "Ordered, that John Lee shall be whipt and fined for calling Mr. Ludlow false-hearted knave, hard-hearted knave, and *heavy friend*." We may think that our laws ought to protect us more effectually than they do against the aspersions of the ill-minded; but it would be hard if one were liable to be whipped and fined for insinuating that some of his friends were a little *heavy*.

The restrictions upon travel present a very singular feature in the legislation of Boston. The jealousy which existed between the Massachusetts and the Rhode Island colonies is easily accounted for; but it could hardly have been expected to show itself in the form manifested by an enactment where the people of the neighboring district are spoken of as if they were dangerous animals going about to devour. This is the statute: "All persons from the Providence Plantation are forbidden to go at large in the Massachusetts colony;" and a young man from Providence, who ventured to visit Boston for the transaction of business, was actually arrested and imprisoned.

Somewhat more inexplicable is the following act: "Mr. Richard Brown is fined five pounds for going to Connecticut without leave."

It is not to be understood that, mingled with all this quaint and often absurd legislation, there is not also much which indicates great wisdom and forethought. They were wise men who passed these foolish laws; wise men still continue to pass foolish laws. Who can tell how some of our doings will read two or three hundred years hence? While we are casting stones backward, we may be hit in front.

We shall next proceed to show how they conducted public worship in Boston.

BIRTH, INFANCY, MARRIAGE, AND DEATH IN BULGARIA.

FROM the cradle to the grave, the Bulgarian is haunted by strange customs and observances, such as are little known in Europe. When a child is born, the witch, who is present officially, brings a reaping-hook into the room, and then proceeds to rub the infant all over with salt, and to fumigate the room in order to drive away all intrusive evil spirits from the mother and child.

With the exception of this bath of salt, a Bulgarian child is never washed until he attains the age of seven years; and, for the first years of his life, a piece of garlic (in the case of a girl, one or two coins) is tied upon his head to preserve him from the evil eye. As soon as he is able to work, he is surrounded by superstitions which he is obliged to observe: if he fetches water, he must throw away some of it; if he brings flour from the mill, he must burn incense under it; in short, he cannot take a step without coming in contact with a superstition or an *adel* (custom), which, if not respected, will avenge itself on him, and, without counting the spirits who lie in wait for him in the forest or at the fountain, his life is filled with fears which go far to compensate for its great enjoyments of eating, drinking, and dancing.

When a young man wishes to marry, he speaks to his parents, who arrange the matter with those of the lady chosen, and *swaty** are sent to propose in due form; the amount of the corbeille is settled, as well as that of the *bash parasi*, or head-money, presented by the suitor to the mother of his intended, and then the *gody*, or betrothal, takes place. This is a ceremony of great interest to all Bulgarians, who have the same tastes as those commemorated in the songs about their great heroes, of which the constant chorus is—

"Pak jede i pi je,"
"And he eats and drinks."

The *gody* is usually held at the house of the girl's parents, where the elder guests sit around a cloth spread on the floor and covered with various dishes all strongly flavored with garlic, while the wine-jug circulates freely; in another room the young people indulge in a similar repast, and afterward dance outside the house, the girls singing songs at intervals. The young man then brings in his presents, which consist of various articles of feminine clothing, several pairs of slippers, bracelets, ear-rings, a head-dress and necklace of gold or silver coins, and a silver girdle; the value of these offerings is discussed by the father of the girl, and a fresh bargain ensues, the suitor adding coin by coin to the necklace till his future father-in-law is satisfied, and, when this result is attained, all the finery is placed in a *tekneh*, a wooden dish used for making bread and for a cradle. Then all the guests set to work again at the banquet till daylight dawns upon the many tipsy and the very few sober. The next day the young lady puts on all the presents of her *fiancé*, and is considered as engaged.

This betrothal is in no ways a religious ceremony, and leaves it open to either party to break off the engagement, but such a rupture seldom occurs; the marriage never takes place within six months of the *gody*, and is often delayed for two or even three years.

With some rare exceptions, these arrangements are by no means love-matches; the young man wishes to establish himself as head of a household, and chooses a wife as he would a yoke of buffaloes, looking upon her as a machine for labor and the probable mother of sons who will in time be able to work for him, and whom he can beat as his father beat him until he became too strong to permit it—for a Bulgarian son, when he grows up, makes no scruple of returning with interest the blows received from his father. Thus the bride is chosen, not for the beauty of her more or less Kalmuck features, but for the muscular strength which will render her valuable as a beast of burden.

Sometimes you may meet with a Bulgarian Lindoro who translates his passion into the music of the Gaida, or courts some stalwart Rosina by playfully throwing lumps of mud at her as they meet at the fountain, or who buys an enormous pair of boots and spurs to attract the attention of his beloved, and proves the strength of his affection by treading upon her toes.

But Lindoro here, like the true Lindoro everywhere, is poor, and perhaps seeks, by a disinterested love, to attract into his own purse a few of the zecchini which he needs; at any rate, it is no blasphemy to doubt the purity of his motives in a country where a powerfully-built wife is a good investment, instead of being an expensive luxury.

The marriage (*swadba*) is prepared for by the bridegroom's installation in his new house, and the purchase of various domestic animals, especially a pair of oxen or buffaloes, without the possession of which the match would be considered a very poor one for the lady, if not entirely out of the question; when all is ready, he sends his parents or

his swaty to announce that he wishes the ceremony to take place in two or three weeks.

During the week preceding the marriage, which is always celebrated on a Sunday, the parents of the bride and bridegroom prepare the furniture, etc., of the new *ménage*, the girls of the village dance before the house of the bride, and the youths pay the same compliment to the bridegroom. On the Friday before the marriage, the presents, hung on a cord, are exhibited in the bride's house, and she herself has her hair plaited into innumerable minute tresses; then she takes, *for the first and last time in her life*, a complete bath. Horrible as this statement seems, it is the literal truth. Till the age of seven years a child must not be touched by water, and, although, after that period, the face, hands, and feet may be washed, the cleansing of the whole body would be *chok gunah*, a great sin, and is never practised by either male or female Bulgarians, with the solitary exception mentioned.

On the eventful Sunday, when the *papas* are ready, the ceremony takes place in the church, if there be one, or otherwise in the bridegroom's house, and, after the marriage, the happy couple are led in procession to the mansion of the bride's father, where the young girls dance, corn is sprinkled over the husband and wife, and the latter, her face covered with a veil (often scarlet), kisses the hands of all the married women of the village, receiving in return a fig from each of them.

Then all the usual feasting goes on, and all the guests drink more than is good for them, and the married couple are shut up in their own house for a week, during which time they may neither go out nor receive visits.

When this period of imprisonment is over, the married women fetch the bride, who carries two water-buckets, to the fountain, round which she walks three times, preceded by the oldest of the women, then the contents of the buckets are thrown over her, she kisses hands all round, and again receives a present of figs.

The same day she pays a visit to her mother, and is henceforward considered as a member of the sisterhood of married women.

The married women are not generally allowed to join in the village dance, although some of the bolder spirits amongst them occasionally do so; this dance, which is called in Russian *bitchok*, is here styled *horó* (Хоро), and strongly resembles the "Romaika's dull round." A circle of dancers is formed, the girls and men holding each other by the belt or girdle, and going round and round for hours to the music of the *gaida*. The motion is slow, monotonous, and ungraceful, but the coup d'œil from a distance is picturesque enough, from the gaudy colors of the female dresses. In our village the feminine taste for ornament has invented a new head-dress, consisting of pieces of the English or French newspapers received by us, which are in great request by the village beauties as *bonjoux*, or jewels; the portions most sought after are the headings or the advertisements in big capitals, so that the Derekuoi young ladies may often be seen wearing on their foreheads such placards as the following: "The Times," "Mort aux Rats," "Pall Mall Gazette," "Vente à cause de Faillite," "Holloway's Pills," "Plus d'huile de foie de Morue," "A vendre à grand rabais," "Mme. Elise, Marchand de Modes," and a host of other typographical varieties, which are highly prized in the first circles of the Derekuoi fashionables.

At the end of every life, whether one of hardship and labor like the Turks, or feasting and idling like the Bulgarians, comes death; but just as the latter considers baptism *not* as the admission of the infant into the Church of Christ, but as a mere sprinkling with water for which the *papas* receives so much, so he looks upon death as the discharge of a mere animal function.

When he is given over by the witch, he prepares for the passage from life to an unknown world with a *sang froid* strongly resembling courage, but which is merely the result of a fatalism arising from apathy; he bargains with the *papas* as to the price of his burial, orders the mortuary feasts, and, in short, prepares himself very quietly to repose in the grave which is already dug for him. During all this time the room is filled with women, shrieking and groaning in a manner sufficient almost to kill a healthy man.

At the moment of death, all pots, kettles, and other utensils are turned upside-down, in order to prevent the soul of the departed taking refuge in one of them, and therefrom commencing a system of annoyance against the family; candles or tapers are lit around the body, and the head is dressed with flowers; a great *eikon* (picture of a saint) is placed upon the breast, the body is clothed in its best clothes,

* For this word there is no exact equivalent in English; the *swaty* are friends of the young man who act as his proxies in the delicate matter of "proposing"—to the parents of the lady, however, never to herself; the latter ceremony, which is so much thought of in England, not being customary in Bulgaria.

or in some specially made for the purpose, and a pair of slippers, while all the members of the family run outside and scream a lamentation, which is generally after this fashion :

"Oh! Tanaz! Boze! Bozé!
Who will cut wood for us now?
(Shrieks and howls.)

"Who will kill the sheep,
Or who will take care of the poor buffaloes?
(Shrieks and howls.)

"Who will carry the corn to the mill?
Who will beat us as you used to do,
Oh, Tanaz!"
(Shrieks and howls.)

Five minutes afterward an *araba*, with a couple of oxen or buffaloes, is brought round, containing a ladder, on which the corpse is placed without either shroud or coffin; but only two men accompany it, one to drive, the other to act as sexton; arrived at the cemetery, the body is thrown into the grave, a few spadefuls of earth thrown upon it, perhaps a stone is placed, and all is over. No burial-service is ever said, for although a minimum sum of forty piastres must be paid to the papas for every burial, he never appears, nor in any way officiates; if the family choose to have masses said for the soul of the dead, they must make a new bargain, but in the country it is not much the fashion.

The same evening there is a great death-feast of relations and friends in the house of mourning, which is repeated in ten days, and again at the expiration of one month, three months, six months, a year, and three years; these are called in Bulgarian *pominki*, commemorations. If the dead man leaves a widow, she goes to his grave every morning for forty days, and throws water over it, "so that he may not die of thirst." Besides the *pominki*, the Bulgarians hold a feast in the cemetery on Palm Sunday, and, after much eating and drinking, leave the remains upon the graves of their friends, who, they are persuaded, will eat them during the night; on Easter Monday an Easter-egg is placed on each grave.

The Bulgarian mourning, which is worn only by women, consists in wearing every article of clothing inside out; as with us, it varies in duration according to the consanguinity of the relation lost; that of a widow is fixed at one year.

JAMES HARPER.

MR. JAMES HARPER, so almost universally known as the senior member of the distinguished publishing firm of Harper & Brothers, was recently thrown from his carriage, the injuries arising from the accident proving fatal two days later.

In the Franklin Square publishing-house there were four brothers, the eldest seventy-four years of age, and the youngest nearly sixty-six. For over fifty years these brothers have been associated together—at the beginning the two oldest as proprietors, and the younger as apprentices; but, since the year 1826, all united under the widely-known name of Harper & Brothers. Of the early struggles of these brothers the world knows little; of their brilliant successes it knows much. Beginning almost with the birth of our national literature, they have been its faithful aids; great reputations have been founded under their auspices; great geniuses recognized and developed; they have made not only wealth for themselves, but name and fortune for others.

Of the public spirit, business energy and sagacity, and unwavering integrity of the Brothers Harper, nothing need be said. They are recognized and admired by all who know them. Mr. James Harper was the founder of the business, and for many years its chief inspiration. He was a man of a singularly felicitous organization. The vivacity of youth never forsook him. At seventy-four years of age there was little to indicate the presence of age, the youthfulness of his appearance, indeed, seeming to promise a life of extraordinary length. Of active habits, peculiarly genial and animated in temperament, of abounding spirits, he united to the qualities of a courteous and honorable gentleman those of the cheerful Christian and the agreeable companion. He leaves hosts of earnest friends to mourn his memory.

TABLE-TALK.

IT is by no means surprising that the subject of woman has taken a deep hold of public attention. Certainly, so far as a question can derive attractions from the interest of its subject, the woman-question has a quite incontestable supremacy over every other. Nor has it ever been otherwise. The literatures of all countries and of all times testify to the eminent place accorded to woman in the cultivated thought of the world. Alike the glory of chivalry, the life of romance, the soul of poetry, and the inspiration of art, she has been the regnant ideal in all the finer spheres of mental achievement. But all subjects change their aspects with the advance of thought. The forms of chivalry have passed away, and the romancing spirit is repressed by a new discipline in a period of absorbing practical inquiry; yet woman is still in the ascendant, though she comes before us now in a new phasis. Having been idolized, sung, and flattered through all the moods and tenses of poetic feeling, it seems at length her destiny to be soberly *considered*. The age is analytic and radical; it takes things to pieces, and goes down to their roots. In this temper its attention is drawn to woman—to her capacities, duties, and rights, and she thus becomes the subject of a question. But, if woman, as a theme of poetry, has never failed to be interesting, as a thesis of discussion she has a corresponding importance. The subject as now opened goes to the very roots of social order, and, in its settlement, if that be possible, it carries with it the settlement of a whole range of problems of the deepest moment to society. Our age presents no inquiry more important than that of the rights, education, and true position of the female sex. Whether the leaders of the movement comprehend the real gravity and difficulty of the work they have undertaken, is doubtful.

Recent strikes among workmen in various branches of trade have sent employers into the streets in search of apprentices. Their success has been very limited. There is a vast number of lads seeking clerkships; the mercantile, financial, and professional pursuits have greater accessions than they need; but the indisposition to enter the trades or take up the industrial arts is so marked, that, if it continue, we shall soon have a labor famine. Immigration, in fact, is the only thing that prevents it now. Every American boy expects to make his fortune in Wall Street, or to run for Congress, and disdains those pursuits that are not immediately conducive to these ends. It may be questioned, moreover, whether our public-school education is not in part responsible for this condition of things. Our system in educating children in ideas above their social level, in promoting literary rather than scientific culture, and in ignoring the industrial arts, is serving to paralyze the productive labor of the country at its very source.

Mr. Robertson's new comedy of "School," now acting so successfully in London, New York, and Boston, may be cited to disprove a common impression, that the stage of the period is entirely given over to sensation. This little comedy is almost a revelation in dramatic literature. With a plot very slight, with no stirring incident, almost without a situation, dealing, in a thoroughly realistic way, with ordinary life, it yet has achieved the greatest dramatic success of the season. This is to be attributed to its truthful characters, its charming pictures of life, and the highly skilful way in which ordinary incidents are rendered dramatic and effective. The public taste is not so low as it is continually asserted to be. In people's eagerness to be entertained, they are not always, it is true, discriminating. Their likings, moreover, are catholic, and the very persons who to-night are dazzled by the glittering splendors of a "Black Crook," to-morrow may be subdued by the simple pathos of a story like that of "School." The success of this play is proof of the popular sympathy for a pure and elegant drama, and de-

prives actors and managers of all excuse for offering the lewd, the coarse, or the sensational.

The women of America are usually supposed to possess an immunity from insult or molestation when travelling alone, or in other unprotected situations, that their sisters of other countries do not enjoy. But Lord Shaftesbury, at a ragged-school meeting in Sheffield recently, related an anecdote calculated to disprove this idea. In remarking that young ladies would be surprised to find with what respect they would be treated by the forlorn classes if they would go amongst them with a view to education, he said: "In one of the worst parts of London there was an institution which he visited. In one room he found about thirty-five men listening to the teachings of the daughter of a small shopkeeper in the neighborhood. She was one of the prettiest women he ever saw in his life. He noticed that there was no one present but the young woman with those rough men, and he said to the superintendent, 'Are you not afraid to leave my dear little friend alone with all those men?' He replied, 'I am.' 'Then why don't you go to her?' 'You mistake my fear. I am not afraid of their doing *her* any harm. They love her so much that they would lick the ground on which she walks; but I am afraid some person may step in, and, not being under authority, or knowing the manners of the place, may say something impertinent to her, and, if he did, he would not leave the place alive.' " There is a touching proof, in this incident, of the influence that the defenceless innocence of women will exercise on the roughest natures. When a general equality of rights, privileges, and duties shall have extinguished all that remains of chivalry for woman, will this influence remain?

Literary and Personal Notes.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Morning Star* relates, upon the authority of Emile Ollivier, an anecdote of M. de Lamartine. "Lamartine," says the narrator, "being at the Hôtel de Ville, received the announcement that a deputation of Vesuviennes demanded an interview. These women, in type and brutality, strongly resembled the famous *poissardes* of the first Revolution. The doors of his cabinet were thrown open, and the apartment was presently filled by these fierce-looking dames, whose dishevelled locks and uncouth garb presented any thing but an attractive spectacle. M. de Lamartine bowed, and begged to know whether he could be of any service to his visitors. 'Citizen,' replied the foremost amongst them, standing with arms a-kimbo in front of her comrades, 'the Vesuviennes have resolved to send you a deputation to express their admiration of your conduct. There are fifty of us, and, in the name of all the Vesuviennes, we, fifty in number, have come to kiss you.' The poet gave one glance at the forest of unkempt hair and the rubicund cheeks of the fifty unwashed Venuses, and thus replied: 'Citoyennes, I thank you for the sentiments you inspire me with; but allow me to remark that patriots of your stamp are more than women—they are men. Men do not embrace each other. We shake hands.' And thus, by a stroke of the most subtle flattery, did the author of the '*Méditations*' escape the fifty kisses of the Megeras of the Revolution of '48."

Mr. Burlingame, the American gentleman who now represents the Chinese empire abroad, seems to be enjoying himself in Paris, with his long-tailed followers. A clever paragraphist in a foreign paper speaks of them as "Burlingame's Bears, or the pig-tailed people who walk on their hind legs, and follow their leader about." It is said that at the Hôtel de Ville, one evening, the Chinamen gazed upon the *buffet* with expressionless eyes, but showed no symptoms of appetite. Soon, however, they paused before a heap of *marrons glacés*, and quickly devoured them all. More than once again, other heaps of the delicacy shared the same fate, and not enough could be found to satisfy the ravenous celestials. At the next ball at the Tuileries, the heavenly-minded people were again hunting for this luxury of the "outside barbarians," and, meeting the polite functionary who at the Hôtel de Ville had fed them, they surrounded him, and searched his pockets for their ambrosia.

In a notice of Col. Badeau's Military History of Gen. Grant, the London *Saturday Review* remarks that "the work is written with that soldierly respect for high qualities, even among the bitterest antagonists, which is the first characteristic of a good military history. Foreign im-

partiality may regret that the brave armies of the beaten cause should throughout be qualified as 'the rebels,' while the forces of the victorious majority are 'the national troops;' but the opinion of the North would perhaps hardly have tolerated a more courteously equivocal description, in any account of its favorite hero, that wished to be popular as well as true."

The French journals say that the post of President of the Senate—now vacant by the death of M. Troplong—was offered to Lamartine, and the emoluments of the office would have been doubled, in order that he might rid himself of his pecuniary embarrassments. He declined the appointment, however, and then an unconditional offer was made to free him from his debts. This he also declined.

Jean Jacques Offenbach is believed to be the richest composer in Europe. His fortune is estimated in French operatic circles at upward of twelve hundred thousand francs. Ten years ago he was hardly worth twelve hundred francs. The rumor that M. Offenbach has a weakness for stock speculations at the Bourse is true; but, it is added, that he is an exceedingly lucky and successful speculator.

The Crown-Princess Victoria of Prussia, who is a very spirited and plucky young lady, had, the other day, an interview with some Hanoverian ladies of high rank, who extolled the courage displayed by their ex-queen at the time the Prussian troops entered the capital of Hanover in June, 1866. "Courage!" exclaimed the crown-princess, disdainfully. "If she were a really courageous woman, and if your people were so ardently devoted to her and to her cause, why did she not call upon the people of Hanover to rally around her, and defend her against the enemy? I am sure I would have done that."

It is said that Maurice Sand, George Sand's only son, though as a writer far inferior to his illustrious mother, manages to make more money by his facile pen than the authoress of "*Consuelo*" and "*Indiana*."

One of the most delightful books of travel, recently published, is Mr. Leech's "*Letters of a Sentimental Idler*," from the press of D. Appleton & Co., discoursing pleasantly of a sojourn in the far East. The New York *Round Table* speaks of it as follows: "Like the cool breeze, that comes rippling over the waves gleaming with the golden sheen of the fading sunset, as they chase each other sportively till they dash on some ocean-girt shore, these letters from oriental climes have a fragrant freshness perfectly delicious. Sketches of character, bits of scenery, incidents of travel, echoes of Eastern song and tradition, are all portrayed with the vividness of an oil-painting and the minuteness of a photograph."

Madame Rossini, in compliance with the request which her husband addressed to her on his death-bed, continues his famous Friday dinner-parties at her villa in Passy. No more than a dozen guests are invited to them, and Rossini's chair is left vacant at its wonted place. The macaroni, however, which Rossini prepared in such an inimitable manner, has been banished from the dinner-table, Madame Rossini saying that her guests, being accustomed to the dish as prepared by her husband, should not eat an inferior article at her table.

Rosa Bonheur presented George Sand, on her recent birthday, with a portrait of the great French authoress, representing her as a young lady of twenty-five, and in the costume in which Mlle. Bonheur saw her when they met for the first time. This is the second portrait which Rosa Bonheur has painted.

The hostility of the French Government to M. Edmond About, which had led to inimical measures against the *Gaulois* and other papers for which M. About writes, is attributed to the influence of the Empress Eugénie, who asked the clever novelist and feuilletonist some time since to write a number of sketches about the prince imperial. Instead of complying with her Majesty's request, About has recently repeatedly alluded in his articles to the prince imperial in a manner not altogether eulogistic and complimentary; hence the wrath of the empress.

Count Bismarck recently told some of the German authors who are circulating a petition addressed to President Grant, and praying him to recommend to Congress the passage of an international copyright law, that he did not think the movement which they had originated was a very proper one. He said it might be considered impertinent by the Americans; as for himself, he certainly would not like to receive such a petition at the hands of the citizens of a foreign country. Several German authors of merit and distinction refused to sign the petition on similar grounds.

We have a striking pen-portrait of the old ex-Elector of Hesse-Cassel, drawn by a German correspondent who saw that remarkable prince, a few weeks ago, at his Bohemian Tusculum—Chateau Horchowitz: "Imagine a rather tall, very straight, and stiff-looking old man, in a kind of undress

uniform, which, however, sits very well on his thin and slender body. His hair is scant and gray; his face is regular, and might even be called handsome but for the stern expression of his lurking bluish-gray eyes, and the dogged expression playing around his lips, which he mostly keeps firmly compressed. Those who know his antecedents will not wonder at them when they see him. He looks like a perverse, obstinate, narrow-minded man, full of pride, and gifted with very few generous feelings."

Xavier Marmier, the French feuilletonist, recently saw the Grand-duchess hereditary of Russia, *née* Princess Dagmar of Denmark, and is in ecstasies about her beauty and grace. "What a lovely young creature!" he exclaims, in a letter to the *Revue de Paris*; "when I saw her, she was leaning on the emperor's arm, and shedding the light of her sweet presence even on that grave, gloomy, and taciturn man, who, though the sternest monarch in the world, seemed to feel exceedingly proud of his charming little daughter-in-law. She was chatting gayly with him, and he made every now and then a smiling reply to her, when her large, lustrous eyes fairly flashed with mirth and delight. I asked some one, if the little grand-duchess was popular in St. Petersburg. 'She is,' he replied. 'Why, every man here is in love with her.'"

Richard Wagner, the German composer, who has just finished his great operatic trilogy, "Die Nibelungen," will speedily commence writing a libretto based on one of Shakespeare's tragedies, and compose it for the Paris Grand Opera, which, he says, is bound to achieve a brilliant success, despite the failures of his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin."

The profession of a public lecturer is more profitable in France than in England. Especially successful in France are half a dozen talented ladies who are at present lecturing in the principal provincial cities. Even in Paris, clever lecturers are nearly always, unless some very exciting event engrosses public opinion, sure of attracting large audiences. Hitherto the government has always tried to discourage these public lecturers; but the emperor said lately that the policy had been a very short-sighted one, and that the opposite course should henceforth be pursued.

Queen Victoria's book has been published in a Turkish translation at Constantinople.

Matters of Science and Art.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has lately developed some very curious and striking results by subjecting the rarefied vapors of volatile liquids to the action of the concentrated beam of the electric light in a horizontal glass tube. At the beginning of the experiment the tube seems perfectly empty, and is indeed almost a vacuum; but the chemical forces of the electric ray decompose the rarefied vapor, which is precipitated as visible clouds, and which assume the most remarkable aspects of color and form. Professor Tyndall says:

"In one experiment, a globe of cloud formed at the centre, from which right and left issued an axis which united the globe with the two adjacent cylinders. Both globe and cylinders were animated by a common motion of rotation. As the action continued, paroxysms of motion were manifested; the various parts of the cloud would rush through each other with sudden violence. During these motions beautiful and grotesque cloud-forms were developed. At some places the nebulous mass would become ribbed so as to resemble the graining of wood. In the anterior portion of the tube these sudden commotions were most intense; here buds of cloud would sprout forth and grow in a few seconds into perfect flower-like forms. The most curious appearance that I noticed was that of a cloud resembling a serpent's head; it grew rapidly; a mouth was formed; and from the mouth a cord of cloud, resembling a tongue, was rapidly discharged.

"Sometimes clouds presented the appearance of a series of concentric funnels set one within the other, the interior ones being seen through the spectral walls of the outer ones; those of the distant cloud resembled claret-glasses in shape. As many as six funnels were thus concentrically set together, the two series being united by the delicate cord of cloud. Other cords and slender tubes were afterward formed, and they coiled themselves in spirals around and along the funnels. The cords finally disappeared, while the funnels melted into two ghost-like films, shaped like parasols. The films were barely visible, being of an exceedingly delicate blue tint; they seemed woven of blue air. To compare them with cobweb or with gauze would be to liken them to something infinitely grosser than themselves.

"At one trial a spectral cone turned its apex toward the distant end of the tube, and from its circular base filmy drapery seemed to fall. Placed on the base of the cone was an exquisite vase, from the interior of which sprang another vase of similar shape; over the edges of these

vases fell the faintest clouds, resembling spectral sheets of liquid. From the centre of the upper vase a straight cord of cloud passed for some distance along the axis of the experimental tube, and at each side of this cord two involved and highly iridescent vortices were generated. The frontal portion of the cloud, which the cord penetrated, assumed in succession the forms of roses, tulips, and sunflowers. It also passed through the appearance of a series of beautifully-shaped bottles placed one within the other. Once it presented the shape of a fish, with eyes, gills, and feelers.

"A friend, to whom on one occasion I showed the cloud, likened it to one of those jelly-like marine organisms which a film, barely capable of reflecting the light, renders visible. Indeed, no other comparison is so suitable; and not only did the perfect symmetry of the exterior suggest this idea, but the exquisite casing and folding of film within film suggested the internal economy of a highly complex organism. The *two-ness* of the animal form was displayed throughout, and no coil, disk, or speck, existed on one side of the axis of the tube, that had not its exact counterpart at an equal distance on the other. I looked in wonder at this extraordinary production for nearly two hours."

By the kindness of Professor Tyndall, the writer was recently allowed the opportunity of observing these beautiful and remarkable displays in the laboratory of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, a place which will ever be memorable in the annals of science, as the scene of the immortal discoveries of Davy and Faraday. But it was not merely the exquisite beauty and unique character of the visible effects which riveted the attention; it was as signalling the march of transformation—as a new disclosure of the hidden harmonies of Nature, that they were most deeply impressive. As the phenomena, here described, seem not yet to have received a designation, we suggest that they be associated with the name of their discoverer, and be known hereafter as the *Tyndallian Clouds*.

The success of Atlantic telegraphing is now so assured that new lines are inevitable. It was at first feared that they would neither last long, nor pay while they did last, but the reality is better than the hope. One has now been down three years, and the other four, yet they are now twenty times better in point of conductivity and insulation, their essential qualities, than when first laid; while their receipts of thirty-five hundred dollars a day in gold (over a million a year) savors strongly of profit. The French are accordingly hard at work upon a new ocean-cable, which is to be laid in June. It will leave the French coast a few miles from Brest, and proceed to the French island of St. Pierre, not far from Placentia Bay, Newfoundland; from this a second line passes to near Plymouth, on the Massachusetts coast. The total length of the French cable will be 3,564 nautical miles, or nearly double the length of the existing ocean lines.

The new cable is to be constructed on the same plan as the others, but stronger. The conducting copper case, formed of one strand of seven wires, will weigh four hundred pounds to the mile, and is therefore a quarter heavier than the one last laid. This conductor is wrapped in four folds of gutta-percha interlaid with four coatings of insulating compound, and round the whole will be twisted ten galvanized iron wires done up in Manila hemp, the whole to be saturated with tar. Its weight is thirty-one cwt. a mile in air and fifteen cwt. in water, and its breaking strain seven tons, so that it can support a length of nearly ten miles in the water; while the greatest depth of the track selected is but two and one-half miles.

There has been a rapid and immense improvement in the construction of ocean-cables. "The standard of the manufactured value of a cable is judged by what are called *its units of resistance*. There is always a certain amount of resistance to the passage of the electric current through the conductor, and the more perfect the insulation of the cable the greater that resistance will be. The amount of resistance is measured by the *galvanometer*, and is counted by millions of units. Thus, a cable which gave a resistance of only one million of units, would at once show that it was defective, and, by some hidden leakage, allowed the current to escape, and so, of course, allowed it to enter the wire faster than it could have done had it been so carefully insulated that all the electricity must have passed along the conductor, and along that only. But materials which absorb the current will also give rise to a low rate of resistance, and a low rate of resistance is only a scientific term for a bad cable." The Persian-Gulf cable had a standard of 50,000,000 units; the Atlantic cable, of 1865, of 100,000,000 units; that of 1866, 150,000,000 units; while the French cable is pitched at 250,000,000 units. It is curious that marine cables, like wine, cheese, and fiddles, improve by time—the Atlantic cables having gained so much in insulation that they are said to have often given last year a resistance of 4,000,000,000 units.

Sixteen hundred miles of the French cable were reported as being done on the first of February, and the manufacture is proceeding at the rate of two hundred miles a week. The Great Eastern, of course, will lay it.

The Museum.

IN one of the cathedrals in Sicily the confessional happened to be so placed that the whispers of the penitents were reflected by the curved roof and brought to a focus at a distant part of the edifice. The focus was discovered by accident, and for some time the person who discovered it took pleasure in hearing, and in bringing his friends to hear, utterances intended for the priest alone. One day, it is said, his own wife occupied the penitential-stool, and both he and his friends were thus made acquainted with secrets which were the reverse of amusing to one of the party.

Thirteen substances belonging to the earth have been found, by spectrum-analysis, to exist also in the sun. M. Janssen has found lines, denoting aqueous vapor, in the atmospheres of both Jupiter and Saturn. Some very remarkable lines have been seen in the more refrangible part of the spectrum of Mars, supposed to be connected with his red color.

It is found that, at Philadelphia, the mean velocity of the wind, during the entire year, is eleven miles per hour; nine miles in summer and fourteen in winter. At Toronto its annual average velocity is nine miles per hour. The mean velocity of the wind at sea is estimated at eighteen miles per hour.—*Loomis.*

It is said that nervous diseases are on the increase among us, and that they are most frequent and most severe among brain-workers. That this impression is well founded there can be no question. Paralysis, neuralgia, hysteria, dyspepsia, hypochondriasis, and insanity, are certainly more frequent, both in this country and in Europe, than they were thirty or fifty years ago. In my own practice, I am continually amazed by the variety and subtlety of phase that these diseases assume even in the young and growing generation. But it is one of the compensations of these nervous disorders that they are not rapidly fatal, and that they protect the system against febrile and inflammatory affections that hurry the Indian, the negro, and the poor laborers of our own race, into early graves. This protective power of the nervous constitution was illustrated, over and over again, during the late war, when delicate exsanguined students resisted malaria and grew stout amid exposures that prostrated by thousands the lumbermen of Maine, and the sons of the plough and the anvil.—*Dr. Geo. M. Beard.*

Everybody knows that photographs are taken on cloudy days by diffused light or diffused chemical force. This effect is due to the reflection of rays by the particles of air, and, of course, the amount of this reflection depends upon the amount of the particles. Hence, on the summits of the Alps, where the air is thin, it takes a very long time to get a picture. During Mr. Glaisher's tenth balloon-ascent, simultaneous observations were made at Greenwich observatory and in the balloon, three miles high, when the standard paper, exposed to the full rays of the sun, was not as much discolored in half an hour as the corresponding paper at Greenwich in half a minute.

The mountains of the moon are immensely larger in proportion to its size than those of the earth. The moon is but 1-49th the size of the earth, but its mountain-peaks are nearly as high. The German astronomer, Maedler, has measured the height of 1,098 mountains in the moon. Twenty-two of these are higher than Mont Blanc, which is within a few

feet of being three miles high—six are above 19,000 feet. The highest observed mountain in the moon is 24,944 feet high, an elevation that is a little less than the loftiest peaks of the Andes, and a few feet more than four miles and a half. It is within 3,236 feet of the elevation of the loftiest peak on the earth.—*Dr. Mann.*

A thermometer which has been kept for seventy-five years in the vaults of the Paris Observatory, at a depth of ninety-one feet below the surface, has not varied more than half a degree during the entire interval.

The only condition necessary to the production of a musical sound is, that the air-pulses should succeed each other *in the same interval of time*. No matter what its origin may be, if this condition be fulfilled, the sound becomes musical. If a watch, for example, could be caused to tick with sufficient rapidity—say one hundred times a second—the ticks would lose their individuality, and blend to a musical tone. And if the strokes of a pigeon's wings could be accomplished at the same rate, the progress of the bird through the air would be accompanied by music. In the humming-bird the necessary rapidity is attained; and, when we pass on from birds to insects, where the vibrations are more rapid, we have a musical note as the ordinary accompaniment of the insect's flight. The puffs of a locomotive at starting follow each other, slowly at first, but they soon increase so rapidly as to be almost incapable of being counted. If this increase could continue until the puffs numbered fifty or sixty a second, the approach of the engine would be heralded by an organ-peal of tremendous power.—*Tyndall on Sound.*

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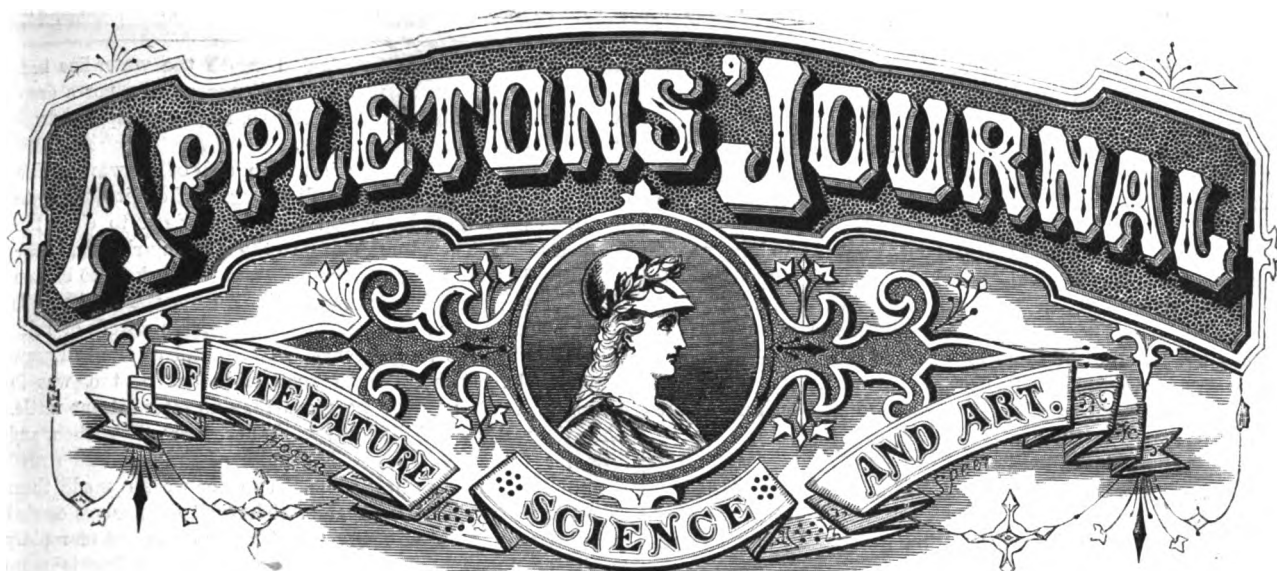
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[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.*

IX.

A CHARGE CONFIDED TO THE FURIOUS SEA.

The master of the bark, who was at the tiller, broke out into a laugh.—A bell! That's good. We are driving to larboard. What does this bell prove? That we have land on our right hand.

The firm and measured voice of the doctor answered:

— You have not got land a-starboard.

— But, yes! cried the master.

— No.

— But this bell sounds from ashore.

— This bell, said the doctor, sounds from the sea.

There was a shudder among these hardy men. The haggard faces of two women appeared in the square of the cabin-hatchway, like two evil spirits evoked. The doctor made a step, and his tall, dark form detached itself from the mast. They heard the bell tolling in the depth of the night.

The doctor resumed:

— There is in the middle of the sea, half-way between Portland and the Channel Islands, a buoy, placed there to give warning. This buoy is moored with chains to the bottom, and floats on a level with the water. On this buoy an iron trestle is fixed, and at its intersection a bell is hung. In heavy weather, the sea being shaken, shakes the buoy, and the bell rings. That bell is the one you hear.

The doctor let a very heavy gust sweep by, waited till the sound of the bell was heard over all, and continued:

— To hear this bell in a storm, when the whirlwind blows, is to be lost. Why? Observe: if you hear the sound of the bell, it is the wind that brings it to you. Now the wind comes from the west, and the breakers of Aurigny lie eastward. You can only hear the bell, because you are between the buoy and the breakers. It is on these breakers that the wind drives you. You are on the wrong side of the buoy. If you were on the right side, you would have ample sea-room, in a safe course, and you would not hear the bell. The wind would not bring you the sound. You would pass near the buoy, without knowing that it is there. We are out of our course. The bell—it is shipwreck sounding the tocsin. Now, make the best of it!

The bell, while the doctor was speaking, lowered in tone by a lull of the blasts, sounded slowly, stroke after stroke; and this intermittent tinkling seemed to be suggested by the old man's words. It might have been termed the death-bell of the deep.

Breathless, they all listened; now to the voice, now to the bell.

X.

STORM IS THE GREAT SAVAGE.

NEVERTHELESS, the master had seized his speaking-trumpet:—*Cargate todo, hombres!* Let fly the sheets! Rowse in upon your down-haul! Lower away the ties and brails of your courses! Hug up to the west! Let's take more sea-room! Head for the buoy! Head for the bell! There's sea-room away there! All isn't over!

— Try it, said the doctor.

Let it be noted in passing, that this sounding-buoy, a sort of sea-bell, was suppressed in 1802. Very old sailors remember having heard it. . . It gave warning, but somewhat late.

The master's order was obeyed. The Languedocian made a third sailor. Every one helped. They did better than brailing; they furlled. They tautened all the gaskets, they knotted the reef-points and bowlines; they put horse-irons on the stoops, which might thus serve as midship shrouds; they fished the mast; they nailed fast the port-lids, which is a way of walling-in the vessel. The manœuvre, although executed with the yards peaked, was none the less successful. The ork, in fact, was brought down to a complete state of readiness. But in proportion as the craft, making all snug, grew as it were smaller, the turning upside down of air and water increased upon her. The height of the danger attained almost polar dimensions.

The tempest, like an executioner who is hurried, took to quartering the vessel. There was, in the twinkling of an eye, a fearful wrenching of every thing, the topsails blown out of the bolt-ropes, the bulwarks cut down, the chess-trees thrown out of joint, the shrouds tangled in a heap, the mast sprung, all the hubbub of disaster flying into pieces. The bigger ropes parted, although they had only four fathoms' clinch.

The magnetic tension, incidental to snow-storms, aided the parting of the cordage. It broke, as much from the effects of this, as from the wind. Chains were jerked out of their pulleys and of no more use. The bows forward, and the quarters aft, bent under the enormous pressure. One wave carried away the compass, with the binnacle. Another carried away the boat, slung like a portmanteau under the bowsprit, after the strange Asturian fashion. Another carried away the spritsail yard. Another carried away the image of Our Lady at the prow, together with the fire-cage.

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There remained the rudder only. The place of the extinguished signal-light was supplied by a torch made of flaming tow and lighted tar, which was hung from the rudder-post.

The mast, snapped in two, all bristling with quivering tatters, with cordage, with tackling-blocks, and with yards, encumbered the deck. In falling, it had smashed a portion of the starboard bulwark.

The master, still at the tiller, shouted out:—As long as we can steer, nothing is lost. The lower planking holds good. Axes! axes! Overboard with the mast! Clear the deck!

Crew and passengers were fevered by this supreme struggle. It was but an affair of some blows with the axe. They hove the mast over the side. The deck was cleared.

—Now, said the master, take a halyard and lash me to the tiller.

They bound him to the helm.

While they were fastening him, he laughed. He called out to the sea:

—Bellow away, old woman, bellow away! I've seen worse off Cape Machichaco.

And, when he was securely tied, he grasped the tiller with both hands, with that delirious joy that peril engenders.

—All goes well, comrades! Hurrah for Our Lady of Buglose! Let us steer for the west!

A colossal cross-wave came, and flung itself down upon the after-body. There is always in tempests a sort of tiger-wave, ferocious, and bringing all to an end, that reaches a certain point, crawls sometimes as though on its belly along the sea, then bounds, roars, gnashes its teeth, pounces on the ship in distress and tears it to pieces. An engulfment of foam covered all the poop of the *Matutina*; and in the midst of the water and the darkness was heard a rending asunder. When the foam was dissipated, when the stern reappeared, there was no more master, nor rudder.

All had been swept away.

The tiller and the man, that they had just bound together, had gone with the wave into the howling pell-mell of the tempest.

The chief of the band looked fixedly into the gloom, and exclaimed:

—*Te burlas de nosotros?* *

To this cry of revolt succeeded another cry:

—Let us let go the anchor! Let us save the master!

They ran to the capstan. They let the anchor go. Orks have but one. This led only to the losing it. The bottom was living rocks, the swell maddening. The cable snapped like a hair.

The anchor rested at the bottom of the sea.

Of the cutwater, there remained only the angel figure-head looking through his spy-glass.

From this moment, the ork was no more than a waif. The *Matutina* was irredeemably crippled. The vessel, but a while ago, winged and almost terrible in her course, was now impotent. Not a bit of rigging that was not mutilated and out of gear. Unresisting and passive, she obeyed the weird furies of the waters. It is on the ocean alone that one sees, in some few minutes, an eagle transformed into a being paralyzed and helpless.

The breathing of space became more and more monstrous. The tempest is horrible in the way of lungs. It unceasingly aggravates the blackness that has no light and shade. The mid-sea bell rang furiously, as though shaken by a furious hand.

The *Matutina* drifted on at the mercy of the waves; a cork has similar undulations. She no longer sailed; she merely floated. She seemed ready, every instant, like a dead fish, to turn up her belly to the surface. That which saved her from total loss was the good condition of the hull, that was per-

fectly water-tight. Not a plank beneath the water-line had given way. There was neither crack nor crevice, nor a drop of water in the hold. Fortunately so, for the pump was damaged, and could not be of any use.

The ork danced hideously in the anguish of the waves. The deck had convulsions, as the diaphragm when it strains to vomit. One might have said that it strained to eject the doomed men. They, inert, clung to the standing-rigging, to the bulwarks, to the carlings, to the davits, to the gaskets, to broken places in the started planking, to the useless riders, the nails of which tore their hands, to all the miserable shreds of ruin. From time to time they listened. The sound of the bell grew more feeble. It might have been said that it, too, was in *extremis*. Its tolling was no more than an intermittent rattle. Then the rattle itself died away. Where were they, then, and how far from the buoy? The noise of the bell had scared them. Its silence terrified them. The nor'wester made them take a course perhaps irreparable. They felt themselves carried away by a frantic blast of breath. The wreck swept on rapidly in the blackness. Than a blind swiftness, nothing is more frightful. They felt the precipice before them, under them, above them. It was no more a course; it was a fall. Abruptly, amidst the tumult of the thickened snow, a red spot appeared.

—A light-house! cried the unhappy men.

XI.

THE CASKETS.

It was in fact the light-house on the Caskets. A light-house in the nineteenth century is a high cylindrical and bell-shaped work of masonry, surmounted by a lighting apparatus altogether scientific. That on the Caskets, at this day, is a triple white tower, and bearing three tiers of lights. These three fire-houses revolve and pivot on clock-work wheels with such precision, that the man on watch, who observes them from the offing, invariably takes ten steps in his walk on deck during the irradiation, and twenty-five during the eclipse. All is calculated in the focal plane, and in the rotation of the octagonal drum formed of eight broad simple lenses one over the other, and having, above and below, its two series of dioptric rings—algebraic gear guarded against gusts of wind or shocks of the sea by glass windows one millimetre in thickness, yet sometimes broken nevertheless by sea-eagles that throw themselves against it, great moths of these giant lanterns. The masonry that encloses, upholds, and serves as a setting for this mechanism is, like it, mathematical. All is sober, exact, unadorned, precise, correct. A light-house is a numeral figure:

In the seventeenth century, a light-house was a highly ornamental object on land beside the sea. The architecture of the tower was magnificent and extravagant. Upon it were lavished balconies, balustrades, little turrets, small lodges, alcoves, weathercocks. There was nothing but masks, statues, foliage, volutes, round bosses, figures and little figures, modillions, with inscriptions. *Pax in Bello*, said the Eddystone light-house. Let us look at it in passing. This declaration of peace did not always disarm the ocean. Winstanley repeated it on a light-house that he erected, at his own expense, on a wild spot before Plymouth. The building completed, he placed himself in it, for the purpose of trying it against a storm. The storm came, and carried off the light-house and Winstanley. For the rest, these exaggerated buildings offered on all sides a hold for the wind-gusts, as generals too much bedizened are apt to attract the bullets in battle. Besides their fantasies in stone, there were fantasies in copper, in wood; the iron-work made relief, the carpenter's work made projections. Everywhere, on the outside of the building, fastened to the wall among the arabesques, implements of all kinds figured abundantly, the useful and the useless, winches, tackling, pulleys, balance-weights, ladders, cranes for loading, grappling-

* "Are you making game of us?"

irons in case of accident. On the top, around the lighting-chamber, delicately wrought iron-work supported large chandeliers of iron, in which were junks of cable steeped in rosin, wicks that burned tenaciously, and that no wind could extinguish. And from top to bottom the tower was covered with maritime standards, with streamers, with banners, with flags, with pennons that mounted from staff to staff, from stage to stage, amalgamating all the colors, all the forms, all the blazons, all the signals, all these varieties, up to the radiated cage, and made in the storm a joyous flutter around the flaming centre. This effrontery of light on the very verge of destruction was as it were a defiance, and inspired shipwrecked mariners with audacity. But the Caskets Light-house was not of this fashion.

It was then a simple, old, and rude affair, such as Henry I. had caused to be constructed after the loss of the *Blanche Nef*—a burning pile under a trellis-work of iron on the crown of a rock. Live coal behind a grating, and a long-haired flame in the wind.

The only improvement made in this light-house since the twelfth century was a forge-bellows moved by a chain and hook with stone weights, which had been adjusted to the fire-cage in 1610.

The flight of sea-birds against these antique light-houses was more tragical than with those of our day. The birds flocked thither, attracted by the brilliance, threw themselves upon it, and fell into the brasier, where one might see them flutter, as it were, black spirits agonizing within their hell. Sometimes, too, they fell upon the rock outside of the reddened cage, smoking, limping, blinded, like flies half-burned by the flame of a lamp.

To a vessel under sail, well found, provided with all the appliances of gear, and manageable by the pilot, the Caskets' light is useful. It cries, "Take care!" it warns him of the rock. To a disabled ship it is simply terrible. The hull, paralyzed and inert, without means of resisting the insensate action of the water, without defence against the pressure of the wind, a fish without fins, a bird without wings, can but go whither the blasts may hurry her. The light-house indicates to her the supreme locality, signalizes the place for annihilation, throws a gleam upon the spot for swallowing up. It is the candle over the tomb.

There is no more tragic irony than this lighting-up the inexorable yawning, this warning against the inevitable.

XII.

HAND TO HAND WITH THE ROCKS.

THE poor wretches in distress on board the *Matutina* took in at once this mysterious derision, the supplement of shipwreck. The appearance of the light-house cheered them at first, then overwhelmed them. There was prayer to be uttered; nothing to be done. What has been said of kings may be said of the waves. We are their people; we are their prey. All that they rave, we undergo. The nor'wester drove the ork with the currents upon the Caskets. Thither went they; there was no refusal. They drifted rapidly upon the reef. They felt the bottom rising up toward them. The lead, if lead could have been used, would not have given them more than three or four fathoms. The poor men listened to the rumbling engulfment of the waves within the hollows of the deep rock below the surface. They could make out above the light-house, like a dark strip between two bands of granite, the narrow strait of the hideous, small, and savage haven, that they surmised as full of men's skeletons, and the carcasses of ships. It was a cavern's mouth, rather than the entrance of a port. They heard the crackling of the fire high above them in its iron cage; a haggard purple hue illuminated the storm; the meeting of the flame and the hail troubled the mist; the black cloud and the red smoke combated, serpent against serpent; a whirl of

embers flew upon the blast; the snow-flakes seemed to take to flight, before the rude attack of sparks. The breakers, indistinct at first, now outlined themselves clearly, a jumble of rock, with peaks and crests and vertebrae. Its angles modelled themselves in living lines of vermilion, and the declivities in bloody patches of light. As they came on, the contour of the rock grew larger, and rose higher in sinister relief.

One of the women, the Irish one, told off her beads distractedly.

In lack of the master, who was the pilot, there remained the chief, who was now captain. The Basques are all familiar with mountain and with sea. They are bold climbers, and inventive on occasions of catastrophe.

They came; they almost touched. All at once they were so close to the great north cliff of the Caskets, that suddenly it shut out the light-house. They could see it only, and the glare behind it. This rock, upright in the haze, resembled a tall woman in black with head-dress of fire.

This crag of evil omen is named the Biblet. It stands on the north, over against the rock, corresponding with another on the south, the Etacq-aux-Guilmetts.

The chief looked at the Biblet, and cried out:

—A willing hand here to carry a line to the breakers! Is there any one here that can swim?

There was no answer.

Not a soul on board knew how to swim, not even the sailors; a peculiarity, by the way, common enough among seafarers.

A carling, almost detached from its fellows, oscillated in the planking. The chief grappled it with both hands, and said:

—Help me here!

They detached the carling. It was at his disposition, to do what he would with it. From being defensive, it became offensive.

It was a beam sufficiently long, in solid oak. Sound and strong, fit for serving as an engine of attack, or a means of support, a lever against a heavy weight, a battering-ram against a tower.

—Stand by, cried the chief.

They ranged themselves, six in number, buttressed against the stump of the mast, holding the carling horizontally overboard, and straight as a lance toward the projecting part of the rock.

The manœuvre was perilous. The idea of pushing against a mountain is audacity. The six men might be thrown into the water by the rebound.

These are the diversities of the struggle with a tempest. After the squall, the reef; after the wind, the granite. One has to deal, now with the unseizable, now with the immovable.

It was one of those minutes in which the hair turns white. The rock and the vessel were about to fall foul of each other.

A rock is passive. It awaited.

A wave broke in, disorderly. It put an end to the waiting. It took the ork underneath, lifted it up and balanced it for a moment, as the sling balances the projectile.

—Hold fast! shouted the chief. It is only a rock; we are men.

The beam was at poise. The six men were a part of it. The jagged pegs of the carling lacerated their arm-pits; but they did not feel it.

The wave threw the ork upon the rock.

The shock took place.

It took place under the shapeless cloud of foam, that always covers up these catastrophes.

When the cloud fell back into the sea, when between wave and rock the normal condition was restored, the six men were rolling on the deck, but the *Matutina* was flying along the length of the breaker. The beam had held firm, and forced a deviation. In a few seconds, the hurrying-on of the surges

being maddened, the Caskets were astern of the *ork*. The *Matutina* was, for the moment, out of immediate danger.

This does happen. It was the direct crash of his bowsprit against the cliff that saved Wood, of Largo, at the mouth of the Tay. In the rude latitudes of Cape Winterton, and under the command of Captain Hamilton, it was by manœuvring a similar lever against the redoubtable Brannodu-um rock that the *Royal Mary* escaped wreck, though she was but a frigate after Scottish model. The wave is a force so suddenly decomposed, that to divert it is easy, or at least possible, even in concussions the most violent. There is something of the brute in the tempest. The hurricane is the bull, and he can be put off his cue.

Endeavoring to pass from the secant to the tangent—all the secret of escaping shipwreck lies therein.

This was the service that the carling had rendered to the *ork*. It had done the duty of an oar; it had held the place of a rudder. But this liberating manœuvre once performed, it could not be recommenced. The beam was gone. The violence of the collision had made it leap overboard from the grasp of the men, and it was lost in the waters. To unloosen another plank was to dislocate all the ribs.

The hurricane carried off the *Matutina*. All at once the Caskets appeared as a useless encumberment on the horizon. Nothing has more the air of being put out of countenance, than a rock on the like occasion. There is in Nature, on the side of the unknown, there where the visible and the invisible are complicated, a fixed and soured aspect, as though indignant at a prey let go.

So looked the Caskets, while the *Matutina* fled away.

The light retreated, grew pale, grew white, and then went out.

This extinction was rueful. The thicknesses of the mist overlaid the flaming, now diffused. The rays of light were dilated in the immensity of moisture. The flame floated, struggled, buried itself, lost form. You might say that it was drowned. The brasier became a candle-end; it was no more than a trembling, vague and wan. All around, a circle of extravasated light grew larger. It was as though light were crushed out in the clutches of night.

The bell, which had been a threat, was silent; the lighthouse, which had been a threat, had vanished. Nevertheless, when these two menaces had disappeared, it was even more terrible. The one was a voice, the other a torch. They had something human in them. In their absence, remained the abyss.

XIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE NIGHT.

THE *ork* found itself in measureless obscurity.

The *Matutina*, escaped from the Caskets, went down from billow into billow. Respite, but engulfed. Driven crosswise by the wind, acted on by the thousand tractions of the water, she repelled all the maddened oscillations of the waves. She scarcely pitched any longer, fatal sign of a vessel's distress. Waifs can only roll. Pitching is the convulsion of the conflict. The helm can only act when the vessel is propelled.

In a tempest, and especially in a meteoric snow-storm, the sea and night conclude by merging and amalgamating, and by becoming one and the same exhalation. Mist, whirlwind, blast, gliding in every sense, no point of support, no place of mark, no breathing-spell, a perpetual recommencement, one opening after another, no horizon visible, profound recoiling—in all this the *ork* was wafted on.

Getting clear of the Caskets, eluding the rocks, this had been a victory for the poor mariners. But, above all, a stupefaction. They had given vent to no hurrahs; at sea, imprudences of this sort do not happen twice. To throw a provocation, where one could not throw a lead-line—this is serious.

To have repelled the rock was to have accomplished the im-

possible. They were astounded at it. By degrees, however, they began to hope. Such are the irrepressible loomings-up of the soul. No trial is there which, even at the most critical instant, does not see its gloom illuminated by the wonderful uprising of hope. These poor wretches asked no more than inwardly to avow that they were saved. They stammered it to themselves.

But a formidable object grew vast before them, all at once, in the night. To larboard, uprose, defined, and cut itself out of the background of mist, a lofty mass, opaque, vertical, right-angled, a tower standing square in the abyss.

They looked at it, open-mouthed.

The blast impelled them toward it.

They knew not what it was. It was the rock Ortach.

XIV.

ORTACH.

THE reef recommenced. After the Caskets, Ortach. The tempest is no artist; it is brutal and all-powerful, and does not vary its means.

Darkness is not to be exhausted. It is never at the end of its snares and its perfidies. Man, himself, quickly reaches the extremity of his resources. Man expends himself; the abyss does not.

The wretched men turned toward their chief, their hope. He could only shrug his shoulders, the sullen disdain of impotence.

The rock Ortach is a graved spot in the midst of the ocean. All of one piece, lifted above the opposing shock of the surges, it rises vertically eighty feet. Ships and the waves shiver themselves upon it. An immutable cape, it plunges perpendicularly its rectilinear sides into the countless and waving curves of the sea.

At night, it figures as an enormous headsman's block, posed upon the folds of vast black drapery. In a storm, it awaits the stroke of the axe, that is to say, of the thunder-clap.

But never is there clap of thunder in the whirlwind of snow. The ship, it is true, has a bandage over its eyes; all possible darkness is bound fast upon it. It is ready, as though for the executioner. As for the thunderbolt, which were a prompt ending—there is no room to hope for it.

The *Matutina*, being no more than a stranded object afloat, moved on toward this rock as she had moved on toward the other. The unfortunate ones, who for a moment believed themselves saved, reëntered into anguish. The wrecking which they had left behind them, reappeared before them. The rock rose up again from the bottom of the sea. Nothing was done.

The Caskets are honeycombed into a thousand compartments; the Ortach is a wall. To be wrecked upon the Caskets is to be cut in pieces; to be wrecked on the Ortach is to be ground small.

There was, however, one chance.

Upon these bold fronts—and the Ortach is a bold front—the wave has no more ricochet than a bullet would have. It is reduced to a simple game. It comes in a breaker, and returns a ground-swell.

In such cases, the question of life and death resolves itself into this: if the billow casts the vessel on the rock, she is broken up, she is lost; if the surf retreats before the vessel touches, it brings her back, she is saved.

Poignant anxiety. The victims saw in the haze the vast supreme wave approaching them. When would it near them? If it broke upon the vessel, they would be impelled upon the rock, and shattered to pieces. If it passed underneath the vessel...

The wave did pass underneath the vessel.

They breathed.

But what of its return? What would the swell make of them?

The swell bore them away.

Some minutes later, the *Matutina* was clear of the waters about the rock. The Ortach grew indistinct, as the Caskets had grown indistinct.

It was the second victory. For the second time, the ork had been on the very verge of wreck, and had recoiled in season.

XV.

GIGANTIC CAPRICES.

MEANWHILE a thickening of the mist had come down upon these hopeless ones adrift. They knew not where they were. They could scarcely see a few cables' length around the ork. Despite a veritable stoning by the hail which forced them all to hold down their heads, the women were determined not to go down again into the cabin. Never a wretch in despair, who did not prefer to be wrecked under the open sky. So near to death, a ceiling above one seems to be a foretaste of the coffin.

The swell became more and more short. This short swell indicates compression; in foggy weather certain rippings are signs of a strait. In fact, unknown to themselves, they were coasting along Aurigny. Between Ortach and the Caskets on the west, and Aurigny on the east, the sea is bound in and cramped, and a fretted state for the sea determines locally the conditions of the storm. The sea suffers, like any thing else; and then, where it suffers, it becomes irritated. This pass is held in terror.

The *Matutina* was in this pass.

Let any one imagine, below the water, a turtle-shell as large as Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées, of which each longitudinal mark is a hollow, and each embossment a reef. Such is the western approach of Aurigny. The sea covers over and hides this contrivance for shipwreck. Over this callapash of submarine breakers, the wave, broken into shivers, leaps and foams. In calm, a ripple; in storm, chaos.

The poor fellows noticed this new complication, without explaining it to themselves. Suddenly, they comprehended it. There was a partial lighting up at the zenith, and a slight pallor spread itself over the water; this lividness unmasked on the larboard hand a long bar running crosswise to the east; and toward this a furious gust of wind was driving, as it chased the vessel before it. This bar was Aurigny.

What was this bar? They trembled. They would have trembled far more, if a voice had answered them—Aurigny!

No island defended against the coming of man, like Aurigny. It has, above water and under water, a ferocious guard, whereof Aurigny is the sentinel. Toward the west, Barhou, Sauteriaux, Aufoque, Niangle, Fond-du-Croc, les Jumelles, la Grosse, la Clanque, les Equillons, le Vrac, la Fosse-Malière; toward the east, Sanquet, Hommeau Floreau, la Brinebetais, la Queslinque, Croquelibore, la Fousche, le Saut, Noire Pute, Coupie, Orbue. What are all these monsters? Hydras? Yes; of the rock species.

One of these reefs is called le But, as if to indicate that every voyage ends there.

This encumberment of rocks, simplified by the water and the night, appeared to the hapless men under the plain form of an obscure line, a black streak on the horizon.

Shipwreck is the ideal of impotence. To be near the land, and unable to reach it; to float, and to be unable to sail on; to have a foot on something that appears solid, and is fragile; to be full of life and full of death at the same instant; to be a prisoner in extended space; to be walled in between sea and sky; to have the infinite above one as a dungeon; to have around one the immense breakings-loose of gusts and of waves; and to be seized, garroted, paralyzed—this weight of burden stupefies and makes indignant. You fancy that you recognize the sneers of some inaccessible combatant. That, which holds

you fast, is the very same that lets go the birds, and gives the fish their liberty. This seems nothing, and it is every thing. You are dependent on this air, that you can disturb by a breath; dependent on this water, that you can hold in the hollow of your hand. Draw from this tempest a glassful—it is but a small embittered draught. A mouthful—it is nausea; the billow—it is extermination. The grain of sand in the desert, the flake of foam in the ocean, are giddy manifestations. The all-power takes not the trouble to conceal its atoms; it makes feebleness force; it fills the nothingness with its all; and it is with the infinitely little that the infinitely great overwhelms you. It is with its drops that the ocean crunches you. You feel yourself a plaything.

A plaything; how terrible the term!

The *Matutina* was a little above Aurigny, which was in her favor; but she drifted toward the northern point, which was fatal. The wind, northwest, just as a bent bow lets fly an arrow, launched the craft toward the northern cape. There exists at this point, a little on this side of Havre de Corbelets, what the seamen of the Norman archipelago call a "singe."

The "singe"—*swinge*—is a current of the furious order. A chaplet of funnels in the shoals produces in the waves a chaplet of whirlpools. When one lets you go, another takes hold of you. A vessel, snapped up by the "singe," twirls about, therefore, in one spiral after another, until some sharp-pointed rock pierces her hull. Then, burst asunder, she stops; the stern rears itself out of the water; the bow plunges; the whirlpool completes its turn of the wheel; the stern drives downward, and all is closed again. A puddle of foam enlarges itself and floats, and one only sees upon the surface a few bubbles here and there, caused by stifled respirations beneath the water.

In the whole Channel, the three most dangerous "singes" are, the one that is near the famous sand-bank, Girdled Sands, the one that is at Jersey, between le Pignonnet and the point of Noirmont, and the "singe" of Aurigny.

A local pilot, had there been one on board the *Matutani*, would have made her crew aware of this new peril. In place of a pilot, they had instinct; in extreme situations there is a second-sight. Wreaths of foam were flying high along the coast, under the maddened pillaging of the wind. This was the spitting of the "singe." In this ambush many a ship has capsized. Without knowing what was there, they drew near with horror.

How double this cape! There was no expedient.

Just as they had seen the Caskets rise up, then Ortach rise up, at present they saw the point of Aurigny, all of high rock, stand before them. These were as giants, one following the other. A series of fearful duels.

Charybdis and Scylla are only two; the Caskets, Ortach, and Aurigny, are three.

The same phenomenon of the horizon invaded by rock reproduced itself with grandiose monotony. The battles of the ocean, like the battles of Homer, have their sublime repetition.

Each billow, as they drew near, added twenty cubits to the headland, frightfully amplified in the mist. The decrease of interval appeared more and more without remedy. They touched the skirts of the "singe." The first fold that seized them would drag them down. One more wave, and all would be ended.

All at once the ork was thrust astern, as though by a blow from a Titan's fist. The billow reared up beneath the vessel and turned upon itself, throwing back the waif in its crest of spume. The *Matutina*, under this impulsions, got clear of Aurigny.

The sport of agony, she found herself once more in the offing.

Whence came this help? From the wind.

The breath of the storm had changed its direction.

The water had been playing with them. Now it was the turn of the wind. They had disengaged themselves from the Caskets: before Ortach, the action of the sea had brought about

a revolution; before Aurigny, it was the north-wind. There had been a sudden shift from north to south.

The sou'wester had succeeded the nor'wester.

A current is the wind in the water; the wind is the current in the air. These two forces had come into contact, and the wind had the caprice to withdraw its prey from the current.

The abrupt movements of the ocean are inexplicable. They form a perpetual perhaps. When at their mercy, one can neither hope, nor despair. They make; they unmake. The ocean amuses itself. All shades of animal ferocity are, in this vast and cunning sea, which Jean Bart called "the gross beast." It is the clutch of a sharp claw, with intervals, at will, of velvet handling. Sometimes the storm finishes a shipwreck off-hand. Sometimes it gets one up with care—it might almost be said, with caresses. The sea has its own time. Those, who are at the point of death, perceive this.

Sometimes, let it be said, these delays in execution announce deliverance. Such instances are rare. Be that as it may, dying men are prompt to believe in safety; the smallest abatement in the threats of the tempest is sufficient for them; they affirm to themselves that they are out of danger; after deeming themselves buried, they are ready to avail themselves of a resurrection; they accept feverishly that they are not yet in actual possession; it is evident that all their evil chances are exhausted; they declare themselves satisfied; they are saved; they hold God quits. But it is well not to be in too great haste to give these receipts to the Unknown.

The sou'wester made its début in a whirlwind. Seamen in distress have none but crabbed auxiliaries. The *Matutina* was impetuously dragged away by what remained of her rigging, as a dead woman by her hair. This was like the deliverances accorded by Tiberius, at the cost of violation. The wind brutalized those whom it saved. It did them service, in a fury. Its help was without pity.

The wreck, in this liberating roughness, completed its utter dislocation.

Hailstones, of large size and hard enough for loading a swivel, crippled the vessel. At each surge of the waves, these hailstones rolled along the deck like balls. The *ork*, as it were between two waters, lost all form under the batterings of the waves and the foaming of the spray. Every one on board looked out for himself.

He who could, clung to something. After each swash of the sea, they wondered to find their number still complete. Several had their faces torn by splinters from the wood-work.

Happily, despair has stout fists. A child's hand, in terror, has the grip of a giant. Agony constructs a vice out of woman's fingers. A young girl, under the influence of fear, would dint her rosy nails into iron. They caught at every thing, they held on, they got hold again. But each billow brought with it the agony of keeping their balance.

All at once, they were relieved.

XVI.

THE ENIGMA SUDDENLY RELAXES.

The tempest had stopped short.

In the air, there was no more either of sou'wester or nor'wester. The infuriate clarions of space were silenced. The whirlwind passed away out of the atmosphere, without previous diminution and without transition, as though it had slid down perpendicularly into an abyss. They knew no longer where it was. Flakes had replaced the hailstones. The snow began again to fall leisurely.

No more swell. The sea flattened itself.

These sudden cessations are common in hurricanes of snow. The electric effluvium being spent, all becomes tranquil; even the wave, that in ordinary storms keeps up, above all, a protracted agitation. Not so here. No prolonging of anger in the waters. Like a laborer after fatiguing work, the sea mod-

erated all at once, which is almost a contradiction of statistical laws, but which never astonishes veteran pilots, for they know that the ocean is subject to all manner of surprises.

At the expiration of some minutes, it was calm all around the *ork*.

At the same time, for the last phase resembles the first, one can no longer distinguish any thing. All, that had become visible during the convulsion of meteoric clouds, again became obscure; the wan outlines melted away and were diffused; the gloom of the infinite gathered from all sides about the vessel. This wall of night, this impenetrable circle, this inner side of a cylinder whose diameter grew less from minute to minute, enveloped the *Matutina*, and, with the sinister slowness of an iceberg that is forming, formidably contracted itself. At the zenith, nothing—a lid of mist—an enclosure. The *ork* was as though at the very bottom of an abyss.

In this pit, a puddle of liquid lead; that was the sea. The water stirred no more. A gloomy immovableness. The ocean is never more fierce, than when a pool.

All was silence, stillness, blindness.

The silence of things partakes, perhaps, of the nature of taciturnity.

The last ripples glided along the sides. The deck was horizontal, with imperceptible declinations. Some disjunctures stirred feebly. The grenade-shell that took the place of the signal-lantern, and in which the tow steeped in pitch was burning, trembled no longer on the bowsprit, and threw no more its flaming drops into the sea. What there was of breath remaining in its shower of sparks made no noise. The snow fell, thick, soft, and scarcely oblique. They heard the foaming of no more breakers. The peace of gloom.

This repose, after these exasperations and these paroxysms, was, for the hapless ones so long tossed about, an unspeakable well-being. It seemed to them that they ceased to be put upon the rack. They saw around them and above them a willingness that they should be saved. They regained confidence. All that had been fury was now tranquillity. This appeared to them the signing of peace. Their miserable chests dilated. They could let go the end of the rope or the plank they had been grasping, could rise up, straighten themselves, keep themselves standing upright, walk, move about. They felt themselves inexpressibly calmed. In the hidden depths of these heavenly changes, there was preparation for something else. It was clear that they were, beyond peradventure, out of the squalls, out of the foam, out of the blasts, out of the raging, set free.

Henceforward, all chances were in their favor. In three or four hours it would be daylight, they would be seen by some passing ship, they would be picked up. The worst was over. They were coming back into life. The important fact was, their having been able to keep afloat until the close of the storm. They said to themselves: "This time it is over!"

All at once they perceived that all, in fact, was over. One of the sailors, a northern Basque, named Galdeazun, went down into the hold, to look for some cordage; then came up, and said:

—The hold is full.

—Of what? asked the leader.

—Of water, replied the seaman.

The chief cried out:

—What's the meaning of that?

—The meaning is, answered Galdeazun, that in half an hour we shall founder.

XVII.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

THERE was a rift in the keel. A leak was sprung. At what moment? No one could say. Was it in coming alongside the Caskets? Was it before Ortach? Was it in the plashings of the shallows west of Aurigny? The most probable solu-

tion was, that they had touched the "Singe." They had received an unexplained stab. It was not heeded amid all the convulsive blows that had shaken them. In lock-jaw, one does not feel a prick.

Another sailor, the southern Basque, who called himself Ave-Maria, went down in his turn into the hold, came up again, and said: "The water is two *varas* deep."

About six feet.

Ave-Maria added:

— In less than forty minutes, down we go.

Where was the leak? It was not visible. It was drowned. The body of water, that filled the hold, hid the rift. The vessel had a hole in her belly, somewhere below the floating-line, indeed far below the careening line. Impossible to find it. Impossible to plug it. There was a wound, but they could not dress it. The water, however, was not coming in very fast.

The leader cried out:

— We must pump.

Galdeazum replied:

— We have no more pumps.

— Then, rejoined the chief, let us get to land!

— Land? Where?

— I don't know.

— Nor I.

— But it is somewhere.

— Yes.

— Let some one take us there, continued the leader.

— We have no pilot, said Galdeazum.

— Take the tiller, you.

— We have no more tiller.

— Let's rig one up with the first spar we can lay our hands on. Nails! A hammer! Quick! Tools!

— The carpenter's chest is overboard. We have no more tools.

— Let's steer, all the same; no matter where!

— We have no more rudder.

— Where is the boat? Let's jump into it! Let's row!

— We have no longer a boat.

— Let's row the hull!

— We have no more oars.

— Up sail, then!

— We have no more sails, and no more mast.

— Let's make a mast out of a carling! Let's make a sail out of a tarpaulin. Let's get out of this. Let's trust ourselves to the wind.

— There is no more wind.

The wind, in fact, had left them. The storm had gone away; and this departure, which they had taken for their salvation, was their loss. The sou'wester, if still blowing, would have driven them madly upon some coast, would have gained upon the leak by swift movement, would have carried them perhaps to some good propitious sand-bank, and would have grounded them before they went down. The rapid hurrying away of a blast might have caused them to drive ashore. No wind, no hope! They were dying from the absence of the hurricane!

The supreme situation was before them.

The wind, the hail, the squall, the whirlwind, are disorderly combatants whom one may overcome. The tempest may be taken, in lack of armor. There are resources against violence that unceasingly lays itself bare, makes false moves, and gives many a side blow. But there is nothing to be done against a calm. No relief that one can lay hold on.

The winds are an attack by Cossacks; hold your ground, and they disperse. A calm is the torturing pincers of the executioner.

The water, not rapidly, but without interruption, irresistible and heavy, mounted in the hold; and, in proportion as it mounted, the *ork* descended. This was very slowly.

The crew of the *Matutina* felt opening beneath them, little

by little, the most hopeless of catastrophes, the passive. The still and ominous certainty of the unconscionable fact took hold of them. The air did not oscillate, the sea was not dreaming. The immovable is the inexorable. The swallowing up held them in silence. Athwart the mass of speechless water, without anger, without passion, without wishing it, without knowing it, without interest therein, the fatal centre of the globe was attracting them. Horror, in quiescence, amalgamated them with itself. It was no more the yawning mouth of the ocean, the double jaw of wind and sea wickedly menacing, the grinning of the whirlwind, the spuming appetite of the surge; it was one knows not what dark gaping of the Infinite beneath these miserable men. They found themselves entering into a peaceful profundity, that was death. The extent of hull, that their craft still showed above water, was diminishing—nothing more. They could calculate at what minute she would be effaced. It was the very reverse of submersion by a rising tide. The water did not mount toward them; they descended toward it. The digging of their tomb was their own act. Their own weight was the grave-digger.

They were executed, not by the law of men, but by the law of things.

The snow was falling, and, as the vessel moved not, this white lint was converted into a cloth upon the deck, and covered the *ork* with a winding-sheet.

The hold grew heavier and heavier. No means of overcoming the leak. They had not even a scoop for baling, which, besides, would have been an absurdity, and useless, the *ork* being decked. They lighted themselves up. They set fire to two or three torches, that they planted in holes, and as they might. Galdeazum brought some old leather buckets. They undertook to stanch the hold, and ranged themselves in file; but the buckets were past service, the leather of some had been sewed and sewed again, the bottom of others was burst through, and the buckets emptied themselves on the way. The inequality was ludicrous, between what was received and what was rendered. A ton of water entered; a glassful was discharged. They had no more success than this. It was the miser's disbursement, trying to spend a million, penny by penny.

The leader said:

— Let's lighten the wreck!

During the storm they had secured the several chests that were on deck. These had remained lashed to the stump of the mast. They undid the lashings, and rolled the chests overboard through one of the breaches in the bulwarks. One of these boxes belonged to the Biscayan woman, who could not refrain from groaning thus:

— Oh, my new cape lined with scarlet! Oh, my poor open-work stockings, with birch-bark pattern! Oh, my silver earrings for going to mass in Mary's month!

After clearing the deck, there remained the cabin. It was much encumbered. It contained, you may remember, the passengers' baggage, and also sundry bales belonging to the sailors.

They took away the baggage, and got rid of all that load, by the breach in the bulwark.

They drew up the bales, and pushed them overboard.

They completed the emptying of the cabin. The lantern, the mast-head cap, barrels, sacks, buckets, the larder and the pot with the soup, all went overboard.

They unscrewed the screws of the iron stove, the fire in which had been long extinguished; they unbedded it, they hoisted it on deck, they dragged it to the breach, and they precipitated it off from the vessel.

They pitched into the water every thing that could be detached, of loose planking, of riders, of shrouds, and of rigging smashed up.

From time to time, the leader took a torch, held it over the figures marking the draught that were painted on the stem, and noted how near they might be to foundering.

XVIII.

THE SUPREME RESOURCE.

THE floating wreck settled a little less, but settled continuously.

Despair as to their situation found no more resource or palliative. The last expedient had been exhausted.

— Is there still any thing else to be thrown overboard? cried the leader.

The doctor, whom no one thought of any more, came out from a corner of the companion-way, and said:

— Yes.

— What? asked the chief.

The doctor replied:

— Our crimes.

There was a shudder, and they all exclaimed:

— Amen!

The doctor, standing up and turning pale, raised a finger to heaven, and said:

— To your knees!

They trembled, which is the first step toward kneeling:

The doctor resumed:

— Let us cast our crimes into the sea. They weigh us down. This is what is sinking the vessel. Let us think no more of being saved, but of salvation. Our last crime especially, the one which we have only just committed, or I should rather say completed—O wretched listeners, this it is that overwhelms us. It is impious insolence to tempt the abyss, when one leaves a murderous intention behind. What is done against a child is done against God. I know that embarking was a necessity, but it was none the less sure perdition. The storm, warned by the shadow that our action has cast, is come. It is well. For the rest, have no regret. Yonder we have, not far from us, in this obscurity, the sands of Vauville and Cape la Hougue. That is France. Spain was the only possible asylum. France is not less dangerous for us than England. Our rescue from the sea would have ended in the gibbet. To be hung, or drowned; we had no other choice. God has chosen for us. Let us render Him thanks. He accords us the tomb that washes out. Brethren, the inevitable was therein. Think that it was we who, a while ago, did all we could to transport thither on high that child, and that at this very moment, now while I am addressing you, there is perhaps a soul above our heads that accuses us, in presence of a Judge who watches us. Let us profit by this latest respite. Let us force ourselves, if still it may be so, to repair, in so much as depends on us, the evil that we have done. If the child survives us, let us come to his aid. If he dies, let us strive that he may pardon us. Let us remove this heinous sin that overhangs us. Let us unload this burden from our consciences. Let us do our best, that our souls be not swallowed up before God, for terrible is the shipwreck therein. The body goes to the fish, the soul to demons. Have pity on yourselves. To your knees, I tell you. Repentance is the bark that does not founder. You have no longer a compass. I mistake. You have prayer.

The wolves became sheep. These transformations occur at times of agony. It may happen that tigers lick the crucifix. When the dark door stands ajar, belief is difficult. Non-belief is impossible. Howsoever imperfect may be the divers outlines of religion essayed by man—even though the belief be void of form, even though the contour of the dogma does not harmonize with the lineaments of eternity as imperfectly seen—there is, at the supreme moment, a quivering of the soul, the commencement of something after life. Such is the pressure of agony.

The dying moment is the falling due of a bill. At this fatal instant, one feels the coming home of a diffused responsibility. That which has been complicates that which will be. The past returns, and enters into the future. The known becomes an abyss, no less than the unknown; and these two precipices—

one fraught with our faults, the other with our doom—mingle together their reverberations. It is the confusion of these two chasms, that terrifies the dying man.

They had made their last outlay of hope on this side of life. For that reason, they turned to the other side. No chance remained to them, but in this shadow. This they understood. It was an awful glimmering of light, followed all at once by a falling back into horror. What one comprehends at the last moment is like what one sees during a flash of lightning. Every thing; then, nothing. One sees; and one sees no more. After death, the eye will reopen, and that which was a flash of lightning will become a sun.

They shouted to the doctor.

— You yourself! you yourself! There is no one but you. We will obey you. What must be done? Speak!

The doctor answered:

— We have to do with passing over the unknown precipice, and with reaching that other boundary of life which is beyond the tomb. Being the one among you best informed, I am the most in peril, of all. You do well to leave the choice of the bridge to him who carries the heaviest load.

He added:

— Science sets a price upon the conscience.

Then he went on:

— How much time is still left us?

Galdeazun looked at the draught-mark, and answered:

— Rather more than a quarter of an hour.

— Good, said the doctor.

The low roof of the companion, on which he was leaning, made a sort of table. The doctor took from his pocket his inkhorn and his pen, and his portfolio, whence he drew forth a piece of parchment, the one on the back of which he had written, some hours before, a score of lines uneven and set close.

— A light, said he.

The snow, falling like the foam from a cataract, had put out the torches one after the other. One alone remained. Ave-Maria took it up, and came and took his place, standing by the doctor's side, and holding the torch.

The doctor replaced the portfolio in his pocket, put his pen and his inkhorn upon the companion, unfolded the parchment, and said:

— Listen.

Then, in the midst of the ocean, on this hulk diminishing in size, as it were the shaking floor of a tomb, began a reading gravely made by the doctor, and whereto all the darkness seemed to listen. All these condemned men bowed their heads around him. The flaming of the torch accentuated their pallor. What the doctor read was written in English. At intervals, when some one of these doleful countenances appeared to desire an explanation, the doctor stopped, and repeated in French, in Biscayan, in Spanish, or in Italian, the passage that he had just read. Stifled sighs were heard, and dull beatings of the breast. The floating wreck continued to bury herself.

The reading ended, the doctor laid the parchment flat upon the companion, took up his pen, and upon a blank margin that he had left at foot of what he had written, signed his name:

DOCTOR GERNARDUS GRESTEMUNDE.

Then, turning to the others, he said:

— Come, and sign.

The Biscayan woman drew up, took the pen, and signed. ASUNCIÓN.

She passed the pen to the Irishwoman, who, not knowing how to write, made a cross.

The doctor, by the side of this cross, wrote:

— BARBARA FERMOY, of *Tyrryf Island, in the Hebrides*.

Then he handed over the pen to the leader of the band.

The leader signed, GAIDOYRA, *chief*.

The Genoese, below the chief, signed, GIANGIRATE.

The Languedocian signed, JACQUES QUATOURZE, called the NARBONNESE.

The Provençal signed, *LUC. PIERRE CAPGAROUPE, from the galleys at Mahon.*

Underneath these signatures, the doctor wrote this note :

Of the three men of the crew, the master having been swept away by a sea, there are only two remaining, and they have signed.

The two sailors affixed their names below this note. The Biscayan of the north signed, *GALDEAZUN*. The Biscayan of the south signed, *Ave-Maria, thief.*

Then the doctor said :

— Capgaroupe.

— Here, said the Provençal.

— You have got Hardquanonne's gourd ?

— Yes.

— Give it to me.

Capgaroupe drained the last drop of the brandy, and handed the gourd to the doctor.

The increase of the water in the hold became more marked.

The wreck sunk deeper and deeper into the sea.

The inclined edges of the deck were covered with small ripples that grew larger.

All were grouped about the vessel's sheer.

The doctor dried the ink of the signatures by the torch, folded up the parchment in folds narrower than the diameter of the bottle's neck, and thrust it into the gourd. He cried out :

— The cork.

— I don't know where it is, said Capgaroupe.

— Here's the end of a rope, said Jacques Quatourze.

The doctor corked the gourd with the rope's end, and said :

— Some pitch.

Galdezun went forward, took a handful of tow, and with it unhooked the grenade-shell, which was dying out, from the stem, and carried it to the doctor half full of boiling pitch.

The doctor plunged the neck of the gourd into the pitch, and drew it out.

The gourd, that contained the parchment signed by all of them, was corked and pitched.

— All is over, said the doctor.

And from all mouths went forth, vaguely stammered in various tongues, the lugubrious murmur of catacombs.

— So be it !

— *Meá culpá !*

— *Asi sea ! **

— *Aro rai ! †*

— Amen !

One might have imagined that one heard sombre voices of Babel reëchoing through the gloom, at the fearful refusal of Heaven to hear them.

The doctor turned his back upon his associates in crimes and despair, and took a few steps toward the side. Having reached the edge of the wreck, he peered into the Infinite, and said with deep accent :

— *Bist du bei mihr ? ‡*

He was speaking probably to some spectre.

The wreck was going down.

Behind the doctor all were dreaming. Prayer is an irresistible force. They did not bend, they folded themselves. There was something of the involuntary in their contrition. They hung down, as a sail hangs down when there is no breeze ; and the haggard group assumed by degrees, with clasped hands and foreheads lowered, the attitude, varied but crushed, of a despairing confidence in God. It were hard to say what solemn expression, borrowed from the gloom, was outlined on these sinister faces.

The doctor returned to them. Whatever his past, the old

man was great in presence of the final issue. The universal reticence around preoccupied, without disconcerting him. It was the man, who is not taken by surprise. There was upon him a tranquil horror. The majesty of God comprehended was in his countenance.

This ruffian, aged and thoughtful, had, without suspecting it, assumed a pontifical aspect.

He said :

— Pay attention !

He looked out for a moment into space, and added :

— Now we are about to die.

Then he took the torch from the hands of Ave-Maria, and shook it.

A flame sprang from it, and passed away into the night.

And the doctor threw the torch into the sea.

The torch went out. All brightness vanished. There was no longer any thing but the immense unexplored obscurity. It was in some respects as though the tomb was closing.

In this eclipse the doctor was heard to say :

— Let us pray.

All fell upon their knees.

It was no longer in the snow ; it was in the water that they knelt.

They had no more than some few minutes.

The doctor alone remained standing up. The flakes of snow, as they fell upon him, starred him with white tears, and made him visible against the background of darkness. He might have been called the speaking statue of the dusk.

The doctor made the sign of the cross, and raised his voice, while beneath his feet began that rocking motion, almost indistinct, which precedes the instant when a wreck is about to plunge down. He said :

— *Pater noster, qui es in coelis.*

The Provençal repeated in French :

— *Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux !*

The Irishwoman took it up in the Welsh tongue, understood by the Biscayan woman :

— *Ar nachair ata ar neamh.*

The doctor continued :

— *Sanctificetur nomen tuum.*

— Hallowed be Thy name, said the Provençal.

— *Naomhthar hainm,* said the Irishwoman.

— *Adveniat regnum tuum,* pursued the doctor.

— Thy kingdom come, said the Provençal.

— *Tigeadh do rioghachd,* said the Irishwoman.

The kneelers had the water up to their shoulders. The doctor went on :

— *Fiat voluntas tua.*

— Thy will be done, lisped out the Provençal.

And the Irishwoman and the Biscayan woman ejaculated this cry :

— *Deuntar do thoil ar an Hhalâmb !*

— *Sicut in cœlo, sicut in terrâ,* said the doctor.

No voice made response.

He closed his eyes. All the heads were submerged. Not one of them had stood up. They had allowed themselves to be drowned, kneeling.

The doctor took in his right hand the gourd, which he had laid upon the companion, and raised it above his head.

The wreck went down.

As it sunk, the doctor murmured the rest of the prayer.

His bust was above water for a moment, then his head, then nothing more than his arm holding the gourd, as though he were showing it to the Infinite.

The arm disappeared. The deep sea had no more wrinkles than a ton of oil. The snow continued to fall.

Something was swimming, and floated away in the shadows. It was the gourd, corked and pitched, that its wicker covering had kept up.

* "So be it !"

† "Well and good !" (*Roman patois.*)

‡ "Art thou near me ?"

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
 And they first feel the sun: so violets blue,
 So the soft, star-like primrose, drenched in dew,
 The earliest of spring-time's fragrant birth,
 To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply.
 Still humbleness, with her low-breathed voice,
 Can steal o'er man's proud heart and win his choice
 From earth to heaven with mightier witchery
 Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
 Bloom on, then, in your shade-contented bloom,
 Sweet flowers! nor deem yourselves to all unknown.
 Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive;
 They know, who one day for their altered doom
 Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and live.

GRACE DAWSON.

OUR heroine was not at all pretty.

Family traditions said that she was born in Boston—the city celebrated for being the hub from which the spokes of the universe radiate.

The mother of Grace died in those early years of which children keep no memory, and God no record against them. Her father had failed in business in New England, and when his half-brother, Jonathan Wilde, moved to Philadelphia, Mr. Dawson yielded to the suggestion that three playmates and a mother would be better for Grace than his own desolate New England hearthstone, and the little girl dwelt thenceforth on the banks of the Delaware.

Her uncle sent the bills for her clothing to her father, and received pay for allowing her to eat and sleep with his children, at about that shade under boarding-house rates, covered by the advantages of her being "permanent and not particular." Many an older victim finds out, when too late, that the fiction of being made "entirely at home," implies the utter neglect which a domestic might, perforce, submit to, without any of the kindnesses a child might expect.

Of her father, Grace saw but little, as it was understood that he was trying to recover his broken fortunes by the usual Wall Street efforts, in New York City. His labors did not seem to amount to much, and her uncle, Jonathan, had more than once rebuked the gift of some substantial article of dress or jewelry to Grace, on the ground that the father could not afford such extravagance.

Her board and school, and store-bills, had always been promptly paid, but there seemed, ever-present with the family of which she was an inmate, an impression that some such payment might be the final one; even if her father did not follow up this criminal domestic default, by applying to borrow money. Little of any definite nature was ever said, but her two beautiful cousins, Irene and Fanny, always treated her with the sort of condescension due to a poor relation. Her aunt and uncle, always incidentally mentioned at the breakfast-table, when a month's bills were due, and the little boarder felt a nervous presentiment that if her father ever did try to borrow money of her well-to-do uncle, there would be some little difficulty about retaining or obtaining a house-girl, and she would quietly fall into that position.

John was the oldest child and the boasted genius of the family, and it was considered quite a favor to be asked to wait on him in such little matters as finding a book or bringing a hat or umbrella.

Time, for all of these people, had passed on in the most commonplace of ways, until one day in the early summer of 1865. That morning the face and form of Grace were framed in one of the lower windows of the red-brick house, with its contrasting trimmings of white marble, that stood in the upper part of Chestnut Street. On looking down, she saw her uncle coming hastily up the street, at an hour much earlier than usual. She disappeared from the window, to open the hall-door, and was told to dress speedily, to take the next train for New York. A telegram had been received from her father, stating that he was somewhat ill, and wished to see his daughter and half-brother as soon as possible. He had removed from his lodgings, on Eleventh Street, down to the St. Nicholas, and they were to meet him there.

An hour later, the two were whirling over the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and, about dusk, alighted from a Broadway stage at the ladies' entrance of the great marble pile, which was their destination.

Our heroine had little time to decide whether she liked it better than the Continental or not, or whether she could endure the crowd of the great metropolitan way after the quiet streets of Philadelphia; for she was soon standing by the bedside of the father she had seen but once before, in that year, and who was evidently dying.

We fear her silent tears were a little embittered by the thought of how much disturbed her uncle and aunt would be, if the next month's bills were not paid when due.

No passing-bell helped to swell the ceaseless din of the city, which filled all things with its steady jar, and the man retained his strength of voice and intellectual faculties to the last. Only the nameless something which falls like a shadow from the spread wings of death, on the face of the dying, told that the soul had begun to withdraw from its chrysalis of clay.

Besides the two new arrivals, there were no persons in the room, save the physician and a gray-haired stranger of portly form, kind face, and seemingly of some fifty-five years of age. Grace had been too long accustomed to subdue her emotions to be very demonstrative even in her grief, and little was said before the man who was hovering on the confines of two worlds asked attention to his closing business in this one, for which—as much as to have his child with him in his last moments—he had desired her to come.

Much to the surprise of Jonathan Wilde, Mr. Dawson began to speak of having accumulated ten thousand dollars—as his interest in a partnership with the gray-haired gentleman, whom he mentioned as his friend Mr. William Mann. Mr. Wilde had known that a little room up-stairs, at the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place, near Wall Street, had been the den which Mr. Dawson called his office. He, indeed, had once been in it, without, however, seeing Mr. Mann, who, it seems, had all along been the partner in the rent, as well as in the profits, which had not been supposed to exist. It was easy enough in the great city, where no one concerns himself to know what his neighbor is doing, to accumulate much more than the few thousands mentioned, and just as easy to lose it all in a day as to gain it by the toil of years. Mr. Dawson had been fifteen years in New York, and Grace was now seventeen years old.

A simple will had been drawn up, leaving the ten thousand dollars with Mr. Mann, and also a bond to Grace from the latter, to pay interest on the money at six per cent., which would give six hundred dollars a year, and pay the few customary expenses of his daughter as usual. At her marriage, or expressing a wish to settle to herself, after the age of twenty, the entire sum was to be paid to her. After this disposal of his property, and a little gift to each of the two nieces, Irene and Fanny, it seemed a little useless for the will to go on, and, in a separate clause, make his daughter sole heiress of his property, and Mr. Mann the executor—said property seeming to consist in the old leather trunk standing near the bed, and the rather seedy overcoat hanging in the closet. Mr. Wilde took it to be the mere pretext of the lawyer to spin out the writing, and make show enough for his fee. His thoughts were running in another channel, and at length shaped themselves into the question, "Would it not be better, brother, to pay the money over to me, and let me do the best I can with it, for Grace? You know I am a good manager, and have made thirty or forty thousand while you were making ten."

"I have thought of that," said the dying man, "but a man of your standing could borrow money for business use at less than six per cent. outside of the fluctuations of currency. The expenses of Grace are nearly six hundred dollars a year, and, as Mr. Mann proposes to pay that, it will perhaps save a tax on your own purse. Besides, it is now invested in our old business, and Mr. Mann gives security."

Seeing nothing to reply, Mr. Wilde made none, and then Mr. Dawson said that he felt his end was very near, and he would like to see his daughter alone for a little while.

All the others went to one of the parlors, and father and child were left with no witness to their last interview, save the waiting angel—Death.

The gentleman lay quiet a few moments, with eyes closed, hands folded, and lips moving as if in prayer, and, when at length he spoke, his voice was so clear and strong, that, to have heard and not seen him, one would have supposed he had yet many years to live.

"My daughter," he said, "listen attentively, and think calmly, on

what I am about to say. I have loved you as I did the mother you never knew; not for beauty, but for the patient, loving heart you inherited from her. I am perhaps singular in the way I have chosen to manifest my love, and probably amwise, in that I might have failed. Your mother said, in dying, that she hoped you would some day be lifted above the wearing anxieties of common poverty, or, at all events, saved from the actual want of the necessities of life, on the brink of which condition she and I then stood. When I placed you with your uncle, I hoped, by self-denial and labor, to fulfil her dying wish in less time than the fifteen years that have brought you up to womanhood. I have succeeded, and if I do not live to share it with you, I shall, at least, have a pleasant word to tell your mother when she asks me of her child. But wealth is not happiness, and I have thought how to shield you from one of the evils which may make fortune more miserable a condition than penury. If you marry, I would have it for love, and the few thousands mentioned in my will are not enough to tempt any one greatly to belie the promptings of his own heart; while the fact that you are known to have something, might decide some worthy man who would hesitate between his love for you and your necessary poverty with him. I have known Mr. Mann for years, and, even if he were not honest, I have secured my real estate by deed to you."

Grace started at this word, and looked in half-fear lest his mind was now wandering. He saw the look, but it seemed to remind him only of a question he wished to ask, for he said, "Have you any lover now?"

"I have not even a male friend," was her reply; and he continued:

"I have invested one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in real estate, such as stores and building-lots, in this city and Brooklyn, and all the deeds are wrapped up with a picture of your mother and her letters to me before we were married, in an old leather pocket-book, or note-case. You will find it under the false bottom of that old trunk. My partner, Mr. Mann, is the agent to receive the rents and see to the insurance, and no one but he and I and the revenue officers know that I have more than the little money still in the business. He is richer than I am, for he gave me my start after I failed in Boston. Few can keep a secret; and, in informing you that you are rich, and that, for your own happiness, it is as well not to seem so for some years, I recommend that you make no confidants. Has your experience of the treatment of a poor girl taught you to agree with me?"

"Oh, indeed it has, father," she said, as the blinding tears half hid from her the kind face she had yet so little time to see.

"Then keep the trunk as for your own use; make a memorandum of where and when the deeds were recorded, in case of their loss by accident, and let your uncle and aunt and cousins share the belief of the world, that I leave you with a mere support."

Could he have read her heart, as she lay with her cheek against his, it would have gladdened his own to know how much even the six hundred a year had lifted the fear from her heart, that she would be left a poor dependent on unwilling charity. After all, many a clergyman of good talents and expensive education, has supported his family for a lifetime on six hundred a year, and died with no power to bequeath the little sum to his destitute children.

After a brief pause, he kissed her twice tenderly, and then said—"Call the others, I shall soon be gone." They were summoned, and he pressed the hand of each, and looked an affirmative answer to the questioning gaze of his old friend, which seemed to say, "Does she approve?"

After an interval, the pale lips moved, and a voice much weaker than that which had spoken to his daughter, said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Then the leaden seal of mortality slowly pressed itself down upon the face, and the soul passed out into that boundless space, where we may hope its Creator still has it in his holy keeping.

Others performed the last rites for the dead, but Grace sat there, when the cold hand was released from hers; too much benumbed by the sudden events, to act or think, or even weep such tears as relieve the heart by exhausting its fountains. The light from the one window, dimmed by the dust of Broadway, fell upon her slight, girlish form, in the plain gray travelling dress; on the white hands where the plain gold ring was, the father's gift; on the bowed head, with its straight, unrippling hair of pale brown, with a tinge of what her cousins called red; on the forehead too high for beauty, and the fair face that, with all her care to avoid the sun, would show an occasional

moth spot, or freckle; on the dark gray eyes and regular features; on the occasional tear that trickled down her cheeks; thus did the pale sunlight fall, as if the bending heavens were sending down rays of comfort. The poor sad girl was an orphan and an heiress. Half of this fact was conveyed to the city of Penn in the telegram of Mr. Wilde. The other half he did not know.

The "dust to dust" was consummated in that beautiful city of the dead—Greenwood; and Grace, again returned to her home, could not but feel that the sympathy of her aunt and cousins was all the kinder; that its future developments could be insured to the amount of six hundred a year.

Not a spark of triumph or tinge of bitterness was there, however, in the orphan girl's heart; and, when again in her quiet room she knelt in that pure robe of the night in which women, like angels, approach their Maker, the sweet words of "Give us this day our daily bread" blent only with the thought of gratitude that God had given to her keeping so much of the bread others must share; and the solemn "Thy will be done" included even that long visit of her father to her mother, where he could give to her that "pleasant word,"—Grace is not left destitute.

The year 1865 had quenched its inverted torch upon the threshold of 1866, and Grace had finished her school-days, only to be more often seen at the window of the brick and marble house on Chestnut Street; and looking much as she did on the day when her uncle brought the telegram from her father; only she now dressed in black.

There was a little change at home. The monthly bills were not mentioned at periodical times, at the breakfast-table. Her dresses were no longer brought home by her two cousins, with the air of making gifts, and handed over with the remark, "That will make up nice for you." She had risen to the dignity of shopping, and bought with ready money. The house girl could be taken or dismissed with no dread of her hearing,—"Grace, dear, you would not mind attending to those rooms, would you, until we get another girl?" Cousin John had discovered that he could sometimes find his own things, and also that the playing and singing of cousin Grace was rather good for a school-girl.

Her new guardian, Mr. Mann, had thrice been to see her, and once taken her and her cousins to New York, to see the Central Park, and the neat marble monument over her father's grave at Greenwood.

Besides this, however, there had been no appreciable change, and, when her guardian had asked her if she needed more money, and offered to contrive a way for the rents of her property to be placed at her disposal, she only accepted a little addition to the fund she had reserved for charity, and still lived on less than the six hundred, in her accustomed way. In the visit to New York, there had been a kind of telegraphic signal agreed upon between Mr. Mann and herself, which, when given on the occasion of entering certain stores on upper Broadway, or passing certain vacant Brooklyn lots, signified—"This is yours." To that extent her woman vanity yielded, no more.

At the beginning of the long vacation of Harvard University for 1866, John Wilde was to graduate, at the age of twenty-three, and the visit to Boston on that eventful occasion by the whole family had long been anticipated with pleasure.

In the spring of that year, an event had occurred to deepen and intensify the growing affection of Grace for the family of her uncle, and to satisfy her that with all the closeness and penuriousness of her aunt, there was yet in some not often reached depth of her nature, a well-spring of genuine kindness and charity. A young German girl, named Dora Mayer, had long been a servant in the family, and Grace learned from the tea-table conversation that she had been detected in purloining some small articles of plate. But great was the surprise of our heroine to learn that not only was the culprit to escape exposure and punishment, but that Mr. Jonathan Wilde had actually secured her a place among some Germans who were going to service in the South, and advised her to go beyond the temptations of city life. The aunt half won the heart of Grace by saying, "Do not show that you know it, Grace dear, for she feels badly enough as it is." She quite won it a few days later by stooping over the orphan and saying, after a motherly kiss, "I fear I have not been all that a mother would have been to you, but should you ever have any trouble, or any thing pressing on your mind, you will find no more attentive ear, or warmer sympathy, than in your seemingly cold aunt."

The tears sprang to the eyes of her auditor, and Grace never could

tell why the impulse to confide to her aunt the secret of her father's death-bed, was repressed. We only know that the secret was not then told.

The long-expected commencement occasion at length arrived, and the Wilde family, Grace included, were in Boston. Bunker-Hill Monument had been climbed, and the sights of Washington and Tremont Streets had been exhausted, and, on the eventful day when cousin John was to deliver his maiden speech, Grace was one of the happiest of the party driving across the bridge to Cambridge.

One set of collegiate exercises is too much like all others, to merit description, and fans, summer toilets, and cool beauty in muslin,—inter-checked with male humanity, perspiring and in mourning,—were the prominent features of the audience. John Wilde had graduated with high honor, and had a composition in Latin, besides a brilliant speech, in which he glowingly pictured the progress of civilization, and the useful and fine arts, during the past century. Snowy handkerchiefs waved at its close, and there was the soft pattering of kid gloves at the telling passages—the refinement of applause, as if the hands kissed in ecstasy.

One pale student, however, divided the attention won by this popular young gentleman. He had none of the confidence or city manner that made others graceful, and his attire betrayed the fact that he patronized other than fashionable tailors. His theme was *eloquence*, and he seemed not so much to describe and define it as to *feel* it.

At the close, when he bent forward in that indescribable approach by which the greatest advocates are wont to magnetize their juries, and his eye seemed to rest unconsciously on the form of a venerable clergyman, known and loved in all New England, his words were so impressive as to start tears to more than one bright eye.

"Eloquence, like genius, is not acquired, but *born*. Its subject may partake of the smell of the lamp, and the labor of the laboratory or the office; and it may borrow much from action and from cultivation. Yet—more intangible than air, and more subtle than the lightning—it may rise beyond the preparation, the occasion, and the inspiration, and speak from the eye, melt from the tongue, and glow from the very presence of the man who *feels*. As for her chosen and peculiar home, it is the pulpit. The senate and the rostrum may lure her with the golden pomp of earthly honors, but, in the sacred oratory of the pulpit, the voice of true eloquence speaks in nobler accents and more fervid tones than ever startled the Grecian Ecclesia or shook the Roman Forum. 'There stands the legate of the skies, *his* theme divine, *his* office sacred, *his* credentials clear. By him, the violated law speaks out its thunders; and through him, in tones as sweet as angels use, the gospel whispers peace!'"

There was no applause to follow this, but there was sympathy and feeling.

The next day her cousin John invited Grace to a sail with him on the bay, in a boat belonging to one of his Boston classmates; and she thought him wondrously improved, with his air of mature manhood, and his delicate and unusual courtesies to her.

She was ready to accept his apology for his parents, that they were only now realizing that she was no longer a child; but she was utterly overwhelmed by his florid avowal of a love for her as old as his memory, and his declaration that his parents had long hoped for the union. They were not full cousins, which he was thankful for, as some were opposed to family intermarriages, and, if she would only consent, the love-home pictured by the pretended prince, as he told Pauline, of the Lake of Como, would be poor to that this Claude Melnotte would conjure up for her.

She listened in surprise, but accepted him in the matter-of-course kind of a way in which she had always obeyed rather than granted his requests. That the brilliant and handsome John Wilde should ever fancy her, was as astounding as if some fairy had suddenly gifted her with his clear complexion, hazel eyes, and brown curls. He was too rich to care for her little ten thousand; too popular with lovely women to be attracted by her moderate good looks, and, while she could not understand it, she thought her father would be pleased, if he knew it. This must be all for love.

Much as this new theme must have interested her, it did not prevent the rather sudden and *mal-à-propos* question,—“Who was that young student who spoke yesterday on eloquence?” He looked annoyed, but replied, “His name is Richard Vane. He is a poor fellow educated by some Southern church for the ministry, and had been

to some Southern schools, and two years in a theological seminary there, before he came to Harvard. He will spend his life on a salary as poor as one of his own church mice, but might make a passable lawyer if he was not bent on preaching at once.”

He then changed the subject to his own prospects, and said he had half a mind to go South himself, and buy a plantation among the broken-down chivalry. She laughed at that, and the sail was soon terminated by a return to their hotel, and preparations for a return to Philadelphia.

Much to her delight, the subject of the engagement was little spoken of, after the kisses and embraces of her uncle, aunt, and cousins, and her rather decided refusal to consummate the marriage under a year from that time. Her lover was a faithful escort to places of amusement, stood by her when she sang, and drove out with her often; but was not over demonstrative, and she liked him better for that. The fact of her betrothal was made public among the friends of the family, but that was not needed to bind either her or him to the promise made on Boston Bay. Her word once given was final, as if the solemn “Until death doth you part” had been spoken at the altar; while, had he expressed a wish to break the engagement, it would have seemed more natural and proper than the marriage, and, as ever since childhood, she would have expected John to have his own way.

That worthy individual seemed to have impressed himself by the words, uttered in jest, as to becoming a planter in the South, and, after various sportive renewals of the subject, a serious talk was one day had with his father, and then it was announced that he was, in truth, going to the land of sugar-cane and cotton.

Mr. Wilde, Sr., remarked at the breakfast table, after this announcement, “I shall give John ten thousand dollars to start with, Grace, so as to make him equal to you.”

She thought of what a pleasant surprise she would have for all of them, some day, but only said, “Thank you sir.”

In another week, there was a very lover-like parting from her, and John was gone. He wrote first from Savannah, on his way to the orange plantations on the St. John's River in Florida. Then he was in Alabama and in Mississippi. Then in Tennessee, and finally enamored with the grand scenery and fertile lands in that part of Georgia bordering on Tennessee. There he bought a finely-improved farm rather than plantation, for it was above the region of cotton, and in that of wheat and corn. He described it as a rural paradise, but sadly in need of repair and attention. He must stay there to see to these, and insisted that his mother, Grace, and Irene, should come down and regulate his bachelor establishment, if Fanny would keep house for his father until Christmas. The beautiful blonde, his sister Fan, was as pleased at the prospect of the reins of domestic government in her own hands, for a month or two, as the brilliant brunette Irene, and the other two, were with going, and the arrangement was made. With characteristic Yankee independence the three ladies expressed their baggage to Dalton, where the gentleman was to meet them, and took the cars with no escort.

After some little amusement from the frequent question, if they were coming South to teach the freedmen schools—to which Irene invariably answered, yes—they arrived in safety, and at once packed themselves and trunks into the four-horse spring wagon, which was to be their conveyance for the remaining twenty-five miles, and their church and pleasure carriage when there. A happier party never awoke the echoes of rock and mountain with silvery laughter, or bathed flushed and rosy faces in crystal roadside springs. Even quiet little “domestic Grace,” as her lover called her, wore out a pair of new shoes climbing the mossy rocks and exploring the vine-obstructed valleys, and looked as blooming as the country lasses.

Happy girlhood! its seasons are all hung full of the May-time, and autumn and winter bring no shadows for them, until the summer of life has withered the blossoms of their gladsome spring.

What if the grand old southern forests seemed anticipating the frosts not yet come? the changing hues of the leaves, and glowing splendor of the mosses, only gave color and variety to the garlands of hope they wove.

It was night when our quartette arrived at the Southern investment—i. e., John's new home—and the ladies were too tired to see more than a cottage in a large yard before they sought repose and slumber, after the supper of corn-bread, ham and eggs, with tea. But, the next morning, Grace and all the others fully endorsed the rather enthusias-

tic account of his purchase given in the letters of the son, brother, and lover, in one.

A few days later, a piano, which John had ordered from Steinway's, came to the depot by express, and was soon contrasting its polished legs and soft cover with the pine tables and split-bottomed chairs and country-woven counterpanes of the former proprietor.

Carpentering, clearing up neglected land, repairing fences, house-keeping in the nearest approximation to Northern style, regulating the grown-up negroes John had hired, and keeping from stepping on the little negroes, who were omnipresent,—all this was soon the order of each day, and frost came before Grace and her lover had any leisure for courtship.

At length they took time, and the old mossy foot-log over the stream, which now had its bright waters died brown by the infusion of falling autumn leaves, was a favorite resort. The names of other lovers had been rudely carved on the great beech-tree which overshadowed the stream, and the spot was, in some measure, consecrated by the loves of those now turned to dust.

On one misty afternoon, when the tops of the mountains faded in a purple haze, and the atmosphere was soft and mild as Indian summer, the pair sat on this old log beneath the beech and above the stream; and the memory of the words then spoken was ever after more closely woven into the lives of each than even the declaration of love and promise of marriage union.

We mention this conversation, not because its language was remarkable, or the thoughts clothed in language were wonderful, but because it was all a new revelation of the character of the lovers to each other, and is therefore a new revelation of their characters to us.

John Wilde was an entire believer in the wildest theories, or, rather, no theories, of German infidelity, and devoted nearly an hour to the instruction of Grace and the effort to convert her to his views. Those views, so far as they related to God, salvation, and the immortality of the soul, might all be expressed in the words, *I know nothing; therefore, there is nothing*. An easy creed, making human ignorance the measure of infinitude.

Grace had listened with an amazement which he took for complete conviction, but she soon undeceived him by such a reply to his sophistry, and such an unravelling of his cobwebs, as speedily made him the astonished party of the twain. Even her gentle nature could not entirely restrain her from expressing the scorn which an educated Christian feels for those philosophers who erase the suns of the soul from space, and then write the word NOTHING, over the abyss of night, as both hope and creed. Some of her words were so true, and her inferences so sharp, as to make his face flush and his ears tingle.

It was his first mental combat with an intelligent woman, and he was foiled and beaten by the very weapons of reason to which he had appealed.

He looked divided between the inclination to strike her, like a ruffian, or break his engagement with her, like a gentleman; but he may have had his reasons for not doing either. So he contented himself with saying, sneeringly, "You had better get a pair of breeches and turn preacher!" and then arose from the log and moved toward the house.

The brook beneath his feet had babbled to him of a depth he had never suspected, in the nature of his little half-servant, Grace. She was pale under the power of that heart-question, "Great God, am I to marry a skeptic?" To us it seems that the father who gave fifteen lonely years for his daughter's happiness, may have labored in vain. He only knows who is "God over all—blessed forever."

It was the third week of the stay of the Philadelphians in Georgia, before they thought of seeking such church privileges as that rural district afforded. They learned that there was a neat little chapel, framed and painted, five miles away, under the pastoral care of a young minister who had charge of three churches as the *quid pro quo* of his salary of five hundred dollars a year.

In the few days following the long talk between the lovers beneath those lover-tablets on the bark of the beech-tree above the stream, John Wilde, or J. Wilde, Esq., as his cards now were marked, seemed a little uneasy. The old patronizing, self-complacent superiority with which he had permitted Grace Dawson to love him, had received a severe shock; and, as it evidently would not do to fall in his own estimation or hers, he adopted that usual male expedient—showing his authority. Few of the colored servants received more sharp and per-

emptory orders for a few days than did his affianced bride; but, as Grace obeyed in all things in the same meek and cheerful way that had been her custom from the time she could remember, it seemed unnecessary to hold a tight rein with so gentle and perfectly broken an animal, and that novel exhibition of spirit under his attack on her religion, lost the edge of its first offence. Thus it was, when, with his fast-trotting four-in-hand, the green-and-crimson panels of his spring-wagon flashing in the bright Sabbath sunlight, as the party whirled around the beautiful road above his fertile valley, "Richard," *alias* John, was "himself again," and he pointed out beauties to his mother, petted the spoiled brunette Irene, and patronized Grace, in the old way.

That Sabbath held in reserve for our heroine two surprises—one pleasant, the other not so much so. The neat little chapel, reached at last, seemed to nestle in the embrace of the oaken grove, and they soon found seats on the simple benches within. A young man, not devoid of natural gracefulness, and neatly dressed in black, arose to announce the old hymn, to which there would be no organ-accompaniment:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

When the first tones of the clear, powerful voice filled the air above the large congregation, Grace started, and Mr. Wilde looked up in surprise. It was the young man who, since that commencement day in Cambridge, had been to her the embodiment of his theme—*eloquence*.

Soon the full, earnest tones of many voices compensated well for the absence of operatic singing, and, after the prayer, followed the sermon.

It was upon the strange theory that the love of God—which had filled the Sacred Book, and carpeted time, from the creation, through the epochs of deluge, patriarchs, prophets, priests, kings, psalmist, the example of Christ, and the testimony of the first martyrs, with words of love and examples of duty—was not yet satisfied; that when John, in Patmos, was about to close the long record of God's work for man, the patient Father stayed his hand, to spread upon the last page the memorable invitation beginning with, "The spirit and the bride say, Come!"

Upon this text the young minister proceeded to unfold those chief temptations which can win the soul to its own highest good—the perfections of Jesus Christ, which ever invite—the love of God, which fills the ages with its music, and ever whispers—come!

The sermon was not a long one, but Grace Dawson, who had from childhood been a member of the same branch of the church, dated her best and holiest religious experiences from that day. As for John Wilde, he said that "Vane would have made a capital fellow for criminal cases;" and Irene said it was all pretty, but rather too affecting for the pulpit—"We expect to cry, you know, at tender passages in theatres."

The second surprise of that day was when Grace left her friends talking with some acquaintances her cousins had formed in the nearest town, and went alone to the spring at the foot of the hill. Near it was a wagon whose occupants had brought their dinner with them, and one of them was filling the tin cups of the others at the bubbling fountain. She looked up and held out her hand with a cordial smile, and it was no other than Dora, the young German girl, discharged by her aunt for stealing, and so kindly provided for beyond the temptations of the city.

Grace did not return her greetings with as much warmth as they were given. If she had shown the confusion and shame natural at so suddenly meeting one who must know of her crime, all the kindness of the heart of our heroine would have arisen to reassure the criminal. But the frank, hearty gladness, and free, open manner, looked like brazen boldness, and Grace only asked a few questions—pleaded her waiting companions as an excuse for declining the acquaintance of the people in the wagon, and only said—"Do so," to the avowal of an intended early visit by the young Teuton. She did not speak of this second meeting, but it annoyed her, even when she met the young minister at the side of the vehicle of her party, and heard him promise his old college chum an early visit.

The promised visit was made, lasting two days, and was enjoyed by no one more than by the betrothed of the new planter. That it was

not without some interest to Irene, we gather from the following letter written by her to the sister left in the Northern home:

"HAPPY VALLEY, October 26, 1866.

"DEAR FAN: We have all been too busy here to be good correspondents, and have by a sort of common consent made cousin Grace our business scribe. Just fancy such a quiet, plain-faced little puss being our sister some day! No wonder brother John is in no hurry! This is a beautiful country, romantic, wild, sublime, and all that, and has only one or two drawbacks, the lack of dry-goods stores and young men. I do not know which I miss the most, but the latter deficiency is now in part atoned for. You remember that pale, interesting-looking youth (he would have been interesting if he had been blessed with a good tailor!) who so much enlisted his own sympathies (and ours) in a speech at Harvard, when John graduated. He is a preacher here, and makes a very passable beau. He dresses in better taste than he did, and looks like a model for men, in his mountain home. A little sunburn has much improved his once pale face, and I think the chickens, always sacrificed by these people when their priest (I beg pardon—pastor) comes, may possess more nutritive qualities than the omnipresent *hash* of boarding-houses. He has the thews and sinews of a Nimrod, and it is perfectly delightful to feel that leaning on him in a mountain ramble is like the support of a rooted oak; and one accustomed to horseback riding with city gallants can appreciate the strength of arm that lifts one to the saddle, without a seeming effort. Only one thing annoys me. We asked Grace to go, as a matter of form, thinking she would never dare to mount these wild horses; but she had learned to ride some way, while at school, and is the most fearless horsewoman I ever saw. Would you have believed it? But Miss Pale Face (blooming enough now though, I must confess!) is mortgaged, and never could be in my way if she was not.

"Now don't think I am such a ninny as to fall in love with this backwoods Apollo, but you may wager your diamonds that I shall lead him such a dance over these old hills, that his head will be too dizzy for his usual pulpit eloquence. He is to be here again next week, and I intend he shall abuse me as his *Clara Vere de Vere*, before I leave these parts. You know I mean Tennyson's—

'You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.'

"That's my style! I only wish John was a little more lover-like to Grace—in company. He lets *anybody* entertain her, who will save him the trouble! Vane has to be encouraged up to our ideal, as he is too modest. Heigh-ho! mother wants me to attend to the poultry, and that is a greater bore than letter-writing. Love to papa. Good-by.

"Your sister,

"IRENE."

Richard Vane did come, and came often, for the cultivated mind of John Wilde was a treat to him, like a drink of refreshing water, after the rather insipid companionships of his mountain charge. He could lead his flock to the fold of Christ, and did; but few lambs of his fold could follow to those high pastures on the hills of God where he loved to climb. John liked him in a superior, patronizing way, and gave him good dinners and advice. Irene was only annoyed that he saw too readily how far she was above him, and turned to the more humble and less beautiful Grace, notwithstanding her engagement. So the brunette encouraged him.

On one pleasant day there was a drive, and Grace remained at the house to attend to the formal country supper. While busy, presiding over the mysteries of the kitchen, she heard a lighter step than that of the cook, and, turning, saw with little pleasure that she was alone to entertain the banished German handmaid. There was a forlorn attempt to sympathize with the much the other had to tell, when suddenly Dora stopped her own rapid account of the ills and blessings of life in the woods, and asked, "Do you know what I was sent away from Philadelphia for?"

Our heroine was tempted to say sharply, "For stealing"—but such a reply was evidently not expected, and she replied, evasively, "Uncle never talked much about it."

"Well, I never could understand it! I always did my work, until one day your aunt took it into her head that I was too young to be without friends in a big city, and nothing would do but I must be

bundled off with a lot of folks coming South. And I was threatened to be turned off with no recommendation for the next place, if I didn't come. They talked so good and sensible, I had to come, and I'm glad I did, but I don't know why till yet."

Grace looked shocked and frightened, but was silent.

"Don't look so uneasy, young miss, I always did like you the best, for you wasn't so high above servants as some, but I've had it on my mind to ask you something since I saw you at meetin', and I will ask it. What was there in a little black book, like a pocket-testament, that lay in the tray of your trunk, with a pencil in it?"

Grace was pale now, but said, "It was my memorandum-book, and in it my guardian had written the dates and place of record of some papers that are important to me, but to no one else."

"Would your aunt have cared to know about those papers?"

"Why ask me that?"

"Well, I am into it now, and may as well tell it all. I have often seen your aunt try your trunk (that one you brought from New York) with her keys, but the lock was queer, and no key would open it but yours. One day you went to ride with Mr. John, and, as he was hurrying you, you left your keys in the trunk. I was in the next room, and just caught sight of them through the open door, when your aunt came to your room and went straight to your trunk. I saw her open it, and open that little black book, and appear flurried, and heard her say something about a 'secret, deceitful huzzy,' and then I thought best to let her know where I was, and I coughed. She was up and had the trunk shut in a minute, and asked me if I was raised by her for a spy. I took out the keys when she went down, and you might remember my giving them to you. It was the next day that she took the strong notion for me to go away, and I have studied and studied, and can't think of anything I ever did to be sent away for, if that was not it, and I never told you of that then!"

There was such a whirling in the poor head of Grace, that she never knew what words she spoke to satisfy the German, or change the subject. There was clearly no theft of silver, and she was more than relieved when Dora refused to stay, and left the house before the return of the aunt and cousins, and the clergyman.

She went to her own room, and undressed for bed; and the headache reported by the mulatto chambermaid to the others, was real enough, for the fierce throb in the temples long defied her efforts to be calm and pray. She did remember the ride and the keys, for the deeds were there, and a prying chambermaid might have found her secret and her father's. That remembered day was followed by the caresses of the aunt and the plea for confidence, more than once repeated. Then the trip to Boston, the sail on the bay, and the sudden avowal of life-long love, the growing kindness of all the family, and the sanctioned engagement, with the lover's wish for speedy marriage.

It was all plain enough now. The memoranda told enough to link with the private talks and mysterious manner of Mr. Mann, and show her an heiress beyond all doubt, save what a visit to the New York records could remove; and John had been there, and Jonathan before him—at least, to the city at that time. Daylight came to red eyes and sick heart, uncomfortable by slumber, and the little form would still be convulsed by a shudder at the thought—"My husband an infidel and a speculator on love—so strange and unnatural in all his manifestations of affection!"—and then the prayer of agony—"O God! save me!"

When she went down to dinner, her flow of spirits was more than natural, and Irene was seriously annoyed that her betrothed cousin avoided her brother, and was in the way of the flirtation with 'our young parson.

The visit of Richard Vane was this time to last a week, and every day there was a riding-party up some of the mountain-roads.

The main turnpike or toll-road passed over a spur of the mountain, and then wound down, in the same zigzag as the ascent, to a deep gorge, down which foamed in greater volume the same stream which flowed down the valley toward the mouth of the cañon. Here the road found the gorge wide enough for a shelf-like bank on one side or the other, and ran for some miles between the mountains, on this side or on that, as the capricious stream varied its course. The steep mountains narrowed the heavens to a blue belt above, and, beneath the great gray rocks and towering chestnuts, it was the delight of our friends to ride—dashing through the rapid fords of the stream, and eating the luncheon by some fairy spring, cold as the heart of

the granite. On the last day but one that Mr. Vane was to stay, a little picnic was planned, to be enjoyed at the farthest of the fords and five miles from any house. The minister and Grace won the honors of equestrianship, galloping along precipitous ledges where the queenly Irene trembled for her life, and John Wilde for his horses. It was a still day, very warm for the season, and the negro predictions of a storm were laughed at. But in the midst of the enjoyment, as John in the wildest of spirits drank a toast to Nature, that dread power responded by the first mutterings of her storms. Beneath the almost perpendicular mountain, and the thick trees, the mustering of the black cloud-squadrons had been unnoticed, and the first warning was a dash of rain that suggested seeking for a cave, to the two gentlemen, and wishing for wrappings and umbrellas to the ladies. An over-leaning rock was found, with marks of wagoners' camp-fires to show its previous tenantry, and it proved an admirable, dry, and safe shelter from which to view that grandest of sights, a storm in the mountains. We shall not describe it, nor will he who has heard that thunder-drum of heaven beating time to the echoes of the eternal hills, or watched the spray of cascades created from every cliff or rocky barrier, or who has cowered as the lightning struck the giant pine on the crest, and filled the gorge with the rain of fiery splinters, ever attempt to paint in words what the hills and the heavens labor to produce.

The storm, commencing at noon, was not over until near night, and then the frequent fords of the stream, swollen to swimming depth in places, were exceedingly perilous. But Richard Vane knew the ground and led the way, and the spirits of all parties arose as all of the fords were passed save the last one, which was very swift and narrow, but not deep. It was reached at dusk, and they saw with terror that a raft or dam of driftwood and logs had formed in the only passable part, and the imprisoned water was dashing over this and raging through the dark ravine below.

John Wilde was flushed with the wine he had been almost the only one to drink, and at once proposed to urge the horses down the bank, and through the sharp rocks of the water-filled ravine. Mr. Vane looked and said, "It would be almost certain death to attempt it."

"But I am not going to stay in the woods all night, like an owl," said the other, "and I will attempt it."

"But the ladies could not go!"

"I will find a ford for them easy enough."

"If you insist, stay with them and let me try it, as I am accustomed to these places."

"Just like you, to take an easy glory when you know I would not give way!"

All remonstrance by his friend, or entreaty by his sister and cousin, was of no avail, and as he urged his tired but fiery animal down the steep bank, the young minister threw off his coat, and sprang down to the brink after him. With a splash, horse and rider were in the water and half-way across, when the forefeet of the quadruped slipped from a hidden rock near the surface, and, as he fell over on his side, the head of the rash rider struck another sharp ledge with a dull thud, heard above the roar of the torrent; and, instantly washed from his seat, he was swept away.

Quickly as this was done, the watching man on the bank had plunged in after him, while Irene shrieked, and Grace prayed.

For a while nothing more could be seen in the gathering gloom but the horse escaping, evidently injured, and limping up the other bank. Soon, however, a faint voice called far below, and Grace was the one to clamber down the rocks, and find Richard Vane dripping on the bank, and supporting the motionless form of his friend. One look at that great gap in his head was enough even in that dim light, and the finger on heart or pulse felt no throb. He was dead.

They two had to bear the body up to the road, for Irene had fainted where she was left.

It was midnight before Richard had cut a path with his knife through the thick brush of the mountain above, and nearly day before the horses were led over it, and the dead man carried by the strong mountaineer, and Irene led along its slippery margin by the steady hand of Grace.

Then the living man carried the dead before him on his horse, while those of the two women were followed by the lame animal.

As they at last descended the mountain-spur, and crossed the same stream, already much lessened in volume by the brief time, the white, scared look came to her face again, as Grace thought of who had

sat upon that old log beside her, and questioned the existence of a God. The thought would come to her,—Had he recognized Him and His providence now?

He at least had solved the mystery, if not the purpose and origin of death. What of the beyond?

The young Vane, with his left arm in a sling, from a sprain received that night, was gone to his flock and his three churches.

The dead man had sent to his Northern home for burial. The father, Jonathan Wilde, came to rent out the farm, and the three saddened women shadowed their Philadelphia home with black robes.

Irene had not made a captive of Mr. Vane, and Dora was seen no more.

Christmas was dull enough that year, with the hope and pride of the household gone, and the aunt seemed to look upon Grace with some such aversion as if she was the cause of his death. Jonathan Wilde had frequent talks with her, and seemed to delight in pointing out to her openings for the investment of capital, to which the ten thousand still in the hands of Mr. Mann would have been utterly inadequate.

In February of 1867 she read a notice that Rev. Richard Vane, of Georgia, had received a transfer to a metropolitan church near the famed *Avenue* of New York, and, as the churches North and South were still separated, the paper was particular to state that influential men who had known him at the university were the parties who had brought it about with some difficulty.

His salary was ample now, and he came to see her, and told of the beautiful brown-stone church, and the grand organ and sweet-voiced choir. When Mr. Mann came to see her, she returned to New York with him, and sat under the ministry of the backwoods preacher, who went with her the next day to visit her father's grave.

Among the early violets at the foot of the slab, he told his love, and found, when she leaned on his breast and told him all (all but the secret), that he had won a heart no other ever possessed.

We can know very little of the emotions of the dead, nor do we certainly know if they are concerned for the dear ones left behind. Yet—

"'Tis a beautiful belief, that spirits of the dead
Come in the lonely hours of night to watch around our bed,"

and it is not unlikely that the father of Grace led her mother to some rift in the blue pavement of heaven, and said, "Our child has more than wealth—the riches of love!"

Before the June roses of 1867 had poured their sweets into the lap of summer, they were married from her Philadelphia home; and it was Uncle Jonathan Wilde who put the title-deeds to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of New York property into the hands of the astonished bridegroom, and said, "I have given you an heiress, sir!"

Mr. Mann was not so pompous when he accounted for the rents and the ten thousand. He only said, as he refused all compensation, "I am richer than you are, sir, and she was the child of my friend."

Grace says that she is kept from becoming vain of becoming Vane, by her husband, who insists upon changing her old name of Grace Dawson for that of the English heroine—*Grace Darling*. He generally gets it wrong, however, and calls her his Darling Grace.

The minister now owns the "Happy Valley," and, with his little wife, who is really blooming into beauty under the sun of love, will spend his summer vacations with his parents, who live there.

Our story, reader, has been of Love and Death, the twin rivals for the empire of life. But no one can tell so sweetly as Tennyson how love always wins:

"What time the mighty moon was gathering light,
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him rolled his lustrous eyes;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight.
'You must begone,' said Death, 'these walks are mine.'
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere he parted said, 'This hour is thine;
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So, in the light of great eternity,
Life eminent, creates the shade of death:
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign forever, over all.'"



NO HOPE.

THEY rode together along the sand,
 Yellow and flat, and with never a spray
 Of flowery sweetness either hand,
 And into the woodland, and out of the day;
 But sunset, or sunrise, what cared they?

For never was silence captive took
 By trembles, tender as thrilled the leaves,
 When the moon, with her body bent to a crook
 Like a harvester when he binds his sheaves,
 Bound the day to the best of eves.

And time was never such time of grace,
 As when, from his saffron and silver bed,
 One star that was got of the soft embrace
 Of the light and the darkness showed his head—
 You will guess by the picture what they said.

Ah, could you not have given one glance,
 Fair lady and fond, for his gentle sake,
 Whose life was narrowed up to a chance—
 The single chance that but you could make?
 Poor heart, dear heart, so young to break!

ALICE CARY.

THE POWER OF THE MIND TO RESIST KNOWLEDGE.

IGNORANCE is a very favorite topic; we charge ourselves, our friends, our enemies with it, as a ready and stereotyped accusation; but it may be doubted whether it is attributed as often as it ought to be to the mind's active energies. Not only should all of us know more if we learned more—if we applied our minds more sedulously, if we conquered our indolence, if we roused our dormant powers—but we should know indefinitely more if we did not treat knowledge as an enemy, if we did not sedulously resist its inroads. The power of the human mind to resist knowledge is not duly considered in treating the subject. We are so used to the result, that we do not sufficiently note the cause. As regards a good deal of the ignorance that is in and about us, the difficulty is to discover how men contrive not to know; and we observe that a very resolute will must have been at work. We do not see that any effort whatever would have been needed to take in certain ideas. An ordinarily intelligent mind that was not preoccupied could not help receiving them—as, for instance, the forms and qualities of objects continually before our eyes, or simple facts stated within our hearing; rather, the effort must have been applied to shut them out, to prevent thought and reason exercising themselves upon them. We often fail to do justice to our own cleverness. In fact, men and women can always learn what they honestly want to know—what they want to know in preference to other indulgences.

All people receive willingly congenial knowledge; what they reject is either that which finds no place for its reception, or that which is unwelcome at the time from the mind's being otherwise occupied, whether by another train of thought or in the agreeable pursuit of fancy. We do not, of course, mean imagination at work in any laborious sense, but a devious, aimless self-abandonment to every suggestion that comes uppermost. Minds given to reverie are not passively, but actively, averse to knowledge; any thing that interferes with the promptings of the moment, that arrests thought, that lays some force upon inclination, is repulsed instinctively as an enemy. It is astonishing how this enmity to ideas grows with indulgence, till it is next to impossible to find a place for facts, opinions, thoughts, or speculation in any sense that demands the faintest effort—in a word, for whatever threatens to arrest the trumpety procession of vague images. In such a state of the faculties nothing interests a man that has not some personal relation; nothing can be received that is new or so far abstract that it cannot be turned on the spot into a question of self. Of course, an all-absorbing pursuit may possess the mind like reverie. No one can do great things in science or art without his mind being occupied to the forcible exclusion of uncongenial knowledge. But laziness and folly have more abstractions than thought and genius, and hug their lucubrations with a more resolute clutch. The man who is pleasantly engaged on the oft-conned problem of how to keep a horse, or when and where he is to make his first speech, or otherwise show himself a fine fellow, or in planning schemes of amusement, or reckoning up his expenses and means of defraying them, or his chances of an inheritance, is quite as steadily opposed to a bit of information that has no relation to any of these questions as if it sought to thrust itself into the midst of profounder speculations.

It is easy to perceive that to some young people the whole world of thought is a blank, that it excites in them feelings of positive repulsion and abhorrence; and, if this be so in youth, there is little chance that mere growth in years will bring about any change that shall effect a reconciliation. If men are to think to any purpose, they must learn to think when young. But, we repeat, it is not native power that is wanting. Take the girl whose head is full of dress, and who is always contriving how to set herself off to what she thinks the best advantage. So long as this taste is ministered to, her attention is alive, her apprehension is quick, her fancy suggestive. She is clever, receptive, laborious. She can take in the most complex description, she can picture to herself the most elaborate effects. She is imbibing new ideas every moment; she is apt, open, liberal, industrious; she is in the state to learn a science or a language, chronology or chemistry. What she is doing is only less difficult than graver studies because it is more congenial. To detect real from false, to appraise a fabric to a nicety, to take in at a glance a thousand details, are feats of the intellect not less remarkable in their nature than those

of the naturalist who knows the note and flight of birds, and the habits of insects. Set him upon the young girl's pursuits which are her pastime, and he will be as unteachable and reluctant as she will probably show herself toward his studies; and for the same reason—unteachable because reluctant. It is the wish to know, not the power to learn, which is the desideratum.

There can be no more irksome task to many minds than to address themselves to subjects which require from them some accuracy of information. This is one of the reasons why questions are often so intolerable. They awaken people to the fact that they know nothing; which matters little so long as they themselves are the only losers, for if they know nothing it is because they preferred to know nothing; but it is a bore to be expected to know, and exposure is always a nuisance. Many persons who travel guard themselves jealously against the acquisition of new ideas; they are so tiring; they seem to stretch the mind hither and thither out of all its bearings. "Oh for a shop-window!" they seem to cry, in the midst of museums and galleries, "for something familiar, some link between myself and what I see." Everybody knows this feeling more or less; it is a revolt against new knowledge, a taking refuge in our weaker selves, which is perfectly justifiable in its degree. Certainly inquiring minds are apt to be bores; people that will pursue and get to the bottom of subjects are great disturbers of the peace, unless this curiosity on their part is qualified by more sympathy than commonly belongs to it. It is well to tell children, "Never submit to be ignorant when you have knowledge at your elbow;" but it is an axiom which requires modification in general society, where, as we have said, few persons are ignorant in an exceptional degree unless because they like it. These probers ought to know that most people like to think as little as they are compelled to think; that to fix or nail the mind on a subject is utterly alien to many an intelligence which is bright and active enough in its own groove; and they should be tender in obtruding their useful, instructive, and important topics upon reluctant yet ashamed ears. As zealous, restless inquirers after truth, they may, with Locke, consider it a fair question how far these enemies of learning are, in knowledge and intellectual faculties, superior to a cockle or an oyster; but they should spare the feelings of their weaker fellow-creatures. The reception which we are all too prone to give to knowledge thrust upon us is that which a party of gossips might give to the invasion of a charitable or literary deputation. The people may be worthy folks in their way, their talk full of information or of utility to their neighbors; but what an interruption! and how willingly do the invaded see them depart, that they may relapse and unbend on the instant into the familiar trivialities!

It is a sufficient reason to a great many people not to acquire new ideas, that they are new. "I know nothing about that" means, "I am steadfastly resolved never to know any thing about it." Even where their interests are involved, the strangeness and horror of novelty carry the day. A mother, for example, has a son at school or college, yet the whole phraseology of school and college life remains to the end mere Greek to her. Little-go, moderations, class lists, and what not, her mind is a chaos to them all; and because women do not play cricket, just as they do not yet go to college, the rules and machinery of that game are in like manner unattainable by the female mind. As an instance of feminine power to resist knowledge, we were struck the other day by a description of a High-Church parson in *Good Words*, betraying an ignorance which we must regard as the more signal and remarkable considering the amount of dignified clerical teaching brought to bear on that favored periodical. The lady draws the portrait of the Rev. Tobias Choake, who fasted on Fridays and *Saints' days*, advocated auricular confession, and was suspected of wearing a hair-shirt. This lady has lived through Oxford, Anglican, and Ritualistic movements to no better purpose than actually to suppose that the leaders of these parties regard *Saints' days* not as *feasts* but *fasts*—a case of scarcely less singular deadness to importunate knowledge in one line than was that quoted by Southey of the Liverpool merchant in another, who wrote to his bookseller for Milton's, Shakespeare's, and Dryden's works, and if any of those fellows wrote any thing new, he was to send it as it came out. In both cases alike it is impossible that the truth should not have often enough sued for admission at eye and ear, only it was let slip at the time as being without interest to the non-recipient.

Many persons have the faculty of refusing and rejecting all knowledge that goes against their prejudices or inclinations. It is perfectly

useless to enlighten them; they prefer a fog, and have a chemical faculty which reproduces it after every attempt to clear it away. Thus Dr. Manning has asserted that the Church of England cannot be what she claims to be, because there is so much infidelity among the English laity—an argument that requires him to ignore the fact of infidelity in France, Spain, and Italy. The policy of non-admissions generally which belongs to his school is based upon this chosen and wilful ignorance. We may perceive indeed how very valuable this power of rejecting knowledge must be to all who have a strong line to take, and a theory to inculcate. Lacordaire, advocating the restoration of the monastic orders, quotes a saying of Napoleon that he did not fear the Spaniards because "It is a nation fashioned by monks; and all monks are cowards." "And at the foot of the Pyrenees," cries the preacher, "he found Christians formed by monks; and his warriors, who used to say that from the Pyrenees to the Baltic they had met nothing but children, confessed, in language both military and energetic, that they were more than men, that it was a war of giants. Spain had the signal honor of being the primary cause of that man's ruin." It suited the orator not to know that, in so far as Spain caused Napoleon's ruin, it was by bringing him in contact with a nation *not* formed by monks; and Lacordaire was no doubt able really to exclude this fact from his consciousness. And even where no principle is involved, that inobsequance which is the reproach of commonplace ordinary sinners is the glory of some saints, of one of whom we are told that, after living in his cell some forty years, he was found in entire ignorance of its form, color, and furnishing.

There are, we suspect, in all minds desert places not capable of cultivation, where knowledge, fact, and inference will not grow. Certainly, in spite of all we have said, there is a respect felt for persons possessing any accurate knowledge which would be disproportioned but for this admission. But, allowing this, the marvel remains that so much of what it would seem easier to receive than to reject remains unknown. Perhaps a good time is coming when accuracy—without which knowledge does not deserve the name—will be a more common virtue than it is now. In the meanwhile it must be confessed that our preference for the society of one fellow-creature over another is not ruled by this scale, and that we have passed some of our liveliest hours with persons whom we would no more subject to any critical examination whatever—even on those subjects which are so familiar and within reach that it would seem an effort of ingenuity to be ignorant of them—than we would covet such an investigation for ourselves.

BEE-HUNTERS OF TIMOR.

THE bees'-wax is an important and valuable product, formed by the wild bees (*Apis dorsata*), which build huge honeycombs, suspended in the open air from the under side of the lofty branches of the highest trees. These are of a semicircular form, and often three or four feet in diameter. I once saw the natives take a bees' nest, and a very interesting sight it was. In the valley where I used to collect insects, I one day saw three or four Timorese men and boys under a high tree, and, looking up, saw on a very lofty horizontal branch three large bees' combs. The tree was straight and smooth-barked, and without a branch, till at seventy or eighty feet from the ground it gave out the limb which the bees had chosen for their home. As the men were evidently looking after the bees, I waited to watch their operations. One of them first produced a long piece of wood, apparently the stem of a small tree or creeper, which he had brought with him, and began splitting it through in several directions, which showed that it was very tough and stringy. He then wrapped it in palm-leaves, which were secured by twisting a slender creeper round them. He then fastened his cloth tightly round his loins, and producing another cloth wrapped it round his head, neck, and body, and tied it firmly round his neck, leaving his face, arms, and legs completely bare. Slung to his girdle he carried a long thin coil of cord; and while he had been making these preparations one of his companions had cut a strong creeper or bush-rop, eight or ten yards long, to one end of which the wood-torch was fastened, and lighted at the bottom, emitting a steady stream of smoke. Just above the torch a chopping-knife was fastened by a short cord.

The bee-hunter now took hold of the bush-rop just above the torch, and passed the other end round the trunk of the tree, holding

one end in each hand. Jerking it up the tree a little above his head, he set his foot against the trunk, and, leaning back, began walking up it. It was wonderful to see the skill with which he took advantage of the slightest irregularities of the bark or obliquity of the stem to aid his ascent, jerking the stiff creeper a few feet higher when he had found a firm hold for his bare foot. It almost made me giddy to look at him as he rapidly got up—thirty, forty, fifty feet above the ground; and I kept wondering how he could possibly mount the next few feet of straight smooth trunk. Still, however, he kept on with as much coolness and apparent certainty as if he were going up a ladder, till he got within ten or fifteen feet of the bees. Then he stopped a moment, and took care to swing the torch (which hung just at his feet) a little toward these dangerous insects, so as to send up the stream of smoke between him and them. Still going on, in a minute more he brought himself under the limb, and, in a manner quite unintelligible to me, seeing that both hands were occupied in supporting himself by the creeper, managed to get upon it.

By this time the bees began to be alarmed, and formed a dense buzzing swarm just over him, but he brought the torch up closer to him, and coolly brushed away those that settled on his arms or legs. Then, stretching himself along the limb, he crept toward the nearest comb, and swung the torch just under it. The moment the smoke touched it, its color changed in a most curious manner from black to white, the myriads of bees that had covered it flying off and forming a dense cloud above and around. The man then lay at full length along the limb, and brushed off the remaining bees with his hand, and then, drawing his knife, cut off the comb at one slice close to the tree, and, attaching the thin cord to it, let it down to his companions below. He was all this time enveloped in a crowd of angry bees, and how he bore their stings so coolly, and went on with his work at that giddy height so deliberately, was more than I could understand. The bees were evidently not stupefied by the smoke or driven away far by it, and it was impossible that the small stream from the torch could protect his whole body when at work. There were three other combs on the same tree, and all were successively taken, and furnished the whole party with a luscious feast of honey and young bees, as well as a valuable lot of wax.

After two of the combs had been let down, the bees became rather numerous below, flying about widely and stinging viciously. Several got about me, and I was soon stung, and had to run away, beating them off with my net and capturing them for specimens. Several of them followed me for at least half a mile, getting into my hair and persecuting me most pertinaciously, so that I was more astonished than ever at the immunity of the natives. I am inclined to think that slow and deliberate motion, and no attempt at escape, are perhaps the best safeguards. A bee settling on a passive native probably behaves as it would on a tree or other inanimate substance, which it does not attempt to sting. Still they must often suffer, but they are used to the pain, and learn to bear it impassively, as without doing so no man could be a bee-hunter.

FRENCH MORALS AND MANNERS.*

BY A ROVING AMERICAN.

"WHY, sir," says General Andrew Jackson Jenkins, of the New-York militia, standing in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel, and ejecting at the same time a quid from his left cheek, "these Frenchmen don't know what home means. They haven't got any, poor devils! They live on the boulevards, eat at the restaurants, and sleep in the garrets of their own houses, hiring the best apartments to Russians or Americans, who can afford to keep them. I'll tell you what—Paris is a fine-looking town; but it is like a shirt that's all frill."

"Aw, yes," languidly responds the Hon. Arthur Snobly, Attaché to H. B. M. Legation; "vewy cowwect. These poor beggars haven't even *the word* in their language. Madame tells you she is *chez elle*, when she invites you to call; and Monsieur gives you a *petit souper* at Vefour's. Never had my legs under a Frenchman's mahogany. Look at Jules and Anatole there,

* "M. de Camors," par Octave Feuillet. "La Comtesse de Chalis," par Ernest Feydeau. "Les Grandes Dames," par Arsène Houssaye.

flaming down the boulevard; after displaying themselves, they will sup on a cigarette, and sleep on the curb-stone. As to the women—"and the young Attaché pulls out his long whiskers, looks unutterable things, and relapses into silence.

Such is a fair average of the opinions entertained by roving Americans and Englishmen, as to the manners and morals of France at this epoch. Let us inquire if the estimate be a just one.

Although we boast of our independence of English opinions and English prejudices, yet in many material points we are servile copyists of the people, from whom we have drawn much of our blood, as well as our language and laws. Among other good old British prejudices, we have inherited their traditional estimate of the French people and of French society, and are as obstinately wedded to it, as though we were bound to look through John Bull's colored glasses, instead of using our own eyesight—sharp enough on all other occasions. Even the wit of Sydney Smith failed to disabuse the English mind of its deep-rooted prejudices against the Gaul, whom sturdy John Bull could not be brought to believe "a man and a brother," but a being only a few degrees removed from a monkey—a mixture, as Voltaire scoffingly defined him, "of tiger and ape." He also believes the Frenchman to be entirely devoid of natural instincts; and those domestic virtues which alone can make woman the true helpmeet of man. In fact, the popular belief in England, which has been adopted in America, ever has been, that there is *no home*, properly speaking, in France; and that their social life is rotten to the core, marriage being with them only the convenient cloak for license, and every Frenchman and woman disregarding the divine and human precepts which make it a solemn and binding sacrament.

A long residence among that people, and an intimate acquaintance with the social life of France for several years past, have convinced the writer of the injustice and the falsity of this opinion; for it may be broadly stated, that neither in England nor in America is the marriage-vow kept more inviolate, nor, in many respects, would the contrast of the relative social systems be unflattering to France, were it fairly and properly instituted.

It may be said, that, as all good Americans "expect to go to Paris when they die," and as annual shoals of our countrymen pour into that bewitching city to take a bird's-eye view of their future paradise, our people have the opportunity of judging for themselves the state of society there, independently of all foreign opinion. But of the American visitors to Paris who fill the Grand Hôtel and the Hôtel du Louvre, and, guide-book in hand, take the public buildings and galleries by storm, crowd the theatres, and become familiar apparitions in the Bois de Boulogne, and even figure at the Tuileries balls, to which only five thousand invitations are issued, how many of them ever get even a glimpse of French society, or gain admission into a solitary French family on a familiar footing?

A man or woman may live in Paris for many years, and, unless peculiarly fortunate, or favored by extraneous circumstances, never get the *entrées* to the jealously-guarded French home, which is not open to all comers like an American, but is an inner shrine, most carefully guarded against intrusion. Hence, as the Prophet in his haste said, "All men are liars," so the roving American as rashly decides there is no social home-life in France, because he has never seen it, nor met those who have had the privilege denied to him. Finding his letters of introduction, which in England and America are always considered as "tickets for soup," giving admission to the family circle, do not answer the same purpose in France, and, meeting the person to whom they are addressed only at the opera, the restaurant, and the public promenades, the conclusion is arrived at that the domestic hearth is ever cold, the table never spread at home for the entertainment of friends, and that the modern Frenchman, like the old Greek, regards his house only

as a shelter, a place to sleep in, his enjoyment being all taken out of doors.

Without pausing, at this moment, to present the other side of the picture, and to sketch the inner life of the French family, as the writer has seen and known it, let us endeavor to trace some of the reasons for this belief, independently of the Anglo-Saxon prejudice we have taken at second hand.

Much of the responsibility of this false judgment taken by foreigners of French society must be visited on their own writers of fiction, who, in their eager desire to produce strong effects, have caricatured and defamed their own countrymen far worse than writers alien to them in land and language, thus strengthening the prejudices already existing, and aiding to confirm them. The spasmodic school of literature, which spawns its Braddons and its Ouidas, and smaller fry in shoals, in England and America, has its "tritons among the minnows" in France, and three of the most able and popular of these in their latest *chef-d'œuvres* give a most exaggerated and distorted idea of social life under the New Empire, which they all profess to paint from actual observation; for each and all of these writers give us only the morbid anatomy of the social body, never presenting us (except in one episode in the first named) even a glimpse of the healthy exercise of its functions.

It is as though the Anatomist should lead a child through the loathsome wards of a hospital, and, pointing out all the ills which flesh is heir to, and showing no healthy body, should tell him, "Such is life!" These moral Anatomists, confining their demonstrations to the unwholesome atmosphere of the most corrupt (if it be socially one of the highest spheres) of Parisian life, and revelling in the recital of its levities and crimes, its sins against God and human nature and all social laws, its license without limits save its own caprice, induce the outside world to believe that these fetid fungi alone, and no better fruit, are forced in the hot-beds of Parisian civilization. The French people themselves, whose thirst for strong sensations can only be slaked at such impure fountains, are partly to blame for this; for decidedly the most popular authors in France to-day are Octave Feuillet, Ernest Feydeau, and Arsène Houssaye, and within the last few months there seems to have been a kind of devil's race between the three, to see which could dip his brush in darker colors, and blacken most the fair fame of his countrymen and countrywomen. The trial commenced with the "Camors" of Feuillet, who had before that work gained his reputation as a writer of pastoral stories, in which the purity of the thought and of the characters was equal to that of the style. The critics "damned him with faint praise," as being a very pleasant and pretty writer, but lacking force—a painter of butterflies, in fact. This nettled the sensitive French nature of Feuillet, who felt within him the force and fire of the genius he undoubtedly possesses. To disprove the accusation, so galling to his vanity, that he could not descend into the depths or soar to the heights of human passion, he penned "Camors," a terrible libel on the man of the New Empire, and at the same time on French society; and the greater the truth, the greater the libel, even if his portraiture be true, of the small circle which buzzes and swarms around the throne, and its hallowed precincts. The surprise created by this feat was only equalled by the sensation it produced, and all Paris was enraptured by this tragedy—grim and terrible as any of Victor Hugo's—wrought by the hand which had before only woven garlands of flowers. One of the ablest of French critics, Emile Montagnut, gave expression to this sentiment, in a critique upon the book in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he says:

"Quitting his doves, Octave Feuillet seeks diversion among the lions and tigers of the human soul, and comes off an easy conqueror from the terrible sport, without tension of sinews or straining of muscles, and without any barbaric shouts."

Yet is the tendency of this book not wholly evil, for remorse and retribution dog the footsteps, and finally hunt down to death through slow agonies, the splendid sinner whose

worldly success was so complete; and the story points the moral, that success in life alone will not command happiness, and that honor, without faith, is a broken reed to lean on, in the hour of strong temptation.

But the connection in which this work is referred to here, is in regard to the pictures it presents of French life, which he paints as entirely devoid of those small sweet daily blessings of unreserved affection and intimate intercourse which can alone endear man to his home.

The marriage-tie, in his eyes, is simply a form, a matter of convenience; if not openly disregarded, secretly broken, without scruple or shame—grinning dishonor seated on the hearthstone, and domestic treachery plotting by the fireside. Love is considered incompatible with legitimate affection by the perverted hearts of high-born lords and ladies; and, like the famous Duchesse of the old *régime*, the new ones all "sigh for sin even in a cooling draught," to "give it a relish." This is neither French nature nor Nature at all. Her works are all good and pure originally, even as Adam came from the hand of his Creator, and in France, as elsewhere, the soil and stain of sin is exceptional. Were it otherwise, they would be a race of monsters, not of men. As though to contrast the lurid splendor of the life of the great city, with its atmosphere stifling almost every virtuous impulse, with the calmer regions of rustic innocence, he transports his reader into the peaceful homes and pure air of the country, but only long enough to make the moral malaria of the former more poisonous to the senses, when he bears him back again into it, disgusted, yet fascinated in his own despite. The model man of the Empire, M. de "Camors" (in whom, it is supposed, the Duc de Morny is shadowed forth) is a moral monster; and yet, as Feuillel says, "a man nevertheless." But a man wholly exceptional, the type of a very small class, the hot-house fruit of a court, not an indigenous product—a creature such as was found in the profligate court of the *Grand Monarque*, or among the equally profligate courtiers of England's "Merry Monarch," knowing no law but his appetites, no soul but his senses. The vices and the demoralization engendered by a corrupt court are totally different from those bred in a democracy, though even the latter has had its Cleons in olden time, and created even meaner, baser, and dirtier things than Cleon nearer our own day, whom it might be injudicious to particularize.

Irritated by the intrusion of this piping shepherd from Arcadia upon their own domain, the rivals on that field sharpened their pens, and prepared for a new onslaught; and Ernest Feydeau first entered the field with "*La Comtesse de Chalis*," intended to depict the "woman of the Empire," as "Camors" represents the man. Of this book it is only necessary to say that Feydeau paints the woman of the Empire after the model of the vilest of those vile things—the modern Jezebels of Paris—and that the "*Dame aux Camélias*," apotheosized by the younger Dumas, is a lily of purity, contrasted with the high-born and high-bred lady he selects as the type of her class, whose morals are those of *Mabille*, and whose manners would not even pass muster at the *Château des Fleurs*. In this book the grossness of the thoughts is thinly veiled by the transparent elegance of the diction; yet there is no improper word, nor any coarse indecency in the descriptions. But the whole thing is intrinsically low and vile in conception and execution, without even the gloss of a moral to redeem it: without even the reprehension of actions and sentiments on the part of all the characters introduced, which are libellous, not only on womanhood, but on human nature as well. There is no redeeming character in "*La Comtesse de Chalis*," and, if she were the true type of French womanhood, then woe to France! woe to womanhood! and worse, woe to the men who spring from mothers such as she! This effort of Feydeau, to paint the woman of the Empire as a pendant to "Camors," did not have a similar success with the original. Strong as the French stomach may be, and tolerant as their canons of literary license are, "*La Comtesse de Chalis*"

was found "un peu trop fort," and, as Milton says of his devils, on tasting the Dead-sea fruit, was

"With sputtering noise rejected"

by the Parisian public. By no means discouraged by this want of success on the part of his fellow-knight in the cause of illegitimate romance, the veteran Arsène Houssaye sprang into the lists; and the last and strongest sensation of the day, in such circles as gloat over and greedily feast on garbage, is undoubtedly his "*Grandes Dames de Paris*," in which he professes to paint, not only one, but many types, both of the man and the woman of the New Empire; and the men and women thus drawn, if not creatures of the prurient imagination of the artist, evidently not created in the image of God, but of the devil! The works of Feuillel and of Feydeau, professing each to give a single portrait, were sketched on a single canvas—one short volume. The more ambitious Houssaye stretches his gallery over the ample space of four bulky volumes, with colored portraits of his heroines in the worst style of French art, illustrating his printed impurities. Of this book it is sufficient to say that "*Don Juan*" is biblical in comparison, and the adventures of the "*Chevalier Faublas*" a moral treatise! The cynicism, the brutality with which indecencies are paraded and animality made the leading impulse of both his court lords and ladies, entitle Arsène Houssaye to the title of the Caliban of French literature. How any man could calmly sit down, and not only pen but print such a farrago of indecencies, unredeemed by wit, humor, or likeness to real life anywhere, is a marvel only equalled by the fact, that such writing should be read and should be popular. This may be partly accounted for by the supposition that, as "Camors" was believed to be the portrait of a distinguished man, and the "*Comtesse de Chalis*" the outline of a notorious lady at the French court, so Arsène Houssaye's male and female characters were supposed to be kindred libels; hence the curiosity to see how he fluttered the feathers of a bevy of birds all at once. Besides this motive, there may be another. There is a large class in France which hates the court and every one connected with it, including the fashionable society, and its members will gloat over such pictures of the morals and manners of the aristocracy, just as our "Bowery boys" will spell out, with eager interest, those denunciations of the vicious banker in fine linen, by the virtuous apprentice in his shirt-sleeves, protecting female virtue from outrage, in the current stories of our popular *Weeklies*! There is an old proverb about the "birds which foul their own nest," and two out of three of the romancers we have named have wilfully and deliberately done this. The same reproach does not lie at the door of Octave Feuillel, for there are bright as well as dark colors on his canvas. Yet all have aided in confirming the popular impression abroad, as to the immorality of social life in France: and the looseness not only of the morals but of the manners of all classes, owing to the absence of those domestic habits, and the exercise of those virtues, which brighten the social circle, and make a paradise of home.

But one of these three romances has been translated and republished here, and that the least objectionable of them all—"Camors." It is to be hoped that we may be spared seeing "*Les Grandes Dames*" of Houssaye figuring in English dress on Broadway, where we have already more than enough of their erring sisters.

Space will not permit the continuation of this theme in the present paper, but, with the kind permission of all parties interested, the topic shall be resumed in a subsequent number, and an attempt made to prove, to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced minds, that the charming picture of "*Life in a French Country-house*," drawn by a female hand, is not an exceptional one; and that in France, as elsewhere, the Virtues as well as the Graces may be found to preside over happy homes, and sit by private hearthstones, even amidst the rush and roar, the strife and sin of its great cities.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.

WHAT place shall be assigned to language in courses of study is one of the vexed questions of modern education. Are Latin and Greek indispensable? Shall one or two or half a dozen modern languages be learned? Is the acquisition of both the ancient and the modern tongues to be recommended, or shall both be neglected, and the student's attention confined to the study of his native speech? These are questions which must be variously answered in different circumstances, and the chief difficulty that has arisen, we apprehend, has grown out of the neglect of this consideration. The assumed necessity, that each institution of learning should have a definite *curriculum* or scheme of study, presupposes some fixed theory of study to which the curriculum is conformed; and, as each institution appeals to all classes of students, it is naturally committed to one scheme of study for all. But the principle is erroneous and the practice bad; while the increasing tendency to substitute elective courses of study for a uniform course shows that the unsoundness of the old proceeding is gradually becoming recognized. We shall consider this important subject in future numbers of the JOURNAL; our present business is with another aspect of it.

It being admitted that the study of languages—whether living or dead, one or many—is of great importance in education, the inquiry arises in regard to the best means of its acquisition. As respects this, we are at present without definite principles or a rational practice. While, on the one hand, there is no branch of education so given over to blind tradition and slavish routine, so, on the other, there is none which teems with such a multiplicity of new and conflicting “systems of teaching;” both evils being due to the want of any well-settled views of what is to be aimed at in the study of languages, and of the conditions upon which their successful acquisition depends. Nothing was, therefore, more needed in education than an exposition of the principles by which these studies should be guided. An attempt in this direction has lately been made, which well merits the attention of parents and teachers.

There appeared in London, in 1853, a work in two volumes, entitled, “Language as a Means of Mental Culture and International Communication,” by O. Marcel. It was an original, advanced, and most important contribution to the philosophy of linguistic study. It is quoted as an authority by various writers on education, and we have heard several teachers acknowledge their indebtedness to it for guidance in the treatment of philological studies. But the subject was treated too elaborately for the best effect, and the work was too voluminous for general circulation. In the mean time the author has elaborated his ideas with greater precision, and has compressed them into a neat little volume, of 228 pages, entitled “The Study of Languages brought back to its True Principles.” He has translated his own work into English, which is now before us, and nothing could better illustrate the truthfulness of his views than the quality of the performance he here offers us, in what is, to him, a foreign language. In the prefatory notice to the present edition, by an American friend who has superintended its passage through the press, it is observed: “The author is a French scholar of rare philosophical culture and linguistic accomplishments, who, for many years, has pursued the method in his own studies which he recommends to his readers. His success is brilliantly illustrated by the vigor and idiomatic purity which mark the composition of this volume. He handles the English language with the force and precision of a native writer; and often awakens an interest in his ideas by the simple beauty of his style. His little work is not a manual but a method; and is equally applicable to the different systems in which text-books have been written.”

In his preliminary chapter on the order of linguistic study, M. Marcel divides the work of acquisition into two processes,

which he calls IMPRESSION and EXPRESSION. *Impression* of language is effected by the arts of hearing and reading; *Expression* of language involves the operations of speaking and writing, and the first named is, of course, prefatory to the last. In the spontaneous acquisition of language, as by children, the first step is to listen and learn to understand the spoken words, and the second is to learn to speak; the third step is to understand written language, and the fourth to write.

But, in the acquisition of a foreign language, the order is different. In the first instance, the passage of the learner is from ideas to the signs of ideas; in the second, it is from signs to signs—that is, from one language to another. The order of acquisition now becomes:

1. The art of reading, } IMPRESSION.
2. The art of hearing, }
3. The art of speaking, } EXPRESSION.
4. The art of writing, }

This order indicates the plan of the work; the four arts here enumerated being successively treated in four elaborate chapters. Without attempting here to reproduce Marcel's method, which would be unsatisfactory in a single article, we will confine ourselves to a few suggestions and extracts.

Respecting the time at which the study of language should be entered upon, this depends upon the method adopted. The spontaneous or natural method may be made available in early childhood, and this is, beyond doubt, the true course to be pursued. If the curiosity and imitation, which are so strong in young children, were brought into play for the acquisition of an extra language at the time they are learning the vernacular, it would be a vast mental economy.

“If an infant be spoken to in a foreign as frequently as in his native tongue, he will become equally familiar with both. He might, in this way, solely guided by nature, learn from the cradle two or three languages without confounding them, if brought into daily contact with persons who spoke them in his presence, as is frequently the case in the higher classes of society, in which children learn the use of several languages. They have governesses and servants of different countries, who always address them each in his own language.”

But, in acquiring a new language by the comparative method, that is, by translating it into one already known, M. Marcel is of opinion that mistakes are often made by beginning too early:

“Before the age of twelve or thirteen, a child cannot learn a language from books by the aid of his own; the weakness of his understanding, his want of motives for study, and his reluctance for sedentary occupations, thwart the efforts of the master, who then employs more time in ascertaining whether his pupils have clearly understood him, and have learned their lessons, than he devotes to real teaching. This observation applies more particularly to classical studies; they are commenced too soon and commenced the wrong way. It cannot even be said, in favor of the early study of a foreign idiom, that it makes a deeper impression on the mind; out of a hundred persons who have studied a language by the comparative method before their twelfth year, ninety-nine have but a faint recollection of it a few years after they have left school. The incomplete knowledge which a young child possesses either of things or of his own language is, as well as the immaturity of his intellect, an impediment to his comprehending foreign authors.”

As regards the age at which languages may be learned, it is remarked in another place:

“By following simple and natural processes in harmony with the end proposed, such as those we recommend, there can be no doubt that, in the maturity of reason, even at an advanced age, a person might, in six months, acquire what is useful in a living language, better than a boy of ten could do so in as many years, by the ordinary routine. The greatest linguists, from the Scaligers to Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith of Massachusetts, who is said to have learned above twenty languages, have nearly all acquired them in the maturity of life, and without masters, by following a method similar to the one we have sketched.

"Plutarch, who began the study of Latin late in life, made rapid progress, because, as he himself says, his knowledge of things enabled him to enter into the thought of the writers. Themistocles, also advanced in years, learned Persian so well in one year, says his biographer, that he used to converse with the King of Persia on state affairs better than the Persians themselves. Cato the Censor learned Greek in his old age, and knew it thoroughly. Alfieri began the study of that language at forty-eight, and attained a high reputation as a Hellenist. Sir William Jones had passed his thirtieth year when he began to learn Eastern languages, in which he is known to have been deeply versed. Ogilby, the English translator of Virgil and Homer, had been a dancing-master; he did not know a word of Latin at forty, nor of Greek at fifty-four. Maugard, a distinguished man of letters, became, after three months of study, a successful teacher of Italian and Spanish, which he had learned in his sixtieth year. The celebrated Dr. Johnson undertook, when seventy years of age, the study of Dutch, with a view to test his capability to learn: the success of the experiment fully satisfied him that the powers of his mind were still unimpaired. Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough, at the age of eighty-three, learned the Coptic language, in order to read the Coptic New Testament, which Dr. Wilkins had just published."

In the chapter on the "Art of Reading" the author observes:

"The mode of proceeding at the commencement should be nearly as follows: To devote exclusively to the translation of the first volumes all the time one has for study in the absence of the teacher, to go several times over the same passages for some weeks, to peruse every day the lesson of the day before, and gradually throw off dependence on the translation opposite. As the work becomes easier, more will be translated in a given time, and the learner will soon be able to dispense with auxiliary aids.

"Repetition is the grand principle on which depends the efficacy of the processes required for gaining a practical knowledge of a language. To impart to the intellectual powers a certain freedom of action, repetition is as necessary as exercise to the limbs. Six months of continuous application will lead to greater proficiency than twelve months of lessons with frequent interruptions. Habits of language can be created only by keeping the same words and phrases in rapid succession before the mind: the same number of impressions which, when closely following each other, produce a habit, would fail to do so, if separated by long intervals."

M. Marcel's motto in the study of languages is, "One thing at a time," or Macchiavelli's maxim, "Divide and conquer." In his chapter on the "Art of Hearing" he condemns the practice of attempting to acquire the signification and the pronunciation of words at the same time, and points out the mental disturbance which arises from the unequal action of the eye and ear:

"It is a great mistake to imagine that, in the study of a living language, the pronunciation should be taught first. It does not in any way facilitate the understanding of the written words; and, besides, a person may perfectly understand what he hears, without being able to pronounce correctly. In infancy we know the meaning of words long before we can utter them. In learning a foreign language we ought also to understand the spoken words before attempting to articulate them.

"To study simultaneously both the pronunciation and the signification of words at the beginning is incompatible with that law of our mental organization which forbids attention to be directed at the same time to several distinct things when new.

"In the course of the exercises in audition, the learners should forbear looking at what is read to them, that the ideas may be exclusively received through the articulate words, as when listening to a speaker. If a person familiar with the written language had his eyes fixed on the book while the instructor was reading, that organ, quicker than the ear and not easily controlled, would not always patiently accompany the reader word for word, but would outstrip the ear in apprehending the subject. Sometimes also a person less advanced will be slow in following the teacher, or will stop to consider the words which are not familiar to him; so that, in either case, the learner would be unmindful of what is read, and the idea would be apprehended through the eye, not through the ear.

"The learner also, occasionally perceiving letters which are not pronounced, would be apt to attribute his not hearing them to inattention or dullness of hearing on his part, and might still be inclined to introduce them in his pronunciation afterward. It is, therefore, better not to give the eye an opportunity of leading the ear astray. Besides, this dependence on the sight for understanding what is heard, incapacitates the ear for conversation, in which it can have no assistance from the eye."

CHILDHOOD IN MODERN LITERATURE.

THE dimpled darlings of our household, the little demities of the cradle, do not grace the ancient as they do our modern literature. They were often enough in the arms of Greek mothers, but seldom in the writings of Greek fathers. The frightened Trojan babe, scared by the dazzling helm and nodding crest of Hector, is a charming picture, but slight as the painter's glimpse of a cherub. The "Iliad" gives no studied picture of childhood—gives it no expression like that of modern poetry.

The child—the sanctity, freshness, and mystery of child-life—in literature, owes its advancement beyond the idea of a healthy little animal to the worship of the infant Jesus. In contemporary literature childhood is a special and individual presence, not an accidental and accessory one. It was a French poet who made the most touching verses about the sweet and simple and enchanting life of children. Victor Hugo's "Les Enfants" is the first book of poetry which exclusively celebrates childhood; and it is a charming and pathetic volume, full of music, of tenderness, of tears, of brightness, felicitously called "The Mother's Book." The heart of a robust and grand poet has softened and melted before the altar of domestic life; he sings the ministrations of children. The untroubled laughter, the fleeting tears, the sinless dreams and memories, the glowing and spotless aspect of childhood, like the faces of cherubs smiling from funeral tablets, crowd out all sombre and bitter recollections of life. He says of a child, sleeping on the maternal bed, that "when his rose-eyelid closes on the earth, it is opened to heaven." Nothing like Victor Hugo's book is to be met with anterior to our century, which has advanced childhood to the same place in literature that it held in religion and art. When the monsters vanished, the child appeared. The dragon, the hydra, and the dwarf, which exhaust the descriptive powers of the old poets and romancers, have given place to the untouched and all-promising and exquisite child.

The cradle is the only undisturbed throne to-day. "Philip my King" is undisputed monarch on the mother's breast.

A modern poet has expressed the sanctity of the power of childhood when he makes the chagrined and despairing lover utter, in his inconsolable anguish—

"Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast."

Miss Mulock's "Philip my King" is a beautiful expression of the royal grace and power of childhood. But, if less vivid as it is less of a portrait, more touching, because connected with the reflective and saddened spirit of the father, is Longfellow's poem of "Childhood."

The very flower of modern literature may be said to blossom in the sentiment inspired by childhood. That sentiment is not pagan nor heathen; it is preëminently Christian. And what children it has consecrated in our memory! "Mignon," the unique, the studied, the profoundly-suggestive, and strange creation of the great Goethe—a truly "mysterious child; the daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion, and despair; she is of the earth, but not earthly." In our own literature we have "Pearl" and "Pansy," the creation of a poet, Hawthorne; we have "Topsy" and "Eva," the creation of a homely but dramatic genius, H. B. Stowe. And, in the children of Hawthorne's romances, what capricious and exquisite life! What contrast! What rainbow-tints opposed to the fixed and sombre

destiny of the unhappy mother! What delicacy of color; what play of sentiment. What charm, as of pearly dew-drops! What cooling freshness, as of their lucid beauty! These figures of childhood are special to our literature.

Sad like a mute household, grave like a senate-chamber, stormy like a mob, and gorgeous like a festival, are those pages of literature anterior to our modern epoch, which never show us the untroubled face, the glad glance, and the beautiful smile of childhood. The presence of childhood in our modern literature is beautiful like its dimpled hand on a white beard—something tender, soft, rosy, feeble, irresistible. Childhood in letters is like the blossomful branch in spring-time—fragile beauty of texture and color laid on the rough limbs and over the grasping roots of sturdy life. The child is light and fresh and beautiful in letters as in life.

Long before our modern literature embodied much of the life of children, art had scattered its laughing and smoothly-curved images over the fronts of palaces, about altars, and in pictures. The first service of art was religious, and the Christian religion had devoted it to the cradle in Bethlehem. Where the *child* has not been, where its presence is not felt in literature, we have distressing and agitating writing; we have the wan splendor and misery of life laid before us, at best the triumph of power and passion. The child changes all that is sombre, and transmutes all that is tragic, into all that is hopeful. Childhood is the very flower of life: how could it be less than a joyous garland in letters for the stricken brow of thought? It is sad only when touched with our sadness, and cursed by our want. We can look into the blue eyes of children, and think of lakes; we look at their curly, careless heads, and are gladdened as by sunshine; at their cheeks, and are pleased as by the soft petals of flowers.

The literature of despair would have one ray of light if childhood appeared in it. What a relief to overtaxed sympathies is the presence of children in "Werther!" What gladness we have to see the shining, heedless heads of the little ones about "Charlotte!"

Children have been individualized in modern literature. The sculptors of the renaissance, as its painters, did not represent the individual. They generalized; the cherubs of the painters and sculptors are typical. The first child that inspires a profound and personal interest is Goethe's "Mignon;" it is subtly individualized. Less poetic, less imaginative, as creations, but closer to us, are Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy" and "Eva," George Eliott's "Maggie," and Charlotte Brontë's creation in "Vilette." Wordsworth's little girl in "We are Seven" is suggestive and touching; the simplicity and naïve persistency of childhood were never more felicitously expressed. Aldrich's reputation as a poet was made by, and will probably rest upon, "Babie Bell," with its music and fancy and charm, and the perfumed and dainty and touching grace of which mixes with our very dreams of babyhood, and seems not less exquisite than the gift of its life.

It is worthy of remark, that authors, whose genius is fed by passion, have not given any place to childhood in their writings. Victor Hugo is the only exception. Neither in the works of Alfred de Musset, nor in George Sand, nor in Rousseau, nor in Burns, nor in Poe, do we find the figure of a child. Writers deficient in passion, but tender and contemplative, like Wordsworth, Longfellow, Whittier, and Hawthorne, or simply domestic, like Mrs. Stowe, have frequently given us portraits of children, and have expressed the beautiful fact and sentiment of their most personal life.

Hail to children! Their glad faces, their fleeting tears, their playfulness, have interested us more than "Tom Jones" or the "Red-Cross Knight." "Cosette" is almost as beautiful as "heavenly Una." Children! They rule the world. The mother and the child are the two sacredest figures in our modern life and literature. We have no fair and fatal Venus, no Druid priestess, no white vestal, keeping the sacred fires of sanguinary

altars, but simply woman and child to enlist the enthusiasm of love. A blossomless bough, a fruitless tree, a nestless bush—these are not more dull and dead to the eye than a home without children. Literature not graced by them may be grave and grand, stormy and splendid; it may be tragic with passion like Byron, melancholy like Lamartine, lyric with love like De Musset, but it has nothing of the pure and tender spirit of the most beautiful pages consecrated to childhood.

THE OTTER, THE FISHERMAN'S ALLY.

THIS carnivorous quadruped conforms to the habits of his order by asking of the earth a place of shelter, but his sphere of action lies in the waters. The sea-otter is practically amphibious, and touches the seal in the transition between quadrupeds and the mammals of the ocean.

No animal series is complete without affiliation with neighboring series. While the carnivorous quadrupeds invade, by the bat tribes, the domain of air, they plunge into the waters by amphibia. The otter, like the seal, is piscivorous, naturally preferring the flesh of pike or carp to that of rabbit or lamb. It has affinities of character with the water-spaniel by its extreme docility, its playful affection, and in being an auxiliary of the sportsman, when the latter is intelligent enough to behold in it something more than a troublesome rival or even than a precious fur. The series of carnivorous hunters, in harmony with Nature's order, casts this genus into the domain of the waters where it works in fellowship with the cormorant, to the profit and pleasure of the Chinese fisherman. So in another sphere the falcon completes the pleasures of the chase, which it shares with the dog, the horse, and man. These social characteristics are far more important to be known and felt than are the anatomical points to be learned by dissecting the dead body of a beast. To the former, accordingly, we invite our readers' attention under the guidance of M. A. Toussenel, the great hunter-naturalist of our epoch. "I am disposed," says he, "to great indulgence toward my civilized fellow-creatures, because they are victims of their own ignorance in many things, but what I can hardly understand is their stupid indifference with regard to the otter. This animal was destined to hunt the waters and share the piscatory spoil with man, not to be itself hunted; and it should therefore rank among the beasts to be preserved. Men complain of the deficiency of fishing-dogs: the otter was given to console them; yet, instead of making this good-natured beast their ally in the chase of fish, they make an enemy of it—they set a price upon its skin."

Take a young otter from its mother's breast, be amiable with it, caress it as you pet your puppies, and it will soon come to cherish the same attachment for you as your spaniel; it will follow you everywhere, will grieve for your absence, will salute your return with little stampings of joy, and, when you have indoctrinated it with your opinions on the superiority of butcher's meat over fish, it will be converted to that faith. Request it then to seek for you in a neighboring river or pond a respectable fish, it will plunge headforemost and presently bring it to your feet. Take care, however, on such occasions, to influence its morals by a slice of beef or mutton, which it will not be indelicate to present to it in exchange for its booty. At Verdun-sur-Meuse, not long since, I saw an otter thus trained, who was the delight of his master and the admiration of all amateurs. The history of unfortunate Poland records the glory and the fate of an otter, the pet of King Casimir, whose wonderful craft long excited the envy of all the water-spaniels at court. A soldier, on guard at the palace, assassinated it one day, to make a muff of its skin for his sweetheart. Its royal master wept for it. The Swedish nobles also are recorded to have kept otters in their service, which would go, at a signal from the cook, catch fish, and bring it into the kitchen to be dressed for dinner. Audubon and Bachman say, that "young otters, raised by one

of them, became, in two or three days, as gentle as the pups of the domestic dog. They preferred milk and mush to either fish or meat of any kind, until they were several months old. On entering our study they would crawl into our lap, mount upon our table, and romp among our books and papers, often upsetting the inkstand."

The Chinese, whom we treat like a community of maggots, and who retort upon Europe the stigma of barbarism, are far more advanced than ourselves in the art of making use of beasts, and have for centuries completely domesticated the otter. These creatures are trained to fish in company, to attack, to pursue, to snap up and to deliver their game. This is a much more animated sport than line-fishing, and we may ask in behalf of the Chinese, however inferior to us in the arts of bombarding unresisting cities, and of poisoning foreign nations by compulsory commerce with narcotic drugs, whether the art of instructing intelligent beasts is not a higher and a better occupation.

The remarkable examples which the otter has given of his intelligence and docility whenever a fair trial has been made of these qualities, have not yet succeeded in opening the eyes of our poor fishermen, and they have declared upon him a war of extermination, instead of seeking to make use of his superior aptitudes. Then the otter, exasperated and forced to make reprisals, takes most lively pleasure in depopulating the ponds and streams. Some of them have been known, as if with the desire of raising the jealous fury of the fisherman to a white heat, to amuse themselves with strewing every night his favorite haunts with the bones of immense carps and other fishes.

One of the poacher's keenest enjoyments is to poach under the beard of the police and the public order, when he is protected against them by any barrier, a river for example. The otter, which has often chanced to witness this manoeuvre, delights to imitate it. As it knows very nearly the range of a shot-gun, it likes to amuse itself by sitting on the bank at a respectable distance from the marksman. It breakfasts familiarly before him, rolls on the sand, and gambols provokingly. Some pretend to go to sleep at the noise of the firing.

There are otters also who have sworn eternal hatred to civilized institutions, and have decreed the penalty of death against any one amongst them who should betray the right of free fishery, by entering the service of man. And the tamed otters know so well the fate that awaits them in the society of their brothers and sisters of the Wilde, that you cannot make them put one paw before the other on days when they have wind, by sight, scent, or hearing, of a free member of their family.

The otter-chase is really an ambush; dogs, however, some-

times hunt it. It is also taken, without much trouble, in snares. It gives birth to five or six young in the spring, the little ones repairing to the water like young ducks, as soon as they have strength to walk. It earths itself under shaded banks, under rocks, or the roots of old trees. Audubon has found otters nestled in the hollow of a tree, on a bed of water-grasses, strings of inner bark, and other soft substances. The hole leading up into their nests is always burrowed under water. The otter plunges into snow as into water, when dogs pursue it, and when the river, its natural refuge, is frozen by a hard winter. Its rapid succession of sudden appearances and disappearances is certainly the most curious of all the manoeuvres of the chase that I have ever witnessed. The favorite sport

of the otter, says Mr. Godman, is sliding. For this purpose, in winter, the highest ridge of snow is selected, to the top of which the otter scrambles, where, lying on the belly with the fore-feet bent backward, they give themselves an impulse with their hind-legs and swiftly glide head foremost down the slope, sometimes for twenty yards. This sport they continue apparently with the keenest enjoyment, until fatigue or hunger induces them to desist. Cartright, Hearne, Richardson, and Audubon confirm this observation.

Travellers, who have fished in China, relate having seen good otters, well trained, sold frequently at the price of four hundred dollars. Why have our fishermen and poachers never conceived the idea of establishing a primary school for the education of otters, as one has been started in the Pyrenees for the bears?

The statistics of the French otter-hunting show that an average of four thousand otters are annually destroyed in France. But this destruction is chiefly effected by snares

and ambushes, together with the help of the dog, which is thus *particeps criminis*.

All treatises on hunting, in French, English, Spanish, German, etc., expatiate in detail on the chase of the otter with dogs. It is hard, at first, to understand how a beast that does not leave the water can be hunted by dogs that do not leave the land, but this is better seen on the field of manoeuvres. The otter must come often to the surface, and is pursued along small water-courses where the dogs can keep the banks. In Lorraine I have seen poor devils of otter-hunters travel twenty-four miles in chase of the same animal, and miss him at last or be overtaken by night. They caught, I'll warrant, more rheumatisms and pleurisies than bank-notes. At least three are needed for this villany—two men and one dog. The men are armed with long lances to thrust into every hole, while the successful dog requires uncommon courage, scent, and perseverance; and, as servants of this merit are not sold by the gross, it results that the true otter-chase has but few amateurs.



The American otter (*Lutra Canadensis*) inhabits our whole range of fresh waters, but is more frequently met between Chesapeake Bay and the Mexican Gulf. Audubon finds but one species, varying, with the climate, in its fur like the raccoon, the mink, or the rabbit. The sea-otter is nearly twice as big as his fresh-water cousin, and has the finest fur. It inhabits isles and deltas of the North Pacific coast of both continents, and used to abound near San Francisco.



J. W. Audubon saw one in the San Joaquin River, where the bulrushes grew thickly. It suddenly emerged upon a drift-log, a hundred yards above the party. On being shot at, it slid into the water and sank without a ripple, but after a minute raised its head and then began diving as after fish. It seemed as much at ease in the water as a grebe, and remained under the surface as long as a loon. After a second shot it appeared frightened, swam rapidly to the opposite shore, and disappeared in the rushes. "It seems," says Sir John Richardson, "to have more the manners of the seal than of the land-otter. It frequents rocks washed by the sea, resides mostly in the water, and is often seen very remote from the shore."

TABLE-TALK.

THERE has been some discussion about the title and subtitle of Victor Hugo's present romance, both in the original and the translation. The name of a work is a more important matter than the casual reader supposes. The French say it is *the* most important part of a work of fiction, especially a drama. The name of a French play, even an ordinary *vaudeville*, is often changed three or four times, after consultations, numerous and serious, of the manager, the authors, and their friends. It is not altogether unamusing to note, in this connection, that minor authors (the great stars, we suppose, must

always be allowed to choose for themselves) are constantly disagreeing with their publishers about the titles of their works. To maintain that one side is invariably wrong in these differences of judgment, would be a rash generalization. Sometimes the author has good reason to complain. The late Henry P. Leland contributed to a magazine some very amusing sketches of artist-life in Italy, under the neat and appropriate title of "Maccaroni and Canvas." When these were afterward collected into a volume, the publisher called the book "Americans at Rome," which was a threefold misnomer. The persons treated of were not Americans generally, but American artists; they were not Americans only, but artists from various countries; finally, they were not merely at Rome, for some of the sketches referred to other Italian localities. In this case we may suppose the publisher seduced by the word *American*. Publishers and editors have, or used to have, a weakness for the word *American*, as implying something grandiose, wide-reaching, and necessarily popular. A fugitive writer, at intervals of several years, contributed, to two English periodicals and an American paper, three series of what the French call *studies*, all having titles with direct reference to their subjects. He was somewhat surprised and amused to note that the three editors, in different countries and at different times, all wished to change these titles for the same general one, "Sketches of American Society." On the other hand, a publisher's technical knowledge often saves an author from a title already appropriated, or likely to mislead, or objectionable on some other account. The writer of a treatise on government, published not long ago in this city, wished to give it a name which would have caused it to be mistaken for a novel. Thus far we have been proceeding on the supposition that the title of a literary work should have some connection with the subject; but the illustrious authority of Sir Walter Scott reminds us that there are two opinions about that matter. Scott instanced his "Ivanhoe" as a *perfect* title for a romance, because "it gave no hint of the story." A hypercritic might have joined issue with him, and contended that *Ivanhoe*, being the name of an English manor, suggested an English story. It would be possible even to refine on this point, and to argue that the name was not only suggestive, but misleading. Many titles of books have been misleading, some intentionally, some unintentionally. The "Purple Island" of Fletcher's old poem is the *human heart*. There is a quaint book of the last century called "Wanley's Wonders of the Little World." The *little world* is man, often styled by philosophers a *microcosm*, and the work is made up of stories, true and false, about the fortunes, virtues, sins, caprices, and deformities of various individuals and personages. In our own time we have "Ruskin on Sheepfolds," not agricultural, but architectural folds; and Miss Evans's "Mill on the Floss," which, appearing as it did just at the time of the Heenan and Sayers fight, was largely purchased by such of the pugilistic fraternity as could read, under the impression that it was a sporting novel. Indeed, this unlucky title gave rise to a double batch of mistakes, many booksellers supposing the "Mill" to be a proper name, whence it appeared in catalogues thus:

Mill on Liberty.

— on Political Economy.

— on the Floss.

The main title of Victor Hugo's present romance is, in some respects, a misleading one, as the reader will be able to see for himself by-and-by.

The gift of \$750,000 by Mr. Peabody, to erect suitable buildings for the poor of London, has been expended, and the trustees report completed accommodations for 1,971 persons, who are workmen of all kinds, with average wages of \$5.25 per week. The trustees state that, in the organization and management of these buildings, it has been their study to impose no restrictions on the entire freedom of action of any tenant, so far as is consistent with the comfort and convenience of all:

there are no rules which interfere in the slightest degree with their privacy or independence; all have uninterrupted ingress and egress at all hours, are as fully masters of their houses, and can live in as much seclusion and retirement, as if dwelling in any other building in the adjacent streets.

They state that the sanitary condition of the buildings shows an entire exemption from endemic diseases and from those complaints incident to low and crowded localities. Good ventilation and cleanliness are characteristic of the dwellings. An unlimited supply of water and bath-rooms free to every tenant, together with enclosed playgrounds for the children, have already produced a salutary effect, not only among the young, but perceptibly in the increased tidiness and cleanliness of the old.

The laborers are allowed the use of these privileges at the lowest possible rent, and much good will be done, not only by the immediate and direct relief which will be afforded, but by setting an example, on a conspicuous scale, of what can be done to help the working-classes. Mr. Peabody has subsequently added two donations of half a million dollars each, to erect lodging-houses in different parts of London.

The passers through Union Square, New York, on a bright March Sabbath, were amused by a performance, certainly not "down in the bills," which constitute the free picture-gallery of that part of the city. Two little girls were playing by one of the hard, backless benches which belong to the conventional discomforts of city-squares, and one of them, a little blooming four-year-old, was "laid out" on the bench. Her dress of crimson wool was spread over it, so as to extend around her like the leaves of a great rose of which she was the heart, and a gray shawl covered the plump ankles and simulated the winding-sheet. The fat little fingers overcame the difficulty of folding themselves, the wide-awake blue eyes consented to be shut, and the irrepressible mirth at the corners of the rosy mouth did its best to grow quiet into the sweet likeness of a marble sleep. Then the companion became the mourner, and the two children were playing dead.

Happy, holy childhood, so unstained and pure, that the grim terror of humanity is to them but as the sunshine and the flowers, and to whom the skeleton myth of our manhood becomes only a rosy plaything for babes! Is not Greenwood full of such children, who have only lain down there to look up soon on the sweet-faced angel of the resurrection, and laugh as they tell him they have been playing dead?

Of all the immigrants the Old World has sent us, none have a kindlier appreciation than the little English sparrows, now so numerous in all our parks and streets. We hear their gay chirp when we wake in the morning, and find them in our daily walks, if trees or green squares lie in our way, hopping in and out of our path, and making the city streets cheerful and pleasant with their happy twitterings. One may always pause, if in Union, Madison, or Washington Square, and watch their lively antics with genuine pleasure. They are so unmindful of your presence, that a wing will, at times, almost brush your face. They carry on all their affairs, heedless of the group of admirers that so often collect to observe them—sing their love-songs, choose their mates, build their nests, nurse their young, make their bath, and look like little incarnations of peace and happiness, without a thought or notice of the heart-sore crowds of men and women around them.

In Union Square, somebody, with more zeal than taste, has erected what he calls a "Sparrow Hotel." It is a big, elaborate structure, containing several hundred apartments for nests, painted and gilded to the highest possibility of gayety, and decorated to excess with eccentric ornaments. The sparrows, however, with delightful good taste, prefer the brown little boxes hid away among the leaves of shady trees, and only take

up their homes in the gay "hotel" when modest quarters cannot be found. It seems strange that our city authorities have not the power to prevent public grounds from being made an arena in which anybody may display his crude and vulgar tastes. The sparrows are delightful additions to our pleasure-grounds; may they multiply! but spare us, zealous friends, from these childish and vulgar devices, erected in the name of beauty, but which, in truth, are so detestably ugly!

The condition of the English work-people in mines and factories still forms a matter for official investigation and public discussion. The report of a Parliamentary committee, appointed for an inspection of factories, condemns the employment of women on pit-banks and in clay-mines, and draws a painful picture of the morals and manners of these workers. Their scanty dresses, the attitudes they are compelled to assume, the evil associations they form, "tend to an obscenity of language and manner which cannot be described." "A woman," the report goes on to say, "could hardly work in these yards, bespattered with clay, and a witness to the most brutalizing examples, while she had any purity of moral sense. But, driven as a child from home by the spendthrift sensuality of parental greed, she is early initiated to a most degraded condition of life, and, day by day covered with the dirt of her occupation, no wonder she delights in every thing which adds to her material indulgences, and becomes the pariah she is."

The *London Student*, established recently under the management of a corps of able professors, died before it was six months old; and now the *Museum*, for some years the leading English educational monthly, announces its own demise with the last issue.

Why is this? and why is it that our own educational journals drag out their existence at such a "poor dying rate," that the presumptions are constantly against their continuance, while many of them can only maintain the breath of life by voluntary subsidies or State aid? It is not because the subject is uninteresting, for there is to-day, to the very borders of civilization, a deeper concern in educational questions than the world has ever before witnessed. It is not because the subject is exhausted; for, when taken up by bold and independent minds, new aspects of it are constantly presented, which arrest universal attention and command the public sympathy. The reason is, that educational journals are professional, and therefore appeal to a narrow constituency. They are not designed for the general public, and therefore do not reach it. Pedagogical in spirit, dealing with the technicalities of instruction, and squabbling interminably over petty questions of school-room detail, they are absorbed in matters which pertain specially to teachers, and the public consequently cares little about them. Another reason for this public neglect is, that there is a wide-spread instinctive feeling that what now passes under the name of education, and the claims of which are so loudly vaunted, is very far from being the thing which this age requires. There is a chaos of views and a conflict of systems which indicate a period of profound transition. There is a distrust of our inherited methods, and a hope of something better; and, as teachers are generally the salaried dependants of an existing system, they are tacitly regarded, whether justly or not, as its defenders, and their literature as belonging to the past rather than to the present or the future.

No doubt, teachers must have their own journals devoted to their class interests, but, with reference to education as a public concernment, the people will look to the public press for discussion and enlightenment. The truth is, education has a relation to the general welfare of society, and to other public questions, so intimate and vital as to forbid its divorce from them in popular thought. Hence journals exclusively educational are very little cared for.

The fifth number of APPLETONS' JOURNAL will be accompanied by a cartoon, the same size as the one presented with the first number, giving a view of the Levee at New Orleans, a scene conceded to be one of the most varied and bustling of any in America.

Literary and Scientific Notes.

THE *London Examiner* gives a lengthy and very appreciative review of Mr. F. O. C. Darley's "Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil." This charming little volume, in which Mr. Darley first appears as an author, gives one of the most graphic pictures of European life the press has recently produced. The *Examiner* says of it: "We wish it were in our power to communicate in some way the interest with which these admirable sketches may be said to inspire the book, but it would be useless to attempt a description of them; we can only say they are numerous and varied, always spirited and piquant. We strongly recommend our readers to procure the book. We have dwelt chiefly on the art-criticism, because we felt that that was our author's strongest point, where we found the most original ideas; but the little volume is full of the pleasant experiences of travel. It is written with the buoyant spirit of a man who is enjoying himself thoroughly, with the discrimination of one who can duly appreciate the treasures, the antiquities, or the novelties that are shown to him."

The bee-fanciers of Germany have had a convention at Darmstadt. The German *Bee Journal* says, that when the celebrated bee-masters arrived at the Darmstadt station, although they had never met before, yet recognizing each other by long photographic familiarity, they rushed into each other's arms and embraced, kissed, and squeezed hands with a sentiment and enthusiasm which is rarely manifested outside of Germany. Professor Leuckart gave an interesting discourse on social insects: bees, humble-bees, insects, and wasps. In the course of his remarks he made a curious calculation on the productiveness of the queen-bee. The queen-wasp, he observed, having, when she first begins her nest, not only to lay eggs, but also to feed the brood, can at first lay but sparingly. When the first workers are hatched, they begin to help her in building cells, as well as in feeding the brood, and her fertility is thus developed apace. In the case of the honey-bee, however, there being more or less workers in the hive the year through, the queen is able to devote herself more entirely to laying eggs, and the stronger the hive the more her fertility is stimulated. Thus, in good hives, he reckoned that queens, weighing 100 grains, would produce, in a year, 18,000 grains of eggs, or 180 times their own weight. Now, a hen, he reckons, produces only five times its own weight; so that, for a hen to equal the productiveness of the queen-bee, she must lay twenty eggs a day throughout the year, while the woman, to be equal, must have three or four children a day! Such is the effect of the division of labor, which is carried to such an extent in the hive, that the queen is exclusively an egg-laying machine.

Dzierzon stated that he attributed the size of the queens to the more or less plentiful supply of pollen in bee-bread furnished to the larvae. Should the bees, at the season when the grubs of the queens have to be fed, be too much occupied in collecting honey, the queens are apt to be born of smaller size than usual.

The question arose at what age bees first fly from the hive, and when they become honey-carriers. Von Berlepsch had fixed sixteen days from the birth of the bee as the period when she first begins to carry honey, making thirty-five or thirty-six from the laying of the egg. Dzierzon was inclined to think that this depended on temperature, season, and other circumstances. For instance, he considered, that if, by changing the place of a hive, it had been deprived of most of its carrier-bees, the young bees would be found to fly out to pasture at a week old.

Mr. Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, has given us a second volume of Western travel, which is fully as agreeable and instructive as his first. The title of the volume just issued is, "A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado." It carries the reader over the track of the Union Pacific Railway, and sets before him succinctly and clearly all the great features and statistics of that important region of country. The growth of the mineral interests of Colorado Mr. Bowles considers almost without limit. The mountains, he declares, are full of ores holding fifteen to forty dollars' worth of the metals per ton.

After doing it many times before, Oxford has again beaten Cambridge in the rowing-match. The *Pull-Mall Gazette* says that this is due to the fact that Oxford has a quick stroke of the oars, and Cambridge a slow stroke. By quicker, it refers to the time the oar-blade is in the water, not to the frequency of the stroke. The object in rowing is to produce

motion; not motion of the water, but motion of the boat; and, as the rower's force is a fixed quantity, all that he expends to produce movement of the water is so much deducted from the motion of the boat. Oxford, with its short, quick stroke, moves little or no water aft, the oar pressing as a lever against an almost fixed fulcrum; while Cambridge, with its long, slow stroke against a yielding fulcrum, moves a considerable quantity of water aft, which is so much taken from the propulsion of the boat. Oxford wins by striking its oar against the water, and withdrawing it before the water takes up its motion. Oxford moves the most boat, Cambridge the most water.

It is often said that insanity is on the increase with the growth of civilization, and the statement has been as often denied. The last elaborate statistical investigation of the subject is by Dr. Lockhart Robinson, an eminent alienist of England, who denies the alleged increasing tendency. He does not question that there are more insane persons now than formerly, in proportion to the population, but says that this higher ratio is due to the fact that, from better care and treatment, they live longer than they did, and therefore accumulate. Dr. Robinson read his paper before the Medical-Psychological Association, by whom it was generally concurred in.

Mias Martineau's "Biographical Sketches" have been reprinted in this country, by Leypold & Holt, in a very neat and pleasant-looking volume. These sketches were first published in the *London News*, and include biographies of eminent persons, in all walks of life, who have passed away since 1852. They are thoroughly readable papers, are marked by admirable analysis of character, are written with great felicity and care, and must be considered valuable contributions to our biographical literature.

The old readers of "Arnott's Physics," a book of science admirable in its time, will be glad to learn that the venerable Doctor still retains his interest in scientific education, and puts forth active efforts for its promotion. He has lately given ten thousand dollars to the University of London, the interest of which is to be bestowed as a reward for special proficiency in experimental physics.

A novelty in journalism is about to be issued in Jena, under the management of Professor Hallier. It will be devoted to the subject of vegetable and animal parasites, and is to be called the *Journal of Parasitology*. It will appear once every two months, and its communications are to be printed in the language of the author, so that French, English, Italian, and German papers may be expected in every number.

Accurate observations of the time of the transit of Venus across the sun's disk are of great importance in astronomy. This event occurs but twice in a century, and will next take place in 1882. The observations, to be of most use, must be taken near the high latitudes of the South Pole, which are difficult of access; while a winter's residence, for example, on the shores of South Victoria, would be a hazardous and terrible experience. Men of science are, nevertheless, already moving in the matter. The Royal Geographical Society of England has taken it up, and is determined to be in time in pressing upon Government the duty of sending an expedition to the Antarctic coast in 1882. It is agreed that a certain amount of training will be required of the officers and men to be sent, and, to make the enterprise a successful one, it is thought that thirteen years is none too little time for adequate preparation.

The starting-point of organic constructions is the chemistry of the leaf, by which carbonic acid is decomposed and oxygen set free. This effect has been supposed to take place only under the influence of light, but the conditions are not so clearly defined as to make further research unnecessary.

M. Bousingalt, of France, has made this subject a matter of investigation, and has lately presented the results of a new series of studies upon it. His question was, Does decomposition of carbonic acid, by leaves, take place in diffused light? If once commenced, does it go on in darkness? His mode of inquiry was based upon the fact that phosphorus does not shine in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, but becomes fluorescent as soon as a little oxygen is mixed with it. Having ascertained that phosphorus is not hurtful to plant when placed near them, he put leaves of laurel in a vase of carbonic acid, containing also phosphorus, and exposed it to the sun. Oxygen being liberated, the phosphorus becomes fluorescent. When the vase is placed in darkness, the fluorescence ceases, after a varying number of seconds, and lasts the longer the smaller the surface exposed by the phosphorus. This arises from the phosphorus requiring a certain time to absorb all the oxygen engendered in the last moments of exposure. With a sufficient surface of phosphorus the fluorescence ceases instantaneously, from which it is inferred that the process of liberating oxygen does not go on in the dark, but only when subjected to the motive force of light.

Researches on the solar atmosphere have been carried on by Frankland and Lockyer, of London. They have lately forwarded a letter to the French Academy on the "Constitution of the Sun," in which they admit of but a single solar atmosphere, and believe that its density is inferior to that of the terrestrial atmosphere. They explain this by the pressure being less. What else was contained in the communication, M. Dumas was unable say, as he could not make out Professor Frankland's handwriting. It is to be feared that Frankland has gone so deeply into the new chemical symbolism, that it has demoralized his chirography.]

The Museum.

THE ingenuity of private enterprise in baffling governmental taxation upon trade is inexhaustible. At one period a great deal of lace was smuggled into France, from Belgium, by means of dogs trained for the purpose. A dog was caressed and petted at home, fed on the fat of the land, thence, after a season, sent across the frontier, where he was tied up, half starved, and ill treated. The skin of a bigger dog was then fitted to his body, and the intervening space filled with lace. The dog was then allowed to escape, and make his way home, where he was kindly welcomed with his contraband charge. The custom-house officials, at length getting scent of the practice, made an exterminating war upon the dogs; and, by offering a bounty of three francs apiece for their destruction, they got rid of 49,278 dogs from 1820 to 1886.

Perhaps one of the most delicious pieces of diplomatic affectation on record is the letter of introduction given by the Spanish sovereigns to Columbus, to be delivered to the potentates of the world he was going to discover. It runs as follows:

FERDINAND and ISABELLA to KING ———:

The sovereigns have heard that he and his subjects entertain great love for them and for Spain. They are, moreover, informed that he and his subjects very much wish to hear news from Spain, and send, therefore, their admiral, Ch. Columbus, who will tell them that they are in good health and perfect prosperity.

GRANADA, April 30, 1492.

The persecution of Quakers was not confined to New England; the old Virginia tobacco-planters were equally hostile to them. In a law of 1668 we find it enacted: "Every master of a ship, or vessel, that shall bring in any Quakers to reside here, after the first of July next, shall be fined five thousand pounds of tobacco." Again: "Any person inhabiting this country, and entertaining any Quaker in or near his house, to preach or teach, shall, for every time of such entertainment, be fined five thousand pounds of tobacco."

A singular custom prevails among the ancient families of Bretagne: a bride wears her lace-adorned dress but twice, once on her wedding-day, and only again at her death, when the corpse lies in state for a few hours before it is placed in the coffin. After the marriage ceremony the bride carefully folds away her dress in linen of the finest homespun, intended for her winding-sheet, and each year, on the anniversary of the wedding-day, fresh sprigs of lavender and rosemary are laid upon it until the day of mourning comes, when the white marriage-garment

leaves its resting-place, once more to deck the lifeless form of her who wore it in the hour of joy and hope.

Three hundred and twenty-five years have now elapsed since one of the earliest introductions to botany upon record was published in four pages, folio, by Leonhart Fuchs, a learned physician of Tübingen. At that period botany was nothing more than the art of distinguishing one plant from another, and of remembering the medical qualities, sometimes real, but more frequently imaginary, which experience, or error, or superstition, had ascribed to them. Little was known of vegetable physiology, nothing of vegetable anatomy, and even the art of arranging species systematically was still to be discovered. Botany was merely the gathering of herbs.—*Dr. Lindley.*

In Japan the bridegroom purchases his wife of the bride's parents, and is supposed not to have seen her till they meet at the hymeneal altar. The religious ceremony of marriage takes place in a temple. The pair, after listening to a lengthy harangue from one of the attendant priests, approach the holy altar, where large tapers are presented to them. The bride, instructed by the priest, lights her taper at the sacred censer, and the bridegroom, igniting his from hers, allows the two flames to combine and burn steadily together, thus symbolizing the perfect unity of the marriage state, and this completes the ceremony.

The art of starching, though known to the manufacturers of Flanders, did not reach England till 1564, when Queen Elizabeth first set up a coach. Her coachman, named Baerman, was a Dutchman; his wife understood the art of starching, a secret she seems exclusively to have possessed, and of which the queen availed herself.

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NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.—No. 1.

NEW YORK FROM THE SEA.

AS the steamer enters New York Bay from the sea, and sails between the villa-crowned shores of Staten and Long Islands, through that contracted passage known as the Narrows—the gate-way of our Western world, through which ceaselessly come and go the great ships and steamers, bearing flags of every nation, and connecting our waters with every sea—we observe on our left the massive battlements of Fort Richmond, or the water-battery of Fort Tompkins, at the lower verge of the Staten Island shore. Opposite, on Long Island shore, are similar formidable forts and batteries.

Passing amid these noble guardians of the entrance of our harbor, we see the great island-city of the Western hemisphere extending before our gaze. To the left is Bedloe's Island, a mere bank in the water, almost made for the convenience of the United States Government in the construction of a fort. Another island-fort, smaller and more insignificant, stands still farther toward the Jersey shore, and then well round the point of Governor's Island, stands old Fort Columbus, facing Castle Garden like a perpetual menace.

As we sail beyond the westerly point of Governor's Island, in our upward sweep to our North River pier, the entire splendor of the Empire City is spread before us like a dream. There are the crowd of sail upon the rivers, the puffing and busy tugs, the numerous ferry-boats, "the forest of

masts," the big ships, the mammoth steamboats, Trinity spire, looming up so nobly, the dome of the City Hall, the well-known Castle Garden, the crowded Brooklyn shores—all a brilliant and stirring panorama that few sights in the world can equal. At the extreme lower part of the island is

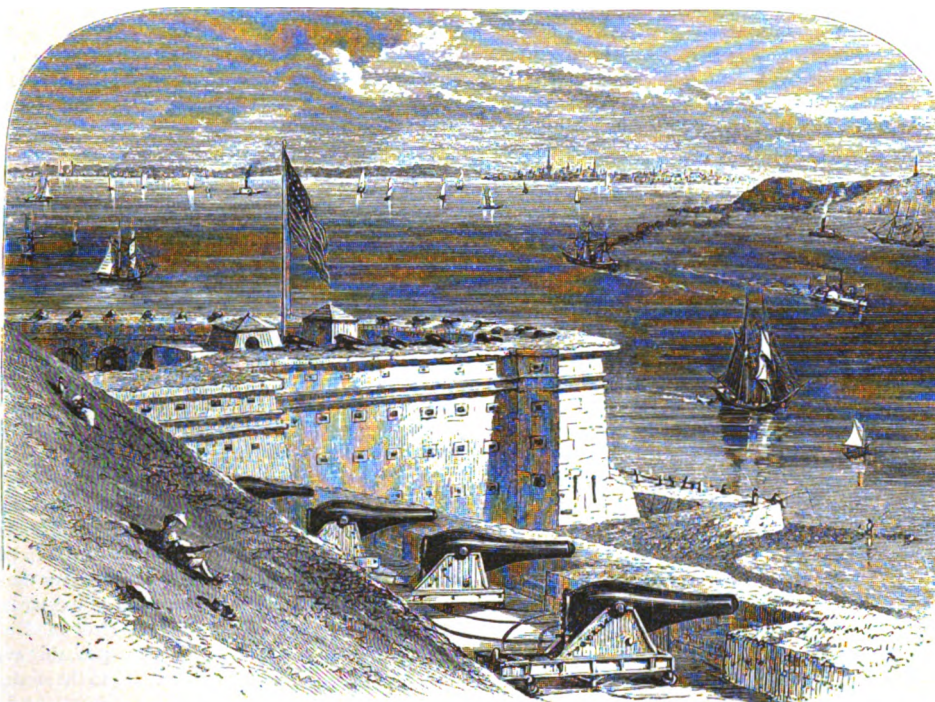
THE BATTERY.

Most striking monument of respectability and beauty run to wretchedness and squalor, that can be found in any but the oldest countries, the Battery exists to-day an example of the changes

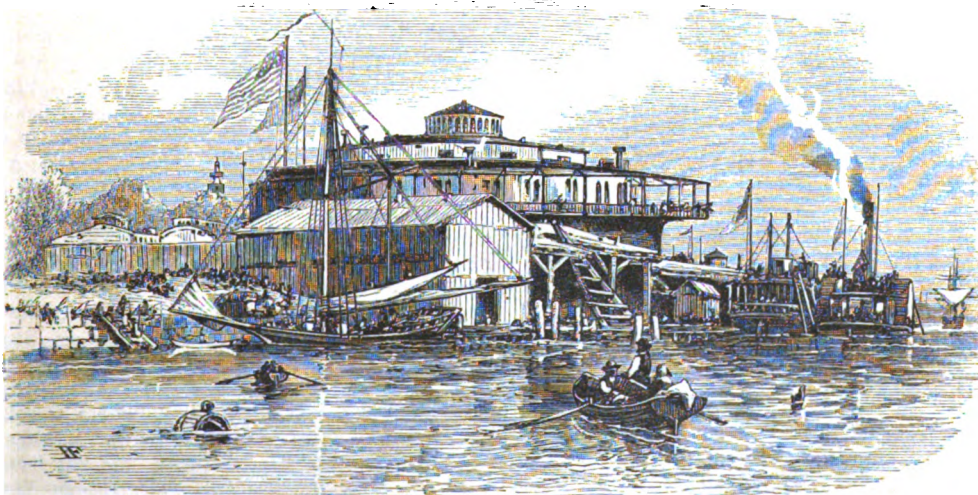
a few years will bring. Without going back to the old time, when it was a great grass-grown field, sprinkled with windmills and made homely with flocks and herds of pasturing sheep and cattle, men still in their prime can recollect it as the favorite promenade of the wealthiest and most fashionable class of the city. Hither came, on pleasant summer evenings, the fathers and mothers of the generation of to-day, for health, the fresh sea-breeze, flirtation, and enjoyment generally. They, in their unex-

panded thought, had more faith in it than their sons and daughters have in Central Park. They believed its plain stone wall and massive wooden railing were a monument of enterprise and engineering that could never be surpassed, and they were happy in their simple feeling, and content. Why, even fifteen years ago, there still remained an oasis of attraction for the votaries of art and fashion which may be

regarded as the last link connecting the tide that flowed up town with the extremity of the island. This link was Castle Garden. In its own name and that of the ground whereon it stood, it explained the military nature of its origin. In times when 20-inch Rodmans were unknown and a "long 32" was regarded as the noblest work of



New York from Fort Richmond.



View of Castle Garden and Battery from the Bay

artillerist genius, this unsightly old mass of circular masonry-work was the guardian sentinel upon Manhattan's bay-girt shores. After Castle Garden had smoothed its grim-visaged front of war and got rid of the iron bulldogs that grinned so menacingly from its embrasures, it went to the other extreme and gave itself up in a reckless man-

to the lascivious pleasing of the lute. In point of fact, it became a music-hall. Therein, after it had gone through divers minor vicissitudes, was triumphantly introduced to the American public the incomparable Jenny Lind. Therein Jullien, in November, 1853, gave us the first of his marvellous series of monster popular concerts. Even so late as the fall of 1854, Grisi and Mario and Susini made its ancient walls echo to their melodious strains, and, for the last time, brought, thronging by Bowling Green and the Washington Hotel, long lines of carriages of appreciative throngs of upper tenor. This was Castle Garden's closing glory. Within a few months it was transformed into an immigrant depot, and all its classic memories blotted out forever, except as they are held green in lingering memories. From this period forth the Battery degenerated with a velocity shocking to behold by citizens who had known it in its better days. It became a prey to the speculations of ruthless municipal officials and their friends, and rapidly sunk into the condition of a desolate and dissipated waste. A well-known public character obtained a contract to "fill in" the space between the old line of the Battery and the shoal just outside. He has been filling it for about twelve years, and the work seems as far from completion as ever. Instead of an addition to the space and beauty of the spot, it has been degraded to the level of a colossal dust-heap on one side and mouldering reminiscence of vegetation on the other. The

very trees have become infected with the demoralizing atmosphere of the place, and even those scarcely arrived at maturity show signs of speedy dissolution. The usefulness of the Castle Garden Emigrant Depot, as a means of shielding from extortion and violence the multitudes continually arriving here from

other countries, is the only redeeming feature of the place. That, at least, is an inestimable benefit to the most defenceless portion of the community.

TRINITY CHURCH.

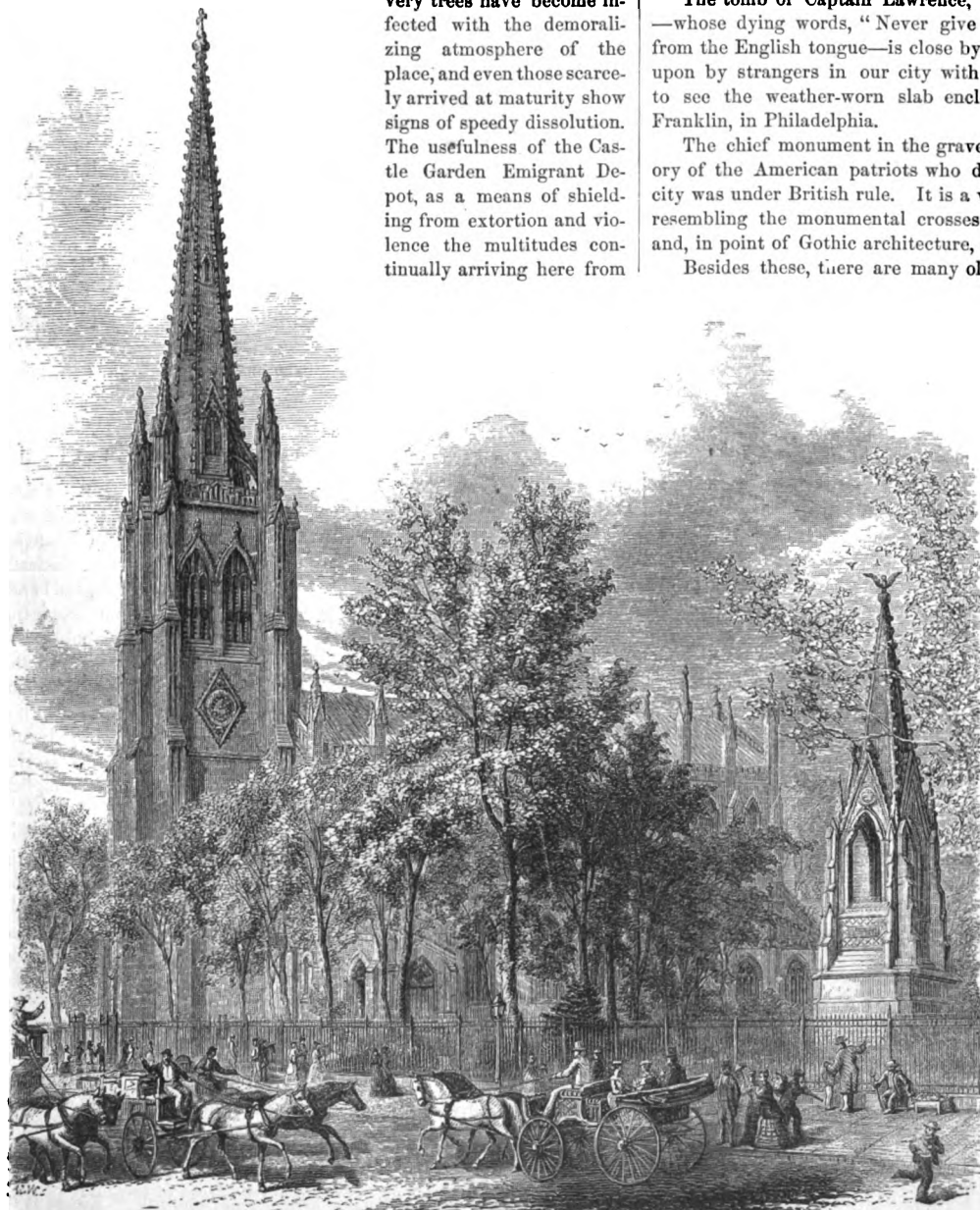
All New-Yorkers are proud of Trinity Church. The architecture is not the pure Gothic—so rarely attained—but the height of the steeple (two hundred and eighty-four feet), and its general architectural beauty and solidity redeem it from any slurs that may be thrown out by hypercritics. Moreover, there is hardly any thing pinchbeck in the entire structure. It is solid brown-stone, from foundation to spire, with the exception of the roof, which is wood. The walls of the church itself are fifty feet in height, and the whole edifice is generally recognized as one of the most elegant and cathedral-like on this continent. The graveyard of old Trinity occupies nearly two acres of ground (or it did so at one time), and within it are many venerated tombs.

Stop before this large but simple mausoleum. The winds and the rains of half a century have worn away a portion of the characters, and the thin moss which is generated from our eastern mists has cast its delicate greenness over the smooth marble; but, underneath, reposes the body of Alexander Hamilton, the friend of George Washington, and the victim of the memorable and unfortunate duel with Aaron Burr.

The tomb of Captain Lawrence, the hero of the "Chesapeake"—whose dying words, "Never give up the ship," will never perish from the English tongue—is close by the main entrance. It is looked upon by strangers in our city with the same interest that they go to see the weather-worn slab enclosing the skeleton of Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia.

The chief monument in the graveyard is that erected to the memory of the American patriots who died in British prisons while the city was under British rule. It is a very simple shaft of brown-stone, resembling the monumental crosses often found in European cities, and, in point of Gothic architecture, surpasses the church itself.

Besides these, there are many old gravestones, even within a few feet of Broadway, which are probably even more interesting to the strangers, gazing through that long line of iron railing, extending from Thames Street to Rector Street, on the west side of Broadway. Here, for instance, we have, in mouldering brown-stone lettering, the statement of the fact that "Susannah Gregory, the spouse of Jonas Gregory, died in the year 1787;" and, just beneath, despite the earth which the last rain has beaten up against the lettering, we make out (but very dimly) that the good-man Jonas followed his good-wife Susannah to the eternal rest, only two years afterward. "Thomas Wilkins, the infant son of Maria and Tobias Wilkins, aged one year three months," made a tombstone (almost illegible) for himself in 1765, when our fathers were toasting King George III. at their banquets, and before there was any idea of making a big teapot out of Boston Harbor. Next to this repose the last "mortal relics" of "George Van Krüser, slain while fighting in the War of Independence, in the year of our Lord 1781." Two lines of verse are under his name. Time has effaced them, but "George" probably sleeps as



Trinity Church and Martyrs' Monument.

soundly as if they glinted out brightly and broadly to every Broadway loungers who cares to pause and muse over these time-honored, time-stained monuments of the past.

The chimes of Old Trinity are surpassed by very few bells in the world. On all holidays the operator peals forth the most delightful music, his selections including patriotic as well as religious airs. The chimes are, indeed, considered so important that their programme for the next day is usually reported in the daily papers.

Trinity itself is the oldest church in the city. The first edifice was destroyed by fire in 1776, and was rebuilt in 1790. It was afterward (in 1839) pulled down. The present noble structure was finished and consecrated in 1846.

The view from the lookout in Trinity tower is the finest that can be afforded in the city of New York.

The view extends from the Highlands of New Jersey (and, in clear weather, from Sandy Hook), far up into the Palisades, and up among the picturesque islands that throng the throat of Long Island Sound. The perquisite received by the sexton is merely nominal, and no stranger should quit the metropolis without making this famous ascent.

In all the old churches of New York the plan of a collegiate charge was the rule. Trinity Church was considered the parish church, and, therefore, had a collegiate charge. St. John's, St. George's, and St. Paul's were considered "chapels" merely.

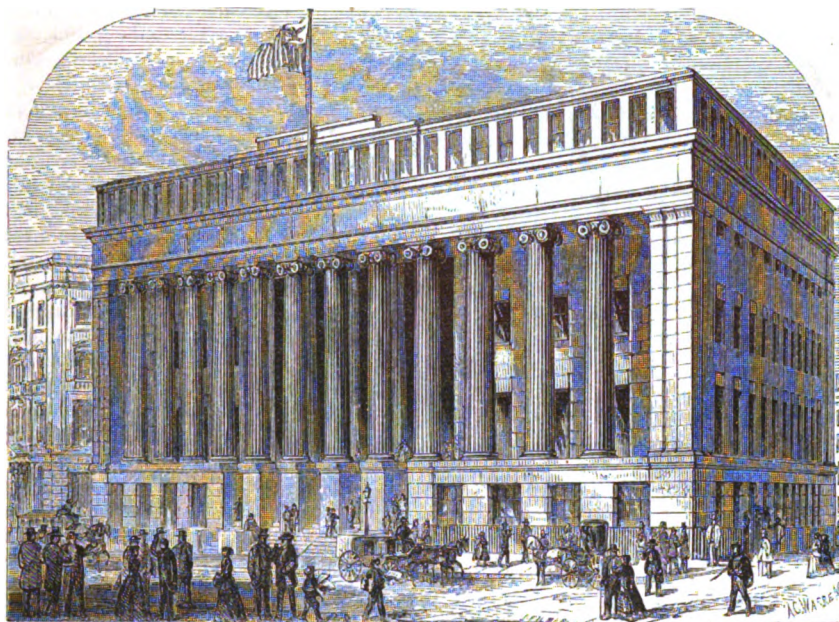
THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Once this building was known as the Merchants' Exchange. Then it was famous for the great granite pilns of the columns that supported the pediment of the front elevation. They should be as famous still. Massive cylindrical blocks such as these, fluted and otherwise cut from the most unyielding of stones, are a triumph of masonry. This present Custom-House occupies the irregular square between Wall Street, Exchange Place, William Street, and Hanover Street. Scarcely any thing but stone was employed in its construction. Mr. Isaiah Rogers was the architect, to whom the city is indebted for this really splendid piece of architecture. It is splendid because of its insured stability; and yet, great as its dimensions are, it only cost about \$1,800,000. These dimensions are a depth of 200 feet, a frontage of 144 feet, and a rear breadth of 171 feet. Its height to the top of

the central dome is 124 feet. Beneath this dome, in the interior of the building, is the Rotunda, around the sides of which are eight lofty columns of Italian marble, the superb Corinthian capitals of which were carved in Italy. They support the base of the dome, and are probably the largest and noblest marble columns in the country.

Here in this spacious and lofty apartment are gathered the principal officers of the Custom-House, and a busy crowd of merchants and clerks ceaselessly flows in and out of its ample doors. No building in our city is better worth a visit from strangers.

The fact that the original stockholders in the building, whereof this is the successor, lost every cent they had invested, has never interfered with the satisfaction felt by the present owners of stock in the concern at the profitable use they have made of the later shares they were fortunate enough to own.

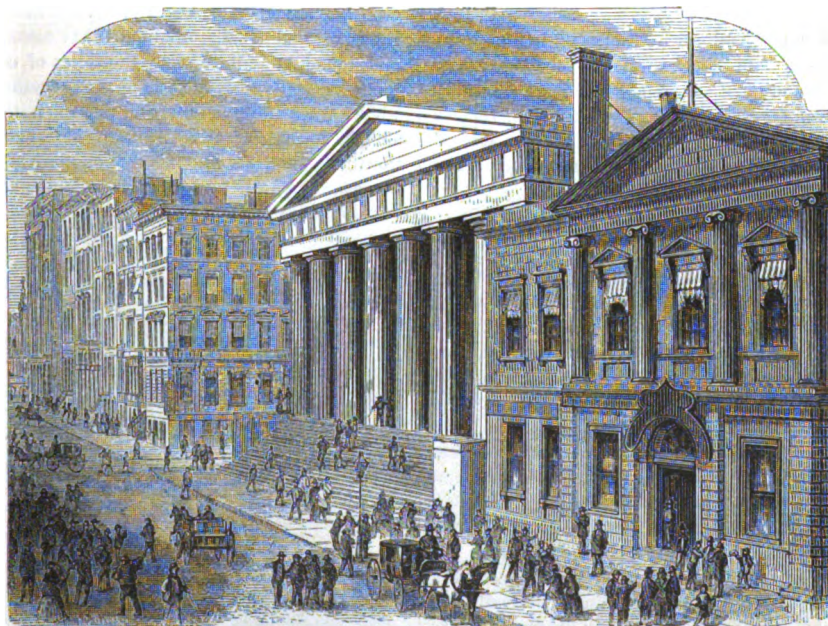


Custom-House.

THE UNITED STATES TREASURY AND ASSAY OFFICE.

This white-marble building, on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, was constructed for and long used as the Custom-House of the port of New York. The Custom-House has been removed to the more

commodious quarters afforded by the premises formerly known as the Merchants' Exchange, and Uncle Sam has located one of his chief financial offices here instead. The building is a handsome and imposing one, and would be a fine specimen of the Doric order of architecture, had it not been disfigured by unseemly accessories that mar the simplicity of the design. It is 200 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 80 feet high. The main entrance on Wall Street is made by a flight of eighteen marble steps, while on Pine Street, in the rear, the acclivity of the ground brings the entrance almost on a



Treasury Building, and Wall Street looking West.

level with the street. The old Federal Hall used to stand on this same site, and the spot is rendered classic from its being that whereon Washington delivered his inaugural address.

NASSAU STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM WALL.

A wonderfully busy street—a street noisy and full of life, as it is narrow and destitute of facilities for the incessant stream of traffic that rushes through it. Just here is where one sees the pressure on it



Nassau Street, North from Wall Street.

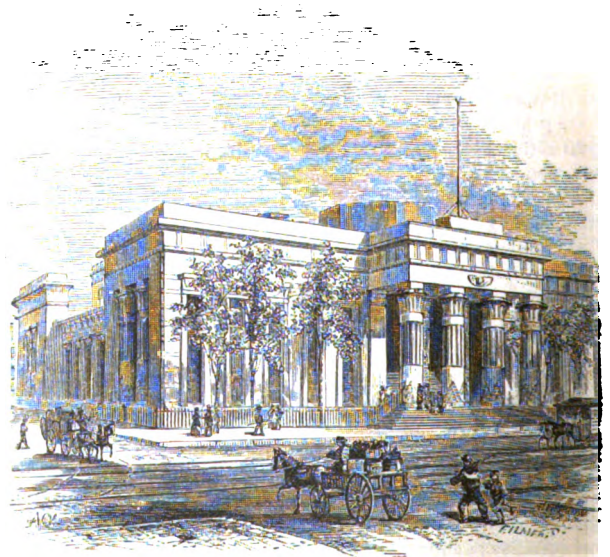
most. The Nicolson pavement is, with all its faults, an immense improvement on the noisy Belgian and other experiments that have been tried here. It affords peace and quiet to the money-changers in such temples of finance as those of Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Duncan & Sherman, the Bank of Commerce, and others that line each side of the thoroughfare. The view is virtually closed by the Post-office, and of that it is better not to give any description.

THE TOMBS.

It has not been recorded who first gave the City Prison and Criminal Court-House its expressive name; but infractors of the laws, who are sent to stay there are, undoubtedly, for the term of their confinement, virtually buried. They are dead to the world, so long as they remain there; and is there not, cast over them all, the shadow of that hideous emblem of the grim destroyer—the gallows? Those who have never visited the various departments of the Tombs, can have but a faint idea of the depravity of human nature, or the wonderful process of “case-hardening” through which a statistical average of the community seem to inevitably go. Of course, there are always prisoners within its fastnesses who command a share of sympathy; some of whom are really innocent and have no business there at all, and others under sentence for a first offence—but the majority are more wicked than the reputable orders of society can well imagine, and really seldom meet with one tithe of the punishment they deserve. Every one who has seen the Tombs knows what a parody upon a Memphian or Theban temple it appears. The waste of space in its construction is a marvel of misdirected architectural skill; yet there is a certain individuality about its heavy, squat, and general solid character that commands attention; while the elevation on Centre Street, with its overwhelming portico and pediment, and depressing area of dismal quadrangle, is a masterpiece of what genius may accomplish in the way of gratuitous gloom. Crime comes to preliminary judgment here in a room on the right-hand side as you enter. This is the Tombs Police Court,

where, as early as six or seven o'clock each morning, a district justice takes his seat upon the bench to hear what charges may be brought before him, and decide what shall be done with the prisoners. In minor cases such as drunkenness, disorderly conduct, or vagrancy, this magistrate can order summary fine, commitment, or discharge, at his discretion. Commitments are made to the jurisdiction of several higher courts, but the only one of these in the Tombs building is the Court of Special Sessions. Two justices are supposed to sit together there, and they have to deal with such matters as petty larceny, assault and battery, and certain forms of common misdemeanor. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, they strive to be a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well. As a general thing, experience has rendered them amazingly successful in this endeavor. They have known the dangerous classes so long and intimately, as to enable them, except when influenced by political interest, to be eminently discerning and impartial. A great many culprits go from this court to the cells in the interior of the Tombs. More, however, come there from the Court of General Sessions and the criminal side of the higher courts. The interior arrangements of the jail proper do not materially differ from those usually found in institutions of the kind, though many improvements might be made in the accommodations, especially in the matter of ventilation. The lack of room necessitates the crowding of prisoners together, a practice which does not work favorably on the morals of the less vicious. There are eleven cells of special strength and security, in which are convicts sentenced to death, or a life worse than death in the State prison; six others, wherein are locked up those guilty of less heinous crimes; and six more, used for hospital purposes. There are sixty more cells on the two upper tiers, for those convicted of various degrees of felony. These are on the male side. On the female side are twenty-two cells, and one-half of these are used as temporary receptacles of such cases as go no farther than the Police Court or Special Sessions. Each prisoner costs

the county an average of about thirty cents a day for his board. The inner quadrangle, formed by the series of cellular structures, is where the last penalty of the law is put in execution. Except at the moment when that penalty is enforced, there is nothing impressive or remarkable in its appearance. Still, any one, acquainted with the associations belonging to its sombre monotony of gray stone walls and narrow gratings, feels a vague, disagreeable sense of awe as he hears his own footsteps echo in hollow reverberation from its corners.



The Tombs.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The Equitable Company, judging from the character of its new building, evidently intends to last for several centuries. It may be said safely, and without invidiousness, that there is no other structure in New York so solid and substantial. The architectural design is not entirely pure, but is useful and effective. Doric is the pattern of the lower stories, composite of those immediately above, and the upper part is finished in the *renaissance* or *Mansard* roof style. What is lacking in correctness is made up in picturesque boldness of scenic outline, and few edifices on Broadway will be apt to attract more attention. The entire building has a frontage of 87 feet on Broadway, is 187 feet deep on Cedar Street, and will be 137 feet high.

HERALD BUILDING, ETC., BROADWAY.

The unfortunate Loew Bridge, which name was given to the unsightly structure that not long ago spanned Broadway at the intersection of Fulton Street, although considered a nuisance, afforded strangers an opportunity of witnessing one of the finest and busiest thoroughfares in the world, which cannot be obtained again for some years to come. It was generally shunned by citizens themselves, who would rather brave the perils of the roaring street, in among the wheels and horses' legs, than make its steep and laborious ascent, but the view from above was one well worth taking. Looking down Batteryward, there were to be seen the magnificent rows of elegant buildings stretching on either side of the way from the lower side of Fulton Street to Bowling Green, whose ancient fountain (we may call it so in this country) is just seen peeping up above the decline of the grand artery as it sweeps down to the Battery, with one current to the right, and closing at the old "Washington Headquarters," whose uppermost white story just glimmers above the hill; and the other side of the tide sweeping toward South Ferry, with a hundred stages and a dozen express-wagons navigating the difficult passages of the street.

Turn to the other side of the departed bridge, and the scene is



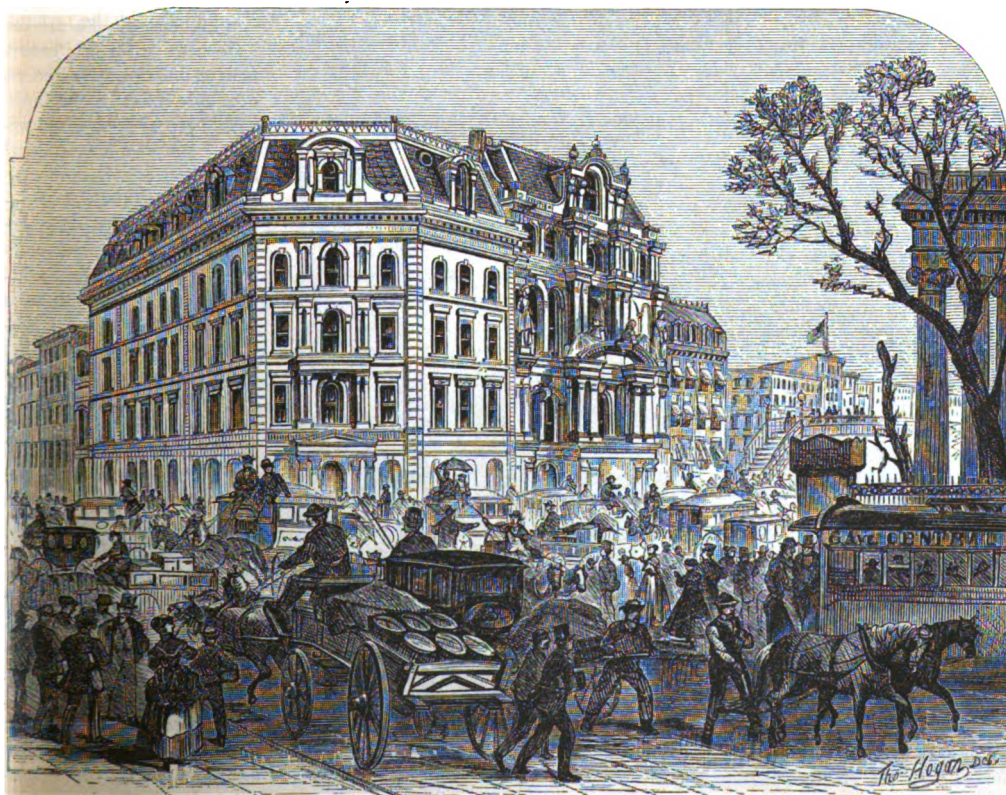
Corner Cedar Street and Broadway.

even more diversified and tumultuous. On the left is old St. Paul's, with its graveyard containing tombstones bearing dates as old as those in the grounds of Old Trinity, farther down; and on the right the *Herald* Building, and the splendid structure recently erected by the Park Bank.

The incidents connected with the erection of the former building are well known and interesting. The inception of the new *Herald* Building was coincident with the destruction, by fire, of Barnum's famous Museum in the summer of 1865. It created great excitement at the time. According to the imaginative reports of the daily press—especially the one proceeding from the *Tribune*—the stuffed wild beasts, dried alligators, preserved whales, and other inert specimens of natural history, were made to play a most extraordinary part for the amusement of the readers of the land, and, in some cases, we are sorry to state, for their deception. The result was the purchase of the ground by Mr. Bennett from Mr. Barnum, in which occurred a singular misunderstanding between the parties, leading to an estrangement which afterward provoked the famous rupture between the proprietor of the *Herald* and the theatrical managers, now happily terminated.

The Park Bank—the next building southward—is one of the most showy, if not the finest in an architectural point of view, in the city of New York. It has been erected at an immense expense, and is one of the most attractive features of Broadway. At all times crowds of people pause by the railing of St. Paul's, to stare up at its elaborate and massive marble front, its colossal figures, and its columns and pediments. It is likely for a long time to rank as an architectural boast of the metropolis.

The Astor House on the left, glancing northward, is



Broadway at lower end of the Park.

also of interest. In addition to its being one of the first-class hotels of the city, it has long been the favorite resort of army and navy men. Grant, Hooker, Farragut, Porter, and many of the rest who have recently placed their names high upon the muster-roll of fame, were wont to make this their favorite hotel when visiting the metropolis; and, it formerly was the scene of more distinguished "receptions" and entertainments than any other establishment of the kind in New York.

Our artist, in the scene delineated, has chosen probably the most animated portion of Broadway. The new *Herald* and Park Bank buildings as central objects; St. Paul's, in dark relief, to the right; the multitude of vehicles jostling their crowded way up and down the street; the wayfarers eagerly waiting for their opportunity to pass, without peril, through the press—the picture will be readily recognized and appreciated.

BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE ST. NICHOLAS.

The vista is a long, and, in its way, a strikingly picturesque one. Taking the splendid façade of the St. Nicholas Hotel itself as a starting-point, the eye gathers in on either side a range of business palaces that are not equalled for display in any other city of the world. The tall and graceful spire of Grace Church closes the view, for, at that point, Broadway makes the bend due north which leads it

to the Harlem drives. Marble and brown-stone variegates the tints that meet the eye with charming contrast, and the gradations of color thus given, lighted by clear sunlight, become

an actual presentment of effects for which the imagination of the artist might dream in vain. The actuality of incessant bustle, and even some idea of the accompanying buzz and roar, are conveyed in the picture of the scene herewith presented. The tide of stage and hack traffic; the episodal gleams of brilliant private equipages; the gay throngs of promenaders—all appear as if fresh from a sketch of one who could be both close and comprehensive in an effort at conscientious observation. A walk on Broadway has always been a perennial pleasure to the men and women of New York, and a great delight to strangers. It is related that Charles Dickens, when he first visited this country, would spend hours at his window at the hotel, watching the ever-changing tide of equipages and pedestrians. Thackeray, when here, also keenly appreciated the stir and bustle of this brilliant promenade, and was never tired of walking its pavements, and watching, with his keen, searching eye the ceaseless procession of human faces. He always pronounced it the finest street in the world. "Let us walk down Fleet Street, sir," old Dr. Johnson was wont to say, when seeking relaxation from his literary labors, or an escape from his melancholy. How the old city-loving Doctor, with his fondness for busy highways, and his hatred of the solitudes of the country, would have delighted in such a street as Broadway! To a man of his temperament, it would afford an endless means of pleasure.

There are other streets in New York that have as fine buildings, and in general symmetry of effect are even handsomer. There are also as handsome shops in other cities. For short distances, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Washington Street, Boston, and Lake Street, Chicago, almost rival Broadway in animation and gayety. But the handsome architecture of Broadway, and its bustle and life, extend for over three miles, and this is its superiority. There is continual change, and yet unbroken continuity of effect. If you begin your walk at the Battery, you first find shipping-offices, express-offices, and some of the heavier forms of merchandise. The street is full of omnibuses and trucks. The sidewalks are crowded with hurrying business people. When you reach above Wall Street, you enter the

domain of the banks, the insurance-offices, and the lawyers. Architecturally this is probably the handsomest part of the street. Above the Park you enter among the jobbers, and find the street lined with their state-ly warehouses. So far you have seen no mere promenaders, only a rushing crowd of people intent on business, with here and there a woman. As you cross Canal Street you come among the retailers, with their gay shop-windows, and the big hotels, and the theatres, and an infinite variety of indescribabilities; and now there is more elegance on the sidewalks. Well-dressed idlers begin to abound. Ladies are more frequent, and their handsome toilets give relief to the tide of dark-coated men. As you ascend, the shops get handsomer; and, by the time you reach Tenth Street, you find an utter change in all the aspects of the street. This point is the ladies' shopping-ground. Carriages are in possession of the roadway, and throngs of women in elegant costumes flock in and out of the shops. The scene is one of the brightest and gayest conceivable.



Broadway, looking North from the St. Nicholas.

FIFTH AVENUE.

Still the handsomest street in New York, though of late years losing its tone to some extent, Fifth Avenue must be cherished by native denizens, and presented to strangers as the best thing our opulence

and taste have yet been able to achieve in the line of continuously impressive architectural display. On many other streets—not mentioning Broadway—there are more elegant buildings and even more imposing private residences; but the *ensemble* of Fifth Avenue is still unrivalled. Commencing at Washington Square, its luxury and splendor have extended nearly to Central Park, until what was thought a one-mile marvel of experiment in 1854, has become a miracle of accomplishment in half a generation later. While exclusive circles have chosen more retired locations wherein to erect palatial places of abode, Fifth Avenue has consistently

represented the rage for lavish expenditure which characterizes the newly-rich, while with this class still remains mingled a considerable leaven of those who give the uppermost stratum of "society" its laws. To describe in detail the many splendid mansions that line either side of it would be to destroy the general effect and pleasure of a first im-

pression with those who have never travelled through its long extent of scarcely interrupted magnificence. It has become a type of the promiscuous shades of social quality which somehow inevitably come together—often in a manner most incongruous—in a great city like the metropolis. It has been invaded between Twelfth and Twenty-third Streets by the aggressive influences of trade. First-class stores have been constructed out of brown-stone

palaces, and dry goods, millinery, tailoring, restaurants, and music-stores are beginning to intrude upon the precincts once sacred to aristocracy and exclusiveness. There have been incursions, too, from less reputable hordes of outside barbarians. Where merchants of high standing with their families once lived, the "tiger" that

men nightly fight with ivory chips has made his lair. Faro flourishes and keno reigns supreme where fireside felicity once shed a homely lustre. And even worse than this; but that is bad enough for mention here. On one plebeian corner of the avenue, for a long time there persistently existed a painter's shop, which seemed to

scorn all temptations looking to removal. Counterbalancing, however, what is evil of these intrusions, are a number of the most attractive sacred edifices in the city. Mostly built of brown-stone in cosy, half Gothio or Elizabethan style, with shaven lawns around and bowered by the most luxurious of foliage, these places of worship are really charming in appearance. But the special beauty of Fifth Avenue is its spacious sidewalks in the fashionable season, especially on a Sunday morning that's bright and sunny. The time will be immediately subsequent to morning service. The scene may be scarcely appropriate, following so soon upon the re-

ligious exercises that have preceded it, but it is very fascinating in its freaks of worldly frivolity. What of loveliness and brilliancy in female face and form and frippery of dress that passes for two hours in a kaleidoscopic panorama, could not help but dazzle the most stoical of spectators. Nothing to compare with it can be seen elsewhere, at

any time, in any part of the world. There is another phase of life on the upper end of the avenue, which has an equal fascination for a large class of people. This is the display of splendid equipages which congregate there on the road to Central Park. All that luxury and wealth, directed by good judgment, can procure in the way of first-class horse-flesh, and a superb variety of carriages, throng briskly or sedately onward, as the fancy



Fifth Avenue, at Corner of Twenty-first Street.



Mr. A. T. Stewart's Residence, Corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street.

dictates, and form a different panorama as matchless in its way as that upon the sidewalks lower down. Of all the splendid buildings on Fifth Avenue, none will probably ever be so famous as the marble palace for Mr. A. T. Stewart, just completed at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street. This will unquestionably be, when completed, the most costly

and luxurious private residence on the continent. Even in its present unfinished state, words are almost inadequate to describe the beauty and unique grandeur of some of the details of its construction. Mr. Stewart hopes to have it ready for occupation by next fall. Before he enters it as a tenant it will have cost him nearly three millions of dollars.

The marble-work, which forms the most distinguishing characteristic of this palatial abode, receives its entire shape and finish in the basement and first floor of the building. The fluted columns (purely Corinthian, and with capitals elaborately and delicately carved), which are the most striking feature of the main hall, are alone worth between three thousand five hundred and four thousand dollars. On the right of this noble passage, as you proceed north from the side entrance, are the reception and drawing rooms, and the breakfast and dining rooms, all with marble finish, and with open doors, affording space for as splendid a promenade, or ball, as could be furnished, probably, by any private residence in Europe.

To the left of the grand hall are the marble staircase and the picture-gallery—the latter about seventy-two by thirty-six feet, lofty and elegant, and singularly well designed. The sleeping-apartments above are executed upon a scale equally luxurious and regardless of expense. Externally, the building must ever remain a monument of the splendor which, as far as opulence is concerned, places some of our merchants on a footing almost with royalty itself, and a glance at the interior will be a privilege eagerly sought by the visiting stranger.

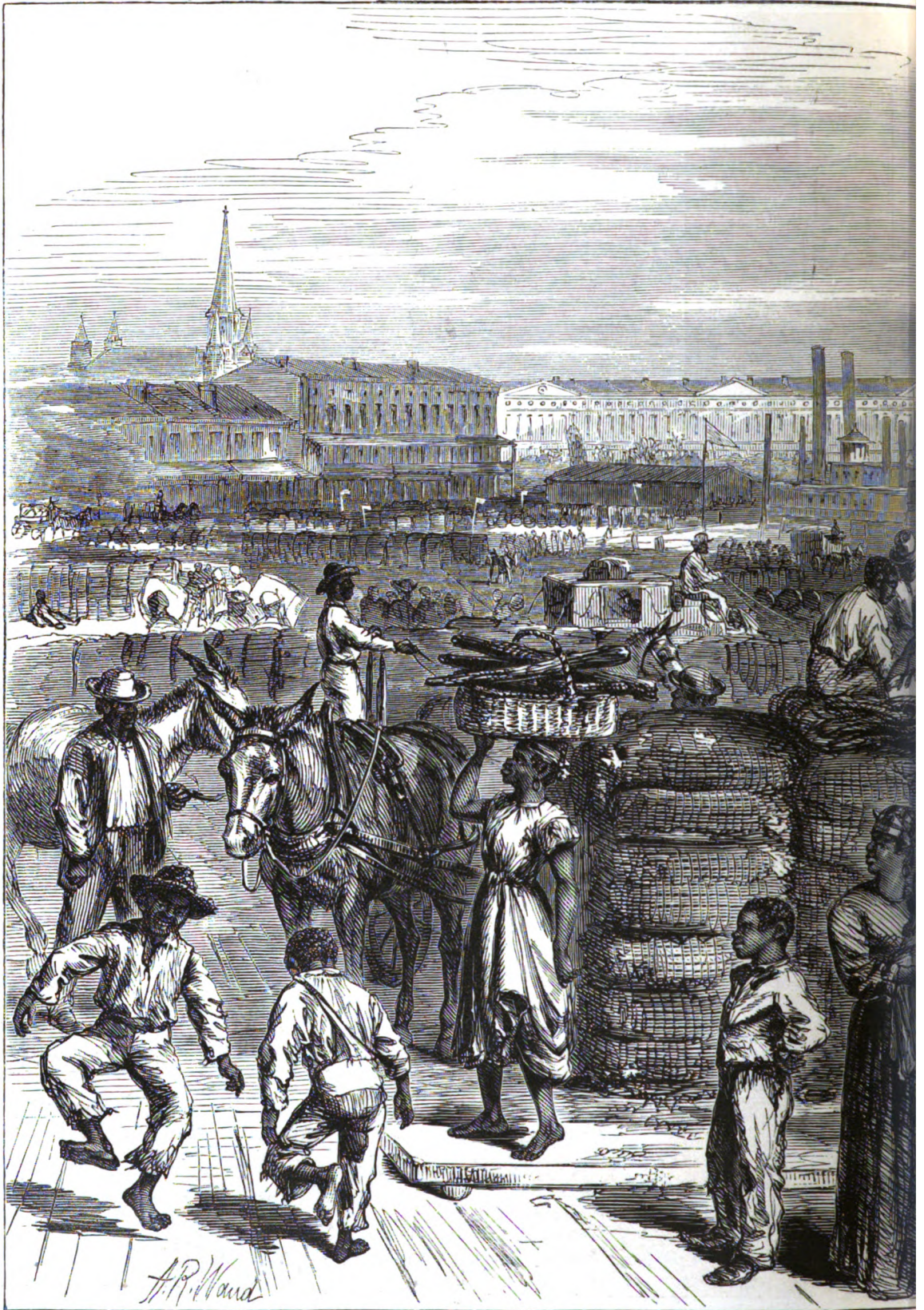
Fifth Avenue, beginning at Washington Park on Waverley Place,

terminates somewhere in the wilderness at the upper end of the island. At Fifty-ninth Street is the lower end of the Central Park, this avenue forming the eastern boundary of that famous pleasure-ground. From Waverley Place to Fifty-ninth Street is a stretch of two miles and a half, the entire length of which, with the exception of a few squares, just below the Park, is one uninterrupted succession of costly and imposing mansions. All the streets that cross it are known by numerals. The squares each side of the avenue, for its entire length, partake of the exclusive character of the Avenue itself, affording a space over two miles long and about a third of a mile wide, in which elegance and wealth reign almost supreme. There are many noble residences elsewhere in the city, but we nowhere find so extensive and unbroken a phalanx of brown-stone supremacy.

The Avenue, excepting when filled with promenaders, is almost solemn with its massive wealth. But we must peep within the palaces if we would comprehend the full extent of their splendor. Their lavish adornment is a marvel even to travelled eyes. It is known that bronzes, pictures, vases, rare and costly furniture, and articles of *sertis* generally, have one of their best markets in New York. Through the plate-glass windows the promenade may occasionally catch a glimpse of the interior elegance—flowers, vases, gilded furniture, pictures, frescoed walls, and rich upholstery. Above Fifty-ninth Street, the Avenue is, so far, very little built upon; but the lots are held at extravagantly high prices, and it cannot be doubted that ere long all this portion of the street, overlooking Central Park, will be built up with a succession of elegant villas and mansions.

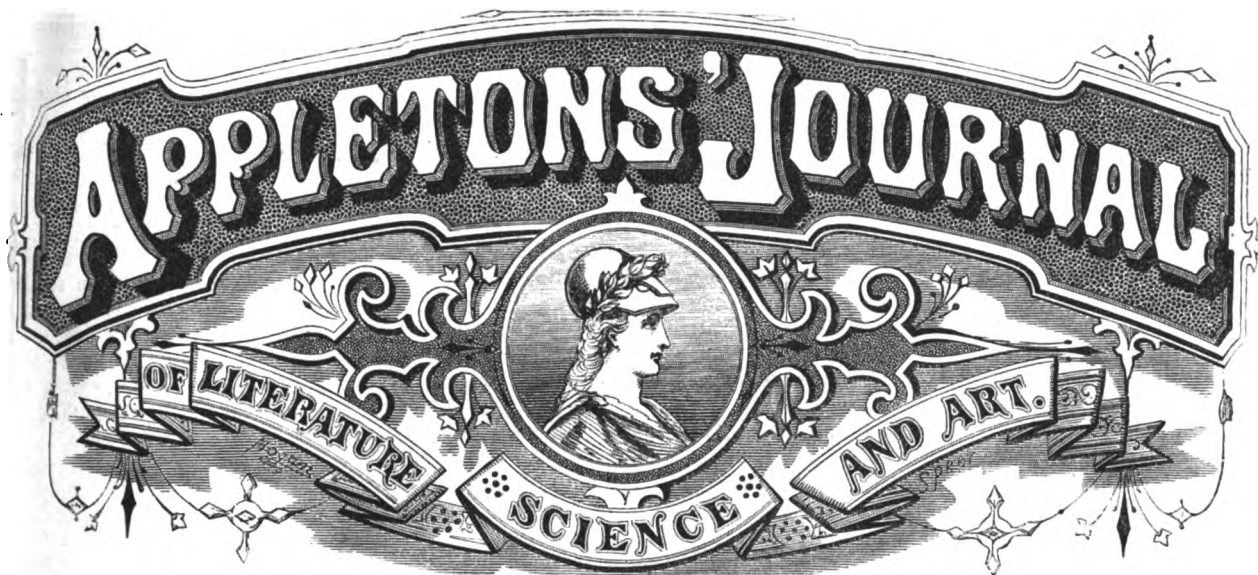


Fifth Avenue on a Sunday Morning.





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No. 5.—WITH CARTOON.]

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK III.—THE CHILD AND THE NIGHT.

I.—CHES-HILL.

THE storm was no less severe on land than at sea.

The same ferocious unchaining had taken place around the child who was abandoned. The feeble and the innocent become what they may, when blind forces expend their unconscionable anger. The shadow has no discernment; and objects have not the clemency attributed to them.

There was very little wind on shore. The cold was indeliberably motionless. No hailstones. The thickness of the falling snow was fearful. Hailstones strike, harass, bruise, shafen, crush; flakes are worse. Inexorable and soft, the flake does its work in silence. If you touch it, it melts. It is pure, the hypocrite is candid. It is by whitenesses heaped up, that the flake arrives at the avalanche, and the knave at crime.

The boy-had continued to advance in the fog. The fog is a pulpy obstacle; thence its perils. It yields, and persists. It is like snow, is full of treachery. The child, strange struggler in the midst of all these risks, had succeeded in reaching the foot of the descent, and had entered upon Chess-Hill. He was, though not aware of it, upon an isthmus, having the ocean on two sides, and unable to make a false step, in this mist, this low, this obscurity, without falling, on his right, into the deeper of the bay; on his left, into the raging waves of the high sea. He walked, ignorant, between two abysses.

The isthmus of Portland was at this period singularly rough and rude. It retains nothing now of its configuration then. Since the idea has obtained of working Portland stone into Roman cement, the whole rock has undergone a remodelling, that has done away with its primitive look. You may still find here calcareous lias, schist, and trap, growing out of banks of conglomerate, as the tooth out of the gum; but the pickaxe has broken up and levelled all those shaggy and rough peaks, where the ospreys would make their frightful perch. There are no more heights whereon might rendezvous the foul birds that omit and the stercoreary tribe, which, like the envious, are addicted to defiling high places. One may gather still, in summer,

upon this ground, which is perforated and in holes like a sponge, rosemary, pennyroyal, wild hyssop, sea-fennel, which, infused, makes a good cordial, and that herb, full of knots, that grows out of the sand, and is used for matting; but no more ambergris is picked up there, nor black tin, nor that triple kind of slate, partly green, partly blue, partly of the color of sage-leaves. The foxes, the badgers, the otters, the martens, have disappeared. There were formerly chamois in these Portland ridges, as at the farther point of Cornwall; but they are no longer there. There is fishing still, in certain hollows, for plaice and pilchard; but the salmon, scared away, no longer ascend the Wey between Saint Michel and Noal, to deposit their spawn. One sees no more, as in the time of Elizabeth, those old and unknown birds, as large as hawks, that split an apple in halves and only eat the pips. One sees no more of those rooks, Cornish choughs in English, *Pyrrhocorax* in Latin, which were malicious enough to let fall lighted vine-twigs upon roofs of thatch. One sees no more that winged sorcerer, the pétrel, an emigrant from the Scottish archipelago, that ejected an oil from his beak, which the islanders burned in their lamps. One meets no more, in the evening, in the swashes of the ebb, the old legendary *neitae*, with feet of pig and bleat of calf. The tide no longer throws upon these sands the mustached seal, with twisted ears and pointed grinders, dragging himself upon nailless paws. In this Portland, not to be recognized in our day, there have never been nightingales, because there were no forests; but the falcons, the swans, and the sea-geese have flown away. The Portland sheep of the present time are fat in flesh and fine in wool; the few sheep that fed, two centuries ago, upon this salted grass, were small and tough, and had rough fleeces, as became the Celtic flocks, once tended by garlic-eating shepherds, who lived a hundred years, and who, at half a mile distance, could pierce through breastplates with their arrows an ell in length. Uncultured land makes poor wool. The Chess-Hill of to-day in no respect resembles the Chess-Hill of other times, so much has it been overturned by man, and by those furious winds from the Scilly Isles that eat into the very stones.

To-day, this tongue of land has its railway, that leads to a pretty checker-work of houses, called Chesilton; and there is a Portland station. Trains roll along, where sea-calves crawled.

The isthmus of Portland, two hundred years ago, was an ass's back, of sand, with a vertebral spine of rock.

The danger had changed in form. What the boy had to fear in the descent was rolling to the bottom of the ridge; on the isthmus, it was tumbling into the holes. Having had to deal with the precipice, he had to deal with the quagmire. Every thing is a trap, on the borders of the sea. The rock

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

is slippery; the sandy strand is moving. The points of support are ambushes. You are like a person who puts his foot upon panes of glass. All may suddenly crack beneath you; a crack, through which you may disappear. The ocean has its triple under-ground, like a theatre well found in machinery.

The long ridges of granite, on which the double declivity of an isthmus leans, are difficult to tread. You are troubled to find what is called, in setting scenes for the stage, the practicable. Man has no hospitality to expect from the ocean; no more from the rock than from the wave. The bird and the fish are alone provided for by the sea. Isthmuses particularly are bare and jagged. The flood, that uses up and undermines them on either side, reduces them to their most simple expression. Everywhere, sharp prominences, crests, serrated edges, frightful tatters of broken stone, yawnings toothed like the much-indurated jaw of the shark, breaknecks of saturated moss, rapid slopes of rock leading into the foam. He who undertakes to traverse an isthmus, encounters at every step shapeless blocks as large as houses, figuring shin-bones, shoulder-blades, thigh-bones, a hideous anatomy of crags that are flayed. It is not for nothing that these striates of the borders of the sea are called ribs. The pedestrian draws himself as best he may out of this pell-mell of rubbish. To find a way across the system of bones in a gigantic carcass—such is almost his work.

Put a child at this labor of Hercules!

Broad daylight might have been useful; it was night. A guide would have been necessary; he was alone. In lack of a guide a path would have aided him. There was no path.

By instinct, he avoided the rows of jagged points in the rock, and followed the strand as much as he could. It was there that he encountered the quagmires. The quagmires multiplied themselves before him in three forms—the quagmire of water, the quagmire of snow, the quagmire of sand. The last is the most formidable. It swallows one up inextricably.

To know what one affronts is alarming; but to be ignorant of it is terrible. The child combated the unknown danger. He was groping his way in something that was, perchance, a tomb.

No hesitation. He turned the rocks, avoided the crevasses, divined the pitfalls, submitted to the meanderings of obstacle; but he advanced. Unable to proceed straight on, he walked steadily.

He recoiled, at need, with promptness. He knew how to snatch himself in time from the hideous glue of moving sands. He shook off the snow that fell on him. He went into water, more than once, up to his knees. When he got out of it, his wet clothes were frozen all at once by the bitter cold of the night. He walked rapidly in his stiffened garments. He had, however, had the wit to keep dry and warm over his breast his sailor's reefing-jacket. He was, all the time, very hungry.

The accidents of the abyss are in no sense limited; all is possible therein, even safety. The issue is invisible; but it may be found. How did the boy—enveloped in a stifling whirl of snow, lost on that narrow causeway between the two open jaws of the gulf, and unable to see—contrive to traverse the isthmus? This is what he could not himself have told. He had slipped, clambered, rolled, sought, walked, persevered—that is the whole of it. The secret of all triumphs. At the end of a little less than an hour, he felt that the soil was on the ascent; he reached the other side; he got out of Chess-Hill; he was upon firm ground.

The bridge which, to-day, unites Sandford-Oas to Small-mouth Sand, had no existence at that period. It is probable that, in his intelligent groping, he had remounted so far as to be opposite Wyke Pregia, where he then had a tongue of sand, a true natural causeway traversing the East Fleet.

He was saved from the isthmus, but he found himself again face to face with the storm, with the winter, with the night.

Before him was developed anew the sombre uncertainty of plains.

He looked to the ground, searching for a path.

All at once he stooped down.

He saw something on the ground, that seemed to him a trace.

It was, in fact, a trace, the mark of a foot. The whiteness of the snow cut clear the impression, and made it very distinct. He studied it. It was the print of a naked foot, smaller than a man's, larger than a child's.

Probably a woman's foot.

Beyond this footmark there was another, then another. The prints were successive, a step apart, and went far on in the plains toward the right hand. They were still fresh, but slightly covered with snow. A woman had just passed along.

This woman had been walking, and had gone in the direction where the boy had seen smoke.

The child, his eyes fixed upon the imprints, set himself to follow them out.

II.

EFFECT OF SNOW.

He went on, a certain time, upon this track. Unfortunately, the traces became less and less distinct. The snow was falling thick and fearful. It was the moment when the ork, under this same snow-storm, was agonizing on the high-sea.

The boy, in distress like the vessel, but of another kind, having—in the inextricable intercrossings of the darkness that rose before him—no other resource than the footstep marked in the snow, clung to it, as to the thread of a labyrinth.

Suddenly, either because the snow had at last effaced them, or from some other cause, the footprints ceased. All became smooth, level, of a piece, without spot or variation. There was nothing now but a white covering on the earth and a black covering on the sky.

It was as if the woman who passed had flown away.

The child at bay stooped and sought. In vain. As he rose, he had a sensation of something indistinct which he heard without being sure of hearing. It was like a breath, or the shadow of a voice. It was human rather than bestial, and sepulchral rather than living. It was a noise, but the noise of a dream.

He looked and saw nothing.

The vast solitude was before him, naked and livid.

He listened. What he thought he had heard was lost. Perhaps he had heard nothing. He listened again. Silence everywhere.

The mist was full of delusion. So he started again. Started at random, having no longer this footstep to guide him.

He had scarcely moved when the noise recommenced. This time he could not doubt. It was a groaning, almost a sob.

He turned. His eyes ran over the darkness. He saw nothing.

The noise rose again.

If the souls in prison can cry, they cry thus.

Nothing so penetrating and poignant, and yet so weak, as this voice. For voice it was. It came from a soul. There was the tremor of life in that murmur. And yet it seemed almost unconscious. It was something like a suffering that appealed, but without knowing that it was a suffering and that it made an appeal. This noise, first breath or last sigh as it might be, was equally removed from the death-rattle which closes life and the wail which ushers it in. It breathed, it choked, it wept. Dim supplication in the invisible.

The boy examined attentively everywhere, far and near, high and low. Nobody. Nothing.

He listened. The voice was heard again. He perceived it distinctly. It was something like the bleating of a lamb.

Then he was frightened and thought of fleeing. The groaning began again for the fourth time. It was curiously wretched and plaintive. One felt that after this last effort, more mechanical than voluntary, the cry would probably die out. It was an

expiring call, instinctively addressed to whatever succor might be floating in the universe; a vague stammer of agony, directed to a possible Providence. The child advanced in the direction of the voice. Still he saw nothing.

But he kept on, looking round sharply. The complaint continued. Before, inarticulate and confused, it had now become clear and almost shrill. The child was close to the voice. But where was it?

He was near a complaint. As it trembled into space, it passed alongside him. A human groan floating in the invisible, that was what he had met. At least such was his impression, dim as the fog in which he was lost.

As he hesitated between an instinct impelling him to fly, and an instinct telling him to stay, he saw, in the snow at his feet, some steps before him, a protuberance, the size of a human figure, a small elevation, low, long, and narrow, at the side of a crevice, like a sepulchre in a white cemetery.

At the same moment the voice sounded.

It came thence.

The child stooped, squatted down before the object, and began to clear it away with both hands.

Under the snow which he was removing, the outlines of a form disclosed themselves, and suddenly beneath his hands, in the hollow which he had made, appeared a pale face.

It was not this face that cried. Its eyes were shut and its mouth open, but full of snow.

It was motionless. It stirred not under the child's hand. Though his fingers were numb with frost, he started on touching the cold of this face. It was a woman's head. The dishevelled locks were mixed up with the snow. The woman was dead.

The child went to work again at removing the snow. He liberated the dead woman's elbow, then the upper part of the trunk, the flesh of which was visible under its rags.

Suddenly he felt under his groping touch a slight motion. It was some small thing, wrapped up and stirring. The boy removed the snow briskly, and discovered a wretched abortion of a body, puny, wan with cold, but still alive, naked on the dead woman's naked bosom.

It was a little girl.

She was swaddled, but imperfectly, and had struggled herself out of her rags. Her poor thin limbs under her, and her breath above her, had slightly melted the snow. A nurse would have given her five or six months, but she might have been a year old, for growth in poverty undergoes heart-rending diminutions, which sometimes end in rickets. When her face was exposed to the air she uttered a cry, the continuation of her sob of distress. The mother must have been very dead, not to have heard that sob.

The boy took the little girl in his arms.

The mother, stiff in death, had a sinister aspect. A spectral radiation emanated from her face. Her mouth, gaping and void of breath, seemed beginning, in the doubtful language of the shades, an answer to the questions put to the dead in the invisible world. There was a wan reflection of the frozen plains on this face. One might see the forehead under the brown locks which showed its youth, the almost angry knitting of the brows, the closed nostrils, the shut lids, the eyelashes glued together by the hoar-frost, and, from the corner of the eyes to the corner of the lips, the deep channel of tears. The snow lighted up the corpse. Winter and the tomb do each other no harm. The carcass is the icicle of the man. The nakedness of the breasts was pathetic. They had done their work; they bore the sublime impress of life given by a being whose own life is failing; in them maternal majesty replaced virgin purity. At the extremity of one of the nipples hung a white pearl. It was a frozen drop of milk.

Let us say at once, that a few hours before, a beggar-woman with her sucking-child, she also seeking a lair, had lost herself in these plains where the lost boy was now passing in his turn.

Benumbed, she had fallen under the storm and had been unable to raise herself again. The snow-drift had whelmed her. She had pressed her daughter as close to her bosom as she could, and died.

The little girl had tried to suck the marble body. Dark trust implanted by Nature, for it seems as if a mother might give suck for the last time, even after her last sigh.

But either the child's mouth could not find the nipple, or the drop of milk, stolen by Death, had frozen, and the suckling, more used to the cradle than to the tomb, had cried out.

The little deserted boy had heard the little dying girl.

He had dug her up.

He had taken her in his arms.

When the little girl felt herself in some one's arms, she stopped crying. The faces of the two children touched, and the blue lips of the suckling felt for the boy's cheek as if it was a breast.

She had almost reached the moment when the congealed blood stops the heart. The mother had communicated to her somewhat of her own death. A corpse is catching, it is a chill that spreads. Her feet and her hands, her arms and her knees, were almost paralyzed by the frost. The boy perceived this terrible coldness.

He had on a dry and warm garment, his woollen jacket. He laid the suckling on the breast of the corpse, took off his jacket, wrapped the child in it, lifted her up again, and, now almost naked to the puffs of snow which the gale blew, started again, carrying the little one in his arms.

The girl having succeeded in finding the boy's cheek again, pressed her mouth to it, and recovering her warmth fell asleep. First kiss of these two souls in the darkness.

The mother remained lying there, her back on the snow, her face to the night. But at the moment when the little boy stripped himself to clothe the little girl, perhaps from the depths of infinity where she was, that mother saw him.

III.

EVERY SAD WAY HAS ITS EXTRA BURDEN.

RATHER more than four hours had passed since the ork departed from Portland Creek, leaving this boy on the shore. During those long hours since he was abandoned, during all this time that he had been walking on, he had met, in the human society which he was perhaps about to enter, but three persons, a man, a woman, and a child. A man, that man on the hill; a woman, that woman in the snow; a child, this little girl whom he held in his arms.

He was worn out with fatigue and hunger. With less strength and an additional burden, he advanced more resolutely than ever.

He was now almost without clothes. The few rags that were left on him, hardened by the frost, were sharp as glass and took off his skin. He was growing cold, but the other child was growing warm. What he lost was not lost, she gained it. He observed this warmth, which was a new lease of life for the poor little girl. He continued to advance.

From time to time, without ceasing to hold her firmly, he stooped down, took a handful of snow with one hand, and rubbed his feet with it to keep them from freezing.

At other times, feeling his throat on fire, he placed in his mouth a little of this snow and sucked it, which deceived his thirst a moment, but changed it into fever. The relief was an aggravation.

By dint of its violence the storm had become shapeless; deluges of snow are possible, this was one. In its fury it lashed the shore at the same time that it upturned the sea. It was probably the moment when the lost ork was breaking up in the conflict of the shoals.

Under this blast, always walking eastward, he crossed wide expanses of snow. He knew not the hour. For a long time he

had seen no more smoke. Nocturnal signs are easily effaced; besides, it was past the time when fires are extinguished; finally, he might have been mistaken, and possibly there was neither town nor village in the direction whither he was going.

In this doubt he persevered.

Two or three times the little one cried. Then he imparted to his walk a rocking motion, and she was quieted and hushed. She finished by falling fast and sound asleep. Shivering himself, he felt that she was warm.

Frequently he tightened the folds of the jacket about the little girl's neck, so that the frost could not introduce itself by any opening, and that no melted snow might trickle between the garment and the child.

The plain was undulating. On its descending slopes the snow, heaped up by the wind in the bends of land, was so high for a little fellow like him that he sank into it almost entirely and had to walk half buried. Still he walked, and pushed the snow aside with his knees.

The ravine surmounted, he arrived on highlands swept by the gale, where the snow was thin; there he found a glazing of frost.

The warm breath of the little girl fanned his cheek, restored his warmth a moment, then stopped and froze in his hair, where it made an icicle.

He was sensible of an additional danger; he could no longer fall. He felt that he would not be able to rise again. He was broken down with weariness, the weight of the darkness would have fixed him to the ground, like that dead woman, and the ice would have soldered him alive to the earth. He had lost his way on the slopes of precipices and escaped, he had tripped into holes and crept out of them; but now a simple fall was death. A misstep opened the tomb. He must not slip. He would not have strength even to get on his knees again.

Now every thing around him was slippery, all was hoarfrost and hardened ice.

The little girl whom he carried in his arms made his progress frightfully difficult. Not only was she a weight, and an over-weight for his weariness and exhaustion, but she was an embarrassment. She occupied both his arms, and for one whose road is over glazed frost, both arms are a natural and necessary balance.

This balance he had to do without.

He did without it; and walked on, not knowing what would become of him under his load.

This little one was the drop that made his cup of distress overflow.

He proceeded, wavering at every step, as if on a loose board, and accomplishing miracles of equilibrium, with none to see him. And yet, perhaps, let us say it again, he was followed on his doleful way by two eyes, open in the shadowy distance—the eye of the mother, and the eye of God.

He staggered, lost his balance, reestablished it, kept watch on the child, replaced some part of the garment on her, covered her head, went on, lost his balance again, slipped, then recovered himself. The wind was cowardly enough to jostle him.

Probably he went much farther than was necessary. He was apparently in those plains where the Bingleaves farm was afterward established, between what is now called Spring-Gardens and the Parsonage House. Dairy-farms and cottages now, wastes then. Often less than a century separates a steppe from a city.

Suddenly, as the glacial squall which blinded him had an intermission, he perceived at a little distance before him a group of gables and chimneys, relieved by the snow against the sky, the reverse of a silhouette, a town sketched in white upon the black horizon, something like what one would call now-a-days a negative proof.

Roofs, dwellings, a sleeping-place! He was somewhere, then! He felt the ineffable encouragement of hope. His emo-

tions were those of the lookout of a lost ship, when he cries land! He hastened his steps.

He was reaching men at last. He was going to arrive among the living. Nothing then to fear. He had in him the sudden glow of security. That from which he was escaping had no more existence. There would be no more night now, nor winter, nor storm. It seemed to him that every possibility of evil was thenceforth behind him. The girl was no longer a burden. He almost ran.

His look was fixed on those roofs. Life was there. He never took his eyes off them. The dead might gaze thus at something that appeared through the half-opened lid of the tomb.

These were the chimneys whose smoke he had seen.

But no smoke rose from them now.

He did not take long to reach the habitations. He arrived at a suburb of the town, which was an open street. The fashion of closing streets at night was then going out.

The street began with two houses. In these two houses no candle or lamp was to be seen, no more than in all the street, nor yet in all the town, as far as the eye could reach.

The house on the right was rather a roof than a house; nothing could be meaner; the walls loam, and the roof straw; there was more thatch than wall. A large nettle, springing from the foot of the wall, touched the rim of the roof. This hut had but one door, which looked like a cat-hole, and one garret window. All shut. An inhabited sty alongside showed that the hovel was also inhabited.

The house on the left was wide and high, all of stone, with a slate roof. Shut, too. The rich man's home opposite the poor man's.

The boy did not hesitate. He went up to the large house. The folding-door, a massive oak plank checkered with big nails, was one of those sure to have behind it a stout provision of bolts and locks. There was on it an iron knocker.

He lifted the knocker, and with some difficulty, for his congealed hands were more like stumps; he knocked once.

No answer.

He knocked a second time, two knocks.

There was no stir in the house.

He knocked a third time. Nothing.

He understood that they were asleep, or did not care to get up.

Then he turned to the home of poverty. He took up a pebble from the snow and knocked at the low door.

No answer.

He raised himself on tiptoe and struck with his stone on the window, softly enough not to break the glass, hard enough to be heard.

No voice answered, no step stirred; no candle was lighted.

He thought that there also they did not choose to awake.

There was the same deafness to the appeal of poor devils, in the stone mansion and the thatched hut.

The boy decided to push on farther. He penetrated the defile of houses which stretched before him, so dark that it looked like the opening between two cliffs rather than the entrance of a town.

IV.

THE DESERT UNDER ANOTHER FORM.

He had just entered Weymouth.

The Weymouth of that time was not the respectable and superb Weymouth of to-day. This old Weymouth had not like the present one, an irreproachable rectilinear quay, with a statue and an inn in honor of George III. This was owing to the fact that George III. was not born. For the same reason, there had not yet been sketched on the green slope of the west hill, flat on the ground, by means of turf stripped and chalk exposed, that white horse an acre long, carrying a king on his back, and turning tail, still in honor of George III., to the town.

Surely these honors were merited. George III., having lost in his old age the wits that he never had in his youth, is not responsible for the calamities of his reign. He was a harmless madman. Why should he not have statues?

The Weymouth of a hundred and eighty years ago was about as symmetrical as a handful of jackstraws mixed up. The Astaroth of the legend used to walk about on earth carrying on her back a wallet, in which there was a little of every thing, even good wives in their houses. A jumble of huts fallen from this demon's bag would give an idea of the old, irregular Weymouth. That is, adding the good wives in the huts. There remains a specimen of these buildings, the Musicians' House. A confused mass of wooden sheds, carved and worm-eaten (which is another kind of carving), shapeless, shaky, overhanging buildings—some with columns, leaning one against another to avoid falling before the sea-wind, and leaving between them narrow intervals of crooked and inconvenient streets, lanes, and squares often inundated by the equinoctial tides, a pile of old grandmotherly houses grouped around an ancestral church; such was Weymouth. It was a sort of old Norman village stranded on the English coast.

The traveller, if he entered the tavern, now replaced by the hotel, instead of gallantly paying a pound for a fried sole and a bottle of wine, suffered the humiliation of eating a twopenny chowder, and a good one, for that matter. It was lamentable.

The lost child, carrying the foundling, followed the first street, then the second, then a third. He raised his eyes, looking for lighted windows in the different stories and on the roofs, but all was closed and dark. Occasionally he knocked at the doors. No one answered. Nothing makes people so stony-hearted as lying warm between two sheets. His noises and motions had finally waked the little girl. He knew it because he felt her sucking his cheek. She did not cry, thinking she had a mother.

He was in danger of prowling about a long while in the cross-lanes of Scrambridge, where there were then more crops than houses, and more thorn-hedges than buildings; but just in time he entered a passage which still exists near Trinity School. This passage brought him to a wharf, which was but a rudimentary quay with a parapet, and on his right he made out a bridge.

This bridge was the bridge of the Wey, joining Weymouth to Melcomb-Regis, and under the arches of which the harbor communicates with the Back Water.

Weymouth was then a hamlet, suburb of Melcomb-Regis, town and harbor; to-day, Melcomb-Regis is a parish of Weymouth. The village has absorbed the town. This feat is due to the bridge. Bridges are odd sucking-machines which draw off population, and sometimes make a river quarter grow at the expense of its opposite neighbor.

The boy went to the bridge, which at that time was a footway of covered plank. He crossed the footway.

Thanks to the roof of the bridge, there was no snow on the flooring. His bare feet had a moment of comfort in walking on the dry planks.

The bridge crossed, he found himself in Melcomb-Regis.

There he found fewer wooden houses than stone ones. It was no longer the suburb, but the town. The bridge opened upon a tolerably handsome street, which was Saint Thomas Street. He entered it. The houses presented high carved gables, with shop fronts here and there. He began knocking at the doors again. He had not strength enough left to call and shout.

At Melcomb-Regis, as at Weymouth, no one stirred. All the doors had been well double-locked. The windows were covered by their blinds as eyes are by their lids. Every precaution had been taken against the disagreeable start which results from being suddenly awaked.

The little wanderer felt the indefinable oppression of the

sleeping town. A vertigo emanates from the silence of these paralyzed ant-hills. All these lethargies combine their night-mares; you are mobbed by sleepers; a vapor of dreams is evolved from these prostrate human bodies. Sleep has dark neighborhoods outside of life; the decomposed thought of the sleeping floats above them, a half-dead, half-living emanation, and unites itself with all the possible or probable thought in space. Hence strange entanglements. The transparent opacity of the dream-cloud veils the spirit-star. Above those closed eyelids, in which vision has replaced sight, a spectral disintegration of profiles and looks spreads itself in the impalpable. Mysterious scattered existences fuse themselves into our life, through that boundary of death called sleep. These inter-twinings of shades and souls fill the air. Even he who is not asleep feels oppressed by this surrounding of dark and ominous life. The circulating chimera worries him like a guessed reality. The man wide awake, whose road lies across the dreams of others, dimly repels passing forms, has or thinks he has the vague horror of hostile contacts with the invisible, and feels every instant the doubtful jostle of something inexpressible, which vanishes as it meets him. Such progress in the midst of the nocturnal diffusion of dreams is something like walking through a forest.

This is what we call being afraid without knowing why.

What a man experiences, a child experiences still more. This uneasy feeling of nightly terror, augmented by the spectral houses, was an additional aggravation of the sad circumstances against which he struggled.

He entered Conycar Lane, and perceived at the end of this alley the Back Water, which he took for the ocean; he no longer knew which way the sea lay; he retraced his steps, turned to the left by Maiden Street, and went back as far as Saint Alban's Row.

There he knocked violently on the doors of the first houses he met, quite at random and without choice. These knocks, in which he expended his last energy, were irregular and jerky, with intermissions and returns almost wrathful. It was the beating of his fever.

A voice answered.

That of the hour.

Three in the morning sounded slowly behind him from the old belfry of Saint Nicholas.

Then all was still again.

It may seem surprising that not one inhabitant even half-opened a window. But this silence can be in some measure explained. It must be stated that, just before January, 1690, there had been a tolerably severe pestilence in London, and that the fear of taking in sick vagabonds caused a certain diminution of hospitality everywhere. One would not even half-open a window, for fear of breathing the air which they had infected.

The child found the coldness of men more terrible than the coldness of the night. It is a coldness with a will in it. He felt an anguish of heart, a discouragement, which he had not felt in the wilds. Now that he had entered into the life of all the world, he remained alone. He had understood the un pitying waste, but the inexorable town was too much for him.

The clock, whose strokes he had just counted, overwhelmed him still more. On certain occasions, there is nothing that freezes like a clock striking. It is a declaration of indifference; eternity saying, What care I?

He stopped. And it is not certain but that in that melancholy moment he asked himself if it was not the simplest way to lie down and die. But the little girl laid her head on his shoulder and went to sleep again. This vague confidence encouraged him to start again.

He felt that he was a support, he, around whom every thing was giving way. It was a profound call of duty.

Neither his ideas nor his situation were those of his age.

Probably he did not understand them. He acted instinctively. He did what he did.

He walked in the direction of Johnstone Row.

Or rather he dragged himself, for he could walk no longer. He left Saint Mary Street, turned to the right, zigzagged about in the alleys, and, at the mouth of a winding gut between two buildings, found himself in a tolerably large open space. It was doubtful ground, not built up, probably the spot where Chesterfield Place now is. There the houses ended. He saw the water on his left, and scarcely any thing more of the town on his right.

What was to become of him? the country was beginning again. On the east great sloping plains of snow marked the ridges of Radipole. Should he continue his journey, go on, and reënter the waste? Should he turn back and reënter these streets? What could he do between these two silences, the mute wilds and the deaf town? Which repulse should he choose?

There is a last anchor and there is a last look. It was this last look which the poor despairing child cast around.

Suddenly he heard a threat.

V.

MISANTHROPY PLAYING ITS PRANKS.

A GNASHING of teeth, doubtful, strange, alarming, reached him through the dark.

It was enough to make one recoil. He advanced. To those who are terrified by silence, a roar is an agreeable variety.

The fearful growl reassured him. The threat was a promise. There was something alive and awake there, even were it a wild beast. He walked in the direction of the gnashing.

He turned an angle of the wall, and behind it, by the reflection of the snow and the sea, which made a kind of vast sepulchral illumination, he saw something sheltered there somehow. It was a cart, unless it was a hut. A carriage, for it had wheels, and a dwelling, for it had a roof. From the roof rose a pipe, and from the pipe a smoke. This smoke was ruddy, which seemed to denote a pretty good fire inside. Behind, projecting hinges indicated a door, and in the middle of this door a square opening allowed gleams of light to be seen in the hut. He approached.

Whatever had gnashed its teeth heard him coming. When he was close to the hut, the threat became furious. It was no longer a growl, but a howl that he had to do with. He heard a harsh noise like that of a chain violently stretched, and suddenly under the door, in the space between the hind wheels, appeared two rows of sharp white teeth.

As the throat showed itself between the wheels, a head peeped out of the window.

— Quiet there! said the head.

The throat was silent.

The head continued:

— Any one there?

The boy replied:

— Yes.

— Who?

— Me.

— You? Who's that? Where from?

— Tired, said the boy.

— What o'clock is it?

— Cold.

— What are you doing there?

— Hungry.

The head answered:

— Everybody can't be as well off as a lord. Get out.

The head retired, and the window closed.

The boy bowed his forehead, hugged the sleeping child tighter, and mustered his strength to start again. He took some steps and was beginning to go away.

But at the same time that the window closed, the door opened. A step was let down. The voice, which had just spoken to the boy, called angrily from the depths of the hut.

— Well, why don't you come in?

The boy turned round.

— Come in, will you? repeated the voice. Who sent me a young scapegrace like that? Cold and hungry, and won't come in?

The child, at the same time repulsed and invited, remained motionless. The voice recommenced:

— Come in, I tell you, you scamp!

He made up his mind, and placed his foot on the first round of the ladder.

But there was a growl under the vehicle. He started back. The gaping throat reappeared.

— Quiet! cried the man's voice.

The throat went back, the growling stopped.

— Up with you! continued the man.

The child ascended the three steps with difficulty. He was impeded by the other child, so benumbed, so wrapped and rolled up in the sou'wester, that no part of her could be distinguished; she was only a little shapeless lump.

He surmounted the three steps, and having reached the threshold stopped there.

No candle burned in the hut, an economy probably due to poverty. The hovel was only lighted by the red air-hole of a cast-iron stove in which a fire of turf crackled. On the stove smoked a porringer and a pot, which certainly looked as if they held something good. The agreeable odor of it was very perceptible. The dwelling had for furniture a chest, a bench, and an unlighted lantern, hung from the ceiling. On the wooden walls were some shelves supported by brackets, and a row of hooks and nails, with all sorts of things hanging to them. There were several stories of glass-ware and copper-ware, an alembic, a receiver much like those jugs for graining wax which are called markers, and a medley of queer objects which the child could not understand in the least, and which were the cooking utensils of a chemist. The hut was of an oblong shape, the stove in front. It was not a small room, it was hardly a large box. The outside was more lighted by the snow than the inside by the stove. Every thing in the hovel was dim and indistinct. Still a reflection of the fire-light on the ceiling allowed one to read there this inscription in large letters, *URSUS PHILOSOPHER*.

In fact, the child was entering the house of *Homo* and *Ursus*. He had just heard one growl and the other speak.

Arrived on the threshold, he saw, near the stove, a tall, thin, hairless old man, dressed in gray stuff; he was standing up, and his bald head touched the roof. He could not have risen on his toes; the hut was a tight fit.

— Come in, said the man, who was *Ursus*.

The boy entered.

— Put your bundle there.

The boy placed his burden on the chest, carefully, for fear of frightening and waking it.

The man continued:

— How softly you put it there! It might as well be a reliquary. Are you afraid of cracking your tatters? Ah, the good-for-nothing wretch! In the streets at this hour. Who are you? Answer. No, don't! Here, this is the first thing; you're cold, warm yourself.

And taking the lad by the shoulders, he pushed him before the stove.

— Well, you are wet enough! and frozen enough! The idea of coming into a house in such a state! Here, take off that rotten stuff, young malefactor!

Clutching the boy with feverish suddenness, he stripped off his rags with one hand, making lint of them in the process, while with the other hand he hooked down from a nail a man's shirt, and one of those knit jackets which are now called *kiss-me-quicks*.

— There are some duds.

In the heap of rubbish he picked out a woollen rag, and rubbed with it before the fire the limbs of the dazzled and sinking child, who, in this moment of naked warmth, thought he was seeing and touching heaven. Having rubbed his limbs, the man wiped his feet.

— Well, my dead man, you have nothing frozen. I was stupid enough to fear that there was something frozen, a hind-paw or a fore-paw. He won't be disabled this time. Dress yourself!

The child slipped into the shirt, and the man put the knit jacket over it.

— Now then.

The man kicked the bench forward and seated the little boy on it, pushing him by the shoulders as before, then he showed him with his forefinger the porringer smoking on the stove. What the child caught a glimpse of in this porringer was some more heaven.

Namely, a potato and a bit of bacon.

— You're hungry, eat.

The man took from a shelf a crust of dry bread, and an iron fork, and handed them to the boy. The boy hesitated.

— Must I lay the cloth for you? asked the man.

And he placed the porringer on the child's lap.

— Bite into that!

Hunger got the better of stupefaction; the child began to eat. The poor creature devoured rather than fed. The joyous sound of the crunched bread filled the hut. The man kept grumbling.

— Not so fast, you horrid gormandizer! What a glutton the wretch is! These hungry blackguards have a revolting way of feeding. Just see a lord at supper! I have seen dukes eat in my life. They don't eat, that's aristocratic. They drink, though, that they do. Come, you little monkey, stuff yourself!

The want of ears, which characterizes a hungry belly, caused the child to pay small heed to this violence of epithet, modified too as it was by a charity of action, profitable inconsistency for him. For the moment he was absorbed by these two needs and two ecstasies, warming himself and eating.

Ursus continued to himself his half-audible imprecation.

— I have seen King James in person supping at the Banqueting-House where they go to look at the pictures of the renowned Rubens. His majesty touched nothing. This beggar here browses—browses is the word—it comes from brute. What possessed me to come to this Weymouth, seven times devoted to the infernal gods? I have sold nothing since morning, talked to the snow, played the flute to the hurricane, not pocketed a farthing, and at night I have paupers on my hands! Disgusting place! There is a pitched battle between these lounging fools and me. They try to get off with giving me farthings, and I with giving them worthless drugs. Well, to-day not an idiot in the square, not a penny in the box. Eat, you imp of hell! Scrape and crunch! Nothing equals the impudence of sponges now-a-days. Fatten at my expense, parasite. He is more than starved, he is mad, this creature. It's not appetite. It's fever. Who knows? Perhaps he has the plague. Have you the plague, young ruffian? If he were to give it to Homo! God forbid! Let the rabble go, but I don't want my wolf to die. Come to think of it, I'm hungry too. Positively this is a disagreeable occurrence. I have worked to-day far into the night. There are times in one's life when one is hurried. I was in a hurry to-night to eat. I'm all alone, I make a fire, I have only a potato, a crust of bread, a mouthful of bacon, and a drop of milk. I put it to warm, I say to myself, Good! I think I'm going to feast myself. Flop! tumbles in this crocodile upon me. He plants himself solidly between my provision and me, and my larder is devastated. Eat, you pike, eat, you shark; how many rows of teeth have you in your maw, stuffer, young wolf? No, I withdraw the word, out of respect for the wolves. Absorb my provender, boar! I have

worked to-day my stomach empty, my throat crying out, my pancreatic ducts in disorder, and my entrails shattered, far, far into the night, and my reward is to see another eat. Never mind, share and share. He will have the bread, the potato, and the bacon, but I shall have the milk.

And at this moment a lamentable and prolonged cry sounded in the hut. The man pricked up his ears.

— You're crying now, sycophant! What's that for?

The boy turned. He was evidently not crying. He had his mouth full.

The crying did not stop.

The man went to the chest.

— It's the bundle that's bawling! Valley of Jehoshaphat! Here's the bundle vociferating! What's the matter with your bundle that it is croaking?

He unrolled the sou'wester. A child's head emerged, the mouth open and crying.

— Hallo! who comes here? said the man. What's this? Another one. It's not going to stop, then? Who's there? To arms! Corporal, turn out the guard! Second irruption! What have you brought me there, you young robber? You see clearly that she's thirsty. Come, she must drink, this one. Good! No milk for me now.

From a confused heap on a shelf he took a roll of bandage—linen, a sponge, and a phial, growling like a madman.

— Damned country!

Then he looked at the little one.

— It's a girl. Can tell that by her yelping. She's drenched, too.

He tore off her, as he had done off the boy, the rags in which she was knotted rather than dressed, and wrapped her in a bit of coarse linen, shabby but clean and dry. This quick and abrupt toilet incensed the little girl.

— She won't stop mewling, said he.

With his teeth he cut off a large strip of the sponge, tore from the roll a square piece of linen, drew out a bit of thread from it, took from the stove a pot which contained milk, filled the phial with this milk, pushed the sponge half into the neck of the phial, covered the sponge with the linen, tied this extemporized cork with the thread, pressed the phial against his cheek to make sure that it was not too hot, and seized under his left arm the lost swaddling, who continued to scream.

— There, sup, you animal! Take the breast! And he placed the neck of the phial in her mouth.

The little girl sucked greedily.

He held the phial at the proper inclination, muttering:

— They're all alike, the mean creatures! When they have what they want, they keep quiet.

The child had sucked so energetically, and seized with such eagerness the apology for bosom presented her by this surly providence, that she was seized with a fit of coughing.

— You're going to choke yourself, growled Ursus. A nice glutton you are!

He withdrew the sponge which she was sucking, waited till the cough stopped, and then replaced the phial between her lips, saying,

— Suck, you little vagabond.

Meanwhile the boy had laid down his fork. A moment before, when he was eating, his looks expressed satisfaction. Now they expressed gratitude. He saw the girl regaining life, and this consummation of the resurrection which he had begun filled his eyes with an ineffable expression. Ursus continued mumbling angry words between his gums. The poor boy at moments raised to Ursus his eyes, moist with the indefinable emotion which the poor creature, bullied and melted at the same time, felt without being able to express.

Ursus addressed him furiously.

— Well, eat away!

— And you? said the child all trembling, with a tear in his eye. Won't you have some?

— Eat it all, you imp! There is not too much for you, since there wasn't enough for me.

The child resumed his fork, but ate nothing.

— Eat, yelled Ursus. What have I to do with it? Who's talking to you about me? You wretched little barefoot clerk of Nopenny parish, I tell you to eat it all. That's what you're here for, to eat, drink, and sleep. Eat, or I'll pitch you out of doors, you and your brat!

At this threat the boy recommenced eating. It did not take him long to finish what remained in the porringer.

— This building has cracks, muttered Ursus; the cold comes in at the window.

In fact a pane had been broken, by some jolt of the vehicle or some roguish boy's stone. The piece of paper with which Ursus had repaired this damage was loosened. The wind entered there.

He was half-seated on the box. The little girl, at the same time in his arms and on his knees, was voluptuously sucking the bottle in the dreamy beatitude of a cherub before God or a child at the breast.

— She's tipsy, said Ursus.

And he continued:

— Preach sermons on temperance, will you?

While the little girl drank and the little boy ate, Ursus continued to vent his ill-humor.

— Drunkenness commences at the cradle. It is worth while to be Archbishop Tillotson, and thunder against the abuse of liquor! Abominable draught of wind! And my stove is old, too. It lets loose puffs of smoke enough to give one a disease of the eyes. I have the inconvenience of cold and the inconvenience of fire together. I can't see clearly. This being here, who abuses my hospitality—well, I haven't been able yet to distinguish the cur's face. Comfort is lacking here. By Jupiter, I value highly exquisite banquets in well-protected rooms. I have missed my vocation. I was born to be sensual. The greatest of sages was Philoxenes, who wished for a crane's neck, that he might enjoy the pleasures of the table at greater length. Zero of receipts to-day! Nothing sold all day long! What a calamity! Inhabitants, lackeys, and burgesses, here is the doctor, here is the medicine! You're losing your time, old fellow. Pack up your drugs again. Everybody here is well. There's a blessed town for you, with nobody sick in it!—except the sky, which has the diarrhoea. What a snow! Anaxagoras taught that snow was black. He was right, for cold is darkness. Ice is night. What a blast! I fancy those at sea have a nice time of it. A hurricane is the passing of devils, the tumult of ghouls galloping and rolling headlong, above our bags of bones. In the storm-cloud, this has a tail and that horns; one has a flame for a tongue, another claws on his wings, a third a lord-chancellor's paunch, a fourth an academical's pate; you can tell a figure in each sound. Every new word has a different devil; the ear hears them, the eye sees them; the tumult is a face. To be sure, there are people at sea, it's evident. My friends, manage the tempest as well as you can; I've enough to do to manage my life. Bah! do I keep an inn? Why have I travellers arriving? The universal distress has even splashed into my poverty. Hideous drops of the great mud of humanity fall into my hut. I am given up to the voracity of passers-by. I am a prey. The prey of wretches dying of hunger. Winter, night, a pasteboard hovel, a poor friend under me outside, a storm, a potato, a fire as big as your fist, parasites, the wind entering at every crack, not a penny, and bundles that fall a-barking! You open them, and find little beggar-wenches inside. Isn't it like witchcraft! And then the broken laws! Ah, vagabond with your vagabondess! Sly pickpocket, designing abortion! Ah, you go about the streets after curfew! If our good king knew it, he's the man that would plant you nicely in a cell under-ground, to teach you manners! Master takes his walk at night with miss! The thermometer at fifteen, bareheaded and barefooted! That's contrary to law. There

are rules and ordinances, young rioter! Vagabonds are punished, honest folks who have houses of their own are defended and protected, kings are the fathers of their people. I am a householder, I am. You would have been whipped on the public square, if they had caught you; and served you right! There must be order in a state which has police. I have done wrong myself in not reporting you to the constable. But I am like that, I understand the right and do the wrong. Ah the ruffian! to arrive here in that state! I didn't remark their snow when they came in; now it is all melted. Here is my whole house wet. I have an inundation within doors. I must burn an impossible lot of coal to dry up this lake. Coal, at twelve farthings the measure. How will this hovel manage to hold three of us? It's all up with me now, I go into the nursing business, I shall have the future hope of England's beggards to wean. I shall have for employment, office, and function, to shape the abortions of Mother Misery, to polish off the ugliness of gallows-birds in their tender age, and instruct young thieves in the principles of philosophy. The bear's tongue does God's rough-hewing. And to think that if I hadn't been nibbled away for thirty years by such specimens, I should be rich! Homo would be fat. I should have a medical cabinet full of rarities, as many surgical instruments as Doctor Linaire, King Henry VIII.'s surgeon, various animals of all kinds, Egyptian mummies, and other such things! I should belong to the college of doctors, and have the right to use the library built in 1652, by the celebrated Harvey, and to go and work in the lantern of the dome, from which you can see all the town of London. I might continue my calculations on the solar darkness, and prove that a caliginous vapor emanates from that heavenly body. This is the opinion of John Kepler, who was born the year before Saint Bartholomew's day, and who was the emperor's mathematician. The sun is a chimney which smokes sometimes. So does my stove. My stove is no better than the sun. Yes, I should have made my fortune, my appearance would be quite different, I should not be vulgar, I should not abase science in the cross-roads. For the people is not worthy of learning, since it is only a mob of fools, a confused mixture of ages, sexes, tempers, and conditions of every sort, which the wise men of all times have not hesitated to despise, and whose extravagance and fury the most moderate men justly abhor. Ah, I am tired of what is. After all, we don't live long. It is soon over, our human life. Well, no, it is long. At intervals, that we may not be discouraged, that we may be stupid enough to consent to live, that we may not profit by the magnificent opportunities of hanging ourselves furnished by every cord and every nail, Nature makes believe to take a little care of man. Not to-night, though. Cunning Nature! She makes the corn shoot, the grape ripen, the nightingale sing. From time to time a ray of sunshine or a glass of gin, that is what we call happiness. A little fringe of good around the immense shroud of evil. The devil has made the stuff of our life, and God makes the hem. Meanwhile, you have eaten my supper, young robber!

The infant, whom he still held in his arms, and very gently too, despite his anger, closed her eyes drowsily, a sign of repletion. Ursus examined the bottle and growled.

— She has drunk it all, the little impudence!

He rose, and keeping the girl on his left arm, raised, with his right hand, the lid of the chest, and took from the inside a bear-skin, which, it will be remembered, he called "his own real skin."

While doing this he heard the other child eating, and looked askance at him.

— It will be a pretty business if I must in future feed this growing glutton. I shall have a tape-worm in the belly of my trade.

Still, with one hand, he spread as he best could the bear-skin on the chest, pushing with his elbow and managing his motions so as not to disturb the commencement of the child's sleep.

Then he laid her on the skin, upon the side nearest the fire. This done, he placed the empty phial on the stove, and exclaimed:

—I know who's thirsty.

He looked into the pot; there remained some good spoonfuls of milk in it; he raised it to his lips. Just as he was going to drink, his eye fell on the little girl. He replaced the pot on the stove, took the phial, uncorked it, poured in what remained of the milk, just enough to fill it, replaced the sponge, and retied the linen over the sponge round the neck.

—I am hungry and thirsty for all that, he recommenced.

And he added:

—When one can't eat bread, one drinks water.

Behind the stove there was a glimpse of a jug with a broken spout.

He took it and offered it to the boy.

—Do you want to drink?

The child drank and resumed his repast.

Once more Ursus took the jug and raised it to his mouth. The temperature of the water which it contained had been unequally affected by the neighborhood of the stove. He swallowed some mouthfuls and made a face.

—Make-believe pure water, thou art like false friends! Lukewarm above and cold below.

By this time the boy had finished supper. The porringer was more than emptied, it was scoured. He picked up and eat, abstractedly, some crumbs of bread scattered in the folds of the woollen garment and on his lap.

Ursus turned to him.

—That's not all. We two have to understand each other now. The mouth is not made alone for eating; it is also made for speaking. Now that you are warmed and stuffed, young animal, look out for yourself! You are going to answer my questions. Where do you come from?

The child replied:

—I don't know.

—How? you don't know!

—I was left on the edge of the sea to-night.

—Ah, the scamp! What's your name? He is such a bad character that his relations have abandoned him.

—I have no relations.

—Please attend to my wishes, and observe that I don't like people to tell me stories which are not true. You have some relations, for you have a sister.

—That is not my sister.

—She is not your sister?

—No.

—What is she, then?

—A little girl that I found.

—Found!

—Yes.

—How? you picked that thing up?

—Yes.

—Where? If you lie, I'll exterminate you.

—From a woman dead in the snow.

—When?

—An hour ago.

—Where?

—A league off.

The frontal arches of Ursus contracted, and assumed the pointed form which characterizes the eyebrows of a philosopher who is moved.

—Dead! there's one that's happy! We must leave her in her snow there. She is well off in it. Which way was it?

—In the direction of the sea.

—Did you cross the bridge?

—Yes.

Ursus opened the back window and examined the prospect outside. The weather had not changed for the better. The snow still fell, thick and gloomy.

He closed the casement.

He went to the broken pane, stopped the hole with a rag, put more turf in the stove, spread out as widely as he could the bear-skin on the chest, took a large book which he had in a corner and placed it under the head to serve as pillow, and on this bolster he laid the head of the little sleeping child.

Then he turned to the boy:

—Lie down there.

The child obeyed, and stretched himself at full length beside the little girl.

Ursus rolled the skin round the two children and tucked it under their feet.

Then he reached down from the shelf and knotted around his body a canvas girdle with a large pocket, probably containing a surgeon's case of instruments and some bottles of elixirs.

Next he unhooked the lantern from the ceiling and lit it. It was a dark-lantern, which, when lighted, left the children in the shadow.

Ursus partly opened the door and said:

—I'm going out. Don't be afraid. I shall come back. Go to sleep.

And lowering the steps he cried:

—Homo!

An affectionate growl answered him.

Ursus descended, lantern in hand. The step went up again, the door closed. The children remained alone.

From without, a voice, the voice of Ursus, asked:

—You boy, who have just eaten my supper, you are not asleep yet, are you?

—No, replied the boy.

—Well, then, if she squalls, give her the rest of the milk.

The clank of a loosened chain was heard, and the noise of a man's step and a beast's, as they went away together.

A few moments, and the two children slept profoundly.

It was a strange, ineffable union of respirations, ignorance rather than chastity, a bridal night before the birth of sex. The little boy and the little girl, naked and side by side, enjoyed during these silent hours a shadowy divine fusion; as many dreams as are possible at that age, floated from one to the other; under their closed lids was probably a starry light; if the word marriage be not out of place here, they were man and wife as angels are angels. Such innocence in such darkness, such purity in such embraces, these anticipations of heaven are only possible to infancy, and no immensity approaches the grandeur of these little beings. Of all gulfs this is deepest; the terrible persistence of a dead man hanged in chains, the vast, unremitting fury of the ocean against a shipwrecked bark, the widespread whiteness of the snow covering buried forms—none of these equals in pathos two children's mouths divinely joined in sleep, whose touch is not even a kiss. Perhaps betrothal, perhaps doom, the unknown overhangs this juxtaposition. It is charming; who knows if it is not terrifying? One feels angish of heart. Innocence, the offspring of consecrated obscurity, is more supreme than virtue. They slept. They were at rest. They were warm. The nakedness of their intertwined bodies fused the virginity of their souls. They were there as in the nest of the infinite.

VI.

WAKING.

THE day began gloomily. A sad paleness entered the hut. It was the icy dawn. Its wan gleams, that brought out in mournful reality the spectral sketches of night, did not wake the children, who were sound asleep. The hovel was warm. Their two respirations sounded alternately like two quiet waters. There was no more hurricane outside. The light of the dawn was slowly taking possession of the horizon. Like candles blown out one after the other, the constellations faded away. Only some large stars still held out. The deep chant of the infinite rose from the sea.

The fire was not quite out. The dawn was gradually becoming day. The boy slept less than the girl. There was something of the watcher and the guardian about him. As a ray brighter than the rest traversed the glass, he opened his eyes. The sleep of childhood ends in forgetfulness; he remained in a half-doze, without knowing where he was, or what he had near him, without trying to remember, looking at the ceiling, and vaguely puzzling his reverie with the letters of the inscription *Ursus philosophus*, which he examined without deciphering, for he could not read.

The noise of a key groping in a lock made him lift his head.

The door turned on its hinges, the stairway swung. Ursus was coming home. He ascended the three steps, his extinguished lantern in his hand.

At the same time there was a patter of four feet lightly mounting the stairs. It was Homo, following Ursus and coming home, too.

The boy, now wide awake, gave a start.

The wolf, probably hungry, had put on his morning grin, which showed all his teeth, and very white they were.

He stopped half-way up, put his two fore-paws into the hut, leaving his legs on the threshold as a preacher leans his arms on the edge of the pulpit. He smelt at a distance the chest which he was not used to see thus occupied. His wolf's figure, framed in the door, stood out black in the morning light. He decided and entered.

Seeing the wolf in the hut, the boy rose up out of the skin and placed himself before the little girl, who slept more soundly than ever.

Ursus had just restored the lantern to its hook on the ceiling. Silently and with mechanical deliberation he unbuckled his girdle, in which his case of instruments was, and replaced it on a shelf. He looked at nothing and seemed to see nothing. His eyeballs were glassy. Something profound was at work in his mind. At length his thoughts came to light, as usual, by a rapid utterance of words. He cried out:

—Decidedly happy! Dead, quite dead!

He stooped down and placed a shovelful of turf on the fire, and, while poking it up, grumbled on:

—I had trouble to find her. Unknown malice had plunged her under two feet of snow. Without Homo, who sees as clearly with his nose as Christopher Columbus did with his mind, I should be there still paddling about in the snow and playing hide-and-seek with death. Diogenes took his lantern and looked for a man; I took mine and looked for a woman; he found sarcasm, and I found mourning. How cold she was! I touched her hand, it was a stone. What silence in the eyes! How can one be stupid enough to die and leave an infant behind! It will not be comfortable keeping three in this box. What a bore! Well, I have a family now. Daughter and son.

While Ursus was speaking, Homo had stolen close to the stove; the hand of the little sleeper hung down between the stove and the chest. The wolf began to lick the hand.

He licked it so softly that the girl did not wake.

Ursus turned round.

—Good, Homo. I shall be father, and you uncle. Then he resumed his philosophical work of arranging the fire, without interrupting his aside.

—Adoption. It's decided. Besides, Homo consents.

He stood up again.

—I should like to know who is responsible for this woman's death. Is it man or...

His eye looked into the air, but above the ceiling, and his mouth murmured:

—Is it thou?

Then his forehead dropped as if under a weight, and he resumed:

—The night has taken the trouble to kill this woman.

As he drew himself up again, his look met the face of the awakened boy, who was listening to him. Ursus addressed him abruptly:

—What's the reason you're laughing?

The boy replied,

—I am not laughing.

Ursus had a sort of tremor, examined him very attentively and silently, for some moments, and said,

—Then you are frightful.

The inside of the hut was so dimly lighted at night, that Ursus had not yet seen the boy's face. The full day showed it to him.

He placed his palms on the child's shoulders, regarded his face with an attention more and more penetrating, and cried to him:

—Don't laugh any more!

—I don't laugh, said the child.

Ursus shook from head to foot.

—You do laugh, I tell you.

Then shaking the child in a grasp which might arise from rage or pity, he asked in a violent tone:

—Who made you so?

The child replied:

—I don't know what you mean.

Ursus resumed:

—How long have you had that laugh?

—I have always been so, said the child.

Ursus turned to the chest, saying in a low tone:

—I thought that business was out of date. He took out very carefully, so as not to wake the little girl, the book which he had put under her head for a pillow.

—Let us look at Conquest, he muttered.

It was a bundle of folio sheets, bound in parchment. He ran through the leaves with his thumb, stopped at one, opened the book wide over the stove and read.

—*De Denasatis*—here it is.

And he went on:

Bucca fissæ usque ad aures, geniculis denudatis, nasque muredridato, masca eris et ridebis semper.

—That is it exactly.

And he replaced the book on one of the shelves, growling:

—An incident, the investigation of which would be unwholesome. Laugh away, my boy!

At this moment the little girl woke. Her "good-morning" was a cry.

—Come, nurse, give her the breast, said Ursus.

The little girl had sat up. Ursus took the bottle from the stove and gave it to her to suck. At this instant the sun was rising. He was just level with the horizon. His red rays entered through the glass, and struck the face of the girl which was turned toward him. The child's eyes, fixed on the sun, reflected his crimson roundness like two mirrors. The balls were motionless; the lids also.

—Why, she's blind! cried Ursus.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

ALEXANDER was pleased with Mr. Evelyn's exterior; he was a tall man, probably over sixty; he seemed to be in feeble health, and stooped considerably; his hair was nearly white, his face long, pale, and intellectual, but its expression was amiable and benevolent, rather than suggestive of mental power or force of character. In these days he would have worn some strange form of hat, and been attired as if he wished to pass for a horse-dealer or a game-keeper, but at that time those fantastic costumes had not been introduced with which Englishmen of later years have supplied the caricaturists with such fair subjects for their pencils. Mr. Evelyn, on the contrary, was dressed with care, and much as he would have been in the same season, had you met him in Pall Mall or Regent Street; a blue frock, trousers of

nankeen (a stuff now only to be seen in the Kensington Museum), and an ordinary white hat, only that the leaf was a little broader than usual.

As to Alexander's outer man, of which as yet we have said nothing, it is enough to say now that it was in the same taste as the old gentleman's, scarcely more juvenile, but of stronger materials, more fit for hard work and vicissitudes of weather. His appearance and bearing had in turn made a favorable impression on Mr. Evelyn, but Hannah had already saved him the trouble of describing the stranger for his daughter. On that lady, however, her maid's account of Alexander, though in terms of exaggerated praise, to repay him for his civility and good offices in the affair of the eggs, was completely thrown away.

"Only think, papa," she exclaimed, advancing to meet her father from the breakfast-table, where she had been making tea, "these provoking tourists are finding out Orta at last; there are actually a pair of them, and English ones too, in the house at this instant."

"Not in the house, at all events," said Mr. Evelyn, smiling and kissing her. "One of them is in the middle of the lake by this time."

"You take it very quietly," rejoined his daughter, with a curl of vexation on her lips; "but I consider it a monstrous intrusion, I can tell you."

"Two, after all, is no such great matter," said the old gentleman, taking his seat.

"Two will bring twenty, sir. Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown are sure to be followed by Mr. Jones."

"Ay," said her father, affecting to be deeply concerned, "and then the Robinsons are inevitable. I presume the young man on the water is Mr. Smith?"

Here Hannah, who was standing by, interposed with fervor to explain that it was a much prettier name than Smith; his name was Mr. Frederick Alexander; she had seen it in the travellers' book, and his companion's name was Mr. Woodville; and Hannah took care to let her master know that but for Mr. Alexander he would have had no eggs for his breakfast.

"Come, Fatima," said Mr. Evelyn, "these are strong points in his favor: he is not Mr. Smith, and we are indebted to him for our eggs."

The outraged lady vouchsafed no reply, but packed Hannah away to inquire about the hours for posting and receiving letters, directing her to bring back the information in black and white.

"She is so inaccurate," added Miss Evelyn, when the maid's back was turned, "so very careless. Only think of her leaving behind, either at Ivrea or Chiavasso, I suppose, one of the account-books, and the Bobbio book of all others; all our disbursements in it for the schools and charities. What shall we do if it is lost?"

"It will vex you," said Mr. Evelyn, "more than it will the good folk at Bobbio. I remember an anecdote of Henry VII., who kept a memorandum-book in which he entered the daily expenses of his palace. His favorite monkey got hold of it one day and tore it up in pieces, to the inexpressible delight of the officers of his household. But your book will be perfectly safe, depend upon it; we shall find it on our way back to Turin."

"I am sure I hope so, papa; for that good old man at Bobbio has no more notion of regularity or keeping accounts, or business of any kind, than Hannah or—"

"Myself, I suppose," interrupted her father.

"Very well, papa, I never contradict you, but really these primitive Christians are very hard to manage; I was obliged to leave Bobbio, after all, without the vouchers, but I do hope the post will bring them to-day."

"You are quite right, my love, to make them mind their p's and q's."

"I am resolved they shall mind them; and now come and see how nicely I have arranged your table for reading and writing until the sun goes down a little; and you see where I am going to fix myself opposite to you."

Mr. Evelyn's table had very little of the air of business; there was a writing-case certainly, but it was not open, as if he seldom used it, and wrote most of his letters by proxy. His books and newspapers, on the contrary, were arranged before him convenient to his hand; among them were several reviews and other new publications, both French and English, all indicating the habits of an easy reading man;

the only business-like phenomenon was a bundle of papers tied with a bit of pink ribbon, but it lay at one side upon the unopened writing-case.

Nor, indeed, was there any thing ostentatiously busy or official about Miss Evelyn's establishment in the opposite corner. On the contrary, the ordinary feminine phenomena predominated. There was a little row of volumes, some of which looked like small editions of the Italian poets, others were perhaps novels. There was a small writing-desk, evidently much more used than her father's, and even a plainer one; but there was a work-basket also. The little red books on the desk labelled with the words "Torre" and "Angrogna," were probably the companions of the green one which was lost or missing.

While Miss Evelyn was carefully arranging the *jalousies*, so as to temper both the light and heat, yet so as to admit whatever air was stirring, which was not much, and also to afford a peep out on the water through the vine, Hannah returned from the post-office, and brought letters and papers with her. Among the former was a fat one from the pastor of Bobbio with the expected documents. The young lady's eye sparkled with triumph.

"You see, papa," she cried, holding them up as if they had been prizes in a lottery, "the effect my letter from Turin has produced."

"I hope it was not too sharp, my love," said the old gentleman, opening a newspaper.

"It has brought the vouchers, papa—that's the great point," she replied, as she seated herself at her little table. Then she added, after a moment's pause, "Really it is most important for their own sakes to teach these poor people a little regularity in money matters. Our fund goes much further now than it used to do, when nobody knew how the money went, as was the case a few years ago. 'On a changé tout cela,' I hope."

From that moment, for two or three hours, there passed but little conversation between father and daughter; he was engrossed with his books and newspapers, she with her Vaudois accounts. It was pretty to mark the ringed and rosy finger run up and down the columns of figures, and the musical murmur with which she carried the tens; it shed a hue of poetry over arithmetic. It was very pretty also to note her momentary embarrassments, for they were only momentary, as if she had carried over a franc or centime too much or too little, or had caught the slovenly accountants of the Protestant valleys tripping; and how the transient difficulty sometimes told on her bright, intelligent brow, clouding it; sometimes on her lips, compressing them the least possible; sometimes, but that was very seldom, going down so low as to affect the foot that peered out from beneath the sweep of her plain morning-dress (not half as smart as Hannah's), making the extreme flounce scarce rustle with its movement. It was pretty, too, when the difficulty was brushed away almost as soon as it occurred, and the light returned to her brow, and foot and flounce were still again, and to reward herself for her successful pains, or her impatience subdued, she smelled vigorously at a vase of roses which Hannah had placed at her side, or jumped up and kissed her father in the middle of his reading.

CHAPTER IV.—ON THE WATER.

MR. WOODVILLE was still a martyr to the cold which his stirring friend had given him in pointing out the sublimities not to be seen from the "misty mountain-top," but he was not too ill to keep his breakfast engagement, or play his part at the table with respectable efficiency. Indeed, he thought it necessary once or twice to apologize for his appetite, which he declared was a morbid and hysterical one, and no proof, as it would be with another man, of any strength or stamina in his constitution.

Woodville had the advantage of Alexander, for he had actually got a peep at the enigmatical young lady, but she was a puzzle to him also, for he could neither pronounce confidently either as to her age, or her pretensions to beauty. What he chiefly noticed was a look of decision and an air of originality which tallied with the inferences his friend had drawn.

"In short," said Woodville, "I think we may sum her up tolerably well by saying she is a pretty, clever, odd sort of a girl, with a will of her own, and a specialty for double entry."

As soon as the artist heard the name was Evelyn, he at once re-

membered that he had often heard in Paris of a gentleman of that name, who was noted for his eccentricities, the nature of which, however, he could not recall to mind.

"I doubt very much," said Alexander, "if Miss Evelyn has bestowed as much attention on us as we have upon her."

"I am positive she has not," said Woodville, "so let us follow her discreet example. Shattered as I was—you laugh, but I am quite in earnest—I made an effort this morning to make a sketch of the old man under the fig-tree, while the subject was fresh in my memory. Would you like to see it?"

Alexander thought the drawing beautiful, and truly so it was; it was just the theme which Woodville's wayward pencil handled most lovingly.

"What thought, what feeling, you have thrown into it! And, what is very strange, the old man strongly resembles my father, whom you never saw."

"It is not surprising," said the artist, "as I had your own green old age in my mind's eye. Excuse me for grizzling your hair before your time, but I often amuse myself with speculating on the future of a face or a form; to me there is as great a charm in the autumn of human life as in the autumn of the woods and mountains."

"I shall be fortunate," said his friend, "if I ever arrive at such a mellow October. But come, since you are in such a good vein for sketching, you must go on the lake with me in the cool of the day; the views will be sure to inspire you afresh, and to-night we shall have a moon."

Woodville's face prolonged itself immediately, and he shook his head dubiously; he feared it would be too much for him, that it would affect his trachea, or his uvula, or his bronchial tubes, parts of the animal machinery, of the very existence of which Alexander was in happy ignorance; but the temptation was too strong, and his friend, having prevailed, left him to himself until dinner-time.

When the hour for the water came, the Evelyns, who were also bent on the lake, were the first at the place where the boats lay, but it accidentally happened that the only boat to be had was the one which Alexander had hired.

Here was another *casus belli* against the tourists, who had monopolized the one boat.

"I told you, sir, what it would come to," said Miss Evelyn, with a sort of composed vexation, as if she had made up her mind that she was no more to be lady of the lake.

"Perhaps our hostess will be able to procure a boat for us," said the old gentleman. So they returned to the inn, and were in council with the landlady in the porch just as Alexander and Woodville were

setting out, the latter wrapped up as if the November winds were blowing. Miss Evelyn had an eye for the ridiculous; it was easy to see that, as it twinkled through the half-closed lids for the twentieth of a second upon the artist as he passed, he would certainly have made a different toilet, could he have anticipated the criticism of that rapid but comprehensive survey. With equal rapidity Alexander had perceived the difficulty the Evelyns were in, and to place his boat politely at their disposal was the affair of a moment.

Mr. Evelyn thanked him profusely, as did his daughter also, though in few words and with a little state.

"I am twice your debtor, sir," said the affable old gentleman, "for my breakfast this morning, and again for your present kind offer; but the boat is large enough for us all, and it is not unlikely that our projects coincide."

This suggestion settled the matter, agreeably to Alexander at all events, and the Evelyns led the way to the place of embarkation, where they found Woodville resting.



"On the Water."

He was by no means so well pleased as his friend at the arrangement made behind his back; the sparkling criticism of that bright eye of indeterminate color disturbed him, and he would certainly have managed to shuffle off some of his wraps, only that unluckily his shabby old dressing-gown was under them, and to have exhibited that to Miss Evelyn would have been worse still.

"Perhaps we can dispense with the boatman," said the lady, and added, looking at Alexander, "I dare say this gentleman will have no objection to row."

Alexander took the oars not only with complaisance, but pleasure,

for he was an expert waterman, and the young lady took the tiller, greatly to the artist's satisfaction, for he was afraid for a moment she was thinking of imposing the steerage on him. The young lawyer sat facing the lady at the helm, her father was at her right, and Mr. Woodville on her left, the only member of the party who was not at his ease. And yet, without intending it, he was the first to amuse the party. Mr. Evelyn was sorry to see that Mr. Woodville was an invalid, and hoped he would soon get rid of his cold, which led the artist to give an account of the way in which he caught it, which he accompanied with such a naïve description of his terrible adventures in the storm on the hills, the miseries he endured on the donkey, and the pickle he was in, how his worst apprehensions of Alpine dangers were more than realized, and how his companion only grew more and more elated and triumphant the more the horrors increased, that the Evelyns were extremely diverted—particularly the lady, who laughed heartily—at which Woodville was not at all offended, for he was not sorry to be entertaining, and was never ashamed to confess that he was no hero.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Evelyn, "we do not feel as much as we ought for what you went through; you have related it so agreeably."

"We shall be wishing you, sir, to make the ascent of Mont Blanc, or Monte Rosa," said the young lady, with a flash of pleasantry in her eye, as gracious as possible, and not a bit of the expression which had made Woodville feel uncomfortable at the door of the inn.

"Do you propose any of those gigantic expeditions?" said Mr. Evelyn to Alexander.

"Not at all," he replied; "my heroism only exists in my friend's imagination; we are of the humblest class of tourists; we have crept through Switzerland, and are now creeping through the north of Italy, intending to creep homeward toward the end of September."

"To give you a notion," said Woodville, "of what Mr. Alexander understands by creeping, you have only to look at that enormous mountain yonder, over which we crept, as he calls it."

"The highest positions in life are often gained by creeping," said Mr. Evelyn, whose style of talk was rather pretentious; "I have seen many instances of it in my time; but I venture to predict that is not the way the gentleman rowing will make his way in the world."

Alexander thanked him laughingly for the flattering remark, and he might have thanked his daughter too for the smile with which she supported it. Indeed, she spoke little, though she evidently enjoyed the water and the surrounding beauties extremely, but it was in a reserved and demure way; there was no more of the enthusiastic burst of the morning.

Mr. Evelyn ran on upon the different ways of rising in life; how few rose by straightforward, manly climbing; how many by servile crawling or wriggling, which he illustrated by the fact that even the eel, not a more slippery creature than many an eminent politician, will wriggle itself up a ledge of rocks or a salmon-weir. He had seen men in his time who wriggled themselves into bishoprics, and even higher positions.

Woodville was now so much at his ease that, after looking at his watch, he produced a minute phial of globules, no bigger than the heads of pins, and, having dropped a certain number into the palm of his hand, licked them up with an apology—much called for—for taking medicine in company. He did not see, but Alexander did, how Miss Evelyn looked while he was taking his dose. It was another of those little flashes of sarcasm darting out between the half-shut eyelids, which she had levelled at the artist's wraps.

"You are not a homœopathist," said Alexander, addressing her. The look made that plain enough.

She answered the question only with a slight negative movement of her head, as if she desired to avoid a discussion of the subject; but the old gentleman went off fluently on the virtues residing in molecules and infinitesimals, from which he dashed into the atoms of Epicurus, quoted Lucretius, and displayed a wonderful deal more learning than was level to the comprehension of his audience, or exactly in place in a boat on the lake of Orta. It was evident he plumed himself on his talk, and talked to be admired. The young men soon perceived that they had only to listen respectfully to make themselves perfectly agreeable. When he came to his first pause, Woodville ventured a complimentary remark upon the wide range of his reading. This opened a new theme, on which Mr. Evelyn expatiated again with

the same fluency. He disparaged extensive reading with a fresh outpouring of it.

"Learning, Mr. Woodville, you know as well as I do, is the vainest of all vanities. What signifies being 'deep-versed in books,' if a man is 'shallow in himself,' as Milton puts it? And how well Shakespeare expresses the same thought—

'Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books.'

But what long ago most thoroughly disgusted me with your prodigies of erudition, was an opinion I met in the works of one of the fathers of the Church, that the most ignorant devil has more learning than the most learned man that ever lived."

This quaint theological dictum made everybody laugh, and, before the laugh was over, Mr. Evelyn had started again on the subject of demonology, with which he seemed also to have the most intimate acquaintance, quoting the Bible, the Koran, the Talmud, and twenty authors of whose very names Woodville was ignorant, and he knew rather more about books than his friend.

When the demons were exhausted, he stopped to take breath. The young men could see that though his daughter was proud of her father's talents and knowledge, she did not encourage him to talk—probably because he talked a great deal more than was good for him, as he seemed troubled with a dry, short cough. But he wanted no encouragement, only an audience, and, having now that advantage, he seemed determined to turn it to account. Though he had talked so much, he had not yet mounted his hobby, which had been, for some years, the cause of the Vaudois. The moment he got astride of that he became not only fluent but rhetorical, and gesticulated with his hands as if he had been speaking from a platform.

As he spoke of the glorious struggles of the people of the Valleys against the House of Savoy, and of the deeds of their heroic leaders, especially Henri Arnaud and his romantic career, he was really "the old man eloquent" for a few minutes. His eye gleamed with some of the fire of the contest he painted, and Alexander suspended the oar to listen to his impassioned strain. Woodville, always excitable, forgot himself to the point of half-revealing his old *robe-de-chambre*, and, as to Miss Evelyn, she listened with an admiration and a sympathy which she had not vouchsafed to her father's display of learning.

But the pitch was too high to be long maintained, and he was soon in a more prosaic region again, beginning to enlarge on the difficulty of managing charitable enterprises so as not to destroy the spirit of independence in the objects of our benevolence.

"How often," he said, "do we corrupt poverty when we flatter ourselves that we are relieving it! Charity must keep a close hand. We always try to make ours do so in the Valleys. I dare say, gentlemen, it would interest you to know how we manage our fund?"

"But don't you think, papa," interrupted his daughter, biting her lip ever so little, "it would be more interesting just now to land and observe the sunset?"

Alexander instantly pulled toward the island.

"Just as you please, my dear," said Mr. Evelyn. "I will take another opportunity of giving our friends an outline of our system—or rather *your* system."

Miss Evelyn bit her lip again, but it was impossible to arrest his volubility.

"She is our accountant," he pursued; "we leave all the financial department to her. You see a young lady before you unversed by multiplication, unpuzzled by the rule-of-three, and unmaddened by fractions. I wish I could say that business perplexed me as little as it does her."

Alexander, whose eye was as quick as any lady's, saw how little this comical eulogy pleased Miss Evelyn, though she affected to laugh, which was the best thing she could do; so he made as if he was too intent on the oar to pay much attention to what the old man was saying, and, with a few strong pulls, brought the boat to the foot of a flight of steps, and the conversation, at the same time, to a full stop.

As they mounted the marble stairs, Miss Evelyn took her father's arm, and murmured something in his ear, probably a request that he would not resume the subject of her skill in accounts before the strangers.

At least there was no more of it. Mr. Evelyn having talked himself out, now allowed his new acquaintances to talk, possibly wishing to know more about them; and Woodville was as communicative as

the most inquisitive old gentleman could have desired, and left very little untold about himself and his complaints, and then about his friend, and his talents, and his prospects, until Alexander was in the situation which Miss Evelyn had been in before, of feeling himself made slightly ridiculous by excessive praise. But, as he had helped her, so she now helped him in turn, by remarking that they had sat too long on the cold marble; particularly, she added (with a sly hit at the artist's envelopings), as her father was not so well fortified as Mr. Woodville.

"Come away, sir," she said to the old gentleman; "let us be merry and wise; if you catch cold, you will never be able to keep your appointment next week at Turin."

"Don't mention it, don't mention it," said Mr. Evelyn, with a sigh, as if the business alluded to lay heavily on his mind. His daughter folded carefully around him a plaid shawl which she had brought with her, took his arm in hers, and led him away to the boat.

It was full time for invalids and old men to get home, for the twilight was over, and the owls from the old towers of San Giulio were beginning to hoot.

TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

AMONG the most popular of all the modern writers of France, in his way, is Jules Verne, who, for three or four years past, has been solving that difficult problem of "combining instruction with amusement," in the most adroit and successful manner.

The first of his peculiar books, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," has been translated in America. His second production, entitled "A Trip to the Centre of the Earth," is now before us, and, as a scientific fantasy, we find it sufficiently peculiar, original, and amusing.

Monsieur Verne makes travelling companions of wit and erudition, and, while satirizing the wild vagaries of mere theorists, manages to convey a vast amount of practical instruction and adorn his pages with some of the most vivid and striking descriptions of things known and unknown, possible and impossible, that the imagination can depict.

The wild life and scenery of Iceland he makes a fitting preliminary to the descent of his heroes toward the earth's centre, through the open crater of an extinct volcano, and then follow "hair-breadth 'scapes and ventures perilous" without number in the vast interior world, where they find an electric sky electrically illuminated, and vast seas, plains, and mountains, covered with antediluvian growth, and peopled with monsters who disported on the surface of our planet before the Flood. Then ensue terrific tempests; combats of the pre-Adamitic wild beasts on land and water, and, after nameless vicissitudes, the escape of the travellers upward to the surface again, through an active volcano, in another quarter of the globe.

That M. Verne has secured sufficient room for the play of his imagination, in this work, will hardly be contested, and, at the same time, he has manifested profound scientific erudition, as well as sparkling and playful fancy.

But, in order that our readers may have a foretaste of this curious literary freak, which has amused so vast a host of scientific and unscientific people in Europe, we briefly introduce and quote a few passages. These are taken almost at random, however, for the book is equally *bizarre* throughout.

The story—for a story is made the graceful connecting thread that holds the incidents together—opens in the queer old city of Hamburg, and introduces us to Professor Lidenbrock, an enthusiastic antiquarian and naturalist, and Axel, his nephew, a roguish youth, whom the professor is trying to train up in the path of science, but who has a much more decided tendency to fine clothes, sunny promenades, and a certain little Gräuben, his cousin, and Lidenbrock's niece. Axel and Gräuben are both in their teens, and their mutual tenderness has only just reached the pastoral stage when the professor becomes deeply engrossed in some new investigation that upsets all his usual ways and habits, vastly tribulates old Martha, his sexagenarian housekeeper, and overclouds Master Axel's felicity, by giving him musty work to do in the library and study.

"This study," writes Axel, who is supposed to offer us the whole narration, "was a veritable museum. All the specimens of the min-

eral kingdom were there ticketed in the most perfect order, according to the three grand divisions of inflammable, metallic, and lithoid minerals. How well I knew all those epitomes of mineralogical science! How often, instead of frolicking with boys of my age, I had amused myself with dusting those graphites, those anthracites, those fossil coals, those lignites, those fragments of peat and turf! And then there were the bitumens, the resins, and the organic salts, that had to be kept clear of every atom of dust. And the metals, too, from iron to gold, the special importance of which disappeared in the absolute equality of value prevailing among scientific specimens. And all those stones that were in quantity enough to rebuild our old house in Königstrasse, and even add a handsome room to it, which would have suited me so well!"

It will be seen that, after all, Axel had some scientific preparation, but the chief object before him during the visit to the study, which he selects for the above description, is his uncle, Lidenbrock, who is there going into ecstasies over a strange-looking old book that he has just brought home from the stall of the Jew Hevelius; for the professor is a bibliomaniac along with his other accomplishments.

"See," said he, carrying on all the questions and answers himself; "isn't it a beauty? Yes, it is admirable. And what binding! Doesn't that book open easily? Yes, and it stays open at any page you please. And, doesn't it shut well? Yes, indeed; for the cover and the leaves are perfectly secured together in one compact whole, without separating or gaping at any point. And its back without a crack in it, after seven hundred years of use! Ah, there's a binding that would have been the pride of Bozerian, Closs, or Purgold!"

This remarkable old volume, with its tough leather back, and a faded seal dangling to it, turns out to be no less a treasure than the far-famed "Heims Kringla" of Snorre Turleson, the renowned Icelandic author who flourished in the twelfth century. This was his Chronicle of the Norwegian Kings who had reigned in Iceland, and it was, from beginning to end, a manuscript in pure Runic, the characters of which, as tradition runs, were invented by Odin himself.

While overhauling this wonderful tome, the professor sees a great parchment drop from it, and, in a moment, has unfolded it with eager haste. It was a slip of sheepskin, five inches long and three in breadth, with a series of outlandish characters imprinted on it in transverse lines.

These the professor discovers to be Runic also, and identical with the letters of the "Heims Kringla." To decipher them was the next problem, and poor Martha announcing dinner, and Axel pining for Gretchen, are the immediate victims of this scientific passion. The professor will see nobody, listen to nothing, eat not a bite, until that problem shall have been solved. Axel is planted at a table, pen in hand, and ordered to put down, in plain letters, his uncle's first reading of the puzzle, as below:

m.rnlls	esrewel	seecJde
sgtasmf	untseif	niedrks
kt,samn	atrateb	Saodrnn
emtnaeI	nwacct	rrilSa
Atvaar	.nscret	ieaabs
ccdrmi	ecutal	frantw
dt,iac	oseibo	KediiI

The professor finds that this writing is a *cryptogram* written later than the book, since it contains the double *M*, which is of more modern invention, and can be found nowhere in the volume. "At least two centuries' difference in date," he says. On further investigation, he discovers, to his great delight, a signature to the MS., also in Runic hieroglyphics:

1A A + 41K A A 44 + *

Arne Saknussemm! a celebrated Icelandic sage and alchemist of the sixteenth century. The cryptogram assuredly conceals some remarkable discovery, for those alchemists, after all, were the only true savants of their period—Avicenna, Bacon, Lullius, Paracelsus, and the rest, bearing witness.

The professor finds even his vast erudition a little at fault in the presence of these one hundred and thirty-two letters, embracing seventy-nine consonants and fifty-three vowels, thrown together in apparent disorder, but really arranged with mathematical forethought, and from certain indications believed to be Latin, but illegible without

a key. What is that key? The professor, cudgelling his own brains to find it out, also sets poor Axel to work instead of letting him go to his dinner. His first idea is to write down any sentence, with the letters arranged in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines, and so detect their relations as vowels and consonants thrown into a heap. This he directs Axel to do. That enamoured youth happens at the moment to be thinking more of his pretty Graüben than of Arne Saknussem, and writes, as requested, the first thing that occurs to him. Here is the result:

O, e e, l ü
I y a l e b
l o r i G e
o u l t r n
v d y t a !

The next process was to write the words as they were thus formed, horizontally, and they read:

O e e, l ü—I y a l e b—l o r i
G e—o u l t r n—v d y t a !

The professor was delighted. There, he said, was a confusion of consonants, and a mingling of points and vowels, quite Runic. So, snatching the paper, he read the columns up and down, and much to his amazement came upon the following disclosure, which the reader can make out for himself:

"O, I love you dearly, little Graüben!"

This is a new phase of the business, and sets the wise man of Hamburg to thinking; but the inscription must be made out, at all hazards, and Lidenbrock, after working until his head aches, rushes from the house and leaves Axel to finish. Our youthful friend worries at the MS., turning it in all directions. At last, a fortunate sidelong glance reveals the run of the letters, and there is a general jubilee when the professor returns. They have the key, which is, to read the legend backward; and here it is in ancient Latin:

"*In Sneffels Yocalis craterem kem delibet umbra Soartaris Julii intra kalendas descende, audas viator, et terrestris centrum attinges. Kod feci Arne Saknussem.*"

And this is the translation:

"Descend into the crater of the Yokul of Sneffels, which the shadow of Soartaris caresses, before the kalends of July, O daring traveller! and you will reach the centre of the earth. Which I did. Arne Saknussem."

This was enough! from that moment, no peace in the house until Lidenbrock's trunk was packed, and he, with poor Axel, whom the uncle's inexorable will tore from the arms of the weeping Graüben, was on his way to Iceland, to reach it before the "kalends of July."

At Copenhagen, Uncle Lidenbrock makes Axel "take lessons of the abyss," as he styles them, by causing him to ascend the loftiest steeples and hang over the balustrades.

At length they embark for Reikjavik, and, after a quaint voyage as quaintly told, enter their destination, the bay of Faxa, and see the designated snow-clad mountain towering in the distance.

Iceland life, manners, and scenery, now come in, and the theories on both sides concerning the hollowness versus the fiery fulness of our terrestrial globe are laughably discussed. The professor believes in Saknussem's story and determines to equal his achievement, or perish in the attempt, and poor Axel must accompany him.

After a curious trip from Reikjavik to the top of Sneffels, where they arrive at the right time, they discover an ancient monument weather-beaten and gray with time, on which once more in Runic characters is carved the name of Arne Saknussem. Axel is in despair at this confirmatory evidence, but old Lidenbrock is enchanted, and after dismissing all their Iceland guides, excepting Hans, a faithful native boatman, they prepare to descend into the crater.

Here begins the subterranean journey! Axel describes the first part of the descent from the inner orifice at the centre—or, in other words—the throat of the crater.

"Its sides, which were almost perpendicular, still offered many jutting points that would aid the descent; but, if the stairs were there, the balustrade was completely lacking. A thick cord attached to the mouth of the hole might, indeed, help us; but how were we to loosen it again when we got to the end of it?"

"My uncle employed a very simple device to overcome this difficulty. He unwound a small rope about as thick as one's thumb, and four hundred feet long. He ran out about one half of it, and then, fastening it around a projecting point of rock, threw the other half dangling into

the throat of the crater. Each of us then could descend by taking the two halves of the rope in our hands and supporting himself as he passed down along them, since they were securely fastened in the middle. Once safely landed two hundred feet down, it would be easy to recover the whole cord by releasing one half and hauling on the other, and so on *ad infinitum*."

The baggage was divided into three parcels, Axel and the Professor each putting one on his back, Hans the Icelandier taking charge of the heavy tools and implements, and the third bundle being simply "dumped," or dropped, from point to point, as it had nothing fragile in it.

The journey, arranged on these highly scientific principles, at once began. The first day was spent in descending to the bottom of the round neck of the crater. This they reach at last, after ten and a half hours of "abyss gymnastics," and discover, at a depth of twenty-four hundred feet, a side gallery of fair dimensions gently sloping downward to the right.—Here they make their first resting-place, and pass a peaceful night.

The professor is charmed, the Icelandier quite contented, and even Axel begins to enter into the spirit of the thing.

Their first regular data are noted down, next morning, as follows:

MONDAY, July 1.—*Chronometer*: 8h. 17m., A. M.

Barometer: 29p. 71.

Thermometer: 6°.

Direction: E. S. E.

To follow the journey fully, one must get the book, and sooth, to say, Jules Verne rivals the Arabian Nights in his descriptions of the innermost subterranean world. The homes of the genii and the caverns of Eblis are totally eclipsed by the natural halls and palaces, grottos and domes, that our travellers find and classify according to pure geologic science.

We can cull but a page or two as we hurry onward:

"The electric light sparkled gorgeously on the schists, the lime crystals and old red sandstone of the walls. We might have fancied ourselves in some excavation in the midst of Devonshire, which has given its name to these peculiar deposits. Specimens of magnificent marbles incrustated the walls, some of gray agate with white veins capriciously etched in them, and others flesh-colored or of bright-yellow speckled with red flakes, and, farther on, varieties of sombre egriot, in which the calcareous formations stood out in vivid tints."

At length, as they press farther on, they plunge down, down by a spiral winding way into the primitive deposits, their gallery growing broader and brighter, but the heat increasing, and their supply of water giving out. The professor, however, has strength and courage for all emergencies, and sustains the drooping spirits of his companions. The desperate hunt for water, the cutting through of a granite wall to reach it, and their wild enjoyment when it is found, are superbly narrated. Hans, the stolid, steady, brave, untiring Icelandier, is a great character, in his way, and the reader gets attached to him.

Their road now lies along spirals, horizontals, and verticals, but downward, ever nearer to the centre.

On the 15th of July they were twenty-one miles beneath the level of the surface seas, and in the finest health and spirits. On the 18th they were two hundred and fifty-five miles southwest of the base of Sneffels, and forty-eight miles in perpendicular depth, or at the limit of the crust assigned to our planet by some astronomers. Of course, they were living witnesses of the erroneous deductions that ascribe a heat of fifteen hundred degrees to that depth!

Axel gets lost by branching into the wrong descending gallery, and here the author has an opportunity to put forth fancy and science together, in a series of intensely dramatic episodes. He does it, we need hardly say, with fine effect, and, at length, after thrilling perils, the party is safely reunited.

We cannot refrain from citing a paragraph of description, from the chapter where their arrival in the *interior world* is richly detailed:

"A vast sheet of water, the beginning of a lake or an ocean, extended beyond my range of vision. The shore, which was deeply indented with bays and inlets, received the last caresses of the waves on an expanse of fine sand sparkling with golden light, and bestrown with those little shells in which the first beings of the creation lived. The billows broke upon it with the sonorous murmur peculiar to immense enclosed spaces, and a light spray, tossed by

the caprice of a playful breeze, flecked my face. Upon this slightly-sloping beach, at about one hundred fathoms from the margin of the waters, the last spurs of enormous rocky ridges shaded off and disappeared in the level, while the gigantic masses behind them ascended to immeasurable heights. Some of them, rending the shore with their sharp crests, formed capes and promontories gnawed by the teeth of the surf. Farther on, the eye could trace their huge outlines clearly profiled against the misty background of the horizon.

"It was indeed an ocean, with the capricious contours of terrestrial coasts, but solitary and fearfully wild of aspect.

"If I found no difficulty in surveying even the distant features of this scene, it was because a very peculiar light illuminated its minutest details. It was not the light of the sun with its brilliant sheaves of glowing beams and broadening golden rays, nor the vague and pallid sheen of the satellite that merely reflects his splendor without his heat! No! The illuminating power of this light; its tremulous diffusion; its clear, dry whiteness; the slight elevation of its temperature; its brightness, in reality superior to that of the moon, indicated a purely electric origin. It was a sort of continuous aurora borealis, or some such cosmic phenomenon, that filled this cavern, huge enough to hold an ocean.

"The vault that hung over my head—the sky, if you will call it so—seemed to be made up of immense clouds, or movable and changing vapors, which, no doubt, by the effect of condensation, descended at stated periods in torrents of rain. I would have thought that under so strong an atmospheric pressure, the evaporation of water could not take place, and yet, by some natural reason that escaped me, there were heavy clouds suspended in the air. But it was 'fine weather' at the time. The electric flashes produced the most surprising play of light on the far-up clouds; intense shadows describe themselves on the lower volutes of these cloudy pillars, and, from time to time, a ray of remarkable power would dart through to us between two disjointed masses. But, still, this was not the sun, for there was no heat with its light, and the effect was dull and profoundly saddening. I felt above me, instead of a glittering firmament of stars, a granite vault beyond those clouds, crushing me down with all its weight, and not yielding space enough, vast as it seemed, for the least ambitious of the satellites."

It was like a weird sojourn in some distant planet, this visit to the central world! But the sky and light were no stranger than the *flora* and *fauna* of the place. Forests of mushrooms, as tall as earthly palm-trees; lycopodia, one hundred feet high; arborescent ferns, as lofty as our pines—in fine, all the plants of the second cosmic period, or period of transition, were there; while the bones of the mastodon and the megatherium lay scattered about.

However, there were living creatures as well as fossils in their neighborhood, and something still more interesting, as we are told in the subjoined paragraphs:

"Suddenly, I halted, and laid my hand on my uncle's arm to hold him back. The diffused electric light enabled me to distinguish the smallest objects in the depths of the thickets. I had thought that I saw—No! really, I *did* see huge shapes moving under the trees. Yes; there were gigantic animals, a whole herd of mastodons, not fossil, but alive, and like those of which the remains were found in the

swamps of Ohio, in 1801. I could perceive the trunks of these enormous creatures twisting in and out under the trees like a legion of serpents, and I could hear the sound of their long tusks, as their ivory points tore the old bolls and branches of the trees. The boughs crackled, and masses of foliage stripped from them rapidly disappeared down the throats of the immense animals."

The uncle, undismayed, as ever, proposes to push on through the antediluvian forest, but is restrained by Axel, who remarks that no human being could brave the wrath of such monsters.

"No human being?" responded the doctor, lowering his voice. "You are mistaken, Axel. Look, look yonder! I think I see a living being, a creature of our own species—a man."

"I looked, with a shrug of the shoulders, however, and determined to push my incredulity to the last extreme. But, in spite of myself, I had to yield to the evidence before me; for there, about a quarter of a mile from us, leaning on the trunk of an enormous cowrie-tree, was a human form, a Proteus of these subterranean regions, a new son of Neptune, tending the numberless troop of mastodons.

"*Immanis pecoris custos, immanior ipse!*"

"Yes, *immanior ipse*. We no longer had before us the fossil man whose remains we had previously discovered among the other bones, but a giant fit to master the monsters around him. His stature surpassed twelve feet. His head, which was as large and massive as that of a buffalo, was nearly hidden by dishevelled masses of unkempt hair. It might have been called a regular mane, like that of the primeval ages. He brandished a huge bough, that seemed a befitting crook for this antediluvian shepherd.

"For a moment we stood there stupefied and motionless. But the giant might see us—prudence dictated immediate flight.

"Come, come!" I exclaimed, dragging my uncle away; and, for the first time, he consented to be overruled.

"A quarter of an hour later, we were out of sight of this very formidable enemy."

But their experience of the antediluvian life was not to be limited to skeletons of the huge creatures that had roamed in those days; having built a raft of fossil wood not yet mineralized enough to sink, the party embark on the interior ocean, and are caught in a terrific electrical storm.

Here comes in a grand description, which the limits of our sketch will not permit us to reproduce. But the most striking episode of all is a fearful combat, of which they were made the unwilling witnesses. They have caught all kinds of antediluvian fish, and had their best iron anchor gnawed by the still harder teeth of submarine monsters, worse than any that have challenged the pen-prowess of Victor Hugo. At length, they come to this:

"Tuesday, August 18th.—Evening came, or, rather, the moment when drowsiness weighed down our eyelids, for there is no night on this ocean, and the pitiless light continues to fatigue our eyes as though we were sailing under the sun of the Arctic seas. Hans was at the helm, and during his watch I fell asleep.

"Two hours later, a terrible shock awoke me. The raft had been lifted out of the water with tremendous force, and flung twenty fathoms away.

"What's that?" asked my uncle, hurriedly. "Have we struck?"

"Hans pointed to a blackish mass, rising and falling on the waves, two hundred fathoms from us. I looked and shouted in a breath,



Their Road now lies along Spirals.

"'It's an enormous bear!'

"'Yes,' assented my uncle; 'and there, look! is a monstrous sea-lizard.'

"'And, farther on, a tremendous crocodile! See its huge jaws and the rows of teeth in them! Ah! he's off!'

"'A whale! a whale!' exclaimed the professor. 'I see his immense fins and tail. Look at the air and water he throws from his nostrils!'

"In fact, there were two tall columns of spray shooting up above the surface of the sea. We sat there dumb, astounded and terrified at the sight of this troop of marine monsters. They were of supernatural dimensions, and the least of them could have crushed the raft to atoms with a single touch of his teeth. Hans wanted to put the helm hard down and get out of so dangerous a neighborhood as soon as possible, but, on looking around, he saw, in the other quarter, enemies just as formidable, and, among them, a tortoise forty feet broad, and a serpent thirty feet long, darting his head above the waves.

"It was impossible to escape. The reptiles approached; they whirled about the raft with a speed which the swiftest railway-trains could not rival, tracing concentric circles nearer and nearer as they did so. I had caught up my rifle. But what effect would a bullet have upon the scales that covered the bodies of these animals?

"We were mute with terror. The monsters came closer and closer—on one side the crocodile, on the other the serpent. The rest of the troop had disappeared. I was about to fire, but Hans stopped me with a gesture. The two creatures passed at a distance of fifty fathoms from the raft, rushing at each other, and their fury prevented them from seeing us at all.

"The combat was joined a hundred fathoms from us, and we could distinctly see the two monsters struggling with each other.

"But it seemed to me that now I could observe the other animals coming to take part in the fight—the bear, the whale, the lizard, and the tortoise, for I caught a glimpse of them every moment. I pointed them out to the Iclander. But he shook his head dissentingly and murmured:

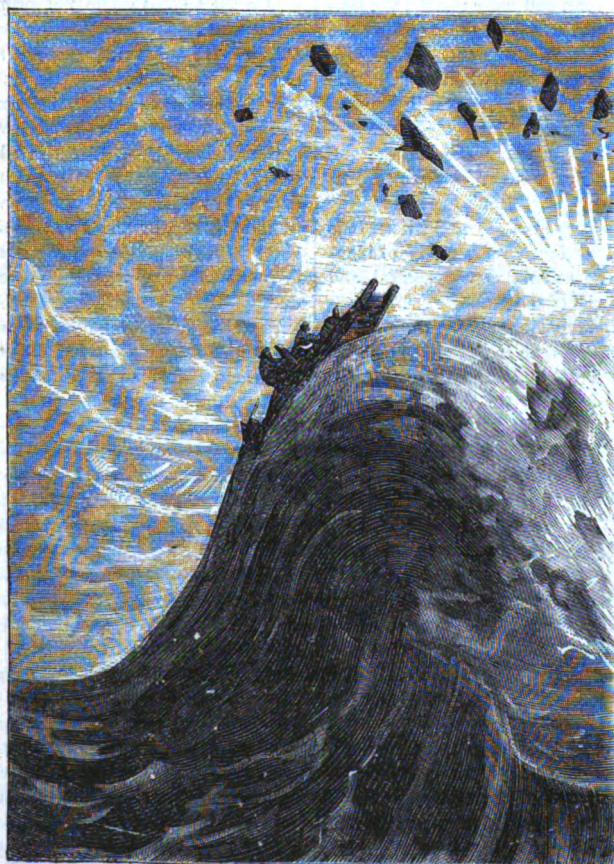
"'Tva.'

"'What! only two?' I shouted. 'He says that there are only two animals yonder—'

"'He is right!' exclaimed my



A Proteus of the Subterranean Level.



An Explosion.

uncle, who had kept his spy-glass to his eye all the time.

"'Incredible!' I retorted.

"'Yes! but true; for the first of those monsters has the muzzle of a bear, the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, and that is why we were mistaken. It is the most formidable of all the antediluvian reptiles—the *ichthyosaurus*!'

"'And the other?'

"'The other is a serpent, concealed in the shell of a tortoise, the first creature's dreaded enemy, the *plesiosaurus*!'

"Hans had been right. There were only two monsters agitating the waters, and I had before me the most frightful denizens of the primitive oceans. I could see the blood-red eye of the *ichthyosaurus* as large as a man's head. Nature bestowed upon that monster an optical apparatus of extreme power, capable of resisting the pressure of the water at the great depths it inhabited. It was very properly called the whale of the saurians, for it had the speed and dimensions of the real whale. The one before me did not measure less than one hundred feet, so far as I could judge of his size when he threw the vertical fins of his tail high out of the water. His jaw was enormous, and naturalists assign to the species not less than one hundred and eighty-two teeth.

"The *plesiosaurus*, a serpent with a cylindrical trunk, had a short tail and claws or flippers, arranged like oars. His body was entirely covered with a shell, and his neck, which was as flexible as a swan's, stood up erect thirty feet above the waves!

"These monsters attacked each other with indescribable fury, throwing up a swell on the surface that reached the raft, and tossed it with such violence, that twenty times we were on the point of upsetting. At last we heard hissing sounds of the most unparalleled intensity. The two creatures were in the death-grapple. They were so twisted together, that we could not distinguish them, and we had every thing to fear from the rage of the victor.

"One hour—two hours passed. The struggle continued with the same fury. The combatants approached the raft and receded from it, by turns, while we remained motionless but ready to fire.

"Suddenly, *ichthyosaurus* and *plesiosaurus* disappeared, making a veritable maelstrom in the waves at the spot where they went down. Many minutes elapsed without our

seeing them again. Was their combat to terminate in the depths of the sea?

"All at once, a huge head darts above the surface. It is that of the plesiosaurus. The monster is mortally wounded, and now we can perceive only his enormous shell, but his long neck rises, falls, comes up again, bends, writhes, and lashes the waves like a tremendous whip. The water was dashed in foam and spray to a great distance. We were blinded by it. But, at length, the agony of the reptile was nearly over, his motions relaxed, his contortions died away and his long serpentine body lay stretched out an inert mass upon the surface of the sea, which was now permitted to subside into its ordinary calm."

After an episode so agreeable as this, the landing upon any shore was not to be despised, and our travellers were in high spirits when they at length reached the farther limit of the great central sea.

They find a continuation there of the arched way that they had left on the other side, and conjecture that it is the proper passage for them to follow. But, it is blocked up by a fallen bowlder, which they proceed to mine and blast with a tremendous charge of gun-cotton. Professor Lidenbrock and Hans have placed themselves upon the raft close to the neighboring strand, while Axel lights the match of the blast they have prepared. Axel then joins the rest of the party and the raft is swiftly paddled to a distance from the opening. The professor held his watch in his hand.

"Five minutes more!" said he. "Four more. Three more."

"My pulse was 240 per minute!"

"Two more! One! Crumble, ye granite mountains!"

"What occurred at that moment? As for the noise of the explosion, I don't think that I heard it; but the conformation of the rocks suddenly changed while I gazed at them, and opened like a curtain. I saw a fathomless abyss yawn wide in the middle of the shore, while the sea, taken on the instant with a vertigo, was, in a moment, but an enormous billow, on whose crest the raft stood up perpendicularly."

The blast had not only blown away the rock that blocked the passage, but had burst through a partition that separated the waters from some tremendous chasm below, and raft, travellers, sea, and all rush down into it together.

This leads to the last stage of this highly picturesque journey, and in order that such fair beginnings should not end more tamely, the professor and his companions are finally cast forth from the mouth of the active volcano of Stromboli!

When they get back to Hamburg, the general winding-up of the journey is hugely pleasant, and the joyous Axel recounts it in his own fashion:

"From that day forth," says he, "my uncle was the happiest of savants, and I the happiest of men, for 'Graüben,' my pretty Virland girl, abdicating her position as a mere pupil, took her rank in the house in Königsstrasse in the double quality of niece and wife. It is useless to add that her uncle was the illustrious Professor Otto Lidenbrock, corresponding member of all the scientific, geographical, and mineralogical societies of the five divisions of the globe."

Our readers have made many more tedious jaunts and with infinitely less amusing episodes and solid instruction than they would find with such a companion as Jules Verne in a "Trip to the Centre of the Earth."

RUSSIAN POPULAR LEGENDS.

BY W. R. S. RALSTON.

WHEN the autumn has passed away, and the long winter evenings are at hand, the younger inhabitants of every Russian village begin to organize a series of social gatherings. During the fine weather they are in the habit of meeting out of doors for the strange mixture of grave dance with wailing song, styled the *Khorovod*; but when the days become short and the air grows chill, they exchange that diversion for the livelier entertainment of the *Posidylka*. In this all the young men and maidens of the village share, meeting together in each other's cottages by turns, nominally for the purpose of carrying on some description of handiwork, but really by way of passing a sociable evening. Married people are excluded from it, as dull and prosaic companions, and the young folks devote their energies to making the hours fly fast, passing the time in singing, dancing, and storytelling. The Russian peasant seldom indulges in very demonstrative

gayety; but there is no lack of merriment within the cottages in which these *Posidylki* are held, poor as they generally are, and dimly lighted by pine splinters, and depressing as is the scene outside, when the landscape, far as the eye can see on every side, is one dreary waste of level snow, and the only sound which breaks the silence of the night is the melancholy howling of the wolves.

At such meetings as these, the *skazka*, or tale, is in great request, varied by the proverbs, riddles, and sage sayings of which the Slavonic peoples possess so rich a store. Of these tales several collections have been made, which possess no slight interest, especially for students of folk-lore. The stories told at the winter evening gatherings of the young people are for the most part, as might naturally be expected, of a light and lively cast; but those which exist in the memories of their seniors are of a more varied nature, and serve to illustrate many a point in the Russian peasant's career, many a turn in his way of thinking. And in no country have greater pains been taken than in Russia to collect and preserve these fragments of popular fiction, many of them highly valuable relics of a past age, and nowhere has research proved more successful. Some of the collectors, such as MM. Maksimof, Yakushkin, Bezsonof, and others, have carried their enthusiasm so far as to go wandering about the country in the guise of peddlars or of peasants, in order that they might gain the confidence of the common people, and induce them unreservedly to produce their hoarded treasures of legend and of song. For the Russian moujik is of a somewhat suspicious nature, and he is little inclined to open his heart to strangers who do not belong to his own class.

From the stories in prose and in verse thus gathered together, several distinct collections have been made and published. That of the *Builini*, or historic poems, alone fills five large volumes. Another, also in several volumes, is devoted to the songs of the mendicant minstrels who wander about the country, singing them along the high-roads, and in the peasants' huts, and especially at church doors, where they congregate on Sundays and saints' days after the services are over. This work is the more interesting, inasmuch as it contains the music of many of the songs, and faithful portraits of some of the singers. And of the *Skazki*, or prose tales, a collection in eight parts has been published by M. Afanasef, one of the most zealous among the students of this branch of Russian literature.

On the *builina* we do not propose to dwell at present, the subject being one which is chiefly interesting to antiquarians; and of the *skazka* it is not necessary to say much, as it has already been to some extent represented in our literature. Some years ago a number of *skazki* were translated into German by M. Anton Dietrich, and his work, for which Jacob Grimm wrote an introduction, soon afterward appeared in an English dress. But there is another class of popular tales, that devoted to subjects in some way connected with religion, and it is to this that we now propose to call the reader's attention.

The *skazka*, or tale, and the *piema*, or song, date from prehistoric and heathenish times, but the *legenda*, or serious legend, and the *stikh*, or religious poem, have, in most cases, been composed since the introduction of Christianity into Russia. Sometimes, however, the influence of the older form of belief is clearly perceptible in them, their incongruous nature showing that they were moulded or modified during that period in which the Russians were styled by their old annalist a "two-faithed" people. In accordance with the teaching of the Church, the pagan *skazka* sometimes passed into the Christian *legenda*, and the *piema* into the *stikh*; but the utterances of these proselytes were not always either as orthodox or as edifying as might have been desired. For a specimen of the confused ideas they inculcated with respect to sacred history, we may refer to the legend of Just Noah.

Originally, it says, the garden of Eden was placed under the care of a blind man and a man without hands. But the devil came and induced them to rob the apple-tree which was there, telling the handless man to shake it, and the blind man to feel about for the fallen fruit. Then the Lord came and turned them both out of Paradise, and afterward created Just Noah, "that there might be justice in the world." And the dog was set to watch over Noah, and to prevent any one from seeing him. But the devil came and insisted on looking at Noah, saying to the dog, which had been created without hair, "I will give you a warm coat; the winters will come, the frost will set in, but you will not then want a house to live in." So the dog received its coat, and let the devil look at Noah. Then the devil spat over Noah, who became "blue, and green, and miserable—a sight to look at." On that account the dog was cursed, and forbidden ever to enter a

church—a prohibition which holds good to the present day. The legend goes on to relate how Eve was created from one of Noah's ribs, and how she induced him to taste forbidden fruit, and how he and she were in consequence driven out of Paradise; how, afterward, the Lord told Noah that in three years a great flood would take place, and commanded him to make an ark. Noah obeyed, and worked hard for two years and a half, at the end of which time the ark was finished. The devil was completely puzzled, but at last he went to Eve, who was also very curious to know what her husband was doing, and told her how to act. So when Noah came back from his work, and asked for something to drink, she gave him strong kvas, and he became garrulous, and told her what he was engaged upon. The next morning, when he went to look at his work, he found that the devil had knocked it to pieces. So he had to begin all over again. When it was finished, the flood came, and the devil was very anxious to get into the ark. This he knew he could not do unless Noah should happen to swear. So he again enlisted Eve's services, and induced her to be so late in embarking, that Noah lost his temper, and swore. Immediately the devil jumped on board, in the form of a mouse. Getting into a dark corner, he gnawed and gnawed until he had made a hole in the timbers. The ark must have foundered, had it not been for the hedgehog, which stuffed up the leak with its head—on which account it is honored by the people in Russia to this day—and ultimately the whole party, the devil included, came safely to dry land.

If the whole of M. Afanasev's collection had been of as little edifying a nature as this legend, the opposition offered in some quarters to its publication might not have been unreasonable. But the legends included in it seldom deal with sacred history, and they generally convey a tolerably respectable moral. The duty on which they lay most stress is that of being charitable, and their favorite topic is the different manner in which Providence deals with benevolence and churlishness. As a good specimen of the stories of this class, that of "The Poor Widow" may be selected, one which is thoroughly in earnest, and shows no traces of the humorous spirit that pervades many of its companions. According to popular Slavonic tradition, Christ still visits the earth from time to time in human form. Sometimes alone, at other times accompanied by some of the apostles, but always clad in the dress of a beggar, He wanders about the world, punishing the proud and hard of heart, and assisting the poor and afflicted. It is especially between Easter and Ascension-Day that these wanderings take place. During one of them, in the story in question, Christ and the twelve apostles arrive one night at a village, and ask for shelter at the home of a rich peasant. But he refuses, telling them to go to the cottage over the way. "There is a widow living there who takes beggars in; go to her." So they go and ask her for a night's lodging. Now, the widow is very poor, having nothing in the world but a morsel of bread and a handful of flour, and a cow which gives no milk, for it has not yet calved. But she cheerfully admits the applicants, and sets before them the morsel of bread; and they eat and are satisfied, and there remain over ever so many fragments. The next morning the old woman sends for the handful of flour to make pancakes of, and it also becomes miraculously increased. Her guests thank her, and take leave. As they go along, a wolf comes to meet them, and begs for something to eat. "Go to the widow's house," says the Saviour; "kill her cow and eat." Then the apostles wonder and remonstrate, saying, "She received and fed us so kindly; she was looking forward with such pleasure to having a calf from her cow; she would have had milk enough to support the whole family." But Christ replies, "So it must be;" and the wolf breaks into the widow's barn and kills her cow. And, when the old woman hears what has happened, she humbles herself and says, "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be His will." The seeming beggars go a little farther on, and find a bag full of money. Christ orders it to roll into the rich peasant's farmyard. Again the apostles remonstrate, saying it would be better to send the money to the poor widow. But again they are told that "it must be so;" and the bag rolls to the feet of the churlish peasant, who stores it away with a discontented air, thinking "the Lord might just as well have sent a couple of them." Toward mid-day the apostles grow thirsty, and ask for water. Their Master directs them to a neighboring spring, but when they come to it they find it swarming with frogs and toads and snakes, and its waters foul and fetid. So they come back without slaking their thirst. A little farther on, Christ points out another spring to them, and this they find full of pure water, cool and sweet, and around grow won-

drous trees, on which heavenly birds are singing. When they return, they are asked why they have tarried so long. "We have only been away three minutes," is their reply. Then the Lord says, "Not three minutes, but three whole years, have you spent there. As it was in the first spring, so will it be ill for the rich peasant in the next world; and as it was in the second, so will it be well in the next world for the poor widow."

Another striking story, relating to the life to come, is that of Christ's brother, which tells how a young man, who had a very close-fisted mother, went to church one Easter Sunday with a supply of Easter eggs for the beggars. But, after he had given away all his eggs, he found that there still remained one beggar to whom he had made no present, so he invited him home to dinner. But his mother was angry, and refused to sit down to table with the beggar, so he and his guest had to dine alone. After dinner they lay down to rest, and the young man saw that the beggar wore a cross which burnt like fire. So he asked his guest to exchange crosses with him, and to accept him as a "brother of the cross." This the beggar did, and then invited his entertainer to dine with him two days after. Accordingly, on the Tuesday the young man set out on his journey, going on till he came to a certain cross road, and there, in accordance with the beggar's instructions, asking for the blessing of God. On that a path opened before him, which eventually led him to Paradise. Before he had followed it far he heard the voices of many children calling to him, and they said, "O Christ's brother, say to Christ for us—have we to suffer long?" A little further on he saw a band of girls pouring water from one well into another, and they, too, addressed him in the same words. Lastly, he saw a fence, and supporting it were a number of old men, all covered with slime and ooze, and they also cried to him, "O Christ's brother, say to Christ for us—have we long to suffer?" Soon after that he met the old beggar-man who had invited him. "And then only did the peasant perceive that it was the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. 'Why, Lord, do the children suffer?' 'Their mothers cursed them while they were in the womb; it is impossible for them to come into Paradise.' 'And the girls?' 'They used to sell milk, and they put water into the milk; now they will have to draw water forever.' 'And the old men?' 'When they lived in the white world, they used to say, 'Only let us live well in this world, and no matter about the world to come; even if we prop a fence.' And now they will have to support that fence forever.' Then Christ led the young man into Paradise, where a place had been prepared for him, and the peasant did not want to go away." But some time afterward he saw his mother sitting in hell, and he implored that she might be pardoned. So he was told to make a rope out of hemp dust, and when he had gone on making it for thirty years, Christ told him he had worked enough for his mother, and might now take her out of hell. "So the son let down the rope to his mother, who was sitting in boiling pitch. The rope didn't burn, so God willed! The son pulled his mother quite out, and had already got hold of her by the head, when she screamed out at him, 'You hound, you've completely choked me!' Thereupon the rope broke, and the sinner fell back into the boiling pitch. She was not willing," said Christ, "even here to restrain her temper; let her sit in hell forever and ever."

Great stress is always laid in these stories on the necessity of observing the fasts and feasts of the Church. Out of a number of tales bearing on this subject, the following may be selected, being rendered especially noteworthy by the strange impersonation of a day which occurs in it. There was a peasant-woman "who did not pay honor to Mother Friday," but used to spin as usual upon that day. Once, when she had gone to sleep after dinner, the door opened and Mother Friday came into the cottage, dressed in a long white gown, and looking terrible angry. And she took a handful of the dust of flax from the floor, poured it into the sleeper's eyes, and then went away without saying a word. When the woman awoke she could not see. Then the other women came and told her all that had happened. So she began to pray, saying, "Mother Friday! forgive me! have pity on me, sinner that I am; I will offer you a candle, and will not let any one offend you, my mother!" And that night "Mother Friday came back and took the dust out of that woman's eyes." The story ends with the remark, "It is a great sin to offend Mother Friday."

The drunkenness to which the Russian peasant is so sadly addicted naturally forms the theme of many of his popular stories. One of

them tells how a certain man was in the habit of becoming intoxicated, and how one night, when he was coming back from a tavern, he fell into a river and was drowned. Some time after this his son Petrusha was going to church one Easter Sunday, when he heard a peasant-woman, who had stumbled over a stone, exclaim, "Why did the devil put you under my feet?" Whereon he rebuked her for using such bad language on her way to church. This pleased the devil, who considered that the woman had unnecessarily taken his name in vain, so he appeared to Petrusha in the form of a young man, stated frankly who he was, and invited him to dinner the next day, giving him full directions as to which road he must take. Petrusha accepted the invitation, and set out on the morrow, travelling for three days till he found himself in a dark and dreary wood, in the middle of which stood a rich palace. Before he entered it he met a girl who had been carried off thither from her village, and she told him that it was the abode of devils, and that his father was kept there in the shape of a wretched old horse used for carrying wood and water. Having learned from her what he must do, he entered the palace, and was hospitably received and feasted there. At the end of the banquet the devil offered him much gold and silver, but he refused to take any thing except the old horse which was his father. Having obtained it he went his way, and on his arrival at home, still following the friendly girl's instructions, he took off the leaden cross he wore, waved it three times round the horse, and then hung it round the neck of the animal, which immediately became a man. Petrusha recognized his father and led him into the cottage. The old man lived happily after that for many years, but never to his dying day would he touch so much as a drop of brandy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHICH?

GRAND Lady Mildred had lovers a score;
Up at the castle they thronged her door.
Beauty was hers, and a mine of gold;
But her smile and her heart were icy cold.

Down at the village, poor little Kate
Had but one lover, of low estate.
All that she had of wealth to impart
Was a pleasant smile and a tender heart.

Came Lady Mildred's suitors—and went;
Years rolled away, and her charms were spent.
Haughtier grew she and colder still,
So that all her splendor was void and chill.

In a humble home Kate passed her life,
A doting mother, a gentle wife;
Not without trials and cloudy days,
But peace was about her in all her ways.

Grand Lady Mildred, wrinkled and old,
Would still coquet—but can only scold.
Kate lies buried under the sod,
Waiting in quiet the mercy of God.

Would you be dragging out life to the last,
With a hopeless future, a barren past?
Or in the church-yard tranquilly rest,
Ceasing from toil, and your memory blest?

THE "LEVEE" OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE commercial prosperity of Louisiana may be said to date from the transfer of the French colony to the United States Government, in 1808. The population of the province at that time did not exceed fifty thousand inhabitants, scattered far and wide over the immense extent of territory known as the

Louisiana purchase. The commerce of Louisiana was first carried on in Indian canoes, pirogues, *bateaux*, and nondescripts known as arks and flat-boats; then followed the great marine triumph, the keel-boat, so constructed, that it might make a return trip from New Orleans up the river to the growing settlements on the Ohio, by being "cordelled," or worked with oars, against the ever-sweeping current of the "Father of Waters." Many months were thus patiently and uncomplainingly consumed in this tedious way to make a trip from New Orleans to Louisville, such as is now performed in four or five days. The wildness of the country in these early times is illustrated by a characteristic advertisement, where the captain of a keel-boat uses as an argument in favor of public patronage the statement that the sides of his boat are proof against musket and rifle balls, and therefore the Indians and desperadoes who line the shores may be set at defiance.

Steamboats, which were absolutely necessary for the perfect redemption of the Mississippi Valley from a wilderness state, were introduced in the year 1812; but they were so imperfectly constructed, that it was five years before they achieved a triumph that created a favorable public attention. After that period of experiment, disaster, and loss, to those engaged in the great enterprise, a success was finally achieved that surpassed the most sanguine anticipations of the friends of the application of steam to the propulsion of vessels, as the great developing agent of the agricultural wealth of the valley of the Mississippi.

At the time of the "transfer," New Orleans contained eight thousand inhabitants; in forty years it became one of the leading commercial cities of the world. The entrepot of a valley unrivalled in extent, and in the rapidly increasing and intelligent character of its population, with a wealth of tributary streams that contain thousands of miles of navigable waters pouring their treasures into its lap, it is difficult to conjecture the future extent and grandeur of this one great Southern metropolis. The poetical name of New Orleans is the "Crescent City;" the title comes from the fact that it is built around one of the great "bends" so characteristic of the river. The consequence is that the city has a crescent-shaped front, which may be said to form a half circle, the diameter of which is six or seven miles. Standing, therefore, at either end of this curve, you see before you the vast sweep of the river front, running off in the distance and then gradually coming back again, thus displaying the merchandise, the buildings, and shipping in the most satisfactory and picturesque manner. No landing before any American city can compare with it for convenience and utility; and if any quay exists in Europe comparable to it, New Orleans would still possess the advantage of being more richly laden with evidences of teeming wealth. One of the peculiarities of the Mississippi River is, that its banks are constantly caving in and being washed away. By a law of its own, the annual deposit, which is enormous, settles in the "bends," and not on the points opposite; consequently, there annually accumulate, in front of the city, immense amounts of earth or sediment that constantly increase the depth of the front—this accumulation is termed the *batture*. The artificial elevation of the land above the highest water-level of the spring floods is called the *levee*, and upon this *artificial ridge*, and the heavy timbers and planks which serve as a connecting link with the water-craft, and the shore, is placed the merchandise that represents the vast and varied commerce of the city. Some of these platforms or stages, which are almost annually enlarged, vary from a hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in width, and often extend, in an unbroken line, a thousand and sometimes fifteen hundred feet—fronting more or less the whole line of the city, a distance, as we have already stated, of six or seven miles.

Congregated at the levee are hundreds of splendid steamers, and thousands of nondescript boats, thickly interspersed with ships of the largest size, and flying the signals of every civilized

people. The merchandise is of cotton, sugar, hemp, corn, pork, and kindred substantials, mixed indiscriminately with "Yankee notions," and with the finest goods from the manufactures of Manchester, and the more delicate looms of France and Italy.

New Orleans levee, more than any other given spot in the world, represents all spoken languages. The popular "levee clerk" is popular because, in a sentence of a dozen words, he can introduce a dozen languages, and could make himself intelligible if he had been at the confusion of Babel.

The German and Irish immigrants attempt to exchange salutations of sympathy with the just-imported Chinese and half-clad North American Indian. The gaunt priest just from Rome and the revival preacher from Puritan Boston jostle each other's elbows and stare curiously and suspiciously at each other.

The sandy, curly-haired sailors of the Neva drink gin coolly with the dark, straight-haired Kanacker from the Sandwich Islands. The agents of the merchant-princes, from every capital in Europe, exchange views with the local magnates, or seek advice from the wealthy representatives of our Northern cities.

The roystering, frank-hearted man of the West boisterously talks and laughs in all familiarity with the cold and awkward man of New England, and both sip a cup of coffee together later in the day, and seem mutually astonished to learn, from experience and the interchange of ideas, how much, in spite of external appearances, they are alike.

Stalwart negroes, whose muscles, from hard labor, have been developed until they rival those of the Farnese Hercules, light their cigars confidently, and without repulse, by the cheroot that is puffed by the aristocratic gentleman from Manila.

Prominent in all the side places, which, like nooks on the banks of swiftly-running streams, are even found on the New Orleans levee, are the old Creole negresses, who, by their culinary charms of "cat-fish gumbo," have about them crowds of hungry people, who appease their gross appetites at small cost, and talk gossip liberally in a thousand tongues. The Western desperado, who professes to have slain a dozen men in bloody fights, with a woman's solicitude, helps the consumptive invalid through the obtruding boxes and bales of merchandise, and carelessly-driven drays.

The brunette from the "Queen of the Antilles" contrasts finely with the blonde of New England, and the light hair of the belles from the Middle States seems more golden beside the massive bands of the dark hair of the Creole beauty.

Away up the river you hear a coughing, bellowing, thundering noise—it is made by the machinery of one of the greatest of our Mississippi River steamers. From its "smoke-stacks" rolls out a long, serpentine cloud that curls interminably along the horizon. The promised appearance of the steamer causes an excitement among the stevedores, hackmen, hotel-runners, and everybody in general. The boat comes up to the levee as gracefully as "a thing of life." Nothing is visible of its external appearance but the top of the tall chimneys and the gigantic wheel-houses—all else is hidden behind walls of cotton-bales—twenty-four hundred of which have been packed upon the decks and guards. In ten minutes after the hawser is made fast, well-trained gangs of laborers are rolling the valuable cargo ashore, and in a few hours the noble vessel is cleared for her up-river freight. Such is the shadowy outline of the history of Louisiana, and a still more vague and unsatisfactory description of its business mart, the Levee of New Orleans.

SCALING THE MATTERHORN.

By PROFESSOR TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R. S.

AN admirable description of the difficulties of the Matterhorn, up to a certain elevation, has been given by Mr. Hawkins, in "Vacation Tourists for 1860." At that time, however, a temporary danger, sufficient to quell for a time the enthusiasm even of our lion-hearted guide, was added to the permanent ones. Fresh snow had

fallen two days before; it had quite oversprinkled the Matterhorn, converting the brown of its crags into an iron gray; this snow had been melted and refrozen, forming upon the rocks an enamelling of ice. Besides their physical front, moreover, in 1860, the rocks presented a psychological one, derived from the rumor of their savage inaccessibility. The crags, the ice, and the character of the mountain, all conspired to stir the feelings. Much of the wild mystery has now vanished, especially at those points which, in 1860, were places of virgin difficulty, but down which ropes now hang to assist the climber. The grandeur of the Matterhorn is, however, not to be effaced.

After some hours of steady climbing, we halted upon a platform beside the tattered remnant of one of my tents, had a mouthful of food, and sunned ourselves for an hour. We subsequently worked upward, scaling the crags and rounding the bases of those wild and wonderful rock-towers, into which the weather of ages has hewn the southern *arête* of the Matterhorn. The work here requires knowledge, but with a fair amount of skill it is safe work. I can fancy nothing more fascinating to a man given by nature and habit to such things, than a climb *alone* among these crags and precipices. He need not be *theological*, but, if complete, he must be religious, with such an environment. To the climber amongst them, the southern cliffs and crags of the Matterhorn are incomparably grander than those of the north. Majesty of form and magnitude, and richness of coloring, combine to ennoble them.

Looked at from Breuil, the Matterhorn presents two summits: the one, the summit proper, a square rock-tower in appearance; the other, which is really the end of a sharp ridge abutting against the rock-tower, an apparently conical peak. On this peak Bennen and myself planted our flag-staff in 1862, and with it, which had no previous name, Italian writers have done me the honor of associating mine. At some distance below it the mountain is crossed by an almost horizontal ledge, always loaded with snow, which, from its resemblance to a white neck-tie, has been called the *Cravatte*. On the ledge a cabin was put together last year. It stands above the precipice where I quitted my rope in 1862. Up this precipice, by the aid of a thicker—I will not say a stronger—rope, we now scrambled, and, following the exact route pursued by Bennen and myself five years previously, we came to the end of the *Cravatte*. At some places the snow upon the ledge fell steeply from its junction with the cliff; deep-step cutting was also needed where the substance had been melted and recondensed. The passage was soon accomplished along the *Cravatte* to the cabin, which was almost filled with snow.

Our first inquiry now had reference to the supply of water. We could, of course, always melt the snow, but this would involve a wasteful expenditure of heat. The cliff at the base of which the hut was built overhung, and from its edge the liquefied snow fell in showers beyond the cabin. Four ice-axes were fixed on the ledge, and over them was spread the residue of a second tent which I had left at Breuil in 1862. The water falling upon the canvas flowed toward its centre. Here an orifice was formed, through which the liquid descended into vessels placed to receive it. Some modification of this plan might probably be employed with profit for the storing up of water in droughty years in England.

I lay for some hours in the warm sunshine, in presence of the Italian mountains, watching the mutations of the air. But when the sun sank the air became chill, and we all retired to the cabin. We had no fire, though warmth was much needed. A lover of the mountains, and of his kind, had contributed an India-rubber mattress to the cabin. On this I lay down, a light blanket being thrown over me, while the guides and porters were rolled up in sheepskins. The mattress was a poor defence against the cold of the subjacent rock. I bore this for two hours, unwilling to disturb the guides, but at length it became intolerable. The little circles, with a speck of intensified redness in the centre, which spotted the neck of our volunteer porter, prevented me from availing myself of the warmth of my companions, so I lay alone and suffered the penalty of isolation. On learning my condition, however, the good fellows were soon alert, and, folding a sheepskin round me, restored me gradually to a pleasant temperature. I fell asleep, and found the guides preparing breakfast, and the morning well advanced, when I opened my eyes.

It was past six o'clock when the two Maquignazes and myself quitted the cabin. The porters deemed their work accomplished, but they halted for a time to ascertain whether we were likely to be driven back or to push forward. We skirted the *Cravatte*, and reached the

ridge at its western extremity. This we ascended along the old route of Bennen and myself to the conical peak already referred to, which, as seen from Breuil, constitutes a kind of second summit of the Matterhorn. From this point to the base of the final crag of the mountain stretches an *arête*, terribly hacked by the weather, but on the whole horizontal. When I first made the acquaintance of this savage ridge it was almost clear of snow. It was now loaded, the snow being bevelled to an edge of exceeding sharpness. The slope to the left, falling toward Zmutt, was exceedingly steep, while the precipices on the right were abysmal. No other part of the Matterhorn do I remember with greater interest than this. It was terrible, but its difficulties were fairly within the grasp of human skill, and this association is more elevating than where the circumstances are such as to make you conscious of your own helplessness. On one of the sharpest teeth of the Spalla, Joseph Maquignaz halted, and, turning to me with a smile, remarked, "There is no room for giddiness here, sir." In fact, such possibilities, in such places, must be altogether excluded from the chapter of accidents of the climber.

It was at the end of this ridge, where it abuts against the last precipice of the Matterhorn, that my second flag-staff was left in 1862. I think there must have been something in the light falling upon this precipice that gave it an aspect of greater verticality when I first saw it than it seemed to possess on the present occasion. Or, as remarked in my brief account of our attempt in the *Saturday Review*, we may have been dazed by our previous exertion. I cannot otherwise account for our stopping short without making some attempt upon the precipice. It looks very bad, but no climber with his blood warm would pronounce it, without trial, insuperable. Fears of this rock-wall, however, had been excited long before we reached it. At three several places upon the *arête* I had to signalize points in advance, and to ask my companions in French (which Bennen alone did not understand) whether they thought these points could be reached without peril. Thus, bit by bit, we moved along the ridge to its end, where further advance was declared to be impossible. It was probably the addition of the psychological element to the physical; the reluctance to encounter new dangers on a mountain which had hitherto inspired a superstitious fear, that quelled further exertion.

To assure myself of the correctness of what is here stated, I have turned to my notes of 1862. The repudiation of them has interested me, and a portion of them may possibly interest some of the readers of this magazine. Here, then, they are, rapidly thrown together, and embracing our passage from the crags adjacent to the Col du Lion to the point where we were compelled to halt:

"We had gathered up our things, and bent to the work before us, when suddenly an explosion occurred overhead. Looking aloft, in mid-air was seen a solid shot from the Matterhorn, describing its proper parabola through the air. It split to pieces as it hit one of the rock-towers below, and its fragments came down in a kind of spray, which fell wide of us, but still near enough to compel a sharp lookout. Two or three such explosions occurred afterward, but we crept along the back-fin of the mountain, from which the falling bowlders were speedily deflected right and left. Before the set of sun, we reached our place of bivouac. A tent was already there. Its owner had finished a prolonged attack upon the Matterhorn, and kindly permitted the tent to remain, thus saving me the labor of carrying up one of my own. I had with me a second and smaller tent, made for me under the friendly supervision of Mr. Whymper, which the exceedingly nimble-handed Carrel soon placed in position upon a platform of stones. Both tents stood in the shadow of a great rock, which sheltered us from all projectiles from the heights.

"As the evening advanced, fog, the enemy of the climber, came creeping up the valley, and heavy flounces of cloud draped the bases of the hills. The fog thickened through a series of intermittences which only a mountain-land can show. Sudden uprushings of air would carry the clouds aloft in vertical currents, while at other places horizontal gusts wildly tossed them to and fro; or, impinging upon each other at oblique angles, formed whirling cyclones of cloud. The air was tortured on its search of equilibrium. Explosive peals above us, succeeded by the sound of tumbling rocks, were heard from time to time. We were swathed in the densest fog when we retired to rest, and had scarcely a hope that the morrow's sun would be able to dispel the gloom. Throughout the night I heard the intermittent roar of the stones as they rushed down an adjacent couloir. Looking at midnight through a small hole in the canvas of my tent, I

saw a star. I rose, and found the heavens without a cloud; while above me the black battlements of the Matterhorn were projected against the fretted sky.

"It was four A. M. before we started. We adhered to the hacked and weatherworn spine, until its disintegration became too vast. The alternations of sun and frost have made wondrous havoc on the southern face of the Matterhorn; cutting much away, but leaving brown-red masses of the most imposing magnitude behind—pillars, and towers, and splintered obelisks, clearly cut out of the mountain—grand in their hoariness, and softened by the coloring of age. At length we were compelled to quit the ridge for the base of a precipice which seemed to girdle the mountain like a wall. It was a clean section of rock, with cracks and narrow ledges here and there. We sought to turn this wall in vain. Bennen swerved to the right and to the left to make his inspection complete. There was no alternative: over the precipice we must go, or else retreat. For a time it was manifest our onset must be desperate. We grappled with the cliff. Walters, an exceedingly powerful climber, went first. Close to him was Bennen, with arm and knee and counsel ready in time of need. As usual, I followed Bennen, while the two porters brought up the rear. The behavior of all of them was admirable. A process of reciprocal lifting continued for half an hour, when a last strong effort threw Walters across the brow of the precipice, and rendered our progress thus far secure.

"After scaling the precipice, we found ourselves once more upon the ridge with safe footing on the ledges of gneiss. We approached the conical peak seen from Breuil, while before us, and, as we thought, assuredly within our grasp, was the proper summit of the renowned Matterhorn. To test Bennen's feelings, I remarked, 'We shall at all events reach the lower peak.' There was a kind of scorn in his laugh as he replied, stretching his arm toward the summit, 'In an hour, sir, the people of Zermatt will see our flag-staff planted yonder.' We went upward in this spirit, a triumph forestalled, making the ascent a jubilee.

"We reached the first summit, and on it fixed our flag. But already doubt had begun to settle about the final precipice. Walters once remarked, 'We may still find difficulty there.' It was, perhaps, the pressure of the same thought upon my own mind that caused its utterance to irritate me. So I grimly admonished Walters and we went on. The nearer, however, we came to the summit, the more formidable did the precipice appear. From the point where we had planted our flagstaff a hacked and extremely acute ridge (the Spalla), with ghastly abysses right and left of it, ran straight against the final cliff. We sat down upon the ridge and inspected the precipice. Three out of the four men shook their heads, and muttered, 'Impossible.' Bennen was the only man amongst them who refused, from first to last, to utter the word.

"Resolved not to push them beyond the limits of their own clear judgments, I was equally determined to advance until that judgment should pronounce the risk too great. I, therefore, pointed to a tooth at some distance from the place where we sat, and asked whether it could be reached without much danger. 'We think so,' was the reply. 'Then, let us go there.' We did so and sat down again. The three men murmured, while Bennen himself growled like a foiled lion. 'We must give it up,' was here repeated. 'Not yet,' was my answer. 'You see yonder point quite at the base of the precipice; do you not think we might reach it? The reply was 'Yes.' We moved cautiously along the *arête* and reached the point aimed at. So savage a spot I had never previously visited, and we sat down there with broken hopes. The thought of retreat was bitter. We may have been dazed by our previous efforts, and thus rendered less competent than fresh men would have been to front the danger before us. As on other occasions, Bennen sought to fix on me the onus of returning, but with the usual result. My reply was, 'Where you go, I follow, whether it be up or down.' It took him half an hour to make up his mind. Had the other men not yielded so utterly, he would probably have tried longer. As it was, our occupation was gone, and hacking a length of six feet from our ladder, we planted it on the spot where we halted." So much is due to the memory of a brave man.

Seven hundred feet, if the barometric measurement can be trusted, of very difficult rock-work now lay above us. In 1862 this height had been underestimated by both Bennen and me. Of the 14,800 feet of the Matterhorn, we then thought we had accomplished 14,600. If the barometer speaks truly, we had only cleared about 14,200. Descending the end of the *arête*, we crossed a narrow cleft, and grappled with

the rocks at the other side of it. Our ascent was oblique, bearing to the right. The obliquity at one place fell to horizontality, and we had to work on the level round a difficult protuberance of rock. We cleared the difficulty without haste, and then rose straight against the precipice. Joseph Maquignaz drew my attention to a rope hanging down the cliff, left there by himself on the occasion of his first ascent. We reached the end of this rope, and some time was lost by the guide in assuring himself that it was not too much frayed by friction. Care in testing it was doubly necessary, for the rocks, bad in themselves, were here crusted with ice. The rope was in some places a mere hempen cord surrounded by a casing of ice, over which the hands slid helplessly. Even with the rope, in this condition it required an effort to get to the top of the precipice, and we willingly halted there to take a minute's breath. The ascent was virtually accomplished, and a few minutes more of rapid climbing placed us upon the crest of the mountain. Thus ended an eight years' war between myself and the Matterhorn.

The day thus far had swung through alternations of fog and sunshine. While we were on the ridge below, the air at times was blank and chill with mist; then with rapid solution the cloud would vanish, and open up the abysses right and left of us. On our attaining the summit a fog from Italy rolled over us, and for some minutes we were clasped by a cold and clammy atmosphere. But this passed rapidly away, leaving above us a blue heaven, and far below us the sunny meadows of Zermatt. The mountains were almost wholly unclouded, and such clouds as lingered amongst them only added to their magnificence. The Dent d'Erin, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn, the Mischabel, the range of heights between it and Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Breithorn were all at hand, and clear; while the Weisshorn, noblest and most beautiful of all, shook out a banner toward the north, formed by the humid southern air as it grazed the crest of the mountain.

The world of peaks and glaciers surrounding this immediate circle of giants was also open to us to the horizon. Our glance over it was brief, and our enjoyment of it intense; for it was eleven o'clock, and the work before us soon claimed all our attention. I found the *débris* of my former expedition everywhere—below, the fragments of my tents, and on the top a piece of my ladder fixed in the snow as a flagstaff. The summit of the Matterhorn is a sharp horizontal *arête*, and along this we now moved eastward. On our left was the roof-like slope of snow seen from the Riffel and Zermatt, on our right were the savage precipices which fall into Italy. Looking to the farther end of the ridge, the snow there seemed to be trodden down, and I drew my companions' attention to the apparent footmarks. As we approached the place, it became evident that human feet had been there two or three days previously. I think it was Mr. Elliot who had made this ascent—the first accomplished from Zermatt since the memorable one of 1865. On the eastern end of the ridge we halted to take a little food; not that I seemed to need it. It was the remonstrance of reason, rather than the consciousness of physical want, that caused me to do so.

Facts of this kind illustrate the amount of force locked up in the muscles which may be drawn upon without renewal. I had quitted London ill, and when the Matterhorn was attacked the illness had by no means subsided. In fact, this climb was one of the means adopted to drive the London virus from my blood. The day previously I had taken scarcely any food, and, on starting from the cabin, half a cup of bad tea, without any solid whatever, constituted my breakfast. Still, during the five hours' climb from the cabin to the top of the Matterhorn, though much below par, physically and mentally, I felt neither faint nor hungry. This is an old experience of mine upon the mountains. The Weisshorn, for example, was climbed on six meat lozenges, though it was a day of nineteen hours. Possibly this power of long-continued physical effort without eating may be a result of bad digestion, which deals out stingily, and therefore economically, to the muscles the energy of the food previously consumed?

We took our ounce of nutriment and gulp of wine (my only sustenance during the entire day), and stood for a moment silently and earnestly looking down toward Zermatt. There was a certain official formality in the manner in which the guides turned to me and asked, "*Etes-vous content d'essayer?*" A sharp responsive "*Oui!*" set us immediately in motion. It was nearly half-past eleven when we quitted the summit. The descent of the roof-like slope, already referred to, offered no difficulty; but the gradient very soon became more formidable. One of the two faces of the Matterhorn pyramid,

seen from Zermatt, falls toward the Zmutt glacier, and has a well-known snow-plateau at its base. The other face falls toward the Furgge glacier. We were on the former. For some time, however, we kept close to the *arête* formed by the intersection of the two faces of the pyramid, because nodules of rock jutted from it which offered a kind of footing. These rock protuberances helped us in another way: round them an extra rope which we carried was frequently doubled, and we let ourselves down by the rope as far as it could reach, liberating it afterward (sometimes with difficulty) by a succession of jerks. In the choice and use of these protuberances the guides showed both judgment and skill. The rocks became gradually larger and more precipitous; a good deal of time being consumed in dropping down and doubling round them. Still, we preferred them to the snow-slope at our left, as long as they continued practicable.

This they at length ceased to be, and we had to commit ourselves to the slope. It was in the worst possible condition. When snow first falls at these great heights it is usually dry, and has no coherence. It resembles, to some extent, flour, or sand, or sawdust. Shone upon by a strong sun it shrinks and becomes more consolidated, and when it is subsequently frozen it may be safely trusted. Even though the melting of the snow and its subsequent freezing may be only very partial, the cementing of the granules adds immensely to the safety of the footing; but then the snow must be employed before the sun has had time to unlock the rigidity imparted to it by the night's frost. We were on the steepest Matterhorn slope during the two hottest hours of the day, and the sun had done his work effectually. The snow seemed to offer no foothold whatever; with cautious manipulation it regulated, but to so small an extent, that the resistance due to regelation was insensible to the foot. The layer of snow was about fifteen inches thick. In treading it we came immediately upon the rock, which in most cases was too smooth to furnish either prop or purchase. It was on this slope that the Matterhorn catastrophe occurred: it is on this slope that other catastrophes will occur, if this mountain should ever become fashionable.

Joseph Maquignaz was the leader of our little party, and a cool and competent leader he proved himself to be. He was earnest and silent, save when he answered his brother's anxious and oft-repeated question, "*Etes-vous bien placé, Joseph?*" Along with being perfectly cool and brave, he seemed to be perfectly truthful. He did not pretend to be "*bien placé*" when he was not, nor avow a power of holding which he knew he did not possess. Pierre Maquignaz is, I believe, under ordinary circumstances, an excellent guide, and he enjoys the reputation of being never tired. But, in such circumstances as we encountered on the Matterhorn, he is not the equal of his brother. Joseph, if I may use the term, is a man of high boiling point; his constitutional *sang-froid* resisting the ebullition of fear. Pierre, on the contrary, shows a strong tendency to boil over in perilous places.

Our progress was exceedingly slow, but it was steady and continued. At every step our leader trod the snow cautiously, seeking some rugosity on the rock beneath it. This, however, was rarely found, and in most cases he had to establish practicable attachments between the snow and the slope which bore it. No semblance of a slip occurred in the case of any one of us, and, had a slip occurred, I do not think the worst consequences could have been avoided. I wish to stamp this slope of the Matterhorn with the character that really belonged to it when we descended it, and I do not hesitate to express the belief that the giving way of any one of our party would have carried the whole of us to ruin. Why, then, it may be asked, employ the rope? The rope, I reply, all its possible drawbacks under such circumstances notwithstanding, is the safeguard of the climber. Not to speak of the moral effect of its presence, an amount of help upon a dangerous slope that might be measured by the gravity of a few pounds is often of incalculable importance; and thus, though the rope may be not only useless but disastrous if the footing be clearly lost, and the glissade fairly begun, it lessens immensely the chance of this occurrence.

With steady perseverance, difficulties upon a mountain, as elsewhere, come to an end. We were finally able to pass from the face of the pyramid to its rugged edge, feeling with comfort that honest strength and fair skill, which might have gone for little on the slope, were here masters of the situation.

Standing on the *arête* at the foot of a remarkable cliff-gable seen from Zermatt, and permitting the vision to range over the Matter-

horn, its appearance was exceedingly wild and impressive. Hardly two things can be more different than the two aspects of the mountain from above and below. Seen from the Riffel, or Zermatt, it presents itself as a compact pyramid, smooth and steep, and defiant of the weathering air. From above, it seems torn to pieces by the frosts of ages, while its vast facettes are so foreshortened as to stretch out into the distance like plains. But this under estimate of the steepness of the mountain is checked by the deportment of its stones. Their discharge along the side of the pyramid was incessant, and at any moment, by detaching a single boulder, we could let loose a cataract of them, which flew with wild rapidity, and with a clatter as loud as thunder, down the mountain. We once wandered too far from the *arête* and were warned back to it by a train of these missiles sweeping past us.

As long as the temperature of our planet differs from that of space, so long will the forms upon her surface undergo mutation, and as soon as equilibrium has been established we shall have, not peace, but death. Life is the product and accompaniment of change, and the self-same power that tears the flanks of the hills to pieces is the mainspring of the animal and vegetable worlds. Still, there is something chilling, if not humiliating, in the contemplation of the irresistible and remorseless character of those infinitesimal forces, whose summation through the ages pulls down even the Matterhorn. Hacked and hurt by time, the aspect of the mountain from its higher crags saddened me. Hitherto the impression it made was that of savage strength, but here we had inexorable decay.

This notion of decay implied a reference to a period of prime, when the Matterhorn was in the full strength of mountainhood. Thought naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin. Nor did it halt there, but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded, and with good reason, as the proximate source of all material things. Could the blue sky above be the residue of that haze? Would the azure, which deepens on the heights, sink into utter darkness beyond the atmosphere? I tried to look at this universal cloud, containing within itself the prediction of all that has since occurred; I tried to imagine it as the seat of those forces whose action was to issue in solar and stellar systems, and all that they involve. Did that formless fog contain potentially the *sadness* with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the *thought* which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? If so, had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force; for, if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition which omits life and thought must be inadequate, if not untrue. Are questions like these warranted? Are they healthy? Ought they not to be quenched by a life of action? Healthy or unhealthy, *can* we quench them? And if the final goal of man has not been yet attained; if his development has not been yet arrested, who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and the growth of diviner powers? When I look at the heavens and the earth, at my own body, at my strength and imbecility of mind, even at these ponderings, and ask myself, Is there no being or thing in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do, what is my answer? Does antagonism to theology stand with none of us in the place of a religion? Supposing our theologic schemes of creation, condemnation, and redemption, to be dissipated; and the warmth of denial, which, as a motive force, can match the warmth of affirmation, dissipated at the same time; would the undeviated mind return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards these ultra-physical questions? Is such a position one of stable equilibrium? The channels of thought being already formed, such are the questions, without replies, which could run through the mind during a ten minutes' halt upon the weathered spire of the Matterhorn.

COLLEGE GOVERNMENT.

AN interesting illustration of the progress of education is furnished by the recent change of discipline in Columbia College. Since its incorporation, a hundred and fifteen years ago, it has, in accordance with general usage, regulated the conduct of its students by a body of statutes and by-laws consisting of detailed directions for deportment, and corresponding penalties for their violation. These have doubtless undergone various modifications within the last hundred years; but they

are now all suspended, as a matter of trial, and a few general regulations substituted, the effect of which is to leave the student more in his own care. External government by repressive rules has been replaced by self-government. The students are assumed to be men, and gentlemen; they are to be allowed the freedom which pertains to this character, and held also to its responsibilities. The unwritten rules which govern social life are to be applied to that of the college. So long as the students deport themselves with propriety, they will be allowed the benefits of the institution; when they cease to be fit associates of gentlemen, they will be excluded from the place. The requisitions regarding study are only such as are deemed needful to secure due coöperation in college work: if the student qualifies himself for graduation, he will graduate; otherwise not.

The question at issue between the old policy and the new is more than a mere matter of college expediency; it is nothing less than the vital question, What mode of government is most conducive to the formation of an elevated moral character? or, What course is best calculated to produce that habitual self-restraint and rectitude of conduct which are needed as a preparation for the responsibilities of life? The higher actions of men are the offspring of motives, and motives are of different kinds—good and bad, high and low; while character results from the quality of those which become predominate and determining. It is the office of education in its moral aspect to bring the student under the influence of those higher and nobler motives which shall spontaneously issue in right action.

Current school discipline, borrowing its theory from civil government, assumes that the strongest motive by which human beings are influenced is fear, or the dread of punishment. But the contrasted purposes in the two cases are here quite overlooked. In political legislation, the true function of which is negative, that is, the prevention of wrongs, the appeal is very properly made to the motive of fear. Civil government presupposes criminality—indeed, springs out of it—and is legitimately occupied in dealing with the worst classes of society by punitive measures. But the office of the college, on the other hand, is positive and constructive. It has to direct the agencies which control intellectual and moral growth, to develop the class of feelings which lead to right action.

Can education effect this in the best manner by the pains-and-penalties policy which is directed to the emotion of fear? Obviously not. This motive appeals to the most degraded of the race; it is the meanest that can actuate a human being, and just to the degree in which it becomes operative it calls out the lower qualities and results in a debased type of character. It is a policy of coercive checks and restraints, and takes effect only upon those who combine weakness with evil tendencies—who wish to do wrong, but dare not. But the course which may have a salutary influence upon the craven and cowardly is resented and scorned by better natures. The code of rules and inflections which is thrust into the student's face upon entering college he too often interprets as a snub and a challenge. He finds the authorities joining the police function with the tutorial, and accordingly the more self-reliant and mettlesome of the students—who are always leaders—accept the tempting situation, and enter upon a system of baffling and tormenting the professors. In a faculty of ten or twenty instructors, there are generally some more vain, dogmatic, and irritable than the rest—men who have an unhappy facility of arousing antagonisms—and these become delicious game. On grounds of dignity, the other officers are compelled to stand by their colleagues, and thus the elements of conflict are ready and abundant. The history of college government under this system has been precisely what it must have been—a history of insubordination, of petty and provoking strifes, often rising into violence, and mitigated or aggravated, as the case may be, by the quality of the students and the character of the governing officials.

The new policy presupposes the existence of higher feelings in the mind of the student, and to these feelings it appeals. It

presses the student back upon his sense of right and justice, and upon his manly and honorable impulses; and, in assuming that they exist and are strong, it does not miscalculate. There is no more controlling sentiment in human nature than that of honor. It may take false directions; but it is all-powerful. In its defence, nations will sacrifice all else; to maintain it, individuals will throw away their lives as worthless; even among thieves it is a power. The college authorities who do not recognize this feeling in the minds of students, or who suffer it to be arrayed against them, instead of using it as a potent agency of moral control, have yet to learn the rudiments of their avocation. But appeals to honor will be of little avail, unless inspired by a genuine trust and confidence which ill comports with a system of petty exactions and threatenings.

Another efficient agency which should be turned to valuable account in school management is public opinion among the students. The wise teacher, who takes counsel of his opportunities rather than of his pride of position, will be cautious how he contravenes the public sentiment of his school. If wrong, he will aim to correct it—he will *wait* to correct it; but, until changed, he will respect and not defy it. Even in society, men are tried by their peers for alleged offences; can there be a doubt that this method would work with far greater advantage among young men at college? In civil life, we hold public opinion to be the fountain of law, and are fast arriving at the conclusion that enactments are practical nullities, unless supported by it; can there be a question that the principle is equally sound in its application to college government? Backed by the public opinion of his school, a teacher is well-nigh omnipotent; but here again the indispensable prerequisite is a faith in the good intentions, if not in the judgment, of the young men. A student will break rules, but he will not incur the condemnation of his fellows. It is one thing for the officials to dismiss him from college for the infraction of a statute—the chances are high that he will leave with the sympathy of his associates, a martyr to arbitrary authority; but it is another and a far different thing for him to be expelled by the verdict of his fellow-students—the disgrace would be intolerable, and could be incurred only by those who well deserved it.

This movement is, therefore, something more than a mere shift of college tactics for the ends of passing convenience; it is in the highest sense itself educational—it is a practical extension of the curriculum to the department of moral culture. The inculcation of virtuous precepts, fervid exhortations to rectitude, denunciations of evil courses, and threats of punishment, supplemented by the reading of a little ethics in the last year of the course, are far from what is required; in fact, all this has been done, if not overdone, long before in the home and the family. Little is needed in the theory of morality; much in its practice, for it is only to be truly learned by making it the law of action in daily life. The higher faculties of our nature, like all its other faculties, grow into strength and become controlling in conduct only through exercise. It is a narrow notion that the legitimate college work is limited to class-room recitations and the preparation for them, with the accompaniment of enforced decency of behavior. More important in its action upon the student's mind than any formal exercise is the subtle, unconscious influence of the teacher—the pervading feeling—the tone and spirit of the place. In college, even more than in life, it is the contagion of personal influence that touches the deepest springs of action, that inspires the higher feelings and colors the student's life. In entering upon this experiment, therefore, the faculty of a college are but recognizing a higher sphere of educational duty. They are not shirking responsibility, but incurring new and more serious responsibility.

But, besides the personal influence of the instructor, there is an influence of the studies themselves, which must not be overlooked in estimating the governmental agencies of the college. The seriously-occupied students give but little trouble,

and the teacher who can inspire an interest in study has in this a potent element of control. It is generally the young men not much engaged with their work whose activities overflow into the channels of mischief. A great deal depends, therefore, in this matter, upon the attractiveness of the intellectual pursuits. We might infer that scientific institutions which deal with modern and practical subjects having a direct and obvious bearing upon life should have the least difficulty in managing students, and this conclusion we understand to be confirmed in actual experience. On the other hand, classical institutions, which are mainly occupied with drill in dead languages, the advantage of which is not immediate usefulness, but an alleged, indefinite, and remote mental discipline, cannot fail to take a less powerful hold upon the student's feelings, and they are therefore driven to the adoption of an external coercive discipline. The old colleges, therefore, have an intrinsic embarrassment in entering upon this experiment of leaving students to themselves, which will greatly enhance the credit of success, if success be reached.

MALAYAN FEROCITIES.

THE men are exceedingly jealous and very strict with their wives. A married woman may not accept a cigar or a sirih-leaf from a stranger, under pain of death. I was informed that some years ago one of the English traders had a Balinese woman of good family living with him—the connection being considered quite honorable by the natives. During some festival this girl offended against the law by accepting a flower or some such trifle from another man. This was reported to the Rajah (to some of whose wives the girl was related), and he immediately sent to the Englishman's house, ordering him to give the woman up, as she must be "krissed." In vain he begged and prayed, and offered to pay any fine the Rajah might impose, and finally refused to give her up unless he was forced to do so. This the Rajah did not wish to resort to, as he no doubt thought he was acting as much for the Englishman's honor as for his own; so he appeared to let the matter drop. But some time afterward he sent one of his followers to the house, who beckoned the girl to the door, and then, saying, "The Rajah sends you this," stabbed her to the heart. More serious infidelity is punished still more cruelly, the woman and her paramour being tied back to back and thrown into the sea, where some large crocodiles are always on the watch to devour their bodies. One such execution took place while I was at Ampanam, but I took a long walk into the country to be out of the way till it was all over, thus missing the opportunity of having a horrible narrative to enliven my somewhat tedious story.

One morning, as we were sitting at breakfast, Mr. Carter's servant informed us that there was an "Amok" in the village—in other words, that a man was "running a muck." Orders were immediately given to shut and fasten the gates of our enclosure; but, hearing nothing for some time, we went out, and found there had been a false alarm, owing to a slave having run away, declaring he would "amok," because his master wanted to sell him. A short time before, a man had been killed at a gaming-table, because, having lost half a dollar more than he possessed, he was going to "amok." Another had killed or wounded seventeen people before he could be destroyed. In their wars a whole regiment of these people will sometimes agree to "amok," and then rush on with such energetic desperation as to be very formidable to men not so excited as themselves. Among the ancients these would have been looked upon as heroes or demigods who sacrificed themselves for their country. Here it is simply said—they made "amok."

Macassar is the most celebrated place in the East for "running a muck." There are said to be one or two a month on the average, and five, ten, or twenty persons are sometimes killed or wounded at one of them. It is the national and therefore the honorable mode of committing suicide among the natives of Celebes, and is the fashionable way of escaping from their difficulties. A Roman fell upon his sword, a Japanese rips up his stomach, and an Englishman blows out his brains with a pistol. The Bugis mode has many advantages to one suicidically inclined. A man thinks himself wronged by society—he is in debt but cannot pay—he is taken for a slave, or has gambled

away his wife or child into slavery—he sees no way of recovering what he has lost, and becomes desperate. He will not put up with such cruel wrongs, but will be revenged on mankind and die like a hero. He grasps his kris-handle, and the next moment draws out the weapon and stabs a man to the heart. He runs on, with bloody kris in his hand, stabbing at every one he meets. “Amok! Amok!” then resounds through the streets. Spears, krisses, knives, and guns, are brought out against him. He rushes madly forward, kills all he can—men, women, and children—and dies overwhelmed by numbers amid all the excitement of a battle. And what that excitement is those who have been in one best know, but all who have ever given way to violent passions, or even indulged in violent and exciting exercises, may form a very good idea. It is a delirious intoxication, a temporary madness that absorbs every thought and every energy. And can we wonder at the kris-bearing, untaught, brooding Malay preferring such a death, looked upon as almost honorable, to the cold-blooded details of suicide, if he wishes to escape from overwhelming troubles, or the merciless clutches of the hangman and the disgrace of a public execution, when he has taken the law into his own hands, and too hastily revenged himself upon his enemy? In either case he chooses rather to “amok.”

TABLE-TALK.

SOME remarks having appeared in print as to the English rendering of the title to Victor Hugo's new romance, “*L'Homme Qui Rit*,” and on other points, we think that our readers may be interested in the following “Note by the Translator,” which will be prefixed to the first edition in book form:

“There has been so much discussion as to the proper rendering of the original title of this work, ‘*L'HOMME QUI RIT*,’ that it may be advisable to state why ‘*THE MAN WHO LAUGHS*’ has been adopted. It is not only literal in version, it expresses at the same time the author's meaning as nearly as the genius of the English tongue allows. Had Victor Hugo intended to convey the idea of ‘*The Laughing Man*,’ or, in fact, of a voluntary laughter, he would have called his book ‘*Le Rieur*,’ or ‘*L'Homme Rieur*,’ just as in his own language the laughing hyena is called ‘*Phyène rieuse*,’ and not ‘*Phyène qui rit*.’ ‘*The Laughing Man*’ cannot be correctly rendered into French by ‘*L'Homme qui rit*’; ‘*L'Homme qui rit*’ is ‘*The Man Who Laughs*,’ and nothing else.

“Another point may be noticed. The hurry, consequent on the peculiar agreement between the publishers in Paris and in this city, has given rise to an error, more curious perhaps than important. The fifth chapter of Book I., Part I., is headed ‘*Human Intervention*,’ though the proper and far more significant heading is ‘*The Tree of Human Invention*.’ The mistake arose thus: The translation was made from slips forwarded hither by mail; and the title of this particular chapter was so torn in transmission, that the imperfect phrase . . . ‘*vention Humaine*’ was alone legible. A filling-up was requisite immediately, and the term ‘*Human Intervention*’ was adopted at a guess.

“The careful and critical reader will find occasional errors in history and geography, and not a few in Victor Hugo's English nomenclature. These have not been unobserved; but the translator did not deem it his duty to correct them.”

The dramatic season of the present year has been marked by several Shakespearian revivals, in each of which there has been unusual attention both to scenery and accessories. But, in each instance, the play has been translated into a panorama, and far more attention given to the pictorial effect than to the dramatic rendition. We must praise the efforts to render the plays produced perfect historic illusions, but must deplore the neglect of those essential dramatic elements without which a play is a mere show. All the beauty of gardens, palace-halls, Gothic architecture, and “cloud-capped towers,” cannot compensate for the loss of the essential soul and spirit of a play. So far as scenic display sets forth historic periods, adds to the illusion of the story, or enforces dramatic situations, it is entitled to our full acceptance. But, when under its dominant sway, portraiture becomes unnecessary, character unimportant,

language disregarded, passion subordinated; when the assemblage sees rather than hears, and admires rather than feels, it simply extracts from the drama much of its imagination, its poetry, and its humanity. In fact, these Shakespearian revivals have been, in no true sense, revivals at all. There has been no special attempt to illuminate the poetry of Shakespeare, or to illustrate his characters. Instead of having been exceptionally well acted, they have been almost exceptionally poorly acted. There has been no effective dramatic *ensemble*, no noticeable excellence; and that only can be justly considered a revival which, by the perfection of the histrionic array, gives new force, expression, and brilliancy to the characters and poetry of the dramatist.

A project has been broached in London for the organization of a scientific club. There are army and navy clubs, aristocratic and reform clubs, literary, artistic, dramatic, and sporting clubs; but men of science, as such, have hitherto had no rallying-point of social intercourse, such as these organizations afford. Such an institution, besides its local and economical conveniences for members, would have a further value, we apprehend, by bringing into more familiar intercourse and facilitating the exchange of ideas between men of widely-different scientific pursuits. The various scientific societies attract together those who are engaged in special lines of study; and such is the inevitable tendency to division of labor, and so absorbing do special inquiries become, that the disposition to narrowness of views is strong. A wholesome corrective of this tendency would be that free interchange of opinion and mutual criticism which club-life affords. The project to establish a scientific club is further significant as illustrating the gradual growth and differentiation of the scientific element in modern society. Science is every day becoming more and more influential in civilization, and must be more and more recognized as a distinctive and independent agency in human affairs.

One of the greatest difficulties of teaching is the inability of the instructor to enter perfectly into the pupil's state of mind. A teacher knows a thing, sees it clearly, and may have been years arriving at the perception of it in its various bearings and relations. He then undertakes to communicate this piece of knowledge to one who knows nothing about it. Some phase of it, which, at the time, strikes the teacher as most complete, is set before the pupil in language consistent with the teacher's views. Now, the first difficulty occurs in the want of entire correspondence between the ideas attached to the same words by the teacher and pupil. It rarely happens that even any two educated minds will coincide in this particular. To overcome this obstacle, repeated and varying statements must be made, so that one impression may correct another where words have been but imperfectly understood. But the greatest difficulty lies in this, that no teacher can remember the history of the doubts and embarrassments that were overcome in his own gradual progress to a thorough understanding of the matter in hand; and besides, imperfect as is his recollection, only one phase of it occupies his consciousness at a time. And, however much of one's mental history is remembered, it is scarcely probable that the troubles of the pupil will be just those that the teacher experienced.

Again, owing to mental peculiarities, some part of an explanation seizes the attention of the pupil, and quite engrosses it for the time, so that other parts, equally important, are unattended to, and the conception formed is partial and imperfect. The teacher, therefore, who expects a single explanation to end the matter and afford the pupil a fair opportunity, makes a great mistake. The chances are many that the lesson is not understood, and, though a verbal account should be rendered by the pupil that would seem to indicate a correct apprehension of the statement, yet much would be gained by resuming the subject

at another time under different aspects of thought on the part of the teacher, which will lead to fresh explanations, while the same newness of approach would change the mental attitude of the learner, widen his notions, and correct his errors. Every such new attack upon a subject of study should be so conducted by the teacher as to make it a means of revealing the pupil's mental condition.

The Hon. David A. Wells, in an important and seemingly exhaustive letter on the present condition of the working-classes, makes some statements in regard to savings-banks, which, we have reason to believe, are not entirely accurate, at least so far as those of the city of New York are concerned. The assertion had been made that the increase of savings-bank deposits was evidence of the improved condition of the working-people, and Mr. Wells, in disproof of this, charges, first, that the increase of the price of real estate prevents many persons from purchasing homesteads, who otherwise would do so, their savings accumulating in bank instead; and, second, that the exemption of these depositories from tax brings in as depositors a wealthier class than that for which they were designed. In regard to the first charge, we have the assurance of a bank-officer that at no time in his experience has money been so largely drawn from the banks for real-estate investment as it is now. As to the second charge, the statistics of one of our largest banks are before us, and they speak for themselves. Of nearly 27,000 deposits made in 1868, fewer than 400 were of over \$1,000 each; over 20,000 were in sums less than \$100 each; and 12,000 in sums less than \$50 each. Upon referring to the list of classified occupations, published by the same bank, we find the depositors to have been almost entirely working-people. Mr. Wells would seem, by the tenor of his argument, to condemn the exemption of these banks from taxation. It is certainly important that the character of savings-banks, their relation to our working-people, and the service they render to the laborer, should be well understood before any thing should be done calculated to decrease the interest the banks are now paying on deposits, and thereby directly affect the well-being of the working-class. That the great bulk of savings-bank deposits does come from the laboring portions of the community is undoubtedly true; and that this system of savings confers a greater benefit upon the class it is designed to serve than all the charitable organizations united, is the earnest conviction of every one who has studied its history and examined its workings.

Brief Notes.

MR. GODFREY FRANKENSTEIN, an American painter, is exhibiting in England a picture of the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara, which has received very marked commendation at the hands of the English press. We do not recall the fact of the picture being exhibited here. The London *Examiner* gives it a favorable notice, remarking that, while the performance does not rise to that "thorough identification with Nature" which doubtless was Mr. Frankenstein's aim, yet "what he has accomplished shows him to be an artist with a soul in him—somewhat of a realistic soul, perhaps—and, if he have not given to us all that our imagination would lead us to expect in presence of the grand phenomenon itself, we are quite confident that he has furnished to us a faithful, albeit literal, transcript of it, and that the picture need not altogether fear being confronted with its great original." Is not this idea of a picture being confronted with its "great original" somewhat new in art and criticism? Let the reader imagine himself carrying Mr. Frankenstein's "Niagara" to the side of the fall itself, for the sake of an exact comparison!

Mr. Elihu Vedder has returned, after a two years' sojourn in Italy, and is exhibiting at Snedecor's Gallery, in the city, a number of his pictures. Mr. Vedder will be remembered by his Egyptian "Sphinx" and the "Sea-Serpent," each of which, a few years ago, was the talk in art circles. Mr. Vedder has always displayed great breadth, character, and force; his conceptions have been striking and original, and his mastery of color remarkable. But he always lacked finish, and we do not see that his sojourn abroad has improved his style in this particular. We have been too familiar with the exquisite finish in the pictures of Gé-

rome, Meissonnier, and Frère, to content ourselves with the almost rude performances of Mr. Vedder. The most striking subject in his present collection is "The Death of Abel," which exhibits the stark and stiff body of the first dead stretched by the side of the altar, which is erected in a hollow among hills of fearful and accursed barrenness. The painter has, of course, attempted, in the desolation of the landscape, to express the sentiment of the tragedy. Whether this is wisely done or not, judgments will differ.

Victor Hugo addressed the following letter to Madame Lamartine on the occasion of the death of her husband: "Madame—Since 1821 I have been closely united in heart with Lamartine. This friendship of fifty years has suffered to-day the momentary eclipse of death. I do not desire, at a moment like this, to cause you anguish by the expression of my sympathy; but, you will allow me, will you not—you who are united to him by blood, you who loved him, and whom he loved—to feel profound sorrow? Lamartine has all the degrees of glory, from popularity to immortality—a magnificent poet, and an orator whose fame is everlasting. To us he seems dead. He is not so! Lamartine has not ceased to shine; he has now a double splendor—in our literature, where he is a spirit, and in the great unknown life, where he is a star. With my kindest respects, VICTOR HUGO."

There seems to be an increasing demand for translations of foreign books. Our own authors are doing so little, that publishers are probably glad to go abroad for material, and, no doubt, the reading public are becoming more cosmopolitan in their tastes. Since the time of Fredrika Bremer, we have had little of Swedish literature. The Messrs. Peterson, of Philadelphia, however, have just reprinted a novel of Victor Rydberg, translated from the Swedish, and called "The Last Athenian," which was pronounced by Miss Bremer "the best and most genial historical novel ever written in the Swedish language." The work, moreover, stands so high in the estimation of Swedish *scenists*, that the professors of two Swedish universities, Upsala and Lund, recommend the work to the students as a faithful portrayal of classical manners and customs.

There are movements making, both in London and New York, looking to the opening of museums and picture-galleries on Sundays. In London, "The Working-men's Lord's Day Rest Association" have met to protest against the movement, and were addressed by Lord Shaftesbury. In New York there is an attempt to induce the trustees of the Mercantile Library to open their reading-room on Sundays; and, a week or two ago, a picture-gallery on Broadway gave sanction to the proposed change by advertising the exhibition as open to visitors on Sunday during daylight hours.

The London *Daily News* protests against the practice of making the observance of Lent an excuse for fresh frivolities in the matter of dress. The Forty Days are made a new motive for changes, coquetties, and caprices in the adornment of our fashionable women; and, not in dress alone—for, during this period, it is quite the thing to invent new forms of amusement, which shall exclude dancing, but which will have some piquant novelty. "Lenten entertainment" nowadays does not mean any limitations in enjoyment, either in eating, drinking, or in amusements, but simply the doing of something different from what is done at other seasons.

In an article on "Ruskin as a writer on art," Mr. W. M. Rossetti contends that the influence of Ruskinism is fast dying out, and that consequently "the pre-Raphaelitism which it brought into fashion is likely to give place to natural art, harmonious colors, and undecaying things of beauty."

Julius Janin, in a recent feuilleton, tells a very amusing story of Liszt, who, together with Rubini, gave a concert in a provincial town, to which only fifty persons came. The audience proving somewhat indifferent to Liszt's playing, the great pianist suddenly ceased performing, saying that he would offer his hearers no more music, but would invite them to supper instead. The invitation, after a little hesitation, was accepted, and Liszt had to pay twelve hundred francs for his joke.

Lord Brougham died without assets. He had made over all his property to his brother, who, in return, provided for all expenses—aversion to trouble about money matters being the reason.

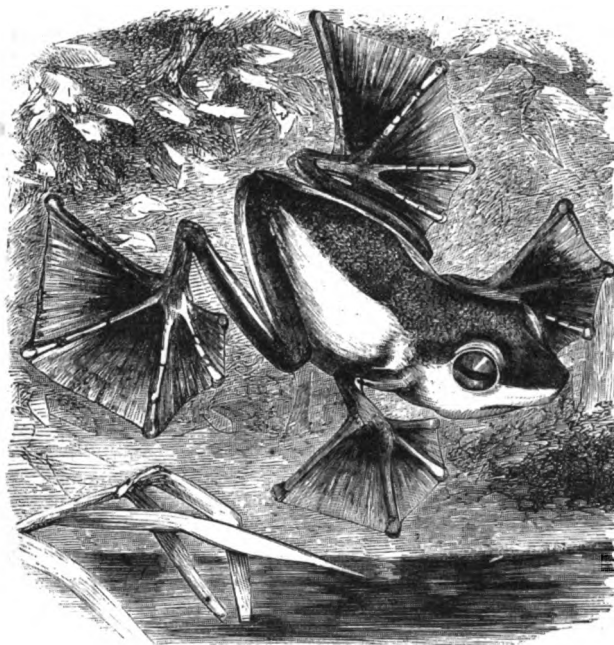
The *Pull Mall Gazette* thinks that, if Lord Macaulay had lived to read Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower," he would have repented more than he did of the false taste and stilted *staccato* manner which his "Essay on Milton" introduced into English literature.

Birket Foster, famous so long as one of the best landscape draughtsmen on wood, and more recently admired for his delightful water-color pictures, is about to exhibit, at the Royal Academy, his first attempt in oil. It will be a coast scene.

Some original manuscripts of poems by Burns were recently sold at auction in London.

The Museum.

ONE of the most curious and interesting reptiles which I met with in Borneo was a large tree-frog, which was brought me by one of the Chinese workmen. He assured me that he had seen it come down, in a slanting direction, from a high tree, as if it flew. On examining it, I found the toes very long, and fully webbed to their very extremity, so that, when expanded, they offered a surface much larger than the body. The fore-legs were also bordered by a membrane, and the body was capable of considerable inflation. The back and limbs were of a very deep shining green color, the under surface and the inner toes yellow, while the webs were black, rayed with yellow. The body was about four inches long, while the webs of each hind foot, when fully expanded, covered a surface of four square inches, and the webs of all the feet together about twelve square inches. As the extremities of the toes have



dilated disks for adhesion, showing the creature to be a true tree-frog, it is difficult to imagine that this immense membrane of the toes can be for the purpose of swimming only, and the account of the Chinaman, that it flew down from the tree, becomes more credible. This is, I believe, the first instance known of a "flying frog," and it is very interesting to Darwinians, as showing that the variability of the toes, which have been already modified for purposes of swimming and adhesive climbing, has been taken advantage of to enable an allied species to pass through the air like the flying lizard. It would appear to be a new species of the genus *Rhacophorus*, which consists of several frogs of a

much smaller size than this, and having the webs of the toes less developed.—*Alfred Russell Wallace.*

Bernard Palissy, the great improver of pottery-ware, constructed a curious piece of rustic art, designed to represent an ancient grotto. "It was a large ornamental structure, scooped out of the ground; the walls of it were made to imitate rocks roughly hewn with a pickaxe; the arched ceiling was supported by columns and pilasters; medallions formed projections at intervals, where busts of heroes were raised on small pedestals. In the centre there was a fountain that played, and seemed to lend life and animation to a world of artificial reptiles and fishes lying unperceived until the eye became accustomed to the semi-darkness of the spot. On the gravel, seen through the translucent water of the stream, a carp or two, and a pike, or jack, heave lazily; a snake along the edge pursues a frog, a lizard is watching a butterfly, while a tortoise drags on its weight, and, amidst soft masses and bending reeds, in the bed of the stream, you see a crab and crawfish gliding. In another place he wishes that all the creatures he has sculptured and enamelled should be placed in a spot accessible to nature, so that natural serpents or lizards should often come and admire them."

The earth is nearly as heavy as it would be if its mass were entirely composed of metallic antimony or cast-iron.

The whole character of the face of a child results from the fleshy parts and integuments being calculated, if I may use such a term, for the support of larger bones than they possess in early years. The features are provided for the growth and development of the bones of the face, and hence the fulness, roundness, and chubbiness of infancy.—*Sir Charles Bell.*

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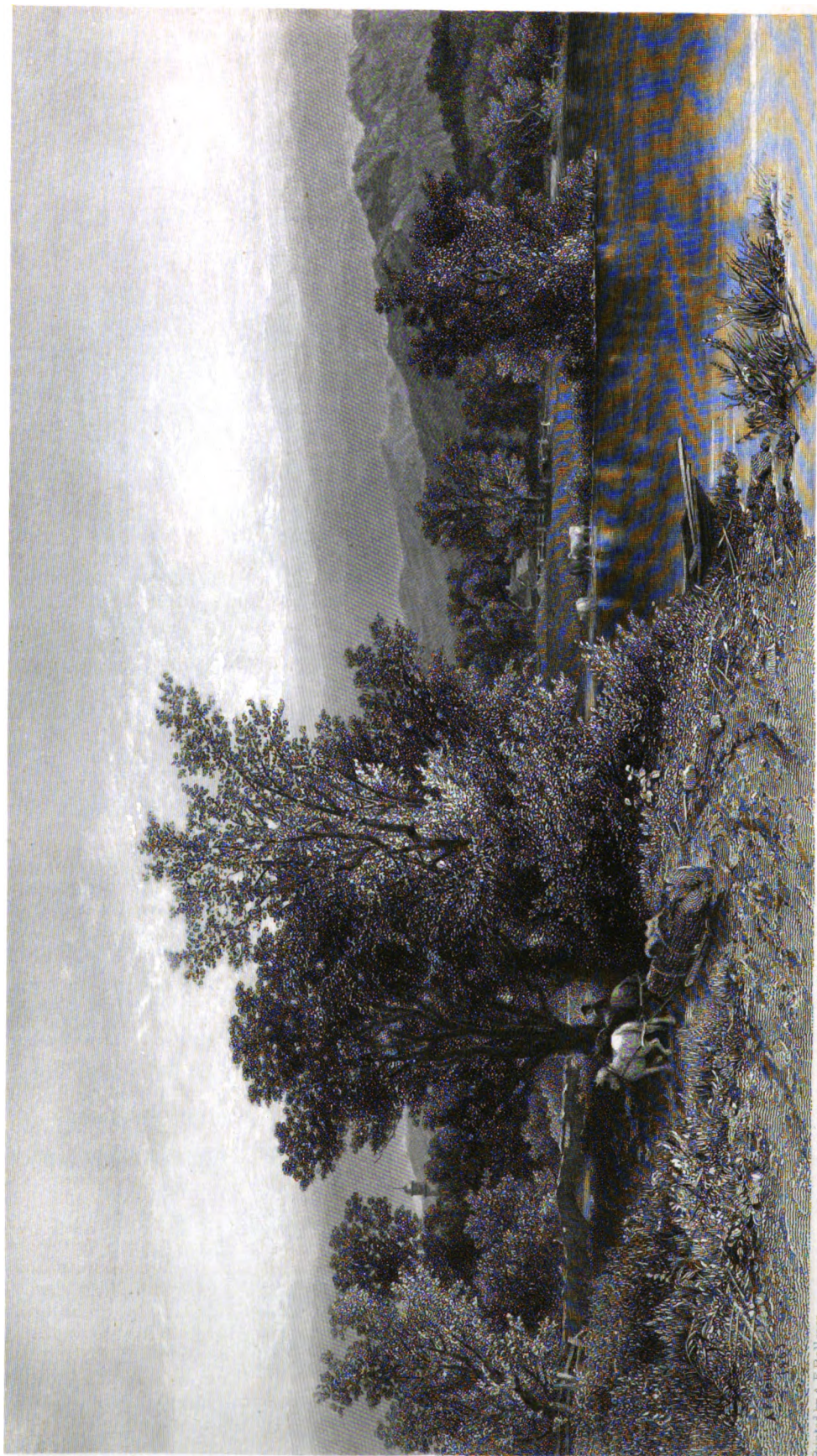
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[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;
OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.
BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART II.—BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BOOK I.—ETERNAL PRESENCE OF THE PAST; MEN THROW
LIGHT UPON MAN.

I.—LORD CLANCHARLIE.
I.

IN those times there was an old tradition.

The tradition of Lord Linneus Clancharlie.

Baron Linneus Clancharlie, a contemporary of Cromwell, was one of the few English peers, let us say at the outset, who had accepted the republic. This acquiescence might have been reasonable, and could be explained if necessary, since the republic had triumphed for an instant. It was perfectly simple that Lord Clancharlie should have been on the side of the republic, so long as the republic had the upper hand. But Lord Clancharlie had persisted, after the winding up of the revolution and the fall of the Parliamentary government. It would have been easy for his lordship to reënter the reconstructed upper house; penitents are always well received by restored monarchs, and Charles II. was a kind prince to those who came back to him; but Lord Clancharlie had not understood the moral of events. While the nation was welcoming its king with cheers, as he regained possession of England; while the verdict in his favor was unanimous; while the people were lavishing their salutes upon the monarchy; while the dynasty was raising its head again in the midst of a glorious and triumphal palinode; at the moment when the past was becoming the future, and the future the past, this nobleman had remained contumacious. He had averted his head from all this festivity; he had gone into voluntary exile; he had preferred being an outlaw, when he might have been a peer; and thus his years had rolled on; he had grown old in his fidelity to the dead republic. And, therefore, he was covered with the ridicule which naturally attaches itself to such childishness.

He had retired to Switzerland. He lived in a sort of palatial ruin on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. He had chosen for himself this dwelling in the most rugged recess of

the lake, between Chillen, the dungeon of Bonnivard, and Vevay, the tomb of Luc'low. He was enveloped by the stern Alps, teeming with twilight and wind and cloud; there he lived, lost in the great shadows which mountains cast. Seldom did a traveller meet him. The man was not only out of his country, he was almost out of his age. At that time no resistance to circumstances was justifiable for those who knew and kept up with what was going on. England was happy; a restoration is a reconciliation of man and wife; king and people had ceased to live apart. Nothing could be more graceful and promising; Great Britain was radiant; it is much to have a king, but they had a charming king to boot; Charles II. was amiable, was a statesman and a man of the world, and great after the example of Louis XIV.; he was a gentleman and a nobleman; Charles II. was admired by his subjects; he had made the Hanoverian war, nobody but himself knew why; he had sold Dunkirk to France, a great political measure. The democratic peers, of whom Chamberlayne says, "The accursed republic infected many of the nobility with its foul breath," had been sensible enough to yield to reason, conform to their epoch, and reassume their seats in the upper house. All they had to do for this was to take the oath of allegiance. When one reflected on all these realities, on this beautiful reign, this excellent king, these august princes restored by divine mercy to the love of their people; when one remembered that personages of consequence, like Monk, and afterward Jeffreys, had rallied round the throne; that they had been justly rewarded for their loyalty and zeal by the most magnificent dignities and the most lucrative offices; that Lord Clancharlie could not be ignorant of the fact, that it depended only on himself to be seated gloriously alongside them in all honor; that England, thanks to her king, had again reached the summit of prosperity; that London was all banquets and pageants; that everybody was rich and enthusiastic; that the court was gallant, gay, and proud—then if, by chance, afar from these splendors, in an indefinite, gloomy semi-daylight that resembled the nightfall, one saw this old man dressed in the same garb as the common people, pale, absent, bent with years, probably on the brink of the grave, standing near the lake, scarcely heeding tempest or winter, walking as if at random, his eyes fixed, his gray hairs tossed by the shadowy blasts, silent, solitary, pensive, it would have been hard not to smile.

A profiled sketch of a madman, as it were.

Thinking of Lord Clancharlie, what he might have been and what he was, to smile was charitable. Some laughed out loud. Others were indignant.

It is clear that serious men might have been disgusted with such insolence in holding himself aloof.

One extenuating circumstance there was: Lord Clanchairle had never been a man of capacity. Every one was agreed on that point.

II.

It is disagreeable to see people make a business of obstinacy. Such imitations of Regulus are unpopular, and provoke irony in public opinion.

These headstrong persons are living reproaches; one has a right to laugh at them.

And then, after all, is this stubbornness, this ruggedness, a virtue? Is there not much ostentation in this excessive show of self-denial and honor? It is more display than any thing else. Why these exaggerations of solitude and exile? To carry nothing too far is the wise man's maxim. Make opposition—well and good; find fault, if you will—but decorously, and without ceasing to cry, "God save the king!" True virtue consists in being reasonable. That which falls ought to fall; that which succeeds, to succeed. Providence has its reasons, and crowns the deserving. Do you pretend to know more about these things than Providence? When facts have spoken, when one government has replaced another, when success has eliminated the true and the false, on one hand ruin, on the other triumph, no more doubt is possible. The honest man attaches himself to the winning side; and, although this benefits his fortune and family, without letting himself be influenced by any such consideration, and thinking only of the public weal, he gives his aid to the conqueror.

What would become of the state, if no one consented to hold office? Is every thing to stop? It is the part of a good citizen to keep his place. Learn to sacrifice your secret preferences. Offices require to be filled. Some one must devote himself. To be faithful to your public functions, is one sort of fidelity. Abandoned by its functionaries, the state would be paralyzed. It is childish to banish yourself. Do you mean it for an example? What vanity! For a defiance? What impudence! What great man do you suppose yourself to be? Know that we are as good as you. We don't desert our posts, not we! If we chose, we too could be inaccessible and untamable—that we could; and we could do worse things than you. But we prefer to be sensible people. Because I am Trimalcion, you don't think me capable of being Cato!

Nonsense!

III.

NEVER was situation more clear and decided, than that of affairs in 1660. Never had the course to pursue been more clearly marked out to a man of sense.

England was free from Cromwell. Under the republic, many irregular actions had been committed. British supremacy had been created; the English, with the help of the Thirty Years' War, had subdued Germany; with the help of the Fronde, humbled France; with the help of the Duke of Braganza, curtailed Spain. Cromwell had tamed Mazarin; the Protector of England signed his name to a treaty above that of the French king. He had fined the United Provinces eight millions, disturbed Algiers and Tunis, conquered Jamaica, humiliated Lisbon, raised up a French faction in Barcelona and Masaniello in Naples; he had moored Portugal to England, and made a clean sweep of the Barbary pirates, from Gibraltar to Candia. The dominion of the seas had been founded under the double form of victory and trade. On the 10th of August, 1653, the man who had won thirty-three fights, the old admiral who called himself *grandfather of sailors*, the Martin Happestz Tromp, who had beaten the Spanish fleet, had been destroyed by the English fleet; the Atlantic had been wrested from the Spanish navy, the Pacific from the Dutch navy, the Mediterranean from the Venetian, and, by the act of navigation, the sea-coast of the world had been occupied. By means of the ocean, the earth was held in subjection; the Dutch flag hum-

bly saluted the British at sea; France, in the person of her ambassador Mancini, did reverence to Oliver Cromwell; this Cromwell played with Calais and Dunkirk as with two shuttlecocks; he had made the continent tremble, dictated peace, declared war, planted the English standard on every pinnacle; the Protector's one regiment of Ironsides outweighed an army in the balance of Europe's fears. Cromwell used to say, *It is my will that the English republic shall be respected as the Roman republic was*. There remained no longer any thing sacred; speech was free, the press was free; men said in the open street what they chose, they printed without control or censorship what they wished; the balance of power had been disturbed; all the monarchical institutions of Europe, whereof the Stuarts were part, had been turned upside down. Finally, England had escaped from this odious government and received her pardon.

The indulgent Charles II. had promulgated the Declaration of Breda. He had granted to England oblivion of that epoch, when the son of a Huntingdon brewer placed his foot on the head of Louis XIV. England uttered her *mea culpa*, and breathed again. The expansion of hearts, as we have just said, was complete, the regicides' gibbets adding to the universal joy. A restoration is an affair of smiles; still, a trifle of gallows is not unbecoming, and the public conscience must be satisfied. The spirit of insubordination was scattered; loyalty was reestablishing itself. Henceforth the only ambition was to be a good subject. Men had recovered from their political follies, they scoffed at the revolution, they ridiculed the republic, and the queer times when people had always big words in their mouth, *Right, Liberty, Progress*; how they laughed at these emphatic terms! It was an admirable return of good sense; England had been dreaming. What happiness to be free from these delusions! Was there any thing more crazy? Where should we be, if every vagabond had his rights? Imagine everybody governing! Can you fancy the city directed by the citizens? The citizens are a team, and the team isn't the coachman. Putting a matter to the vote is throwing it to the winds. Would you make states float about like clouds? Disorder does not construct order. If Chaos is the architect, the building will be Babel. And then what a tyranny this pretended liberty is! I want to amuse myself, I do, and not to govern. Voting is a bore; I prefer to dance. What a godsend is a prince, who takes charge of every thing! Surely the king is generous, to take this trouble for us. And then he was brought up to it; he knows what it is; it is his business. Peace, war, legislation, finance—is that the people's business? Doubtless the people must pay and work, but that ought to be enough for them. They have their part in politics; they contribute the two forces of the state, the army and the purse. To be a taxpayer and a soldier, is not that enough? What more do the people want? They are the right arm of the General and of the Treasurer—splendid position! The king reigns for it; surely this service must be recompensed. Taxes and civil lists are the wages which nations pay and princes earn. The people give their blood and their money in return for being led. Wish to direct itself? What a strange idea! A guide is necessary for them. Being ignorant, they are blind. Has not the blind man a dog? Only for the people it is a lion, the king, who consents to be their dog. What goodness! But why are the people ignorant? Because it must be so. Ignorance is the guardian of virtue. Where there is no perspective, there is no ambition; the ignorant man is enveloped in a beneficial darkness, which quenches his desires by quenching his sight. Hence comes innocence. He, who reads, thinks; he, who thinks, reasons. It is our duty and also our happiness not to reason. These truths are incontestable. Society reposes on them.

Thus were sound social doctrines reestablished in England. Thus was the nation restored to virtue. At the same time there was a reaction in favor of fine literature. Shakespeare was

despised and Dryden admired. *Dryden is the greatest poet of England and of the age*, said Atterbury (who translated *Achilles* into French). This was the time when M. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, wrote to Salmasius, who had done the author of *Paradise Lost* the honor of refusing and abusing him, *How can you occupy yourself with an object so insignificant as this Milton?* Every thing revived and reoccupied its place. Dryden up, Shakespeare down, Charles on the throne, Cromwell on the gibbet. England was recovering from the shameful extravagances of the past. It is a great blessing for nations to be brought back, by monarchy, to good order in the state and good taste in literature.

It is hard to believe that such benefits could be unappreciated. Was it not abominable to turn one's back on Charles II., and repay with ingratitude his magnanimity in reascending the throne? Lord Linnæus Clancharlie had caused this scandal to respectable persons. What madness to sulk at the happiness of his country!

In 1650, as is well known, the Parliament had decreed this form, *I promise to remain faithful to the republic, without king, sovereign, or master*. Under pretext that he had taken this monstrous oath, Lord Clancharlie remained out of the kingdom, and, in face of the general happiness, thought he had a right to be sad. He had a melancholy esteem for that which no longer existed; a strange attachment to vanished objects.

To excuse him was impossible; the most benevolent gave him up. His friends had for a long time done him the honor to suppose that he had joined the republican ranks, only to see more nearly the weak points in the republic's armor, and to strike it with more certainty, when the time came, to the benefit of the king's holy cause. It is part of a loyalist's duty to wait thus for the fit hour, when he can stab the enemy from behind. And this was hoped of Lord Clancharlie, so predisposed were people to judge him favorably. But, in presence of his strange persistence in republicanism, it was soon necessary to renounce this good opinion. Evidently Lord Clancharlie was sincere, that is to say, an idiot.

The explanations of the charitable hesitated between childish obstinacy and headstrong dotage.

Stern judges went farther. They stigmatized this heretic. Weakness has its privileges, but it has bounds. One may be stupid; one ought not to be rebellious. And then, after all, what was Lord Clancharlie but a deserter? He had left his camp, the aristocracy, to go over to the hostile camp, the people. This faithful disciple was a traitor. To be sure, he was "traitor" to the strongest and faithful to the weakest side; to be sure, the camp rejected by him was the victorious camp, and the camp adopted by him the vanquished; to be sure, he lost every thing by this treason, his political privileges, and his domestic hearth, his peerage and his country; his only gain was ridicule, his sole profit exile. But what did that prove? That he was a blockhead.

Granted.

Traitor and dupe at the same time—such there are.

One may be a simpleton to one's heart's content, on condition of not setting a bad example. It is only required of simpletons that they be honest; with which provision, they can set themselves up as the founders of monarchies. The paucity of this Clancharlie's wits was inconceivable. He had remained dazzled by the revolutionary phantasmagoria. He had allowed himself to be tricked by the republic, at home and abroad. He affronted his country. His attitude was pure felony. To be absent, is to be reproachful. He seemed to hold himself aloof from the public welfare, as from the plague. In his voluntary banishment, there was, as it were, a refuge from the national satisfaction. He treated royalty as a contagion. He was the black flag over the vast monarchical enthusiasm denounced by him as a lazar-house. What! with order reestablished, the nation raised up again, religion restored—throw a shade upon all this serenity! Take amiss contented England! Be the dark

spot in the great blue sky! Resemble a menace! Protest against the national will! Refuse his "yes" to the universal assent! This would be odious, if it were not comical. The Clancharlies had not taken into account that one may go astray with Cromwell, but that one must come back with Monk. Look at Monk! He commands the army of the republic. Charles II., informed of his probity, writes to him. Monk, who combines a virtuous tone with crafty doings, dissimulates at first; then, all at once, at the head of his troops, breaks up the factious Parliament and reestablishes the king. And Monk is created Duke of Albemarle, has the honor of having saved society, becomes very rich, confers undying lustre upon his epoch, and is made a Knight of the Garter, with the prospect before him of being buried at Westminster. Such is the glory of a faithful Englishman. Lord Clancharlie had not been able to raise himself to the comprehension of duty thus put in practice. He had within him the infatuation, and the immobility, of exile. He satisfied himself with hollow phrases. The man was stiffened in the joints by pride. The words "conscience," "dignity," etc., are words, after all. One must look to the substratum.

This substratum Clancharlie had not seen. His was a short-sighted conscience; anxious, before committing an action, to examine it so closely as to inhale its odor. Thence, absurd disgusts. With such refinements, there is no such thing as a statesman. Excessive conscientiousness degenerates into infirmity. Scrupulousness is one-armed before a sceptre to be seized, and a eunuch before a fortune to be espoused. Mistrust scruples. They lead a long way. Unreasonable fidelity has its descents, like a cellar stairway. One step, then another step, then still one more step, and you find yourself in the dark. The shrewd mount up again; the simple-minded remain. One should not too readily allow the conscience to entangle itself in the severe. From transition to transition, you reach the deeply-tinted shades of political bashfulness. Then you are lost. This is what happened to Lord Clancharlie.

Principles, in the end, become a bottomless pit.

He was strolling with his hands behind his back, along the shores of the Lake of Geneva. A pretty step in advance!

Sometimes, in London, they spoke of the absentee. He was, in public opinion, almost in the position of an accused person. There were pleadings for him, and against him. When the cause was heard, the benefit of stupidity was awarded him.

Many of the former zealots of the ex-republic, had given in their adhesion to the Stuarts; for which they merit praise. Naturally, they calumniated him a little. The obstinate are troublesome to the complaisant. Witty folks, well regarded and well placed at court, and annoyed at his disagreeable attitude, volunteered to say: "If he has not joined us, it is because he has not been sufficiently well paid," etc. "He wanted the place of Chancellor, that the king has conferred upon Lord Hyde," etc. One of his "old friends" went so far as to whisper—"He told me so, himself." At times, all lonely as was Linnæus Clancharlie, some of this tattle reached him, now from exiles whom he encountered, now from old regicides, such as Andrew Broughton who was living at Lausanne. Clancharlie did but shrug his shoulders imperceptibly—a sign of profound stupidity. Once, he gave the finishing touch to this shrugging of the shoulders, by these few muttered words.

— I pity those who believe it.

IV.

CHARLES II., good man, treated him with disdain. The happiness of England, under Charles II., was more than happiness; it was enchantment. A restoration is an old picture blackened with age, that is revarnished; all that had passed away reappears. The good old manners made their reentry; pretty women reigned and governed. Evelyn has noticed this fact; you may read in his diary: "Lewdness, profanation, contempt of God. I have seen the king, on a Sunday evening, with his mistresses, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarin, and two

or three others, all half-naked, in the gallery devoted to play." A certain degree of ill-humor is seen to peer out of this sketch; but Evelyn was a Puritan grumbler, infected with republican reveries. He did not appreciate the profitable example that monarchs give by these grand Babylonian revels, which, after all, are the support of luxury. He did not comprehend the utility of vices. Rule: do not extirpate vices, if you wish to have women charming. Otherwise, you will be like the noodles who destroy caterpillars, while all the while doating on butterflies.

Charles II., as we have just remarked, scarcely perceived the existence of a rebel named Clancharlie; but James II. was more attentive. Charles II. governed indulgently—it was his mode; let us add, that he therefore governed none the worse. A seaman sometimes makes a loose knot in a rope intended to hold fast against the wind, leaving the wind to draw it tight. Such is the senselessness of tempests and of peoples.

This loose knot, speedily converted into a tight one, was the government of Charles II.

Under James II., stifling began—the needful stifling of what remained of the revolution. James II. was laudably ambitious of being an effective sovereign. The reign of Charles II. was, in his eyes, only the rough draft of restoration; James II. desired a return to order more perfected still. He had, in 1660, regretted that the hanging of the regicides was limited to ten. He was a more real reconstructor of authority; he infused vigor into serious principles. He brought about the reign of that justice which is the true one, which ranges itself above sentimental declamations, and which is, in the main, preoccupied with the interests of society. In these protective severities, one recognizes the father of the State. He confided the hand of justice to Jeffreys, and the sword to Kirke. Kirke multiplied examples. This practical colonel had the same man, a republican, hung, and rebung three times, in one day, asking him on each occasion: "Dost thou abjure the republic?" and the wretch, having invariably said "no," was finished off. "I have hung him four times," said Kirke, satisfied. Corporal punishments, recommenced, are a decided sign of strength in the executive. Lady Lyle—notwithstanding that she had sent her son on the campaign against Monmouth—had concealed in her house two rebels, and was put to death. Another rebel, having had the honesty to declare that an Anabaptist woman had sheltered him, was pardoned, and the woman was burnt alive. Kirke, on another day, gave a town to understand that he knew it to be republican, by hanging nineteen of its citizens. Reprisals very legitimate assuredly, when one reflects that, under Cromwell, the ears and noses of saints in stone were cut off in the churches. James II., who had known how to pick out Jeffreys and Kirke, was a prince imbued with true religion. He mortified himself by the ugliness of his mistresses; he listened to Father La Colombière, a preacher who was almost as unctuous as Father Cheminais, but with more fire, and who had the glory of being, in the former half of his life, the counsellor of James II., and in the latter the inspirer of Marie Alacoque. It was owing to this strong religious nourishment that, at a later period, James II. was enabled to bear exile worthily, and to offer, in his retreat at St. Germain, the spectacle of a monarch superior to adversity, touching calmly for the king's evil, and holding converse with Jesuits.

You understand how such a king was compelled, in a certain measure, to preoccupy himself with such a rebel as Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie. Transmissible hereditary peerages involving the future to some extent, it was evident that, if any precaution with regard to this lord was to be taken, James II. would not hesitate.

II.

LORD DAVID DIRRY-MOIR.

I.

LORD LINNÆUS CLANCHARLIE had not always been old and proscribed. He had had his phase of youth and passion. We know, from Harrison and Pride, that the young Cromwell

had loved women and pleasure, which sometimes (another view of the feminine question) foreshadows sedition. Be on your guard against loose dressing. *Male præcinctum juvenem cavete.*

Like Cromwell, Lord Clancharlie had had his weaknesses and his irregularities. He was known to have had a natural child, a son. This son, brought into the world at the moment when the republic was coming to an end, was born in England as his father was setting out on his exile. This is why he had never seen the father whom he owned. This bastard of Lord Clancharlie had grown up a page at the court of Charles II. He was called Lord David Dirry-Moir; he was a lord by courtesy, his mother being a woman of rank. This mother, while Lord Clancharlie was becoming an owl in Switzerland, made up her mind, being handsome, to look less sour; and obtained pardon for her first wild lover, by means of a second, this latter incontestably a tamed and even a royalist one, for it was the king. She was to some extent the mistress of Charles II.; so much so, that his majesty, charmed at having recaptured this pretty woman from the republic, gave the little Lord David, son of the conquered one, a commission as yeoman of the mouth. Lord David was, for some time, a yeoman of the mouth, one of the hundred and seventy wearers of the long sword; then he entered the band of pensioners, and was one of the forty who carry a gilded halbert. He had besides, being of this noble body, established by Henry VIII. for guarding his person, the privilege of placing the dishes upon the king's table. Thus it was that, while his father was growing gray in exile, Lord David prospered under Charles II.

After which, he prospered under James II.

"The king is dead, long live the king!" is the *non deficit alter aureus*.

It was at this accession of the Duke of York, that he obtained permission to call himself Lord David Dirry-Moir, from a lordship that his lately-deceased mother had bequeathed him, in that vast Scottish forest wherein is found the bird krag, which, with its beak, hollows out its nest in the trunk of an oak.

II.

JAMES II. was a king, and pretended to be a general. He liked to surround himself with young officers. Willingly did he exhibit himself to the public, on horseback, with helmet and cuirass, and vast overflowing wig, passing out from below the helmet above the cuirass; a sort of equestrian statue of War at child's play. He took a fancy to the graceful air of the young Lord David. He took it kindly of this royalist, the being a republican's son; a repudiated father does not stand in the way of a court-fortune that is starting. The king made Lord David a gentleman of the bedchamber, with a salary of a thousand pounds.

This was fine promotion. A gentleman of the bedchamber sleeps, every night, near the king, upon a bed prepared for him. There are twelve gentlemen. They relieve each other.

Lord David, in this post, was at the head of the king's granary; and his duty it was to supply oats for the horses, having two hundred and sixty pounds for his wages. He had under him the king's five coachmen, the king's five postilions, the king's five grooms, the king's twelve footmen, and the four porters of the king's chair. He had the ordering of the six race-horses that the king keeps at Haymarket, and which cost his majesty six hundred pounds a year. He disposed of every thing in the king's wardrobe, which furnishes state-dresses for the Knights of the Garter. The usher of the Black Rod, pertaining to the king, bowed to the ground before him. This usher, under James II., was the Chevalier Duppa. Lord David received homage from Mr. Baker, who was Clerk of the Crown, and from Mr. Brown, who was Clerk of Parliament. The English court, in its magnificence, is a patron of hospitality. Lord David presided, as one of the twelve, at table and at receptions. His was the glory of standing up behind the king, on days of

offering, when the king presents to the Church the besant of gold, *byzantium*; on the collar-days, when the king wears the collar of his order; and on communion-days, when no one but the king and the prince partakes of the communion. He it was, who, on Holy Thursday, introduced to his majesty the dozen paupers, to whom the king gives as many silver pennies as the years he has lived, and as many shillings as the years he has reigned. It was his function, when the king was ill, to call to his majesty's aid the two grooms of the almonry, who are priests, and to prevent the approach of physicians without permission of the Council of State. Furthermore, he was lieutenant-colonel of the Scotch regiment of the Royal Guard, which beats the march of Scotland.

In this capacity he went through several campaigns, and with much *éclat*, for he was a valiant man of war. A brave nobleman was he; well made, handsome, generous, and very imposing in air and manner. He was tall in person, as he was elevated by birth.

There was a moment when he came near being nominated groom of the stole, which would have given him the privilege of putting on the king's shirt; but, for this office, one must be prince or peer.

The creation of a peer is a great affair. It is to create a peerage; and this causes jealousy. It is a favor; and a favor makes for the king one friend and a hundred enemies, without reckoning that the friend becomes ungrateful. James II., from policy, created peerages rarely; but he readily transferred them. A peerage transferred brings about no scandal. It is only a title continued. Their lordships are little troubled by it.

The royal good-will did not shrink from introducing Lord David Dirry-Moir into the Upper Chamber, provided it was through the door of a substituted peerage. His majesty asked no better than to have an opportunity for making of David Dirry-Moir, the lord by courtesy, a lord by right.

III.

THIS opportunity offered itself.

One day came the news that divers things had happened to the old absentee, Lord Linneus Clancharlie, of which the principal was that he had died. Death has this of good in it for people—it gives rise to a little talk concerning them. What was known, or what was thought to be known, of the later years of Lord Linneus was told over. Conjectures probably, and fables. To believe these stories, doubtless very far-fetched, Lord Clancharlie, toward the close of his life, had experienced such a republican revivification as to be induced to marry—so the tale went—with an exile's strange stubbornness, a daughter of one of the regicides, Ann Bradshaw. They had the name exactly; and reported further, that she too was dead, but in bringing into the world a child, a boy, who, if all the details were exact, would find himself to be the legitimate and legal heir of Lord Clancharlie. These averments, very vague as they were, were more like rumors than facts. That which took place in Switzerland was, for England of that period, as far remote as what takes place in China for the England of to-day. Lord Clancharlie must have been fifty-nine at the time of his marriage, and sixty at the birth of his son, and must have died very soon afterward, leaving behind him this child, an orphan on the father's and mother's side. Possibilities, without doubt, but not probabilities. It was added that the child was "beautiful as the day," which one may read in any fairy tale. King James put an end to these reports, evidently without any foundation, by declaring, one fine morning, Lord David Dirry-Moir the sole and definitive heir of Lord Linneus Clancharlie, the natural father, *in default of legitimate issue* and by the royal good pleasure, *the absence of all other relations and descendants being established*, patents to which effect were registered in the chamber of peers. By these patents, the king appropriated to Lord David Dirry-Moir the titles, rights, and prerogatives of the said defunct Lord Linneus Clancharlie, on

the sole condition that Lord David should marry, when she was marriageable, a girl, then quite an infant and only some months old, whom the king had created a duchess in her cradle—one did not well know why. Read, if you please, that one did well know why. This little one was called the Duchess Josiane.

Spanish names were then the fashion in England. One of Charles the Second's bastards was called Carlos, Earl of Plymouth. It is probable that *Josiane* was the contraction of *Josefa-y-Anna*. Perhaps, however, there was *Josiane*, as there was *Josias*. One of Henry the Eighth's gentlemen was named *Josias of Passage*.

It was upon this little duchess that the king conferred the peerage of Chancharlie. She was peeress, while awaiting a peer. The peer would be her husband. This peerage was founded upon a double castellany, the barony of Clancharlie and the barony of Hunkerville; besides which, the Lords Clancharlie, in recompense for an old deed of arms and by royal permission, were Marquises of Corleone, in Sicily. The peers of England cannot bear foreign titles. But there are exceptions: thus, Henry Arundel, Lord Arundel of Wardour, no less than Lord Clifford, is a count of the Holy Empire, whereof Lord Cowper is a prince; the Duke of Hamilton is, in France, Duke of Chatelherault; Basil Feilding, Earl of Denbigh, is, in Germany, Count of Hapsburg, of Lauffenburg, and of Rheinfelden. The Duke of Marlborough was Prince of Mindelheim in Swabia, just as the Duke of Wellington was Prince of Waterloo in Belgium. The same Duke of Wellington was Spanish Duke of Ciudad-Rodrigo, and Portuguese Count of Vimeira.

There were in England, and there still are, noble estates, and estates held by mean tenure. The estates of the Lords Clancharlie were all noble. The estates, country-seats, townships, bailiwicks, fiefs, rents, manorial rights, and domains, attached to the Clancharlie-Hunkerville peerages, belonged provisionally to Lady Josiane, and the king declared that Josiane once espoused, Lord David Dirry-Moir should be Baron Clancharlie.

Besides the Clancharlie inheritance, Lady Josiane had her personal fortune. She possessed many valuables, several of which came from the gifts of Madame *sans queue* to the Duke of York. *Madame sans queue* is equivalent to saying simply *madame*. Thus they termed Henriette of England, Duchess of Orleans, the first woman in France, after the Queen.

IV.

AFTER having prospered under Charles and James, Lord David prospered under William. His Jacobinism did not go to the length of following James II. into exile. Retaining all the while his attachment to his legitimate sovereign, he had the good sense to serve the usurper. He was, moreover, though with some disregard of discipline, an excellent officer; he passed from the army into the navy, and distinguished himself in the White squadron. He became therein what was called then "a captain of a light frigate." The upshot was the making him a finished gentleman, carrying to an extreme point the elegances of vice, something of a poet as every one was, a good servant of the state, a good prince's lackey, assiduous at fêtes, galas, levées, ceremonies, and battles, close-fisted as a man must be, very haughty, near-sighted or far-sighted, according to the object to be looked at, willing to be honest, obsequious, or arrogant on occasion, frank and sincere by impulse, but with privilege to put on his mask again; narrow observer of the royal humor good or bad, before a sword's point quite careless, always ready to risk his life with heroism and unconcern at a sign from his majesty, capable of any wanton insult, but of no impoliteness; a man of courtesy and etiquette, proud of bowing the knee on great monarchical occasions, of brilliant valor, externally a courtier, internally a knight, quite a young man at forty-five.

Lord David sang French songs, a gay accomplishment that had delighted Charles II.

He loved eloquence and fine language. He greatly admired

those celebrated parades of charlatanism that are called the *Oraisons Funèbres* of Bossuet.

From his mother's side, he had almost the wherewithal to live, a revenue of about ten thousand pounds sterling, that is to say two hundred and fifty thousand francs. He got through it, running into debt. In magnificence, extravagance, and novel-
ties, he was without rival. So soon as any one imitated him, he changed his style. On horseback, he wore easy-fitting boots of calf-skin, turned over, with spurs. He had hats that no one else had, unheard-of lace, and cravats that were specially his own.

III.

THE DUCHESS JOSIANE.

I.

ABOUT 1705, although Lady Josiane was twenty-three years of age, and Lord David forty-four, the marriage had not yet taken place, and this for the best reasons in the world. Did they hate each other? far from it. But that which cannot escape you does not excite impatience. Josiane wished to remain free; David wished to remain young. Not to get bound by the chain until the latest possible moment, this seemed to him a prolongation of his youth; young men, determined not to grow old, abounded in those gallant days; they grew gray as fops; the wig was an accomplice, and at a later period powder was an auxiliary. At fifty-five, Lord Charles Gerrard, Baron Gerrard, of the Gerrards of Bromley, filled London with the fame of his successes. The pretty and youthful Duchess of Buckingham, Countess of Coventry, was madly in love with the sixty-seven years of the handsome Thomas Ballasyse, Viscount Falcomberg. One recalls the famous line of Corneille, the man of seventy, to a woman of twenty—

Marquise, si mon visage.

Women also had their autumnal triumphs; witness Ninon and Marion. Such were their models.

Josiane and David displayed in their coquetry a particular shade. They did not love each other; they pleased each other. To walk by each other's side was enough for them. Why should they hurry themselves to make an end of it? The love-stories of the time carried lovers and engaged people through this sort of probation, which was then much in vogue. Josiane, moreover, knowing herself base-born, felt herself a princess, and looked with some disdain upon these minor details. She had a fancy for Lord David. Lord David was fine-looking; but this was over and above the bargain. She found him fashionable.

To be fashionable is every thing. Caliban, fashionable and magnificent, quite distances Ariel, poor. Lord David was handsome, so much the better; the stumbling-block of being handsome is to be insipid; he was not. He gambled, he boxed, he ran in debt. Josiane made much of his horses, of his dogs, of his losses at play, of his mistresses. Lord David, for his part, submitted to the fascination of the Duchess Josiane, that haughty, unapproachable, and high-spirited girl, without blemish and without scruple. He wrote sonnets to her, which Josiane read sometimes. In these sonnets, he affirmed that to possess Josiane would be to mount up to the stars; but this did not hinder him from always postponing the ascension till next year. He danced attendance at the door of Josiane's heart, and this suited them both. At court, all admired the exceeding good taste of this putting off. Lady Josiane said, "It is provoking that I should be compelled to marry Lord David; I, who ask for nothing better than to be in love with him!"

Josiane was flesh. Nothing could be more magnificent. She was very tall, too tall. Her hair was of that shade which one may call a reddish blond. She was plump, fresh, robust, blooming, with inordinate audacity and wit. She had eyes that were only too easily understood. Lover she had none, and of purity little more. She walled herself round in her pride. Men, pshaw! a god, at the least, only was worthy of her, or a mon-

ster. If virtue consists in ruggedness, Josiane was all possible virtue, without the least innocence. She had had no adventures, through disdain of them; but one would not have offended her by supposing her to have had them, provided they should have been strange and suitable to a personage like herself. She cared little for reputation, and very much for notoriety. To seem facile and to be unattainable, here was the crowning excellence. Josiane felt herself majestic and material. Hers was a cumbersome beauty. She invaded, rather than charmed. She trampled upon hearts. She was earthly. One would have astonished her as much by showing her a soul in her bosom, as by showing her wings upon her back. She discoursed upon Locke. She had great polish of manners. She was suspected of knowing Arabic.

To be flesh and to be woman, are two things. Where woman is vulnerable—on the side of pity, for example, which so easily becomes love—Josiane was not vulnerable. Not that she was insensible. The old comparison of flesh with marble is absolutely false. The beauty of flesh is in being not marble; it is to palpitate, to tremble, to blush, to bleed; it is to have firmness without hardness; it is to be white without being cold; it is to have its starts and its weaknesses; it is to be life; and marble is death. Flesh of a certain degree of beauty has almost the right of nakedness; it covers itself with dazzling lustre as with a veil; he who might have seen Josiane naked would only have seen this piece of modelling through a dilating brilliancy of light. She would willingly have shown herself—to a satyr or a eunuch. She had a mythological composure. To make of her nudity a corporal punishment, to elude the grasp of a Tan-talus, would have amused her. The king made her a duchess, and Jupiter a Nereid. Double irradiation of which the strange splendor of this creature was made up. In admiring her, one felt himself becoming a pagan or a lackey. Her origin was bastardy and the ocean. She seemed to rise out of the foam. The first jet of her destiny had threatened wreck, but in the middle portion it was regal. She had in her something of the wave, of chance, of nobility, and of the tempest. She was learned and well-read. Never a passion had approached her, and she had gone to the bottom of them all. She had a distaste for realizations, and a liking for them at the same time. If she had stabbed herself, it would have been, like Lucretia, afterward. All manner of corruption, in a fanciful state, was in this virgin. She was a possible Astarte in a real Diana. She was, by the insolence of high birth, exasperating and unapproachable. Nevertheless she might have found it diverting to get up for herself a fall. She dwelt, a glory in a nimbus, with a passive willingness to come down, and perhaps with the curiosity to tumble out of it. She was a little heavy for her cloud. Sinning is pleasant. The free and easy manner of a prince gives the privilege of the trial, and a ducal person amuses herself where a citizen's wife comes to ruin. Josiane was, on the whole, by birth, by beauty, by irony, and by brilliancy, almost a queen. She had had a moment of enthusiasm for Louis de Boufflers, who broke a horseshoe with his fingers. She regretted that Hercules was dead. She lived in an indefinable longing for an ideal, lascivious and supreme.

As to morality, Josiane made one think of the line in the Epistle to the Pisces—

Desinit in piscem.

The lovely form of a woman ends in a hydra.

It was a noble bust, a splendid bosom, harmoniously heaved by a royal heart, a bright, animated look, a countenance pure and haughty, and—who knows?—having under the water, in the dim and confused transparency, a prolongation undulatory, abnormal, perhaps cruel and deformed. Virtue superb, ending in vice, amid the depth of dreams.

II.

With all this a prude.

It was the fashion.

Remember Elizabeth.

Elizabeth is a type that has ruled in England for three centuries, the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and the eighteenth. Elizabeth is more than English, she is Anglican. Hence, the profound respect of the Episcopal Church for that queen; respect resented by the Catholic Church, which mixed her up with a little of excommunication. In the mouth of Sixtus Fifth anathematizing Elizabeth, the malediction turns out a madrigal. *Un gran cervello di principessa*, said he. Mary Stuart, less occupied with the Church question, and more occupied with the woman question, was little respectful to her sister Elizabeth, and wrote to her, the queen to the queen, and the coquette to the prude: "Your aversion to marriage proceeds from your not wishing to lose the liberty yourself of compelling people to make love to you." Mary Stuart played with a fan, and Elizabeth with the axe. Unequal match. Again, the two were rivals in literature. Mary Stuart made French verses; Elizabeth translated Horace. Elizabeth, ugly, decreed herself beautiful, loved quatrains and acrostics, caused the keys of towns to be presented to her by Cupids, pinched her lips like the Italians, and rolled her eyes like the Spaniards, had in her wardrobe three thousand gowns and toilettes, of which some were costumes of Minerva and Amphitrite, esteemed the Irish for the breadth of their shoulders, covered her farthingale with tinsel and spangles, doted on roses, swore, blasphemed, stamped with her feet in anger, struck with her fist her maids of honor, sent Dudley to the devil, beat Chancellor Burleigh, who whimpered, the old fool, spit upon Mathew, throttled Hatton, boxed Essex on the ears, showed her thigh to Bassompierre, was a virgin.

What she did for Bassompierre the Queen of Sheba had done for Solomon.* Wherefore it was correct, Holy Scripture having established the precedent. That which is Biblical may be Anglican. Biblical precedent goes so far even as to create a child who calls himself Ebnehaquem or Melilechet, that is to say, *le Fils du Sage*.

Why not these manners? Barefaced wickedness is better than hypocrisy.

To-day England, who has a Loyola called Wesley, averts her eyes a little from the past. She is annoyed by it, but proud of it.

During the reign of these manners, the taste for deformity prevailed, especially with the women, and, singularly enough, with the pretty women. What was the use of being pretty, if one could not keep a little monster? What was the use of being queen, if one might not be called pet-names by an obese Chinese? Mary Stuart had had her "weakness" for her crooked Rizzio. Maria Theresa, of Spain, had had "a little familiarity" with a negro. Whence the *Black Abbes*. In the alcoves of the august century the hunch was not much out of place; witness Marshal Luxembourg.

And before Luxembourg, Condé, "that little man who was so pretty."

Pretty women themselves might, without inconvenience, be deformed. This was allowed. Anne Boleyn had one breast larger than the other, six fingers on one hand, and a tusk. La Vallière was bandy-legged. This did not hinder Henry VIII. from being a fool, or Louis XIV. from becoming demented.

In morals, there were the same deviations. Nearly every woman of high rank was a case of monstrous organization. Agnes contained Melusina. One might be a woman by day, and a vampire by night. They went to the place of execution, to kiss the heads just cut off on the iron stake. Margaret of Valois, a grandmother of prudes, wore at her girdle, under padlock, in tin boxes, sewed to the body of her petticoat, all the hearts of her dead lovers. Henry IV. was concealed under this farthingale.

In the eighteenth century, the Duchess of Berry, daughter of the Regent, revived in one obscene and royal type all these creatures.

Besides, the fair dames knew Latin. It was, during the sixteenth century, a feminine accomplishment. Jane Grey pushed this refinement even to the knowledge of Hebrew.

The Duchess Josiane latinized. More than this, another pretty custom, she was a Catholic. In secret, let us say, and more after the manner of her uncle Charles II. than of her father James II. James had sacrificed his kingdom to his Catholicism, and Josiane had no desire of risking her peerage. For this reason, Catholic as she was in her own bosom and among clever men and sharp women, she was externally Protestant for the crowd.

This mode of interpreting religion is pleasant; one enjoys all the privileges that belong to the Established Episcopal Church, and, later, one dies, like Grotius, in the odor of Catholicism, and one has the glory of having a mass said over him by Père Petau.

Plump and in good health as Josiane was, let us insist here, she was an accomplished romanticist.

At times, her sleepy and voluptuous way of drawing her words resembled the stretching out of the paws of a tigress prowling in the jungle.

The advantage of being a prude is that it disturbs the classification of the human race. One no longer does it the honor to belong to it.

Above all, to put the human race at a distance, this is what is of moment.

When one has not Olympus, one takes the Hôtel Rambouillet.

Juno resolves herself into Araminta. An assumption of divinity, that is not recognized, makes a woman pointed at. In default of thunderbolts, one has impertinence. The temple shrivels into a boudoir. Not being able to be a goddess, one is an idol.

There is, moreover, in the male romanticist a certain pedantry that pleases women.

The coquette and the pedant are neighbors. The union of the two is seen in the coxcomb.

The subtle is derived from the sensual. Gluttony affects delicacy; a grimace of aversion is becoming to covetousness.

And the weak side of woman is conscious of being guarded by all that casuistry of gallantry, which takes the place of scruples, with prudes. It is a line of circumvallation with a moat. Every prude has an air of reluctance. This protects her.

She will consent, but meanwhile she treats it lightly.

Josiane had an unquiet conscience. She felt such a proclivity to immodesty, that she was a scold. The fierce recoil backward of our vices carries us into opposite vices. The excessive effort to be modest makes the prude. To be too much on the defensive, this betrays a secret desire to be attacked. The blustering are not severe.

She intrenched herself within the arrogant exclusiveness of her rank and birth, all the while meditating, perhaps, as we have said, some abrupt sallying forth.

It was at the dawn of the eighteenth century. England exhibited in the rough draft what France was under the Regency. Walpole and Dubois were in power, Marlborough was fighting against his ex-king James II., to whom he had sold his sister, Churchill. Rolingbroke then shone, and Richelieu was beginning to sparkle. Gallantry found its convenience in a certain commingling of castes; social equality established itself by vice. It came later to establish itself by ideas. The breaking down of rank, an aristocratic prelude, began what the Revolution came to finish. They were not far from Jélyotte, openly seated in broad day on the bed of the Marquis d'Épinay. It is true, for the manners of the age echo it, that the sixteenth century had seen the nightcap of Smeton over the pillow of Anne Boleyn.

If woman signifies indiscretion, as I know not what council has affirmed, never was woman more entirely woman than at this time. Never, covering her frailty with her charms, and

* Regina Saba coram rege crura denudavit.—Schickel, in *Proceribus Tarich Jersici*, F. 65.

her weakness with her omnipotence, had she more imperiously given herself absolution. To make the forbidden fruit the permitted fruit, this was Eve's fall; but to make the permitted fruit the forbidden fruit, this was her triumph. She finished with this. In the eighteenth century woman drew the bolt upon her husband. She shut herself up in Eden with Satan. Adam was outside.

All Josiane's instincts inclined her rather to yield herself in gallantry, than in the legal way. To yield ourselves up to gallantry gives a literary tone, recalls Menalcas and Amaryllis, and is almost a learned act.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry, apart from the affinity that ugliness has for ugliness, had no other motive for yielding to Pelisson.

The young girl a sovereign, and the wife a subject, these are the old customs of England. Josiane postponed, as long as she could, the hour of this subjection. Let it come at last to marriage with Lord David, since the royal good pleasure demanded it, it was a necessity doubtless, but what a misfortune! Josiane accepted and refused Lord David. There was between them a tacit understanding, not to conclude and not to break off. They kept out of each other's way. This fashion of carrying on a love-matter, with one step forward and two steps backward, is expressed in the dances of the time, the minuet and the gavotte. To be married folks, this did not improve the expression of the countenance, this faded the ribbons one wore, this made one grow old. The wedding, mournful eclipse of brilliancy! The handing over of a wife by a notary, what stupidity! The brutality of marriage creates definite situations, suppresses the will, murders the choice, has a syntax like a grammar, substitutes orthography for inspiration, makes love a mere formula, dispels all the mysteries of life, dissipates the illusions of feminine attire, confers rights belittling to him who exercises them as to her who submits, deranges, by throwing the scale all on one side, the charming equilibrium of the robust sex and the all-prevailing sex, of force and beauty, and makes here a master and there a servant, whilst, but for marriage, there had been a slave and a queen. To make the bed so prosaic as to be decent, could there be conceived any thing more gross? That there should be no longer the least harm in loving each other, is not this sufficiently stupid?

Lord David matured. Forty years—it is the striking of an hour. He had not heard it, and, in fact, he had always the air of thirty. He found it more amusing to desire Josiane, than to possess her. He possessed her in others; he had women. Josiane, for her part, had dreams.

Her dreams were the worse.

The Duchess Josiane had this peculiarity, less rare than would be supposed, that one of her eyes was blue and the other black. Her looks were made up of love and hate, of gayety and dejection. Day and night were mingled in her glance.

Her ambition was this, to show herself capable of the impossible.

One day she had said to Swift—

—You imagine, you fellows, that you know what scorn is.

"You fellows" meant the human race.

She was a papist skin-deep. Her Catholicism did not exceed the quantity essential to fashion. It would have been Puseyism to-day. She wore the heaviest robes of velvet, or satin, or watered silk, some of fifteen or sixteen ells' breadth, and fastenings of gold and silver, and around her girdle in profusion knots of pearls alternated with knots of brilliants. She was extravagant in lace. She wore sometimes a bachelor's braided waistcoat. She rode on a man's saddle, notwithstanding the invention of side-saddles introduced into England in the fourteenth century by Anne, wife of Richard II. She washed her face, her arms, her shoulders, and her neck, in sugar-candy beaten up with the white of an egg, after the Castilian style. She had, after any witty saying uttered in her presence, an appreciative laugh of rare grace. Beyond this, no harm in her. Rather good, than otherwise.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER V.—IN WHICH PLANS ARE DERANGED.

MR. EVELYN had sat too long in the evening air, and he was coughing when he joined his daughter the next day at breakfast. However, the cough got easier after he had eaten something, and then he asked her what she thought of their company of the day before.

"Oh, Mr. Woodville did so amuse me," she answered, "with his oddities, and his globules, and his endless wraps, and the extraordinary old things he had under them, which he thought I did not see; and all the queer organs he seems to have—a great many more, papa, than you have got, although you are pretty well off, too. What a droll place his studio must be, or his surgery! I presume its something between the two. At the same time, I don't deny that he is clever and agreeable, and, though I laugh at him, I like him."

"And what do you say of the lawyer?"

"Well, papa, he is very inferior to his friend in point of organs; there is nothing to laugh at about him at all; no nonsense of any kind; he is no adventurer, I am sure, but, if he was, he would push his way in the world, wouldn't he?"

"A sort of Quentin Durward in a wig; I think you measure them both very correctly. They are both clever young men in their several ways, and much to be liked."

"Certainly, sir; but I must now tell you what I don't like."

"What's that, Fatima?"

"Well, then, I don't like your going on as you do sometimes—as you did last night, for instance—diverting people, and especially strangers, with my book-keeping and arithmetic. You don't intend it, but you put it in a ludicrous way which doesn't make me feel proud of myself, I assure you. If I had not stopped you in time, you would have told those strange gentlemen of my little speculations and dabbling in the funds."

"No, Fatima, I should never have told them a word about that."

"I am not at all sure of it, and even that I once burnt my fingers. All true, no doubt; but people would only see the ridiculous side of it."

The good, vain father was very sorry for what he had done, and promised to be better behaved in future.

"After all," she said, "what signifies it? They did not laugh at me; and if they did?—I am thinking of myself when I ought to be only thinking of you and the cold you have caught. What is to be done if you are laid up? Oh, how I wish there was somebody to do your business at Turin for you!"

"There is no use in talking of that, my love."

"I suppose not; so you must only take great care of yourself."

Meanwhile the two young men were at breakfast, talking of the Evelyns, as the Evelyns had been talking of them, and laughing over the little incidents of the day before.

"A very determined young lady," said Woodville. "She makes everybody do just what she likes. She imposed the labors of a galley-slave on you without the least ceremony. And how soon she put a spoke in the old gentleman's wheel when he began to be too communicative!"

"What a prodigious talker he is; all 'tongue, with a garnish of brains.' I never could see the propriety of that expression applied to Burke, whose brains were surely not inferior to his tongue, as I suspect Mr. Evelyn's are."

"He would prove a bore on longer acquaintance, I am satisfied. We proceed to-morrow, eh? There is nothing more to be done here?"

"By all means. I hope the old gentleman has suffered from the night air as little as I have."

"We ought to call on them in the course of the morning and in quire," said the other.

"It would be the right thing, I suppose," said the artist.

Alexander wrote letters, and Woodville sketched for an hour or two, and then they went to pay their visit. Mr. Evelyn was coughing as they entered his apartment. Things were disposed pretty much as they had been the previous day, only that Mr. Evelyn had the bundle of papers now lying before him, and he appeared to be wading through them. Miss Evelyn was reading.

The old gentleman pushed away the papers with the alacrity of a man engaged in some intricate matter not at all to his taste, and which he willingly takes advantage of any excuse to throw aside.

Alexander said he feared they had dropped in at an inopportune moment.

"Not at all," said Mr. Evelyn, "we are only too glad to be so agreeably interrupted."

"I am afraid, sir," said Woodville, "you sat too long *à la belle étoile* last evening."

"Indeed, he did," said his daughter, "and I was to blame in allowing it, particularly with his engagements. When once he takes cold, he is in no hurry to get rid of it."

"Oh, yes, my dear," said Mr. Evelyn, "I shall get rid of it in time, depend upon it."

"*Nous verrons*," said the lady, dryly, as if she was still of her own opinion, and then, addressing Alexander, she added—

"You visit Turin, I presume, before you leave the north of Italy?"

"It was not in our programme," he replied.

"Oh, you ought surely to see Turin—ought they not, papa?"

"It is worth a visit certainly," said Mr. Evelyn, "if you have time to spare—and, by-the-by, you would be within easy reach of the Vaudois country, and a few days there would be well spent."

"Indeed they would," said Miss Evelyn, with emphasis, "both for its natural attractions and its historical interest. What the dear little Orta wants is a tale of heroism interwoven with its beauties. You really ought not to leave Italy without seeing our valleys."

"But you must know," said Woodville, smiling, "that my friend here is a great stickler for his plans; when he has made his programme, he insists on abiding by it. It is a point of conscience with him."

"Is your conscience so very punctilious?" said Miss Evelyn, addressing the young man of the law, with her peculiar look through her half-closed eyelids, the expression of which it was so hard to define.

"Well, Mr. Woodville colors highly," he replied. "I am for adhering to resolutions, but not, I hope, pedantically."

"Just so," said the young lady. "Papa, what was it the Duke of Wellington said of his plans in the Peninsular War? I remember he thought it so wise."

"Something to this effect," said the old gentleman, "that the best plans were those which were rather elastic and admitted of being most easily modified according to circumstances."

"Yes, and it was that which gave his plans the advantage over those of French generals."

"You see, she has great examples to enforce her arguments," said the proud father.

"Great indeed," said Alexander; "so, as I see no reason why we should not go to Turin, and the Valleys, except that we did not originally propose it, I leave it to my friend to decide whether we shall be rigid, like Marshal Soult, or elastic, like the Duke of Wellington."

"Leave it to me!" exclaimed Woodville; "why I have been the advocate for elasticity ever since we set out on our travels; and I think, I may add, the martyr of the opposite system sometimes."

"*Teste Montrone and the donkey*," said Mr. Evelyn, laughing.

"I do owe him some amends," said Alexander.

"You will find the inns rude," said Miss Evelyn, assuming the change of plans to be a settled thing, "but the pastors are hospitable to strangers, and we will give you letters to our friends."

Mr. Evelyn began to cough again, so the young men thought it was time to take leave.

"I hope we shall see you once more before you go," said the lady, very graciously, as they withdrew. "Perhaps you will drop in to tea?"

They were no sooner out of the room, than the artist struck the palm of his left hand with his right, and exclaimed—

"She has a design in sending us off to those Valleys, as sure as my name is Woodville."

Alexander laughed heartily.

"How she settled it all! if they did not settle it between them. Did I not tell you she was the girl to make everybody do her pleasure—even you, who I thought was as firm as a rock. She has her objects: remember my words."



"Nonsense, my dear fellow; what objects could she possibly have?"

"Why really, Alexander, you are sometimes as blind as a bat—don't you see? She knows her father will not be able to travel, or she is determined not to allow him; he will not go to Turin, so you must."

"But why, my sharp-sighted friend, why?"

"To do his business for him, whatever it is."

Alexander laughed till he was obliged to hold his sides.

But Woodville was not much out in his conjecture. If the shrewd young lady had not suggested and urged the departure from their plans on the tourists with the distinct purpose of which Woodville suspected her, she was certainly not long without perceiving how it might be turned to her father's advantage.

He returned, still coughing, to his papers, and coughed and sighed and groaned over them. It was pitiable to see Mr. Evelyn at those papers. He turned them over and over, now read a portion of one, then dropped it as if in despair, then took it up again, and made a mark with a pencil, then tried another; then tied them in a certain order, then untied them, and changed the arrangement, coughing and groaning, and groaning and coughing. It was pitiable. At last the coughing became a fit; he gave a deeper groan than ever, and then his daughter ran over to him, gathered the papers all up, tied them together doggedly, as if she was resolved they should never get loose, and vowed he should not open or look at them again until he was well.

"Very well, my love; I acquiesce," he said, as the cough ceased, leaving his voice so feeble that it was scarcely audible.

When he got a little better, his daughter sat down beside him, and said:

"Now, papa, listen to me. I have got an idea. Mr. Alexander has decided to go to Turin; he is a lawyer, or has been educated for one; he is very obliging, you see, and I am positive he is just the man who may be depended upon to do any thing he undertakes. Now why not ask him to act for you, and put all those plaguy papers into his hands?"

Mr. Evelyn shuffled in his chair, took his spectacles from his nose, and stared at her.

"Why, Fatima, I never heard any thing so monstrous in my life. Here is a young man on a vacation tour, relaxing himself, no doubt, after hard work, and perhaps preparing for harder, and you want me to saddle him with a troublesome piece of business like this—he would have a pleasant time of it with those papers to study. Besides, my dear, they would actually suspect us, and with very good reason, of persuading them to change their plans for our own selfish purposes."

"Pooh, pooh, as to their plans," said Miss Evelyn, curtly, looking vexed at her father's opposition. "There is nothing in that. What other plan had they but the old stupid, cockney dog-trot tour of the lakes? They ought to be greatly obliged to us for giving them something better to do."

"Fatima, the thing is not to be thought of; say no more about it."

"Very well, sir, so be it; but positively you shall not make yourself ill with business, whatever comes of it. What would you think of going to bed? I think it would be the best thing you could do."

"I will," said Mr. Evelyn.

Toward evening, just as the hour of tea arrived, Alexander received a little note from Miss Evelyn, a note with three corners to it, in every one of which Woodville, as he eyed it, saw craft and diplomacy. She was unable to receive him and his friend; her father's cold was worse, he was a little feverish, and keeping his room; in the morning she promised the letters to the Valleys, and hoped to bid them good-by before they went. The note was only remarkable for being couched in the fewest possible words, and written in a bold, yet not unfeminine hand, as legible as printing, the letters were so distinctly formed.

There was nothing very deep or crooked in it, at all events. Yet troubles were near at hand, and poor little Woodville dreamed that the blow was to fall on him first.

He was at his toilet the next morning, when somebody came tapping at his door. When he opened it, behold it was Hannah, to say her mistress would be greatly obliged to him if he would allow her to see him for a few moments.

"Of course," replied the artist, in a flutter, "with much pleasure, as soon as I am dressed."

What could she possibly have to say to him? Why did she not apply to Alexander if she was in any difficulty? It was only when Hannah was going away that he thought of asking how the old gentleman was.

"I am afraid he is seriously ill, sir."

"Has a doctor been sent for?"

"I think, sir, my mistress wishes to consult you first."

If Woodville was flurried before, he was twice as flurried now. He cut short some of his operations, shuffled off his old dressing-gown, huddled on the first decent clothes that came to his hand, and obeyed the lady's summons with as much composure as he could muster.

He found her sitting coolly at her breakfast. While she agitated others, she was composed enough herself. It never occurred to him that the most loving and devoted of daughters must have her breakfast, even with the author of her being in bed with a cold. He thought her a monster—but he was not very long under that impression.

When she rose to receive him, which she did with warmth, thanking him cordially for coming to her, he observed that her face was pale, her eyes solicitous, and he inferred from her *déshabillé*, and the hasty arrangement of her hair, that the monster of the moment before had probably been sitting up during the night with her father.

"I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Woodville," she said, fixing her earnest eyes on her visitor, "but I am in a very great difficulty. It is most unfortunate that my father should be taken ill in this out-of-the-way place."

"I am very much concerned indeed—very sorry," said Woodville, his trepidation for himself rapidly giving way to interest in the lady; "but surely the place is important enough to have a physician."

"No doubt it has; but, you must know, that both my father and I have the greatest horror of the Italian doctors; they always bleed."

"They certainly do," murmured Woodville, his uneasiness reviving, but unable to dispute the fact.

"And my father is not a subject for bleeding, sir—should you say that he was?"

"I certainly should not," said Woodville, conscientiously forced to acquiesce in premise after premise, though dreading the conclusion to be drawn from them; "but why should you allow the doctor to bleed?"

To that she had a ready answer.

"We know something of the doctor here, Mr. Woodville, and he can do nothing but bleed; if there is a Sangrado in Italy, he is one; so, under these circumstances, it occurred to my father, or to me—I hardly know which of us thought of it first"—"I have no doubt you did," thought Woodville—"that as you are not very strong yourself, and have probably a few simple medicines with you, you might have something that would give him temporary relief, and give us time to send to Milan for a doctor whom we know there."

This was letting him off very easily indeed. With this weight taken off his mind, Woodville brightened up so suddenly, that the lady very naturally thought he was flattered by her application; he placed all his treasury of remedies heartily at her disposal, mentioned one or two things which might possibly be of use, and was hastening to his room for them, when Miss Evelyn, thanking him with great feeling, made a rapid little supplementary request, in the form a suggestion, that perhaps he would be kind enough to see her father. He consented, for he was no longer on the defensive, and it was only as he unlocked his medicine-chest, that he felt himself already playing the part of "*le médecin malgré lui*."

He saw Mr. Evelyn, felt his pulse, and, finding it very low, returned to his daughter with so long a face that he alarmed her very unnecessarily. He tried to undo the effect by repeated assurances that there was no manner of danger, but she placed much less faith in what he said than in the signs of uncertainty and agitation which his countenance exhibited.

"You go to-day," she said, anxiously—"you must go to-day?"

It was easy to embarrass poor Woodville, but nothing embarrassed

him so much as a question put to him point-blank as to his intentions in a given set of circumstances.

"Well," he replied, "if I thought—really—I hardly know what to say."

That was just the truth; he did not know what to say, and what he did say further on that occasion he could never distinctly remember; only it ended in his promising to stay until the arrival of the doctor. Whether the offer originated with himself, or was suggested by Miss Evelyn, he was never perfectly certain, but that was a point of no consequence. He promised to remain, and Miss Evelyn's gratitude knew no bounds.

"It is so kind, so very kind," she said; "and my father will be so obliged. I must let him know at once how kind you are."

And she ran to her father's room.

Woodville ran to look for Alexander, who had been out for a long walk, and was now vigorously eating his breakfast, wondering what had become of his friend.

Woodville rushed in, dashing his hands through his hair, and as pale as if he had just seen a spectre. He flung himself down on a sofa.

"What on earth is the matter, my dear fellow?"

"Every thing's the matter—I'm in for it—that's all. If you go to-day, you must go alone—at all events, I must stay—there's no help for it."

"But why? you don't tell me why."

"Because the old gentleman has taken it into his head to be ill, and he won't see the doctors of the place, and Miss Evelyn saw me taking that confounded globule in the boat, and thinks I am a doctor in disguise, or at least an apothecary. She began by asking me for something to relieve him, then she asked me to see him, and then—I really don't well know how the rest of it came about, but here I am planted, Heaven knows for how long, until some physician or another arrives from Naples or Milan, or God knows where."

"Is he dangerously ill?"

"No, not dangerously—but I would give just a thousand guineas to be back again in my quiet attic."

"Calm yourself, old fellow, and try to eat your breakfast. Every thing will come right if you only take things quietly."

"What will you do?"

"Exactly what I intended to do, when I got up this morning. I have ordered a calèche and packed my portmanteau. Miss Evelyn does not want me."

"Not here?"

"Nor anywhere else. At all events, I will be before her, and volunteer whatever services I can render. What else can I do?"

"You are a bold fellow."

"Well, do you eat your breakfast while I go and take leave of this terrible young lady, and know the worst?"

Woodville was now getting calm, and beginning to sip his coffee. As Alexander was leaving the room, he called him back.

"Though I abuse her," he said, "she interests me in spite of myself. Say all you can to encourage her: tell her from me that there is no danger whatever in her father's situation; there will be ample time to get the best advice; and impress upon her also, my dear fellow, that it is only on condition of not being held at all responsible that I consent to stay."

"Yes, yes—I shall explain every thing as well as you could yourself."

"Much better, I hope," said the artist.

A SKETCH OF THE STREET-GAMIN OF NEW YORK.

THAT glorious Frenchman, Victor Hugo, has immortalized the *gamin* of Paris; but as curious specimens of little humanity may be found in our own metropolis among those classed as "the out-door poor." There seems to be something amphibious in the nature of these children, as they hop about the docks, not exactly in the water, and not quite out of it. A moderate rain is no disturbance, and a hard one only causes a brief eclipse. When it is over, they are out of their mysterious hiding-places, as brisk as ever, and, seemingly, as dry. Their delight is to watch the flight of pigeons, and, when one white or black or mottled bird touches another, they look upon it as

a celestial game of "tag." The gold-dealers on Wall Street are not half so earnest in following or calling the erratic motions of their god, as are the children at the foot of the same street, in looking with bated breath as some pigeon nears another, and then, at the touch of the wing and the dart into space, a dozen will shout, "He's it! he's it! The white one is the tag!"

These little things—innocent from ignorance, and not old enough for perfect iniquity—are generally partly clothed and partly fed from some of the institutions of charity. The children consider that they render value received for what they get, by attending some form of Sunday-school or divine service. The surest way to trap them is to distribute food or clothing on the Sabbath. Consequently, they all have dim ideas of Providence. Only the other day, the writer passed a little German boy of some six years, who had the *clean* streaks running down his cheeks that told of recent punishment and more recent tears. Poor little things—rain and tears are the only washings their faces often know! He was gravely explaining the matter to a sympathetic little girl, and closed with, "I likes God better nor my fadder." In the adjacent alley, another boy had discovered a free show, and was dancing with delight as he shouted, "Run here quick, everybody! Run quick, or you won't see it!" It was a woman whipping a child.

Four of these children—John and Pete Maginnis, and Willie and Susan Roberts—were among the "outside" children of a city mission; that is, they had a shelter which saved them from Randall's Island, and some theoretical relatives who would not permit the House of Industry to take control, and get them homes in the West.

John and Pete had fallen in love with the great card of pocket-knives, tweezers, and corkscrews, that hung in the window of a hardware store on Broadway, not far from the City-Hall Park. To save enough pennies for a purchase would have involved starvation; and yet the boys' longing for a bright pocket-knife was none the less ardent. The incongruity of pearl handles and polished steel in the pockets of the rolled-up and dirty men's trousers they wore, did not strike them, and by a unanimous vote John and Pete resolved themselves into a committee of two on ways and means. What they wanted was in the custody of their natural enemy and prey, a "Broadway dress-up," and guarded by those watch-dogs in blue, the police. To smash the thick plate of glass with a paving-stone or a lump of coal, was out of the question. Equally impossible to get inside unseen, for they tried it.

A new building was going up on the lot next to the store, and the ladders used by the hod-carriers during the week stood unused on Sunday. The roof-timbers of the new building reached as high as the roof of the store. With that generosity we all feel in the property of others, the two discoverers offered Willie an equal share in the speculation.

He was willing enough, but his little sister, Sue, was his confidante.

She was consulted, and her objections were very decided. Yet, to all her arguments and childish logic, the two older tempters had equally ready replies. She knew of the text, "Thou, God, seest me;" but they said they would go at night, when He couldn't see, and there was no gas on the top of the store. She was not informed enough to meet that difficulty. To her argument that the penknives did not belong to them came the answer, "What do they put them in the outside winder for, then?" When she insisted that the ladies at the Mission would be offended, and their anger would close the avenue to shoes and bread, the little rogues said, "They won't know it." She urged the danger, and they replied, "If it ain't safe, we kin come down agin." To her climax, the terror of the police, they responded that "perlecemans don't leave they beat to go into new buildings," and that she was the very one to stay below and watch. She could have some flowers to sell, and would not be taken up.

This was conclusive to Willie, and, perforce, was so to his devoted little sister.

Sunday night came, starlight but dark, and, by the time the crowd, which is always thin on Sunday, was reduced by the lateness of the hour, the four adventurers had found out the locality of the night-watch, on the front and back streets, and were safe in the shadow of the basement brickwork. That once achieved, they concluded to take the flower-girl with them, and all four began the ascent of the steep and perilous ladders. This was bad enough in daylight, but worse in the dark, amid the pitfalls of loose lumber and scattered masonry.

At last they were all safe on the top of the building, only to meet a new difficulty. There was a trap-door, as they had supposed, but so securely fastened as to defy all efforts to raise it. The flat tin of the roof was not more impervious.

The building, however, ran through from street to street, and, as the central part would be almost dark, if only dependent for light from the street windows, there was the usual remedy. An opening like a great well led from the roof to the basement, and light went down and rain was kept out by a skylight of large panes of glass. Other and thicker glass intervened between the first and second floors and the basement; but that was three stories below.

To break and remove a pane of the glass of the skylight, and make an opening large enough for a small boy, was easily and quickly done. But that only made a hole over a dark gulf of unknown depth.

Probably, if there is any thing which a New-York street-boy is afraid of, that something is not yet discovered; and so they were not afraid of the chasm beneath them. They knew that the most of stores only protected such holes by a railing, breast-high from the floor, and they took this for an average store.

John was the oldest and strongest, a boy of about twelve years. He let himself down by the hands, and hung suspended. Then he gave his body a swinging motion as a preparation for the leap, and, without a thought how to get back, he let go. With a slight jar he safely cleared the opening, and landed on his feet on the floor beyond. Pete next made the attempt, and was equally successful. As Susan's dress did not suit for such a feat, she was not to try it. Her brother came next, and again she begged him to give it up and go home; but his pride and boyish reputation were at stake, and he let himself down for the swing. Then came the leap—he struck the railing, and there was a heavy fall, far below. The sister was with some difficulty persuaded not to follow him in the same way, and then the two who were safe hurried down to see if the other was dead.

The back part of the store, opening on the back street, was used for a clothing-store, and a pile of coats on the glass of the second floor had broken the fall and saved life. As it was, a leg was broken, and he was bruised all over. The larger boy took him on his back, and slowly and painfully bore him up the stairs, often pausing to rest. The other one succeeded in unbolting the trap-door from the inside, and then the little sufferer was laid at his sister's feet on the high roof. It would not do to lose the fruits of the expedition on account of the accident, and away the two boys scampered below for the coveted pen-knives. An abundance of these were found without venturing to the window, and, with pockets distended with treasure, they sought and found access to the clothing-store in the rear.

The department for boys suited them exactly, and the soiled rags of the docks were soon exchanged for cloth and velvet, with the full glory of buttons. Some things were still lacking. The shoes had been left at home, as likely to be in the way; and there were none to be had. There were no hats or caps, and they kept the old ones. They did not wash their faces. Then the pockets stuck out alarmingly.

They were in no hurry, and spent more than an hour at their investigation. Susan was in a hurry, for Willie had fainted from pain, and might die, for all she knew. It must ever be an unexplained mystery, how terror or excitement can lend unnatural strength, and give a child the endurance of a man. She did not pause to question of possibility, but began the task of carrying a boy, almost as large and heavy as herself, down the ladders that were so difficult alone and unencumbered. How she succeeded, often requiring one hand for a guide, while she held him with the other, avoiding the pitfalls, walking on the open timber, saving him from hurt as much as possible, and not saving herself at all—this she could not have explained to herself or to others. Yet, by the time the two others had finished their robbery and were at the top of the ladders, she was at the bottom, and resting, sick and half-conscious, beside her insensible brother. As they came down and called her, she was not able to answer, and they passed on. A policeman was on the sidewalk as they emerged and undertook to pass him with the air of well-bred city boys. Probably it was overdone. Then the glossy clothes and full array of buttons did not exactly correspond with the bare feet, old hats, and dirty faces. There was a brief chase, and then both were marched off under arrest. The result of all the labor and peril was hard labor in the shoe factory of the House of Refuge, up the river.

Susan knew from the noise what had happened, and the absence

of the policeman was her chance. Again her arms enfolded her brother, and soon she was across the street and into the narrower one which led to her home. The boy became conscious, and began to groan; but a whisper of the danger hushed that, and she toiled on, avoiding the lamp-light when she could, resting often from necessity, and fancying the flat cap and long coat of the police in every shadow. Of all things, she feared most these representatives of the law. A greater fear in that it was vague and not defined or limited. At last, one did come up the street; but she cowered in the shadow of a doorstep, and he passed her in the darkness. Another was at a corner, and they had to wait many long minutes before he went away. No part of the stolen property was with them, and she was glad of that. Still she avoided arrest. Prison or hospital—it was all one to them. The street was liberty, and beggars were free.

At last came the darkness and filth and smell of the alley-way—worse than the hospital or prison to others, but home and safety to them. The mother was sober, and there were a bed and a doctor before daylight.

Susie was not afraid of the ladies of the Mission, and the next morning early she had told them the whole story. No one doubted it; and if they had, the bruised and half-dead boy, and the report of the robbery in the morning papers of the next day, was proof enough.

The little sister was sore and exhausted, so as scarcely to be able to walk, but insisted on being the nurse. As there was little prospect of income from the boy for many months to come, and as his condition and the act which led to it was a lesson on the perils of the streets, the mother was persuaded to let both children be sheltered from the out-door temptations within the walls of the Mission.

Poor Willie had a hard time of it, as some of his injuries were internal; but his soul and his body were nursed at the same time, and knowledge of sin with repentance grew with his returning strength. It is hard for those who know Bible truths so well, to understand how utterly ignorant children can be, who hear Sabbath bells and see open churches from birth. It was hard for Willie to understand why little Susan could not go out and steal an apple from the nearest stand for him, while he was sick; and harder still for pious people to understand that he knew no better. He certainly knew that stealing was punished, but failure of success in begging had also been, and he knew of as little reason for one as for the other. The two other boys, who were arrested, had to guess at morals from the tender mercies of the State House of Correction; but the little boy who was saved by his sister, and the sister who saved him, have comfortable homes amid the green prairies of the West.

Both would blush to-day, did any one there know that they had once been little burglars.

HUNTING THE ORANG-UTAN IN BORNEO.

ONE of my chief objects in coming to stay at Simūnjon was to see the orang-utan (or great man-like ape of Borneo) in his native haunts, to study his habits, and obtain good specimens of the different varieties and species of both sexes, and of the adult and young animals. In all these objects I succeeded beyond my expectations, and will now give some account of my experience in hunting the orang-utan, or "mias," as it is called by the natives; and as this name is short, and easily pronounced, I shall generally use it in preference to *Simia satyrus*, or orang-utan.

Just a week after my arrival at the mines, I first saw a mias. I was out collecting insects, not more than a quarter of a mile from the house, when I heard a rustling in a tree near, and, looking up, saw a large red-haired animal moving slowly along, hanging from the branches by its arms. It passed on from tree to tree till it was lost in the jungle, which was so swampy that I could not follow it. This mode of progression was, however very unusual, and is more characteristic of the *hylobates* than of the orang. I suppose there was some individual peculiarity in this animal, or the nature of the trees just in this place rendered it the most easy mode of progression.

About a fortnight afterward I heard that one was feeding in a tree in the swamp just below the house, and, taking my gun, was fortunate enough to find it in the same place. As soon as I approached, it tried to conceal itself among the foliage; but I got a shot at it, and the second barrel caused it to fall down almost dead, the two balls having entered the body. This was a male, about half-grown, being scarcely

three feet high. On April 26th, I was out shooting with two Dyaks, when we found another about the same size. It fell at the first shot, but did not seem much hurt, and immediately climbed up the nearest tree, when I fired, and it again fell, with a broken arm and a wound in the body. The two Dyaks now ran up to it, and each seized hold of a hand, telling me to cut a pole, and they would secure it. But although one arm was broken and it was only a half-grown animal, it was too strong for these young savages, drawing them up toward its mouth notwithstanding all their efforts, so that they were again obliged to let go, or they would have been seriously bitten. It now began climbing up the tree again; and, to avoid trouble, I shot it through the heart.

Only four days afterward some Dyaks saw another mias near the same place, and came to tell me. We found it to be a rather large one, very high up on a tall tree. At the second shot it fell rolling over, but almost immediately got up again and began to climb. At a third shot it fell dead. This was also a full-grown female, and, while preparing to carry it home, we found a young one face downward in the bog. This little creature was only about a foot long, and had evidently been hanging to its mother when she first fell. Luckily it did not appear to have been wounded, and after we had cleaned the mud out of its mouth it began to cry out, and seemed quite strong and active. While carrying it home it got its hands in my beard, and grasped so tightly that I had great difficulty in getting free, for the fingers are habitually bent inward at the last joint so as to form complete hooks. At this time it had not a single tooth, but a few days afterward it cut its two lower front teeth. Unfortunately, I had no milk to give it, as neither Malays, Chinese, nor Dyaks ever use the article, and I in vain inquired for any female animal that could suckle my little infant. I was therefore obliged to give it rice-water from a bottle with a quill in the cork, which after a few trials it learned to suck very well. This was very meagre diet, and the little creature did not

thrive well on it, although I added sugar and cocoa-nut milk occasionally, to make it more nourishing. When I put my finger in its mouth it sucked with great vigor, drawing in its cheeks with all its might in the vain effort to extract some milk, and only after persevering a long time would it give up in disgust, and set up a scream very like that of a baby in similar circumstances.

When handled or nursed, it was very quiet and contented, but when laid down by itself would invariably cry; and for the first few nights was very restless and noisy. I fitted up a little box for a cradle, with a soft mat for it to lie upon, which was changed and washed every day; and I soon found it necessary to wash the little mias as well. After I had done so a few times, it came to like the operation, and as soon as it was dirty would begin crying, and not leave off till I

took it out and carried it to the spout, when it immediately became quiet, although it would wince a little at the first rush of the cold water and make ridiculously wry faces while the stream was running over its head. It enjoyed the wiping and rubbing dry amazingly, and when I brushed its hair seemed to be perfectly happy, lying quite still with its arms and legs stretched out while I thoroughly brushed the long hair of its back and arms. For the first few days it clung desperately with all four hands to whatever it could lay hold of, and I had to be careful to keep my beard out of its way, as its fingers clutched hold of hair more tenaciously than any thing else, and it was impossible to free myself without assistance. When restless, it would struggle about with its hands up in the air trying to find something to take hold of, and, when it had got a bit of stick or rag in two or three of

its hands, seemed quite happy. For want of something else, it would often seize its own feet, and after a time it would constantly cross its arms and grasp with each hand the long hair that grew just below the opposite shoulder.

After five weeks it cut its two upper front teeth, but in all this time it had not grown the least bit, remaining both in size and weight the same as when I first procured it. This was no doubt owing to the want of milk or other equally nourishing food. Rice-water, rice, and biscuits were but a poor substitute, and the expressed milk of the cocoanut which I sometimes gave it did not quite agree with its stomach. To this I imputed an attack of diarrhoea from which the poor little creature suffered greatly, but a small dose of castor-oil operated well, and cured it. A week or two afterward it was again taken ill, and this time more seriously. The symptoms were exactly those of intermittent fever, accompanied by watery swellings on the feet and head. It lost all appetite for its food, and, after lingering for a week a most pitiable object, died, after being in my possession nearly three months. Exactly a week after I had caught this interesting little animal I succeeded in shooting a full-grown male orang-utan. I had just come



Orang-Utan attacked by Dyaks.

home from an entomologizing excursion when Charles * rushed in out of breath with running and excitement, and exclaimed, interrupted by gasps, "Get the gun, sir—be quick—such a large mias!" "Where is it?" I asked, taking hold of my gun as I spoke, which happened luckily to have one barrel loaded with ball. "Close by, sir—on the path to the mines—he can't get away." Two Dyaks chanced to be in the house at the time, so I called them to accompany me, and started off, telling Charley to bring all the ammunition after me as soon as possible. The path from our clearing to the mines led along the side of the hill a little way up its slope, and parallel with it at the foot a wide opening had been made for a road, in which several Chinamen were working,

* Charles Allen, an English lad of sixteen, accompanied me as an assistant.

so that the animal could not escape into the swampy forest below without descending to cross the road or ascending to get round the clearings. We walked cautiously along, not making the least noise, and listening attentively for any sound which might betray the presence of the mias, stopping at intervals to gaze upward. Charley soon joined us at the place where he had seen the creature, and, having taken the ammunition and put a bullet in the other barrel, we dispersed a little, feeling sure that it must be somewhere near, as it had probably descended the hill, and would not be likely to return again. After a short time I heard a very slight rustling sound overhead, but on gazing up could see nothing. I moved about in every direction to get a full view into every part of the tree under which I had been standing, when I again heard the same noise, but louder, and saw the leaves shaking as if caused by the motion of some heavy animal which moved off to an adjoining tree. I immediately shouted for all of them to come up and try and get a view, so as to allow me to have a shot. This was not an easy matter, as the mias had a knack of selecting places with dense foliage beneath. Very soon, however, one of the Dyaks called me and pointed upward, and on looking I saw a great red hairy body, and a huge black face gazing down from a great height, as if wanting to know what was making such a disturbance below. I instantly fired, and he made off at once, so that I could not then tell whether I had hit him.

He now moved very rapidly and very noiselessly, for so large an animal, so I told the Dyaks to follow and keep him in sight while I loaded. The jungle was here full of large angular fragments of rock from the mountain above, and thick with hanging and twisted creepers. Running, climbing, and creeping among these, we came up with the creature on the top of a high tree near the road, where the Chinamen had discovered him, and were shouting their astonishment with open mouth: "Ya Ya, Tuan; orang-utan, Tuan." Seeing that he could not pass here without descending, he turned up again toward the hill, and I got two shots, and following quickly had two more by the time he had again reached the path; but he was always more or less concealed by foliage, and protected by the large branch on which he was walking. Once while loading I had a splendid view of him, moving along a large limb of a tree in a semi-erect posture, and showing him to be an animal of the largest size. At the path, he got on to one of the loftiest trees in the forest, and we could see one leg hanging down uselessly, having been broken by a ball. He now fixed himself in a fork, where he was hidden by thick foliage, and seemed disinclined to move. I was afraid he would remain and die in this position, and as it was nearly evening I could not have got the tree cut down that day. I therefore fired again, and he then moved off, and going up the hill was obliged to get on to some lower trees, on the branches of one of which he fixed himself in such a position that he could not fall, and lay all in a heap, as if dead, or dying.

I now wanted the Dyaks to go up and cut off the branch he was resting on, but they were afraid, saying he was not dead, and would come and attack them. We then shook the adjoining tree, pulled the hanging creepers, and did all we could to disturb him, but without effect, so I thought it best to send for two Chinamen with axes to cut down the tree. While the messenger was gone, however, one of the Dyaks took courage and climbed toward him, but the mias did not wait for him to get near, moving off to another tree, where he got on to a dense mass of branches and creepers, which almost completely hid him from our view. The tree was luckily a small one, so when the axes came we soon had it cut through; but it was so held up by jungle ropes and climbers to adjoining trees that it only fell into a sloping position. The mias did not move, and I began to fear that after all we should not get him, as it was near evening, and half a dozen more trees would have to be cut down before the one he was on would fall. As a last resource we all began pulling at the creepers, which shook the tree very much, and, after a few minutes, when we had almost given up all hopes, down he came with a crash and a thud like the fall of a giant. And he was a giant, his head and body being full as large as a man's. He was of the kind called by the Dyaks "Mias Chappan," or "Mias Pappan," which has the skin of the face broadened out to a ridge or fold at each side. His outstretched arms measured seven feet three inches across, and his height, measuring fairly from the top of the head to the heel, was four feet two inches. The body just below the arms was three feet two inches round, and was quite as long as a man's, the legs being exceedingly short in proportion. On examination we found he had been dreadfully wounded. Both legs were bro-

ken, one hip-joint and the root of the spine completely shattered, and two bullets were found flattened in his neck and jaws! Yet he was still alive when he fell. The two Chinamen carried him home tied to a pole, and I was occupied, the whole of the next day, preparing the skin and boiling the bones to make a perfect skeleton, which are now preserved in the Museum at Derby.

About ten days after this, on June 4th, some Dyaks came to tell us that the day before a mias had nearly killed one of their companions. A few miles down the river there is a Dyak house, and the inhabitants saw a large orang feeding on the young shoots of a palm by the river-side. On being alarmed he retreated toward the jungle which was close by, and a number of the men, armed with spears and choppers, ran out to intercept him. The man who was in front tried to run his spear through the animal's body, but the mias seized it in his hands, and in an instant got hold of the man's arm, which he seized in his mouth, making his teeth meet in the flesh above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in a dreadful manner. Had not the others been close behind, the man would have been more seriously injured, if not killed, as he was quite powerless; but they soon destroyed the creature with their spears and choppers. The man remained ill for a long time, and never fully recovered the use of his arm.

Three days after I had shot this one and lost it, Charles found three small orangs feeding together. We had a long chase after them, and had a good opportunity of seeing how they make their way from tree to tree, by always choosing those limbs whose branches are intermingled with those of some other tree, and then grasping several of the small twigs together before they venture to swing themselves across. Yet they do this so quickly and certainly, that they make way among the trees at the rate of full five or six miles an hour, as we had continually to run to keep up with them. One of these we shot and killed, but it remained high up in the fork of a tree; and, as young animals are of comparatively little interest, I did not have the tree cut down to get it.

The orang-utan is known to inhabit Sumatra and Borneo, and there is every reason to believe that it is confined to these two great islands, in the former of which, however, it seems to be much more rare. In Borneo it has a wide range, inhabiting many districts on the southwest, southeast, northeast, and northwest coasts, but appears to be chiefly confined to the low and swampy forests.

It is a singular and very interesting sight to watch a mias making his way leisurely through the forest. He walks deliberately along some of the larger branches, in the semi-erect attitude which the great length of his arms and the shortness of his legs cause him naturally to assume; and the disproportion between these limbs is increased by his walking on his knuckles, not on the palm of the hand as we should do. He seems always to choose those branches which intermingle with an adjoining tree, on approaching which he stretches out his long arms, and, seizing the opposing boughs, grasps them together with both hands, seems to try their strength, and then deliberately swings himself across to the next branch, on which he walks along as before. He never jumps or springs, or even appears to hurry himself, and yet manages to get along almost as quickly as a person can run through the forest beneath. The long and powerful arms are of the greatest use to the animal, enabling it to climb easily up the loftiest trees, to seize fruits and young leaves from slender boughs which will not bear its weight, and to gather leaves and branches with which to form its nest. It forms a peculiar nest when wounded, and it uses a similar one to sleep on almost every night. This is placed low down, however, on a small tree not more than from twenty to fifty feet from the ground, probably because it is warmer and less exposed to wind than higher up. Each mias is said to make a fresh one for himself every night; but I should think that is hardly probable, or their remains would be much more abundant; for, though I saw several about the coal-mines, there must have been many orangs about every day, and in a year their deserted nests would become very numerous. The Dyaks say that, when it is very wet, the mias covers himself over with leaves of pandanus, or large ferns, which has perhaps led to the story of his making a hut in the trees.

The orang does not leave his bed till the sun has well risen, and has dried up the dew upon the leaves. He feeds all through the middle of the day, but seldom returns to the same tree two days running. They do not seem much alarmed at man, as they often stared down upon me for several minutes, and then only moved away

slowly to an adjacent tree. After seeing one, I have often had to go half a mile or more to fetch my gun, and in nearly every case have found it on the same tree, or within a hundred yards, when I returned. I never saw two full-grown animals together, but both males and females are sometimes accompanied by half-grown young ones, while, at other times, three or four young ones were seen in company. Their food consists almost exclusively of fruit, with occasionally leaves, buds, and young shoots. They seem to prefer unripe fruits, some of which were very sour, others intensely bitter, particularly the large red, fleshy arillus of one which seemed an especial favorite. In other cases they eat only the small seed of a large fruit, and they almost always waste and destroy more than they eat, so that there is a continual rain of rejected portions below the tree they are feeding on. The durion is an especial favorite, and quantities of this delicious fruit are destroyed wherever it grows surrounded by forest, but they will not cross clearings to get at them. It seems wonderful how the animal can tear open this fruit, the outer covering of which is so thick and tough, and closely covered with strong conical spines. It probably bites off a few of these first, and then, making a small hole, tears open the fruit with its powerful fingers.

The mias rarely descends to the ground, except when, pressed by hunger, it seeks for succulent shoots by the river-side; or, in very dry weather, has to search after water, of which it generally finds sufficient in the hollows of leaves. Once only I saw two half-grown oranges on the ground in a dry hollow at the foot of the Simanjon hill. They were playing together, standing erect, and grasping each other by the arms. It may be safely stated, however, that the orang never walks erect, unless when using its hands to support itself by branches overhead or when attacked. Representations of its walking with a stick are entirely imaginary.

The Dyaks all declare that the mias is never attacked by any animal in the forest, with two rare exceptions; and the accounts I received of these are so very curious that I give them nearly in the words of my informants, old Dyak chiefs, who had lived all their lives in the places where the animal is most abundant. The first of whom I inquired said: "No animal is strong enough to hurt the mias, and the only creature he ever fights with is the crocodile. When there is no fruit in the jungle, he goes to seek food on the banks of the river, where there are plenty of young shoots that he likes, and fruits that grow close to the water. Then the crocodile sometimes tries to seize him, but the mias gets upon him, and beats him with his hands and feet, and tears him and kills him." He added that he had once seen such a fight, and that he believes that the mias is always the victor.

My next informant was the Orang Kaya, or chief of the Balow Dyaks, on the Simanjon River. He said: "The mias has no enemies; no animals dare attack it but the crocodile and the python. He always kills the crocodile by main strength, standing upon it, pulling open its jaws, and ripping up its throat. If a python attacks a mias, he seizes it with his hands, and then bites it, and soon kills it. The mias is very strong; there is no animal in the jungle so strong as he."

RUSSIAN POPULAR LEGENDS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE feeling with which Russian peasants regard the devil is a strange compound of horror and something approaching sympathy. They believe in him religiously, but the terrible idea they ought to have of him appears to have been considerably modified by their natural kindness and their keen sense of humor. Now and then even an almost friendly sentiment may be traced in the allusions to him contained in the popular legends. In one of them, for instance, a little devil robs a peasant of the bread he had intended for his dinner. Coming to the spot where he had left the loaf, the peasant finds it has vanished. "Here's a wonder!" says the moujik, "I've seen nobody, and yet some one has taken my bread. Well, good luck to him! I dare say I shall not starve." The little devil goes and tells Satan, who feels uncomfortable at the idea of a man having been robbed who not only does not curse the thief, but even wishes him good luck. So he tells the inferior demon to go back and work for the peasant, so as to recompense him for the loss of his bread. The demon returns and manages so well that the peasant becomes a pros-

perous agriculturist. From such stories as these it seems as if the devil was supposed sometimes to assist the honest and sober, but he has the character of being always on the lookout for drunks and ever ready to do them a bad turn. In one of the stories a man is described as being so poor that he is driven to take to sorcery. This brings him much into contact with devils, and he becomes on very friendly terms with them. Eventually he seeks a wife for his son amongst them, and they offer him a young female drunkard whom they have carried off to live with them. He accepts the proposal, but at the wedding-feast he hears Satan condemn a disobedient devil to the "gossip's bedstead." "What is that?" inquires the peasant. "It's a bedstead," is the reply, "intended for us devils and for all who have any thing to do with us. It's all on fire, and it goes running round and round on wheels." On hearing this, the peasant turns pious on the spot, and repents him of his unholy practices.

But perhaps the most curious of the stories of this class is that of "The Blacksmith and the Devil." There was once a blacksmith who was greatly struck by the figure of the devil—jet black, with horns and tail—as it appeared in the picture of the Last Judgment which hung in the village church. So he hired an artist to paint just such a devil for him on the doors of his smithy; and, every day, before beginning his work, he used to look at it and say, "Good-day, fellow-countryman!" At the end of ten years he died and was succeeded by his son, who never would say a civil word to the devil. On the contrary, he branded the image on the door every morning, and spat in its face on every church-festival. The devil bore this for a long time, but at the end of three years he could stand it no more. So he took the form of a youth and offered himself as a journeyman to the blacksmith, who accepted his services and soon found them invaluable. A month passed by, and one day the journeyman found himself alone in the smithy, just as an old lady came by in her carriage. Immediately he began crying aloud in the street, "There's a new business set up here; old people can be made young." The next moment the old lady was in the smithy, asking how much the process cost. "Two hundred rubles," was the reply. "There, take the money, and make me young again." So the devil took the money, and sent the old lady's coachman in quest of a bath of milk. Meanwhile he seized the old lady by the feet with his pincers, and dropped her into the furnace, where she was burned up, so that only her bones remained. These he threw into the milk when it arrived, and three minutes afterward the old lady emerged from the bath—alive, and young, and beautiful. The first thing she did on arriving at home was to send her husband to be made young also. The old gentleman went to the smithy and found the proprietor there alone, for the journeyman had disappeared. The blacksmith was naturally astonished at being desired to make the seigneur young again; but, when the process employed by his journeyman had been explained to him, he thought he might as well subject the old gentleman to it, especially as he was threatened with punishment if he refused to do so. So he placed him on the fire and consumed all but his bones, and these he flung into the bath of milk. But nothing came of these proceedings; the milk remained untroubled, and no old gentleman made his appearance either old or young. Down came the lady in her carriage after a time to ask, "Will my husband soon be ready?" When she heard what had taken place, she ordered her husband's murderer to be hanged at once. Immediately a gibbet was prepared, and the blacksmith was on his way to execution, when the journeyman suddenly reappeared. Going up to his unfortunate master, he made known who he really was, and then offered to set every thing right again if the blacksmith would promise to treat him respectfully for the future. A bargain was struck on the spot. The journeyman performed some mystical ceremonies over the milk, and the old seigneur was immediately restored to life, youth, and beauty. The lady was satisfied, and the smith was released. From that day forward he never ventured to maltreat the devil's picture in any way whatever.

One of the strangest characteristics of the Russian peasant is that, while he has the profoundest reverence for his religion, he very often has but little for its ministers. He is ready enough to bow down to the ground before a priest, but it is the office he reveres, and not the man. The ordinary Greek pope possesses little of the personal influence which the Roman priest generally enjoys, and even the prelates of his church do not always strike any great awe into the mind of the moujik, devout as he really is, and ever delighted to receive their benediction. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising to find

ecclesiastics described in very uncomplimentary terms in the stories which best please the common people in Russia. Here is a good specimen of the satires on priests, one which was found current, with slight variations, in different provinces: A certain pope served St. Nicholas for many years, but at last he found himself on the brink of starvation. So he tied all the church-keys together, and soundly thumped his patron's picture with them. Then he left the church, and wandered away where chance led him. After a time he met an old man, and agreed to become his companion. When they halted at night, it appeared that the pope had some biscuits with him, and the old man had two consecrated loaves. So the pope proposed they should first eat the loaves and then the biscuits. The old man consented, but it turned out that the loaves were miraculous, for they did not diminish, although the two companions supped heartily off them. This greatly astonished the pope, and, in the middle of the night, he got up and stole them. When the old man awoke and found his loaves had gone, he accused the pope of stealing them; but the thief denied any knowledge of the theft, and the old man put up quietly with his loss. The two companions continued their journey, and eventually came to a country where the king had a daughter who was so ill that he had promised great riches to any one who could cure her. The old man went with the pope to the king, said that he and his friend were foreign doctors, and undertook to cure the princess. So the invalid was handed over to him, and he took a sharp knife and cut her into little pieces, apparently without hurting her, for she uttered no cry. Then he washed the fragments in water, and afterward put them together and breathed on them. And, after he had breathed on them three times, the princess came to life, all safe and sound. The king was delighted, and offered the two doctors as much gold and silver as they liked. The old man took only a handful, but the pope stowed away as much as he could possibly carry. After a time the two companions came to another country, in which the king's daughter lay ill. But this time the greedy pope thought he would perform the cure alone, and reap all the reward. So he went to the palace, and obtained leave to operate on the princess. But, when he began to cut her into little bits, she screamed terribly, and continued to do so in spite of his remonstrances. At last, however, he succeeded in cutting her up, but, when he tried to bring her back to life, he failed utterly. So when the king came to look for his daughter, and found her turned into minced meat, he ordered the impostor to be hanged. When on his way to the scaffold, the pope was met by the old man. "Help me, old man!" he cried. "Who stole my loaves?" said the old man. "Not I, Heaven help me!" replied the pope. When he was mounting the steps he was again asked by the old man, "Who stole my loaves?" "Not I, Heaven help me!" was again his reply. As they put the noose round his neck, he a third time heard the question, "Who stole my loaves?" and he still replied, "Not I, Heaven help me!" Then the old man besought the king to postpone the execution, promising to cure the princess himself. The king consented, and the old man soon produced the princess in perfect health, whereupon the king was so delighted, that he not only pardoned the pope, but gave him much gold and silver. "Let us go and divide our money," said the old man. So they went away, and presently they stopped, and put all their gains together. These the old man divided into three portions. "Why so?" said the pope; "there are only two of us. For whom is the third heap?" "That is for him who stole my loaves!" said the old man. "I stole them," instantly exclaimed the pope. "There are the two portions for you, then, and take mine too. Go and serve faithfully in your parish; don't be greedy; and don't thump Nicholas with the keys." Thus spake the old man, and suddenly vanished.

It is generally St. Nicholas who comes to the aid of the distressed, sometimes assisting them even at the expense of a brother saint. In one of these legends, for instance, he is described as walking with the prophet Elijah through the fields of a peasant who held the saint in great reverence, but treated the prophet with marked disrespect. Elijah observes that he is going to punish the fellow soundly. So Nicholas privately warns the peasant, who, by the saint's advice, sells the crop as it stands to the priest of Elijah's church. A few days later, Elijah points with glee to the peasant's ruined crop—Elijah, as the peasants are well aware, directs the storms, the sound of the thunder being caused by the rumble of his fiery chariot, and the lightning by its blaze. Then Nicholas tells him that it is his own priest who has suffered, not the peasant. Elijah is sorry, and says he will

make the crop twice as good as before. Nicholas tells the peasant, who cancels the bargain with the priest, paying back half the purchase-money. Elijah soon after shows to Nicholas with delight the waving crop on the peasant's land. Then Nicholas tells him that his priest has no longer any interest in the matter. Elijah is very angry, and threatens some terrible reprisals, the nature of which he will not disclose. Nicholas perceives the matter is becoming serious, so he advises the peasant to get reconciled with the angry prophet. The next day, as the holy companions are walking along, they meet the peasant, who is carrying two candles—one very big, the other very small. "What have you got there?" asks Nicholas, pretending not to know. "Why, I've got a ruble candle for Elijah the prophet," says the peasant; "he's been so good to me. The hail ruined my crop, but he has managed to make it twice as good as it was at first; and I've got a kopeck candle, too, for Nicholas." This pleased Elijah so much that he gave up all idea of punishing the peasant, who, on his side, ever after honored the prophet's day as well as the saint's.

We are approaching the limits of our allotted space, and several of the stories we had marked for extraction still remain unnoticed. One of the most striking of these is "The Soldier and Death," which has many points in common with corresponding German traditions. A soldier, who had served for five-and-twenty years without getting his discharge, deserted. And, as he went, he met the Lord, to whom he told his story. Then the Lord said, "As thou hast served faithfully for five-and-twenty years, enter into Paradise." So the soldier went into Paradise, and at first he was delighted, but, after a time, he went up to the Holy Fathers, and asked, "Do they sell tobacco here?" "How, soldier, tobacco? this is Paradise." The soldier held his peace, and went back and walked about Paradise. Then he returned a second time to the Holy Fathers, and asked, "Is there any one near here who sells brandy?" "Ah, soldier, how could there be brandy here? This is Paradise, the kingdom of heaven." "What sort of Paradise is this? neither tobacco nor brandy!" said the soldier, and walked out of Paradise. Then the Lord sent him into Hell, and, as soon as he got there, he called for brandy and tobacco. So the devils brought him a pipe and half a bottle of spirit of peppermint, and he smoked and drank and enjoyed himself, saying, "This is Paradise indeed!" But, after a little time, the devils began to annoy him terribly. So he made a long wand, and began measuring, first one way, and then the other. "What are you about, soldier?" asked the devils. "Can't you see? I am going to build a monastery." Then the prince of the devils was frightened, and desired to get rid of him, but didn't know how. At last, however, he seized a little devil, skinned him, and made a drum out of his skin. Then he stood just outside the gates of Hell, and beat the alarm on the drum. The soldier came running out at once, and the devils immediately slammed the doors to, and shut him out. So the soldier went back to the Lord, and obtained the post of a sentry. While he was on guard, Death came to the gates, in quest of orders. The soldier went in to ask the Lord, and was told to command Death to go about killing the old people for three years. But the soldier thought of his aged parents, and told Death to go and kill the old trees for three years. Death went away to carry out this unexpected order, weeping bitterly. At the end of the appointed time, she returned, and was again tricked by the soldier, who sends her back to the forest. This occurred three times, and, when Death reappeared, was so reduced, that she could scarcely drag herself along. Then, at last, she obtained an interview with the Lord, who ordered the soldier to carry her for nine years on his shoulders. The story goes on to describe a number of other tricks played off on Death by the soldier before he succumbed to her himself.

One more story, and we will conclude. A certain toper dies, and his soul flies up to Paradise, and begins knocking at the gates. Then the apostle Peter comes to see who is there, and orders the noisy applicant to be off, saying, that perpetual torments are reserved for drunkards like him. But the toper bids the saint to remember how he denied his Master, and adds, "If it hadn't been for your tears and repentance, you wouldn't be now in Paradise—but I always drank on all holydays, and, at each gulp, I blessed the name of the Lord, and never denied Him." So St. Peter retires disconcerted. The next day a similar scene takes place, only, this time, it is David who comes to the gate, and him the toper discomfits by bidding him remember how he had served Uriah. On the third day the toper returns to the gate, and is met by St. John the Evangelist, who wishes to consign him to unquenchable fire. But the toper says, "Oh, my Lord John the Evan-

gelist, didn't you write in your Gospel that we should love one another? but now you hate me, and won't let me live in Paradise. Either deny your own handwriting, or else tear that leaf, which you wrote yourself, out of the book." On hearing this, St. John goes away and tells St. Peter to let that man enter into Paradise.

The specimens we have here given will be sufficient to convey some idea of the branch of folk-lore to which the Russian legends belong. Before very many years have elapsed they will probably, for the most part, have died out of the rustic mind, and will be treasured up only by the learned. The Russian peasant is still sufficiently superstitious, but he is beginning to evince a desire to emerge from that state of total ignorance which, in other days, favored the growth of various strange forms of belief, generally grotesque, but sometimes dignified by a touch of poetry and pathos. With the progress of that enlightenment by which it is to be hoped that Russia is about to benefit, the unsubstantial figures in which morbid forms of faith found apparent embodiment will naturally fade away and disappear. Then such stories as those we have quoted will possess an added interest, serving, as they will, to illustrate the state of popular belief in Russia in those dark ages of her history when her common people were little better than slaves, and the religion of the masses was a somewhat heathenish form of Christianity.

LETTERS OF BISMARCK TO HIS WIFE.

THE second volume of the so-called "Bismarck Book," a very clever biography of the illustrious Prussian premier, by George Heseckel, for which Bismarck himself furnished most of the materials, and the first volume of which achieved, a few months ago, a great popularity in Germany, will be published this spring in Berlin. It will contain a number of letters written by Count Bismarck to his wife, some of which we are now enabled to lay before our readers. We believe these letters, which Bismarck penned in the year 1852, during a diplomatic mission to the imperial court at Buda-Pesth, will excite the more interest as they show us the great Prussian statesman in an entirely new light—that of a brilliant and graceful writer, evidently endowed with much wit and humor, and a very lively and fervid imagination.

Bismarck to his Wife.

—OFEN, June 25, 1852.

"I have just stepped from the steamboat, and do not know how to turn to better account the few moments remaining to me, until Hildebrand overtakes me with my luggage, than by sending you a little sign of life from this very eastern, but withal very beautiful, part of the world. The emperor has been gracious enough to assign to me quarters at his palace, and here I am sitting in a spacious arched hall at the open window, listening to the sweet evening bells of Pesth. The view is perfectly delightful. The palace is situated at a considerable elevation; underneath me there is, in the first place, the Danube, with its splendid chain bridge; behind it, I see Pesth, and farther on, beyond Pesth, the endless plain bathed in a flood of bluish-red evening hues. To the left of Pesth, I can look up the Danube; at a great distance on my left, that is to say, on the right bank, it is fringed, in the first place, by the city of Ofen; then follow mountains, blue and bluer, and finally brownish-red, in the evening sky glowing behind them. Between the two cities, there lies the broad sheet of water, as at Linz, broken by the chain bridge and a wooded island. The journey to this city, too—at all events, that from Gran to Pesth—would have delighted you. Imagine the Odenwald and Taunus moved close together, and the interval between them filled with the water of the Danube. The most unpleasant feature of the journey was the sun, which was as scorching as if Tokay were to grow on board the steamboat; and the number of passengers was enormous, but—can you believe it?—there were among them no English tourists whatever. I suppose they have not yet discovered Hungary. For the rest, there were among the passengers plenty of queer-looking fellows—representatives of all Oriental and Occidental nations, dirty ones as well as clean ones. My principal fellow-traveller was a very amiable general, with whom I sat and smoked almost all the time on the paddle-box. I am gradually growing impatient in consequence of Hildebrand's non-

arrival; I am lying in the window, gazing sentimentally at the moon and waiting for Hildebrand as eagerly as if he were a dearly-beloved sweetheart; for I am longing for—a clean shirt. I wish you were here for a few moments, and could now see the glimmering silver mirror of the Danube, the dark mountains upon the pale-red ground, and the countless lights gleaming up from Pesth. As the Hungarians have it, you would not sell Vienna, when compared with Buda-Pesth, at a very high price. You see, I am also an enthusiastic admirer of fine scenery. Hildebrand has arrived at last; I shall now soothe my excited blood by means of a cup of tea, and then go to bed.

"Last night I got but four hours' sleep; but the court consists of very early risers, the young emperor always rising already at five; so I should be a bad courtier if I should sleep much longer. Therefore, with a sidelong glance at a gigantic teapot, and a tempting tray with cold meats and preserves which I see is ready for me, I bid you good night from this distant place. I wonder where I heard the song which I have been thinking of and humming all day long to-day—'Over the blue mountain, over the white sea-foam, come thou, beloved one, come to thy lonely home!' I do not know who may have sung it to me 'in auld lang-syne.'

—JUNE 26th.

"After sleeping very well, though on a 'cuneiform' pillow, I bid you good-morning. The whole landscape before me floats in such a flood of burning sunlight, that I can hardly look out without getting dazzled. Until the time for paying my visits is at hand, I shall sit here, breakfasting and smoking, in a very spacious suite of four rooms, all of them arched and solidly built. Two of them are about as large as our dining-room; they have walls as thick as those of our house at Schoenhausen; they contain gigantic black-walnut clothes-presses, and the furniture is covered with blue silken stuff. On the floor I see a profusion of very large black spots, which an imagination more heated than mine might take for blood, but which I most decidedly declare to be ink; an incredibly awkward and clumsy scribe must have lived here, or another Luther may have repeatedly flung large ink-stands at the Evil One.

"A very pleasant old servant in a light-yellow livery assists Hildebrand in waiting on me. For the rest, everybody here is exceedingly amiable. In honor of the king's ambassador, the steamboat sailed yesterday under the large Prussian flag; and, thanks to the telegraph, a royal equipage was waiting for me at the landing. Do not mention it to N. N.; otherwise he would write newspaper articles about it. Below I see the queerest and wildest brown figures, with broad-brimmed hats and immense trousers, floating on long rafts down the Danube. I am sorry that I am no limner; these wild, mustached, long-haired faces, with the flashing black eyes, and the picturesque drapery hanging around them, I should like to have sketched for you, as I saw them all day long yesterday. But now I must close, and attend to my visits. I do not know when you will receive these lines; I shall probably send to-morrow, or day after to-morrow, a courier to Berlin, who may take them along.

—In the evening.

"I have not yet had an opportunity to forward these letters. The lights are gleaming up again from Pesth; lightning is flashing in the horizon toward the Theiss; but the sky above us is clear and starlit. I have worn my uniform nearly all day; at a private audience I presented my credentials to the young sovereign of this country, who made a very agreeable impression on me. After dinner the whole court made an excursion into the mountains—to the 'Beautiful Shepherdess'; she has, however, been dead for ever so long; King Matthias Corvinus loved her several hundred years ago. We had there—beyond the wooded heights, resembling those on the banks of the Neckar—a fine view of Ofen, its mountains, and the plain. A national festival had attracted thither a concourse of thousands of people; they were thronging around the emperor who mingled with them, while they cheered him with deafening *ajén's*, danced csardas and waltzes, sung, played, climbed the trees, and crowded around the members of the court. On a grassy slope there had been set a supper-table of about twenty covers, which, however, were laid on only one side of the table, that the prospect of the forest, castle, city, and plain, might be left free. Above us, there were tall beeches, with Hungarians climbing in the branches; behind us, and, moreover, very close by, a crowded, surging mass of people; farther on, buglers playing plaintive airs, and singers performing wild gypsy melodies. The illumination, the moonlight, the reddish hues left behind by the sun, the torches in the

forest—all might have figured, without any change whatever, as a very effective scene in a romantic opera. Beside me sat the white-haired Archbishop of Gran, the Primate of Hungary, in his black silken robe and red surplice; on the other side I had a very amiable and elegant cavalry officer. The picture, you see, abounded in contrasts. We then rode home in the moonlight, escorted by torch-bearers. Tell Mme. de V—— that her brother is a very amiable man; what I knew of his two sisters caused me to expect this. I just received a telegram from Berlin, containing only the word 'No.' A momentous word! They have told to me to-day all about the assault which the insurgents made, three years ago, upon this castle, on which occasion the gallant General Hentzi and the whole garrison, after a marvellously intrepid defence, were put to the sword. The black spots on my floor are, in great part, burns; and where I am now writing to you exploding shells were bobbing around at that time, and there was a terrible hand-to-hand fight on the smoking ruins. It was not until a few weeks since that the castle was fitted up again for the reception of the young emperor. Now, every thing up here is very quiet and comfortable; I hear only the ticking of a large clock and the distant roll of carriages below. I hope angels may be watching over you; as for me, a grenadier with a busby on his head is performing that duty; I see six inches of his bayonet, at two arms' lengths, protruding above my window-board. He stands on the terrace above the Danube, and is probably thinking of his 'Nanni.'

"SZOLNOK, June 27, 1852.

"In our atlases you will find a map of Hungary, and on it the Theiss River; and, if you will follow that up to its source, beyond Szegedin, you will see a place named Szolnok. I rode, yesterday, on the cars from Pesth to Alberti-Josa, where a Prince W——, who is married to a Princess of M——, has his headquarters. I waited upon the princess, in order to be able to inform—— how she was doing. The place is situated on the edge of the Hungarian steppes, between the Danube and Theiss, which I was anxious to see. I was not allowed to travel without an escort, inasmuch as gangs of mounted robbers, who are here called Betyares, infested that part of the country. After dispatching an excellent breakfast, in the shade of a lime-tree like ours at Schoenhausen, I mounted a very low country wagon, with straw sacks, and drawn by three steppe-horses. The lancers loaded their carbines, vaulted into the saddle, and we set out at the full gallop. Hildebrand and a Hungarian valet occupied the front sack, and the driver, a dusky peasant with a mustache, a broad-brimmed hat, long, glossy-black hair, and a shirt terminating above the stomach, and leaving visible six inches of his dark skin, up to the place where the trousers commence; each leg of these trousers is large enough to serve as a woman's petticoat, and they reach down to the knees, where the spurred boots commence. Fancy a very solid, grassy plain, as level as a table, on which you see, for many miles, up to the horizon, nothing but the tall, naked poles of the wells dug for the half-wild horses and oxen—thousands of brown-and-white oxen, with horns as long as our arms, and as fleet-footed as game—of shaggy, repulsive horses, guarded by mounted, half-naked herdsmen with lance-like sticks—immense herds of swine, among which there may always be discerned a donkey bearing the swineherd's fur-robe (*bunda*), and occasionally himself—then large numbers of bustards, hares, and mole-like shrew-mice—now and then a small pond with brackish water, at which are to be seen flocks of geese, ducks, and plovers—such were the objects which darted past us, and which we darted past, during the three hours in which we performed the thirty-two miles to Ketskemet, stopping a short time at a *csarda* (a wayside inn). Ketskemet is a village, whose streets, when one does not see any of the inhabitants, reminded me of the small end of Schoenhausen, only it has forty-five thousand inhabitants, unpaved streets, and low houses, closed, in the Oriental style, toward the sun, with large cattle-yards. A foreign ambassador was such an unusual visitor there, and my Magyar valet alluded to me so often as 'His Excellency,' that a guard of honor was immediately furnished to me; the authorities waited on me, and fresh horses were ordered to be put to my carriage. I passed the evening with the very amiable officers of the garrison, who insisted on my taking along an escort for the remainder of my trip, and told me a great many stories about highway robbers and murderers. The part of the country which I was bound for, they said, was most infested by robbers in the swamps and deserts on the bank of the Theiss, where it was well-nigh impossible for the government to exterminate them. They are splendidly mounted and armed, these Betyares, and attack travellers and

farm-houses in gangs of from fifteen to twenty men, and next day they are already seventy or eighty miles away. Decent people they always treat very politely. Most of my funds I had left with Prince W——; I had taken with me only some linen, and, to tell you the truth, I was rather anxious to form the acquaintance of these mounted robbers in their long fur robes, with double-barrelled rifles in their hands, and pistols in their belts, whose leaders are said to wear black masks, and not unfrequently belong to the petty country nobility. A few days ago some gendarmes had fallen in a skirmish with them; but, in return, two of the robbers had been caught, and, after a trial by a drum-head court-martial, shot. Such things never occur in our tedious country. At the time you awoke this morning, you hardly imagined that I and Hildebrand were speeding at a terrible gallop at that very moment across the steppe in Kumania, between Telegyhaza and Csomgrad. Beside me sat an amiable, sunburnt officer of the lancers; our loaded pistols were lying in the hay before us, and a squad of lancers, with their cocked carbines in their hands, were galloping behind us. Three fleet-footed little horses were drawing our vehicle; they are always called *Rosa Csillak* (Star), and *Betyare* (Vagabond). The driver incessantly calls them by name, and speaks to them in a beseeching tone, until he holds the handle of his whip obliquely over his head, and shouts, '*Mega, mega!*' (stop!), when the gallop grows more furious than ever. Oh, such a ride is splendid! The robbers did not make their appearance; my nice, amiable lieutenant told me they must have known already before daybreak that I was travelling with an escort; but he was quite sure that there were some of them among the dignified-looking peasants who gravely contemplated us at the stations in their long and sleeveless sheepskin cloaks, and saluted us with an unctuous '*Isten adiasnek!*' (God be praised!). The heat was very oppressive all day, and my face is as red as a crayfish. I performed nearly eighty miles in twelve hours, from which from two to three hours, and perhaps more, have to be deducted on account of the changing of the horses—the twelve horses which I and the escort needed having to be caught in the plain. One-third of the road, moreover, was as sandy as the downs at Stolpmünde. At five I arrived at this place, where a motley throng of Hungarians, Slavonians, and Wallachians enlivens the streets (Szolnok is a village of about six thousand inhabitants, but a railroad and steamboat station on the Theiss), and the wildest and craziest gypsy melodies fall on my ears as I am sitting in my room. They sing through their noses, and with their mouths distended to their utmost, in sickly, plaintive strains, stories about black eyes and the gallant death of a robber, in tones reminding me of the storm-howling Lettish airs in the chimney. The women, in the main, are well-proportioned, and some of them are surpassingly beautiful; all of them have very black hair, bound in braids behind, and interwoven with red ribbons. What with their bright-green and red handkerchiefs, or gold-embroidered caps of red velvet on their heads, very beautiful yellow shawls, a silken handkerchief around their shoulders and breasts, very short black or deep-blue petticoats, and high red-morocco boots, and, with their dark complexion, and large and flashing black eyes, a group of these women always presents a variegated spectacle which would please you, every color of their dress being as striking and bright as it could be. After my arrival at five o'clock, while waiting for my dinner, I bathed in the Theiss, saw the people dance the *csarda*, and regretted that I was no limner so as to be able to sketch for you the wild figures I saw here; then I dined on *paprica hahordel stirl* (fish) and *tick*, drank some Hungarian wine, wrote to you, and now want to go to bed, if the gypsy music will allow me to sleep. Good-night. *Isten adiasnek!*"

"PESTH, June 28, 1852.

"Again I see the Ofen Mountains, but this time from the Pesth side; that is to say, from below. In the plain which I have just left, the blue outlines of the Carpathian Mountains were seen only now and then, and, when the air was very clear, at a distance of from twelve to fifteen geographical miles. Toward the south and east the plain remained seemingly endless; and, in the former direction, it extends far into Turkey; in the latter into Transylvania. The heat was terrible again to-day; it has perfectly scorched the skin of my face. Now there is a warm hurricane, sweeping so impetuously across the steppe that it causes the houses to tremble. I have bathed in the Danube, looked at the magnificent chain bridge from below, paid some visits, heard very excellent gypsy music on the promenade, and will soon go to bed. The scenery of the Paszta, where it begins to be little more cultivated, reminded me of Pomerania, especially of the country in the

neighborhood of Rommelow, Romaher, and Coseger. The faces of the gypsies are grayish-black; their costumes are perfectly fabulous. The children go entirely naked, except that they wear strings of beads around their necks. Two of the women had beautiful, regular features, and they were cleaner and better dressed than the men. When the Hungarians wish to enquire a dance, they exclaim, in seeming astonishment, '*Hody wol? Hody!*' (How was that? How?), and look at one another inquiringly, as if they had not understood it right, although they know the music by heart. They are a singular people in every respect, but I like them very well. My escort of lancers was not so bad after all. At the same time when I left Ketskemmet, in a southern direction, sixty-three wagons set out for Körös, in the north. Two hours afterward they were stopped and plundered. The robbers fired a few bullets after a colonel who happened to drive at the head of this caravan, and refused to halt; one of his horses was shot through the neck, but it did not fall; and, as the colonel and his servants, as they drove away at the full gallop, returned the fire, the fellows preferred to content themselves with what booty they might obtain from the other travellers. They did not hurt anybody, but robbed some persons; they do not take every thing from their victims, but demand of every one a sum corresponding with his fortune and their own wants. For instance, when asking for forty florins, they allow the traveller to pay them that sum from a wallet containing one thousand florins, without touching the remainder. So they are not such very bad robbers after all."

THE CULTURE OF THE SILK-WORM.

IN Louis Figuier's "*Insect World*" there is a collection of the most valuable known facts in regard to the rearing of silk-worms, and the preparation of silk in its earlier stages. These caterpillars, which become moths, have gained the designation of "the dog of insects," because they have been domesticated from the most ancient times, and have lost a great part of their strength in the process. The cultivated moth is not strong enough to sustain itself in the air, nor even on the leaves of the mulberry, when they are agitated by the wind. The female, always motionless, seems ignorant that she has wings. The male, when on the ground, flutters around his companion, but no longer flies. After three generations of rearing in the open air, the males recover their lost power.

The history of silk cultivation loses itself in antiquity; but China is generally given the credit of possessing the first knowledge on this subject. The name of the Empress Ti-ling-chi is even mentioned as the one who first succeeded in rearing the worms and in unwinding the silk. This is said to have been two thousand six hundred years before our era; and it is also said that, prior to that discovery, the Celestials wore the skins of beasts for clothes. It is questionable if this empress is not a myth, and only a Chinese Ceres who represents the birth and growth of this important agricultural or insect industry. It is certain that the old emperors protected the mulberry-trees by stringent decrees, which encouraged their cultivation and punished their destruction. The exportation of the eggs of the silk-worm was strictly forbidden.

Babylon and India had their silks at very early dates, but probably obtained the material from China.

In the time of Alexander the Great, silk was worth its weight in gold, and was woven so thin, that the women of Greece were scarcely covered by the delicate tissues. Julius Cæsar introduced it into Rome, and sometimes replaced the coarse cloth, used to keep sun and rain from the amphitheatres, with the silks of the Orient. The populace murmured at the taxes involved in the cost, but applauded the greatness which could provide such shows.

Constantinople and Greece furnished Europe with silk-worms for centuries. In the eighth century the Arabs introduced them into Spain. From Greece the caterpillars were taken to Sicily during one of the frequent wars, and thence the art of making silk spread over Italy. France saw this element of her national wealth grow up in the reign of Henry IV.

The silk-worm has nothing alluring in its appearance; it is like an humble workman in a white blouse, with nothing brilliant in its own dress, but giving the whole world its most beautiful and gorgeous array. The body of the silk-worm has thirteen distinct segments. In the front are three pairs of articulated legs; in the middle and

toward the posterior part are five pairs of membranous legs, furnished with a circle of very fine bristles, which assist the animal to hook itself on to leaves and stalks. On the two sides of its body are eighteen stigmata, or respiratory mouths. Its process of gnawing and absorbing the mulberry-leaf is very peculiar. The mouth is provided with six small articulated pieces; a hollow in the upper lip receives the edge of the leaf, and beneath two large jaws cut the leaf as a pair of scissors. Underneath, weaker jaws divide the fragments, and a small organ, articulated on each jaw, pushes them back toward the mouth, and prevents the smallest fragment of the leaf from falling. The leaf, passing into glands, is converted into silk by processes unknown to man. Efforts have been made to obtain silk directly from the mulberry-leaf, but without success, the organs of the insect being laboratories which art cannot substitute. It was once hoped that, by taking from the body of the worm the viscous matter in the glands, silk could be formed. A very inferior, almost worthless, thread was obtained; but it was evident that the silk must not only be elaborated, but emitted by the worm itself. The worm moults several times; in each successive stage it changes its color, and is always remarkably voracious just before the time for moulting. The last interval is the longest, and just before the termination of its caterpillar existence it eats with extraordinary activity. Where there is a large collection of them, the noise their jaws make is like a heavy shower of rain. When the time draws near for its metamorphosis into a chrysalis, the worm becomes restless, wanders away from its food, which it never did before, and seeks for a suitable place in which to establish its cocoon. It begins this task by throwing from different sides threads destined for fixing the cocoon; the proper space having been ascertained by this means, the worm begins to unwind its thread, which it arranges around its body, describing ovals with its head. About the fourth day, after having expended all its silk, the worm, shut up in the cocoon, becomes of a waxy white color; the skin wrinkles; very soon it is detached and pushed downward, and the chrysalis appears under the rents in the skin. In fifteen or sixteen days the moth appears, and escapes from its silken prison by moistening the threads with a liquid, by which they are disunited, but not broken, and through the threads thus separated the insect makes its way to the light of day.

The rearing and culture of the silk-worm is of course an important industry. After procuring good eggs, the most essential point is to possess premises in which the air is easily renewed. The worms must have all the air possible, and yet must never be chilled. This is usually attained by keeping a constant fire in an open room, and by letting air into the room from another chamber which separates it from the open air. In the rearing-room are arranged racks, by the side of which are placed frames made of reeds. These frames are placed in such a manner that one can easily pass round them to place and remove the worms, and to distribute the leaves uniformly. A cellar, or cool room, is necessary in which to stow away the leaves as soon as they are brought in from the country. In large rearing establishments there is a special chamber for incubation. The eggs are spread out on sheets of paper, placed on a table in a room having a southern aspect, taking care that the rays of the sun shall not reach them. After three or four days a fire is lighted, and day by day the heat gradually increased. As soon as the worms are hatched, the eggs are covered with a net, and over them are placed mulberry-boughs, covered with tender leaves, on which all the little worms congregate. They are then lifted off with a hook made of thin wire, and the worms are placed on a table covered with paper. They are given as their first meal tender leaves cut into small pieces. During the first age, the period preceding the first moult, they are fed six or eight times a day, care being taken to distribute the food as equally as possible. When the moult approaches, the young ones are made to climb on to boughs having tender leaves, so that they can be moved to filters as thin and clean as possible, and there sleep in a good state of health. When the mass of worms is well awake again, a net is spread over them, the meshes of which are broad enough for them to pass through. On this net are spread young leaves, and the worms, immediately leaving the old food, proceed to the new. This process is repeated through each successive age. When the last age approaches its termination, and the chrysalis state is near, sprigs of heather are placed so that the worm—which at this period has a great disposition to mount—can ascend into them, and spin its cocoon.

The conditions most important in rearing the silk-worm are, proper and equable heat and thorough ventilation. The most precarious



A Silk-worm Rearing Establishment.

period is the time after the last moult. When the worms awake from their sleep they are liable to various diseases, and hence require the utmost care and watching.

When the cocoons are completed, the person in charge separates

them from the heather, and sells them to the silk-spinners. But the chrysalis within the cocoon must first be destroyed, in order to prevent the moth from piercing its silken covering. This is done by exposing the cocoon to steam, in which the chrysalide is stifled.



Silk-winding Establishment.

The cocoons which are retained in order to produce eggs for the next year are fixed on sheets of brown paper, covered with a slight coating of paste. Male and female cocoons, ascertained by the fact that the female is always the heavier, are kept on separate sheets. When the moths appear, they are seized by the wings and placed on cloths stretched out for the purpose. They presently evacuate a red liquid; the males and females are then placed together; after copulation they are separated. Sheets of paper are placed on screens, suitably inclined, on which the females are laid. Here the moths lay their eggs. The sheets of paper, covered with eggs, are then hung on wires in a room which is never warmed. Here they remain until the hatching-season returns.

Having thus given a rapid survey of the method of rearing the silk-worm, a few words in reference to the winding of the cocoon may be of interest. This is an operation requiring great experience, unremitting attention, and an almost exceptional delicacy of touch. The woman who is spinning stands before a sort of loom which is called *tour*. Under her hand is a copper containing water, which she heats to the required degree by opening the top of a tube, which brings a current of steam. She plunges the cocoons into hot water, and moves them about in it, to soften the gummy substance which sticks the silken threads of the cocoon together. Then she beats them with a light hand, with a small birch broom. She now attempts to make up a staple, or *bris*, by uniting together the ends of five cocoons. The five ends are held in a mass, and introduced into the hole of a frame, suited for the purpose. Two staples are made at once, one on the right hand, the other on the left. The worker then brings them together, crosses them, rolls them, and twists them, the one on the other, several times, after which she separates them from above and keeps them well apart, making each of them pass into a hook at a distance from which they are going to twist round into a hank, separately, on a wheel. The two threads thus twisted are drawn close together, compressed, and become one, getting round by rolling on each other, and being kept in continual motion, drawn out as they are by the rapid motion of the wheel.

FLAG OF MY COUNTRY.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, WRITTEN IN CAMP AT GREENWICH, 1814.

FLAG of my country! proudly wave
High to the favoring breeze of heaven,
The rallying-point that forms the brave
Whene'er the battle-word is given.

As when at evening on the deep,
From their loved firesides distant far,
Their anxious eyes the sailors keep,
Fixed on their guide, the Northern star:

So on thy stars, in danger's day,
The warrior turns his daring eye,
And dauntless treads the crimsoned way,
Through honor's path, to victory.

When first their eagle met the gale,
Our fathers bade these shores be free,
And long, where slaughter strewed the vale,
They fearless fought and bled for thee,

Till England's banner-cross was furled,
And Peace her olive-branch displayed;
Then, 'mid the plaudits of a world,
They sheathed the consecrated blade.

Yet once again the tramp of War
Has bade the dream of Peace be o'er,
Again Invasion's crimson car
Drives threatening round our hallowed shore.

But shall that flag which on the billow
So late has won Fame's laurel-wreath,
Which formed a hero's * dying pillow,
And wrapped his pallid corse in death—

Say, shall that flag e'er share the fate
Of Gallia's fallen *tri-color*;
Shall History say, "It once was great,
But soon it fell to rise no more?"

No! while within each manly breast
Burns one faint spark of valor's flame,
While Glory lifts its glittering crest,
And Honor points the path to fame,

While spring adorns with flowerets fair
The grass where low our fathers lie—
So long its stars shall blaze in air,
So long to heaven's breezes fly.

Flag of my country! proudly wave,
Nor dread the invaders' bold command,
While nobly fight the good and brave
For Freedom and their native land.

SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE IN BOSTON.

No. III.

HOW THEY CONDUCTED PUBLIC WORSHIP IN BOSTON.

THE religious phraseology of the first settlers in Massachusetts was carefully constructed, with the view of avoiding, not only every thing which in itself savored of superstition, but also, as it would seem, of disengaging themselves, as far as possible, from all the associations that were connected with a communion which they had renounced. They were always scrupulous in designating the *place* of worship as a meeting-house, and not as a church—the days on which divine services were held, they called lecture-days—and the clergyman was known as a teacher, or a teaching-elder, in distinction from the ruling-elder, as there were usually two such officials presiding over each congregation. These were, at first, not only elected by the people, but also set apart for their work, or ordained to the ministry, by delegates chosen from the congregation.

The first meeting-house erected in Boston was a humble structure, of which nothing is known except that the walls were of mud and that the roof was covered with thatch. This, however, remained standing only for nine or ten years, when it was replaced by a building of wood, which stood for seventy-one years in Washington Street, opposite to the head of State Street, when it was destroyed by fire.

There is nothing to indicate what was the precise style of architecture adopted in those days, unless it may be inferred from the character of a small building now to be seen in the city of Salem, which has recently been discovered and restored, as far as practicable, to its original condition, and is supposed to be the edifice in which Roger Williams formerly preached. One thing we may be sure of, that, in these structures, there was a careful avoidance of every thing bordering upon ecclesiastical symbolism. What the old divines, who once thundered against the pomps and vanities of the church, as well as of the world, would say, if they should now get a glimpse of the gorgeous temples in which their children worship, may be readily imagined.

In 1676 we find the following singular enactment: "Ordered, that hereafter no pew shall be built *with a door into the*

* Captain James Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*.

street; and if the builder of the pew leave the house, before the close of the exercises, the pew shall revert to the church."

We get a clew to the meaning of this law by referring to another, passed some years before, whereby "all Christian people are forbidden to have lectures, during the week, before one o'clock; it being prejudicial to the public good to *lose a whole day*." "There were so many lectures now in the country," writes Mr. Winthrop, "and many poor persons would usually resort to two or three in a week, to the great neglect of their affairs, and the damage of the publick. The assemblies also were held till night, and sometimes within the night, so as such as dwelt far off could not get home in due season, and many weak bodies could not endure so long in the extremity of the heat or cold, without great trouble and hazard of their health. Whereupon the General Court ordered, that the elders should be desired to give a meeting to the magistrates and deputies, to consider about the length and frequency of church assemblies. This was taken in ill part by most of the elders and other of the churches—they alleging that *liberty for the ordinances* was the main end of our coming hither." Considering the infirmities of human nature, it is not very strange that the less godly among the people should have caused these private doors to be cut in the side of the meeting-house, and occasionally escape thereby, for an hour or two, from the long services inflicted upon them.

Good Mr. Winthrop writes thus in his journal, 1639: "Mr. Hooker being to preach at Cambridge, the governor and many others went to hear him (though the governor did very seldom go from his own congregation upon the Lord's day). He preached in the afternoon, and having gone on, with much strength of voice and intention of spirit, about a quarter of an hour, he was at a stand, and told the people that God had deprived him both of his strength and matter, etc., and so went forth, and, about half an hour after, returned again, and went on, to very good purpose, *about two hours*." This must have been quite a moderate performance, so far as its length was concerned; but, when it came to prayers and sermons stretching through a whole day, and never ceasing till the going down of the sun—*relays* of ministers being on hand to take up the doctrine, as one after another gave out—and when we consider still further that all able-bodied persons were obliged to be present at public worship, under severe penalties for unnecessary absence, it is difficult to avoid having some little sympathy with those feeble folk, who "built their pews with a door into the street."

How the young people and children managed to live through these interminable performances, and behave with any sort of propriety, is a great marvel; especially when we remember that the services consisted of nothing but prayers and sermons, most of which it must have required a well-trained theologian to comprehend. No public reading of the Scriptures was ever allowed, and, for nearly a century, there was no singing to relieve the dreary monotony of the service.

In Drake's History of Boston we are told that, in 1722, "the subject of singing in churches was making considerable talk both in town and country." Some thought it to be a great innovation, and not to be tolerated. The Rev. Thomas Symmes wrote this year a tract in favor of "regular" singing. It was accompanied by a recommendation as follows: "We, the subscribers, willing to countenance and promote regular singing, or *singing by note*, do signify our approbation of the substance and design of the ensuing dialogue." We are not surprised that singing in churches was not popular when it was first introduced, if every one lifted up his voice at discretion, as would seem to be implied by the fact that singing *by note*, or "regular singing," was unknown previous to the year 1722.

It is, however, proper for us to allude to one custom, growing out of the necessity of the times—when there were no newspapers, and no other mode of communicating public intelligence existed—which must, in a measure, have tended to re-

lieve the tediousness of the services. At a certain interval of worship, the appointed officer rose in his place, and proclaimed aloud such items of general moment as it was important for the congregation to know. How often, in our childhood, have we waited for the town-clerk to stand up in his pew and publish, in like manner, "the intentions of marriage" between A and B! On the records of the court there had been a special provision to this effect: "Any swine caught at large, without a keeper, must be cried out at the two next public lectures." Even in those quiet days there was probably some sense of the ludicrous still lingering in the nature of the people, and we can easily imagine that the minute descriptions which would sometimes necessarily attend these "cryings out," in order to the due identification of the straying animals, might somewhat interfere with the gravity of worship; and, accordingly, the law was afterward so altered as to provide for affixing to the meeting-house door the notice of all errant swine, instead of publishing them in meeting.

We may remark that the legislation of the General Court, bearing in various ways upon this description of animals, is uncommonly copious, and, after a while, became so troublesome that the whole matter was committed to the several towns, the last entry on this subject being as follows: "Thomas Starr is accused of saying that the law about swine is against God's law, and he would not obey it." What the particular enactment was, which Mr. Starr regarded as contravening the Scriptures, does not appear; we only know that his appeal to the "higher law" did not save him from punishment.

Returning to the subject more immediately before us, we observe that the first ministers of Boston were, in certain respects, very scrupulous in the administration of Christian ordinances. The Rev. John Cotton arrived in Boston in 1633. "On Saturday evening the congregation met in their ordinary exercise, and Mr. Cotton, being desired to speak to the question (which was of the church), he showed, out of the Canticles that some churches were as queens, some as concubines, some as damsels, and some as doves. He was then propounded to be admitted as a member. The Lord's day following he exercised in the afternoon, and, being to be admitted, signified his desire and readiness to make his confession according to order, which he said might be sufficient in declaring his faith about baptism, which he then desired for his child, born in their passage, and therefore named Seaborn. He gave two reasons why he did not baptize it at sea (not for want of fresh water, for he held sea-water would have served): 1. Because they had no *settled* congregation there; 2. Because a minister hath no power to give the seals but in his own congregation."

One of the popular sermons of the day is thus entitled "On the impropriety of children's asking their parent's blessing on their knees." Certainly, in our day, there is no special call for enlarging upon such an evil as this; children are no much given to asking their parent's blessing in any attitude.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the preaching in those times was confined to the elaborate unfolding of dogmatic theology; nothing could be done in the community of any moment that did not attract the notice of the pulpit. Alas, for the man who speculated in flour, or gave short measure, or sold inferior goods, in those days! A case in point occurred in 1639, when Mr. Robert Keiane, who kept a shop in Boston, ventured to sell his wares for a larger profit than was considered equitable by the community; his offence being aggravated by these especial circumstances: "1. He being an ancient professor of the Gospel. 2. A man of eminent parts. 3. Wealthy and having but one child. 4. Having come over for conscience sake, and for the advancement of the Gospel here." This speculative gentleman, having been first cited to appear before the magistrates, and fined two hundred pounds—what a source of revenue to-day lies undeveloped!—was then summoned before the church, "where, as, before, he had done in the court he did, with tears, acknowledge and bewail his covetous and

corrupt heart"—what an *acknowledging* and *bewailing* would now fill the land, if all our overreaching traders and speculators were called to make public confession of their sin!—"yet making some excuse for many of the particulars which were charged upon him, as partly by pretence of ignorance of the true price of some of his wares, and chiefly by being misled by some false principles, as: 1. That, if a man lost in one commodity, he might help himself in the price of another. 2. That if, through want of skill or other occasion, his commodity cost him more than the price of the market in England, he might then sell it for more than the price of the market in New England," etc. These things gave occasion to Mr. Cotton, in his public exercise on the next lecture-day, to lay open the error of such false principles—and "very faithfully does he appear to have discharged his duty." After this came up the question of Mr. Keiane's excommunication, but, upon the whole, as he was not in general reputed to be a covetous person, and had always been liberal in his hospitality and in his contributions to the church, he was let off with an admonition. There are "various points of application," in view of the present aspect of things, which the reader will probably make for himself.

The power of the pulpit, in the early days of Boston, was almost unlimited. And when we consider the intellectual superiority of the men who filled the position of "lecturers"—for, at the time, this was the only field open where persons of high ability could exercise their power—when we remember that there were few books to be had, and that no periodical literature existed; that the government was virtually a theocracy, where, without the priestly name, priestly prerogatives were exerted without limit; when we recall the fact that, two or three days in every week, the people were called to listen to the preacher hour after hour, and that his dictum was law, his review of public or private acts final, his condemnation the verdict of Heaven—our only wonder is that such an agency was not more widely abused. It was absolute and tyrannical; but it was a *well-intended* despotism. It aimed at good results, although it was relentless in its modes of reaching them. It sought to win men from the world, and, one way of doing this was, to make the world as disagreeable an abode as possible.

The modes of worship adopted by a people are always significant of the national character. Applying this rule to the case before us, we should say that the prominent characteristics of the early settlers of Boston were earnestness, rigid conscientiousness, sobriety, exclusiveness, and narrowness. They may have cultivated flowers, but it could not have been because of their beauty and fragrance—most probably it was in order to extract their medicinal properties.

We shall next proceed to show how they treated heretics and schismatics in Boston.

IMAGINATION IN THE PROGRESS OF MORALS.

By W. E. H. LECKEY.

It is sufficiently evident that, in proportion to the high organization of society, the amiable and the social virtues will be cultivated at the expense of the heroic and the ascetic. A courageous endurance of suffering is probably the first form of human virtue, the one conspicuous instance, in savage life, of a course of conduct opposed to natural impulses, and pursued through a belief that it is higher or nobler than the opposite. In a disturbed, disorganized, and warlike society, acts of great courage and great endurance are very frequent, and determine, to a very large extent, the course of events; but, in proportion to the organization of communities, the occasions for their display, and their influence when displayed, are alike restricted. Besides this, the tastes and habits of civilization, the innumerable inventions designed to promote comfort and diminish pain, set the current of society in a direction altogether different from heroism, and somewhat emasculate, though they refine and soften, the character.

Asceticism again—including, under this term, not merely the mo-

nastic system, but also all efforts to withdraw from the world, in order to cultivate a high degree of sanctity—belongs naturally to a society which is somewhat rude, and in which isolation is frequent and easy. When men become united in very close bonds of coöperation, when industrial enterprise becomes very ardent, and the prevailing impulse is strongly toward material wealth and luxurious enjoyments, virtue is regarded chiefly, or solely, in the light of the interests of society, and this tendency is still further strengthened by the educational influence of legislation, which imprints moral distinctions very deeply on the mind, but, at the same time, accustoms men to measure them solely by an external and utilitarian standard. The first table of the law gives way to the second. Good is not loved for itself, but as the means to an end. All that virtue which is required to form upright and benevolent men is, in the highest degree, useful to society, but the qualities which constitute a saintly or spiritual character, as distinguished from one that is simply moral and amiable, have not the same direct, uniform, and manifest tendency to the promotion of happiness, and they are accordingly undervalued. In savage life, the animal nature being supreme, these higher qualities are unknown. In a very elaborate material civilization the prevailing atmosphere is not favorable either to their production or their appreciation. Their place has usually been in an intermediate stage.

On the other hand, there are certain virtues that are the natural product of a cultivated society. Independently of all local and special circumstances, the transition of men from a barbarous or semi-civilized to a highly-organized state necessarily brings with it the destruction or abridgment of the legitimate sphere of revenge, by the transfer of the office of punishment from the wronged person to a passionless tribunal appointed by society; a growing substitution of pacific for warlike occupations, the introduction of refined and intellectual tastes which gradually displace amusements that derive their zest from their barbarity, the rapid multiplication of ties of connection between all classes and nations, and, above all, the strengthening of the imagination by intellectual culture.

This last faculty, considered as the power of realization, forms the chief tie between our moral and intellectual natures. In order to pity suffering, we must realize it, and the intensity of our compassion is usually and chiefly proportioned to the vividness of our realization. The most frightful catastrophe in South America, an earthquake, a shipwreck, or a battle, will elicit less compassion than the death of a single individual who has been brought prominently before our eyes. To this cause must be ascribed the extraordinary measure of compassion usually bestowed upon a conspicuous condemned criminal, the affection and enthusiasm that centre upon sovereigns, and many of the glaring inconsistencies of our historical judgments. The recollection of some isolated act of magnanimity displayed by Alexander or Cæsar moves us more than the thought of the 30,000 Thebans whom the Macedonian sold as slaves, of the 2,000 prisoners he crucified at Tyre, of the 1,100,000 men on whose corpses the Roman rose to fame. Wrapped in the pale winding-sheet of general terms, the greatest tragedies of history evoke no vivid images in our minds, and it is only by a great effort of genius that an historian can galvanize them into life. The irritation displayed by the captive of St. Helena in his bickerings with his jailer affects most men more than the thought of the nameless thousands whom his insatiable egotism had hurried to the grave. Such is the frailty of our nature, that we are more moved by the tears of some captive princess, by some trifling biographical incident that has floated down the stream of history, than by the sorrows of all the countless multitudes who perished beneath the sword of a Tamerlane, a Bajazet, or a Zenghis Khan.

If our benevolent feelings are thus the slaves of our imaginations, if an act of realization is a necessary antecedent and condition of compassion, it is obvious that any influence that augments the range and power of this realizing faculty is favorable to the amiable virtues, and it is equally evident that education has in the highest degree this effect. To an uneducated man, all classes, nations, modes of thought and existence foreign to his own, are unrealized, while every increase of knowledge brings with it an increase of insight, and therefore of sympathy. But the addition to his knowledge is the smallest part of this change. The realizing faculty is itself intensified. Every book he reads, every intellectual exercise in which he engages, accustoms him to rise above the objects immediately present to his senses, to extend his realizations into new spheres, and reproduce in his imagination the thoughts, feelings, and characters of others, with a vividness incon-

ceivable to the savage. Hence, in a great degree, the tact with which a refined mind learns to discriminate and adapt itself to the most delicate shades of feeling, and hence, too, the sensitive humanity with which, in proportion to their civilization, men realize and recoil from cruelty.

We have here, however, an important distinction to draw. Under the name of cruelty are comprised two kinds of vice, altogether different in their causes and in most of their consequences. There is a cruelty which springs from callousness and brutality, and there is the cruelty of vindictiveness. The first belongs chiefly to hard, dull, and somewhat lethargic characters, it appears most frequently in strong and conquering nations and in temperate climates, and is due in a very great degree to defective realization. The second is rather a feminine attribute, it is usually displayed in oppressed and suffering communities, in passionate natures, and in hot climates. Great vindictiveness is often united with great tenderness, and great callousness with great magnanimity, but a vindictive nature is rarely magnanimous, and a brutal nature is still more rarely tender. The ancient Romans exhibited a remarkable combination of great callousness and great magnanimity, while, by a curious contrast, the modern Italian character verges manifestly toward the opposite combination. Both forms of cruelty are, if I mistake not, diminished with advancing civilization, but by different causes and in different degrees. Callous cruelty disappears before the sensitiveness of a cultivated imagination. Vindictive cruelty is diminished by the substitution of a penal system for private revenge.

The same intellectual culture that facilitates the realization of suffering, and therefore produces compassion, facilitates also the realization of character and opinions, and therefore produces charity. The great majority of uncharitable judgments in the world may be traced to a deficiency of imagination. The chief cause of sectarian animosity is, the incapacity of most men to conceive hostile systems in the light in which they appear to their adherents, and to enter into the enthusiasm they inspire. The acquisition of this power of intellectual sympathy is a common accompaniment of a large and cultivated mind, and, wherever it exists, it assuages the rancor of controversy. The severity of our judgment of criminals is also usually excessive, because the imagination finds it more easy to realize an action than a state of mind. Any one can conceive a fit of drunkenness or a deed of violence, but few persons, who are by nature very sober or very calm, can conceive the natural disposition that predisposes to it. A good man, brought up among all the associations of virtue, reads of some horrible crime, his imagination exhausts itself in depicting its circumstances, and he then estimates the guilt of the criminal, by asking himself, "How guilty should I be, were I to perpetrate such an act?"

To realize with any adequacy the force of a passion we have never experienced, to conceive a type of character radically different from our own, above all, to form any just appreciation of the lawlessness and obtuseness of moral temperament, inevitably generated by a vicious education, requires a power of imagination which is among the rarest of human endowments. Even in judging our own conduct, this feebleness of imagination is sometimes shown, and an old man, recalling the foolish actions, but having lost the power of realizing the feelings, of his youth, may be very unjust to his own past. That which makes it so difficult for a man of strong vicious passions to unbosom himself to a naturally virtuous man, is not so much the virtue as the ignorance of the latter. It is the conviction that he cannot possibly understand the force of a passion he has never felt. That which alone renders tolerable to the mind the thought of judgment by an all-pure Being, is the union of the attribute of omniscience with that of purity, for perfect knowledge implies a perfect power of realization. The further our analysis extends, and the more our realizing faculties are cultivated, the more sensible we become of the influence of circumstances both upon character and upon opinions, and of the exaggerations of our first estimates of moral inequalities. Strong antipathies are thus gradually softened down. Men gain much in charity, but they lose something in zeal.

We may push, I think, this vein of thought one step further. Our imagination, which governs our affections, is in its earlier and feebler stages wholly unable to grasp ideas, except in a personified and concrete form, and the power of rising to abstractions is one of the best measures of intellectual progress. The beginning of writing is the hieroglyphic or symbolical picture, the beginning of worship is fetishism or idolatry, the beginning of eloquence is pictorial, sensuous, and metaphorical, the beginning of philosophy is the myth. The im-

agination in its first stages concentrates itself on individuals; gradually, by an effort of abstraction, it rises to an institution or well-defined organization; it is only at a very advanced stage that it can grasp a moral or intellectual principle. Loyalty, patriotism, and attachment to a cosmopolitan cause are therefore three forms of moral enthusiasm respectively appropriate to three successive stages of mental progress, and they have, I think, a certain analogy to idolatrous worship, church feeling, and moral culture, which are the central ideas of three stages of religious history.

THE SCIENCE OF GOING UP-STAIRS.

EVERY one knows that the ascent of a staircase is more fatiguing than ordinary walking; but current ideas upon the subject, as upon most other familiar things, are loose and inaccurate, and therefore unsuited to regulate practice. Science gives us more precise information about it, which it is important for all to understand.

The planet on which we live, although itself an example of motion on a stupendous scale, seems to be unwilling that any thing else should stir. It puts forth an influence called gravity, which would hold every one of us fast in our places like a vice, if some other agency did not come to set us free. It is a star more than ninety millions of miles away that, liberating us from the chain of gravity, makes it possible to change places. To move a body upon the earth's surface, a counter-force must be exerted sufficient to overcome the pull of gravity, and this counter-force is solar energy. In railway locomotion, as is well known, the sun's force, stored up in fuel, is set free by combustion, and converted into a rolling movement through the agency of cranks and wheels. The animal system works on the same general principle, but by different mechanical arrangements. In walking, the solar force stored up in food is liberated in the system and translated into mechanical movement through the agency of contractile muscles and bony levers.

In walking, progression is effected by a succession of lifts, inclinations, and swings. In starting, the body is lifted (for example) by the levers of the right foot, and is inclined forward. The left foot being then raised from the ground, the leg swings forward and is carried by its momentum beyond the right foot. The levers of the left foot now lift the body again, and the right leg swings forward, and so we oscillate along on a pair of pendulums. As walking thus takes place by the pendulous movement, its economy is involved in the law of oscillation. We walk with the least expenditure of power when the intervals of the steps are so timed that each leg swings by its own weight through its natural arc, and there is no extra effort either to quicken or retard the swinging movement. Short pendulums vibrate more quickly than long ones, and therefore short-legged people step quicker than long-legged people, though with no more sense of exertion.

In going up-stairs, the mechanism of progression is, of course, the same; but the lifting action, which is the real force-consuming part of the process, is now greatly increased. Instead of being just sufficient to admit of the free swing of the pendulous foot, it must be so great as to project the body up at each step a distance equal to the height of the stair. Whether a man of one hundred and forty pounds gets his weight up-stairs by the levers that Nature gave him, or lifts it by a pulley, makes no difference; one hundred and forty pounds are to be lifted through the height of the staircase, at any rate. In walking a distance of eighteen feet, at, say, six steps, and assuming that the centre of gravity of the body is raised an inch at each step, the total effort expended would be equal to raising the body through a height of six inches. But, in ascending a staircase eighteen feet high, the body has to be lifted through thirty-six times this space, with the expenditure of thirty-six times the amount of force; the power expended would therefore be equal to a level walk of three hundred and twenty-four feet. We thus get a definite idea of the immensely greater con-

sumption of force in ascending a staircase than in ordinary walking.

But the difference is still greater than here appears. We have said that each person has a natural time-rate of stepping, at which force is expended most economically. Two persons of unequal steps will move along together at equal speed, the short and frequent stepping of one being equal to the longer and slower stepping of the other. But, if they join arms, and undertake to "keep step," one or the other must violate the law of oscillation—that is, must swing his pendulums in the wrong time. He therefore walks at a mechanical disadvantage which involves extra exertion, and to that degree a waste of force. But in going up-stairs this deviation from the natural movement and the consequent mechanical drawback are very much greater; so that, besides the enormous draft of vital energy for simple lifting, there is a further loss in the disadvantageous way of doing it.

But there is another law of the case which is still more important. In moving a body from one point to another, it is not enough to know how much force is required to overcome weight and friction, but *the time in which it is to be done* must also be taken into account; and, as regards the economy of force, this is by far the most serious thing. The dynamic formula is, not that the moving force must equal the weight of the mass moved, but it must equal the mass *multiplied into the velocity*. And how multiplied? People generally would say that, if the speed be doubled, the force also must be doubled; but this is far from the truth. You cannot double the speed by doubling the force; to double the speed you must double the force *twice*. A duplicate increase of velocity requires a quadruple increase of force. If a railway-train is moving at ten miles an hour, to make it twenty miles an hour requires four times the driving power—hence the great economy of low speed. Physicians assure us that, in raising weights by pulleys or levers, the same principle holds. When, therefore, you run up-stairs in half the time that you would walk up, the draft upon the vital energy is multiplied *fourfold*. Quickening the speed lengthens the staircase; and quickening it a little lengthens it a great deal. Running up in half the time is equivalent to walking up *four flights*.

Running up-stairs is thus an excessive strain upon the constitution; but where does this strain fall? The levers of motion are moved immediately by the muscles; but the muscles cannot act of themselves. Their contractions and relaxations take place only under stimulus; they are all connected by lines of force, called nerves, with the nervous centres, and these are the sources of muscular stimulation. Not that the nerve-force of the brain is converted into the mechanical movement of progression, but nerve-force is constantly drawn upon to maintain the action of the muscles, and this draft is always greatest where there is a sense of exertion. The feelings are muscular stimuli, and whenever excited they press for vent in muscular movement; if much excited, for example, we cannot sit still. Under the influence of an intense emotion, as terror, for instance, men often put forth an amount of power which would be impossible under ordinary circumstances. In running up-stairs, therefore, it is not mere mechanical force that we are expending; there is a wasteful exertion of the highest force of the organism. It takes place at the expense of nervous vitality and cerebral vigor. There is a limited fund of nervous power which is drawn upon by the stomach in digestion, by the heart in circulation, by the glands in secretion, by the muscles in work, and by the organ of mind in feeling and thinking. And this fund of force being limited, any over-draft in one direction takes place at the expense of the others. When bodily vigor is high, the evil result of running up-stairs may not be decidedly felt; but where there is debility of any of the processes, this strain cannot fail to tell in some form or other with injurious effect.

The habit of running up-stairs implies bad calculation. The reason offered in nine cases out of ten will be, that it is to save

time. But time must be very precious when we can afford to pay for it in vital energy at such an exorbitant rate. It is better to be deliberate, to take time and economize vital power. It may answer for young people, in their exuberance of activity, to make the staircase a gymnasium; but it is a wasteful folly in others, who, if time must be saved by accelerated motion, had better do it by adopting the trot as the regular pace of the parlor.

The bad practice is, however, in reality, due to incorrect thinking upon the subject. People suppose that, in going up-stairs, there is just so much to be done *at any rate*, and the quicker the task is over with the better. But this is a fallacy, and when we undertake to reduce fallacies to practice, we always have to pay the penalty.

TABLE-TALK.

LANDSCAPE painting has, for a long time, held a pre-eminent place in American art. Almost without historical painting, as it is commonly understood, and, in *genre* painting, singularly inferior to the French artists, we may, in landscape, with good reason, champion the painters of the world. Landscape painting has been, with our artists, more ambitious than it has been elsewhere; they have treated it more largely and with greater daring; they have rendered it epic in character; it has become heroic, as it were, in pictures like the "Andes" and "Icebergs" of Church, and the Rocky Mountain views of Bierstadt. The largeness, richness, and beauty of our scenery have filled and inspired the hearts of our painters. The spirit of our woods controls our studios, for our life has too little of the picturesque in its contrasts; our history is too little suited in its adjuncts and conditions for the canvas, to animate or create painters of incident and character. Our landscape painters have been close students of Nature; they have rarely made theories or schools; they have sought to express, with simplicity and truth, the charms and beauties of hills and woods, mountains and meadows, sea and lakes, flowers and grasses; to express the gentleness and delicacy of Nature, as well as her grandeur and greatness.

In an earlier number of the JOURNAL we presented our readers with a steel engraving, from a painting by KENSETT, called "Noon on the Sea-shore"—a picture peculiarly characteristic of this painter, who delights in painting summer seas, and waves rippling softly over sandy bars. The present number is accompanied by an engraving, by Mr. A. F. BELLOW, called "The River Road." Mr. Bellows has peculiar sympathy for picturesque inland views, such as abound in our New England and Northern States, and usually paints homely, rural characters in his pictures, as if he would give them thereby a more vivid human interest. These two engravings are only part of a series that it is our design to offer to the readers of this journal, in which we hope to include specimens of all the leading American painters. We have already in preparation plates from pictures by CHURCH, CASILEAR, DURAND, JAMES HART, HASLITINE, SUYDAM, FENN, and others. The collection, in due time, will become not only a varied series of illustrations of our mountain, river, and coast scenery, but a choice gallery of American art.

Mr. Booth, having terminated a long run of "Romeo and Juliet" at his new theatre, has produced "Othello," appearing in his own person as the Moor. This is the fourth Shakespearian revival of the season, and, while scarcely better than the others in pictorial setting, is, to our mind, much the best acted. We have heretofore been more familiar with Mr. Booth as Iago than as Othello, and hence this performance is new to many of us. Mr. Booth's rank as an actor has always been a disputed point, and we confess to have been among those to question his genius. But his *Othello* is a performance that in

some particulars deserves high praise. We think he is lacking in power in the stronger scenes; he has not the electrical flash, the powerful swell, the intense force of grand passion. But his Othello exhibits a more intellectual purpose, a juster conception, a more consistent unity, than we have seen in his other characters. In his hands, Othello is one "not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme." The confident assurance of the devoted husband, as Iago first intimates his suspicions; the dawn of the dreadful thought, repressed as soon as conceived; then its return, and the gradual creeping into his heart of the full conviction of Desdemona's guilt, were all illustrated and depicted with a skill that would be difficult to excel. Mr. Booth was fortunate in an excellent Iago, Mr. Adams. The mounting of the play, its scenery, accessories, and costuming, are so far perfect and admirable, that the drama is rendered a vivid historical picture. There is a felicity in all the appointments of the plays at Mr. Booth's Theatre, so marked that it amounts to genius.

Buckle's "History of Civilization," although a work of great originality and learning, the influence of which has been powerfully felt in the world of thought, is nevertheless notoriously a work of many and grave faults. One of these is the denial of the progressive nature of the moral element in man. In his theory of the advance of civilization the intellect only is held to be progressive, while the moral faculties remain stationary. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, a young man who has recently conquered a position in philosophic literature by the authorship of the "History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe," is generally understood to be a close student of Buckle, and sympathetic with many of his views. But he has just completed a remarkable work on morals, in which he takes a view diametrically opposite to that of his predecessor. It is a "History of Morals from the Time of Augustus to that of Charlemagne." The opening chapter, on "The Natural History of Morals," is a very lucid and interesting analysis and historical review of the rival intuitive and utilitarian systems, and their relations to different phases of philosophical speculation and the different states of society. He here takes the ground that morals are progressive, and we publish in the present number of the JOURNAL a suggestive extract from the advance sheets of the work, in which he shows the intimate dependence of progressive morality upon the development of the imagination. Mr. Lecky's work, besides presenting a new and original statement, and abounding in fresh and impressive views, is written with a warmth of feeling and a rhetorical elegance which contrast strongly with the dull didactic tone by which treatises upon this subject are usually marked.

The spring exhibition of the Academy of Design, which opened about the middle of April, is a very good one, although there are more famous names absent from its catalogue than present. We find nothing upon the walls from either Church, Bierstadt, James Hart, Cropsey, Gifford, or McEntee. The venerable Durand has outdone himself in an unusually ambitious picture, called "A Mountain Forest," in which we find those same careful tree-studies for which our veteran landscapist is so famous. Mr. Durand's energy and skill are unimpaired by age; he even attempts larger subjects than he did in his youth. This picture of "A Mountain Forest," and one, painted about three years ago, of "The Catskills," are superb contributions of his matured skill to a public that should never let his memory die. Mr. Kensett has two pictures in the collection—one of "Lake George;" the other, one of his characteristic coast scenes. If Kensett has painted any subject too frequently, it is undoubtedly Lake George. His coast scenes, it is true, are also numerous, but there is a delicious charm, in their wide and dreamy horizons, that asserts its spell with renewed force, let them come as often as they will. Our present brief paragraph

is no more than to chronicle the opening of the exhibition, and to note its three or four leading paintings. Among these we may mention two companion pictures by Mr. Huntington—one called "Sowing the Word;" the other, "Science and Christian Art." Both of these are mediæval in character and time, and each is particularly noticeable for its delicious ideals of womanly beauty. One represents an old man reading a missal to two young women; the other portrays an aged sage bending over an open volume of some occult science, while a young girl shows to him a picture of the Holy Family, in the early, rude style of Italian art. The motive of either painting is slight enough, and the story easily told; but, as ideal portraits, they have a supreme charm. In warmth of tone, in delicacy, in ripe conception of character and of beauty, they lead all the pictures of their class in the collection. Mr. Eastman Johnson is present in a sort of family group, which gives little token of the skill that, a few years ago, made his paintings the great talked-of; Mr. Hennessey, Mr. Homer, Mr. La Farge, have each a peculiar and characteristic canvas; and there is the usual array of portraits, many of them excellent, by Mr. Page, Mr. Baker, Mr. Hicks, and others.

Foreign Literary and Personal Notes.

IN his great work on the History of Morals, soon to be republished in this country, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky has the following interesting observations on the influence of journalism upon thought in England: "A most momentous intellectual revolution is at present taking place in England. The ascendancy in literary and philosophical questions which belonged to the writers of books, is manifestly passing, in a very great degree, to weekly and even daily papers, which have long been supreme in politics, and have begun, within the last ten years, systematically to treat ethical and philosophical questions. From their immense circulation, their incontestable ability, and the power they possess of continually reiterating their distinctive doctrines; from the impatience, too, of long and elaborate writings, which newspapers generate in the public, it has come to pass that these periodicals exercise probably a greater influence than any other productions of the day, in forming the ways of thinking of ordinary educated Englishmen. The many consequences, good and evil, of this change it will be the duty of future literary historians to trace, but there is one which is, I think, much felt in the sphere of ethics. An important effect of these journals has been to evoke a very large amount of literary talent in the lawyer class. Men whose professional duties would render it impossible for them to write long books, are quite capable of treating philosophical subjects in the form of short essays, and have, in fact, become the chief writers in these periodicals. There has never, I think, before, been a time when lawyers occupied such an important literary position as at present, or when legal ways of thinking had so great an influence over English philosophy; and this fact has been eminently favorable to the progress of utilitarianism."

With us a new play, by a native author, is almost unknown. One's memory can scarcely extend back to such an event. What few new dramas are offered to us come solely from English or French sources, and many even successful foreign productions are never reproduced on the American stage. In New York, we have had, during the present season, but one new play, unless we count a few worthless burlesques and extravaganzas, which are new only in name, and the sole interest of which exists in the opportunity they afford for dancing, singing, and the display of legs. In London there seems to be as much activity among the dramatists as here there is idleness. In one night recently, for instance, there were produced, for the first time, a new play, called "Black and White," by Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Fechter; another called "Minnie; or, Leonard's Love," by Mr. Henry J. Byron; still another, by Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled "Won by a Head;" then a burlesque, by Mr. Brough, called "Joan of Aro;" a melodrama, rejoicing in the name of "Light in the Dark; or, Life Underground;" and, lastly, a dramatic version of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," with the title of "The Man of Two Lives"—all these new plays in one single night. But this was on Easter-Monday, an occasion, in London, for the revival of festivities of all kinds.

Five of the German princes are writers of ability. King John of Saxony has few equals in German literature in translating Italian and English poets. King Louis II. of Bavaria, besides being an art-critic of no mean merit, is also a poet. Prince George of Prussia has written two tragedies, which will find a permanent place in the dramatic

ature of his country. The Duke hereditary of Saxe-Meiningen, a son of eighteen, has recently completed a tragedy, entitled "The Emperor Henry V.," which he submitted to the managers of the Royal Theatre of Berlin, and which they found so excellent that they acted it immediately, and will have it performed in the course of a few months. Finally, the Grand-duke of Oldenburg is a clever writer on literary affairs, and has prepared a work on the campaign of 1866, which will shortly be published in Berlin.

The last dramatic sensation, in Paris, is M. Victorien Sardou's new play "Patrie!"—printed, as we give it, with a note of admiration. This drama is in a very different direction from M. Sardou's previous plays. It is historical in scene, melodramatic in incident, and tragical in catastrophe. The action of the piece takes place in the days when the power of the Duke of Alva, in the Netherlands, was at its height; and the plot turns upon a conspiracy against this dark, unscrupulous tyrant. The construction of the play is very novel, and the audiences, that nightly assemble at the Porte St. Martin to listen to it, are intensely absorbed in the varying fortunes of its characters. This play, we understand, will shortly be produced at the Grand Opera-House, in New York.

Michaud, the publisher of the French "Biographie Universelle," paid to authors, from 1811 to 1829, when the great Cyclopædia was completed, four hundred thousand francs for their contributions. Brockhaus, the Leipzig publisher, paid six thousand dollars for the articles in the first edition of his "Conversations-Lexikon." Pierer, of Altenburg, paid about seven thousand dollars to the writers of his "Encyclopædie." The subsequent editions of the "Conversations-Lexikon" did not cost even less, so far as literary compensation is concerned.

General von Roon, the distinguished regenerator of the Prussian army, and without whose eminent services the wonderful triumphs of the Prussian war of 1866 could hardly have been achieved, is the author of a very popular series of school geographies, on which he has been receiving large copyrights for many years past. General von Roon is a pupil of Ritter, the celebrated Prussian *avant*.

The two most prominent candidates for the Spanish throne, the Duke of Montpensier and ex-King Ferdinand of Portugal, are writers of considerable ability. The Duke of Montpensier has written several volumes of historical sketches, and published a few essays in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats*, under various *noms de plume*. Ferdinand, the ex-King of Portugal, has translated Goethe's "Faust" and Shakespeare's "Hamlet" into Portuguese. He is an excellent linguist, and a gentleman of the highest culture.

Strasser, the Austrian executioner, who died lately at Brinn, in Carinthia, in his seventieth year, has left a volume of Memoirs, which is believed to contain matter of great interest. He it was who strangled the Hungarian generals who were ordered to be executed at Arad, in 1849, by order of the cowardly and bloodthirsty Haynau. He executed nearly two hundred persons in the course of his long and eventful life.

Dr. Brown-Séquard, of this country, who has achieved an eminent reputation for his knowledge and experience in various diseases, has accepted the chair of Comparative and Experimental Pathology in the School of Medicine, Paris. The Government has decided to build a *laboratoire* for him in the garden of the *Hôpital des Cliniques*, and he expects to enter upon the full duties of his position next November.

The King of Prussia, having heard that Gustave Freytag, the distinguished German novelist, and author of "Debit and Credit," "The Manuscript," and other standard romances, was desirous of visiting the United States, offered to intrust him with a special diplomatic mission to Washington, an offer which Mr. Freytag declined.

The anonymous author of the "Golden Patti Book," which appeared some time ago in Paris, and which, on account of the extraordinary enthusiasm with which it celebrated the merits of the little American can-can, excited some attention, it has now been ascertained, was written by no other than her present husband, the Marquis de Caux.

Eugene Sue's posthumous novel, "Camilla; or, the Mysteries of the East," which has recently been published in Paris, is not considered by any means equal to the productions by which he obtained his fame.

In the year 1862, Prince Napoleon resolved to write a history of his great uncle, Napoleon I., and had already completed several chapters of the first volume, when his cousin, the emperor, heard of it, and urged him to abandon the idea. He had considerable difficulty in dissuading his cousin from his purpose.

Will it be believed? In no country is the retail book-trade more

profitable, and are authors more liberally compensated, than in Russia. If Hans Christian Andersen were a Russian, his "Fairy Tales" would have long since made him a rich man.

Emile de Girardin, the great Parisian editor, they say, thinks he is a by far better dramatist than journalist. At any rate he would willingly give a great part of his editorial fame for the satisfaction of getting one of his plays just once enthusiastically applauded at the Théâtre Français.

The advance orders received by the German publishers of Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui rit" exceed very considerably those which they received for their edition of "Les Misérables."

Alexandre Dumas, Jr., says that he would never have thought of writing so many books and plays on the subject of the *demi-monde*, had not his mother, a very bright and thoughtful woman, urged him to do so.

Adolphe Thiers has dictated all his works, and never written a single line of them, nor ever looked at one of the proof-sheets. His old private secretary is a man of considerable literary ability, on whom M. Thiers can perfectly rely.

The sale of the first volume of Heseckiel's "Bismarck Book," which appeared in November, in Germany, has been larger than that of any popular German work on history or biography published since 1851.

In the year 1844 Count von Bismarck translated the first six books of the "Æneid" into blank verse. He has recently been urged to publish the work, and is likely to do so next fall.

Rossini's favorite book was "Gil Blas." He had in his small but select library fifteen beautifully illustrated French and Italian editions of that work.

The town of Cette, in France, with thirty thousand inhabitants, has not a single newspaper of any kind. In America, a town of this size would have half a dozen, at least.

Easter Day was celebrated at Madrid by the administration of the communion to about fifty Spanish Protestants. Such an occurrence has not taken place in Spain since the time of Philip II.

General Wilson's "Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck" has been translated into modern Greek by Professor George D. Canale, and is announced for publication at Athens, Greece.

Saint-Beuve, the French author and academician, has been dropped from the lists of guests that are regularly invited to the court-balls and to the Monday soirées of the Empress Eugénie.

The wife of Proudhon, the famous French writer on political economy, is living in destitute circumstances in one of the suburbs of Paris.

Frederick Gerstäcker, the German traveller and novelist, has declined the position of private secretary offered him by Dom Pedro of Brazil.

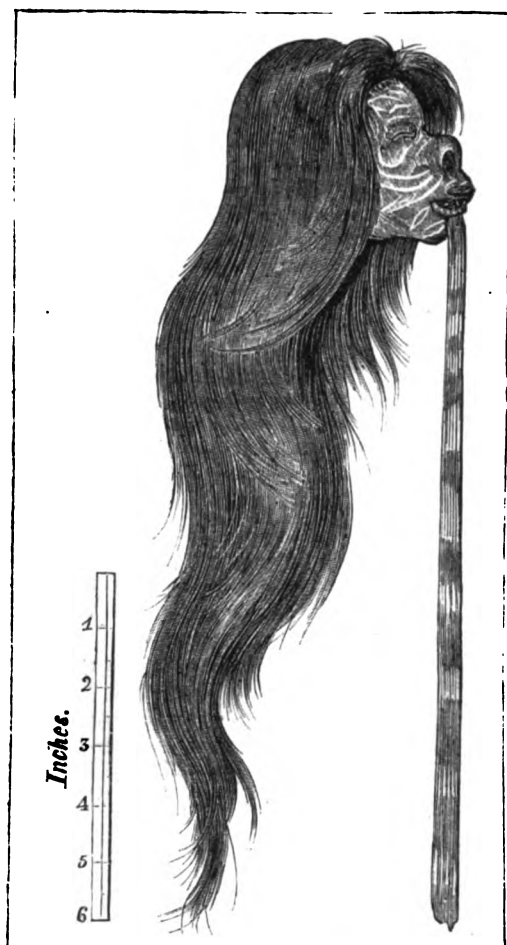
The Museum.

ARCHIMEDES, of Syracuse, declared that, if they would give him a fulcrum and a sufficiently long lever, he would move the world, but, not knowing its weight, as we do now, he could not have formed a very clear idea of the magnitude of the task. Supposing that he got his lever planted, and of sufficient length to be moved by exerting upon it a pulling force of thirty pounds. Had he moved it through ten thousand feet per hour for ten hours a day, the remote end of the lever would have to pass through an arc which it would take 8 trillions, 774 billions, 994 millions, 574 thousands, 787 of centuries to accomplish, in order to raise the earth a single inch.

The vessels of the fleet of Columbus which first crossed the Atlantic, were all of small size, probably of not more than one hundred tons' burden each, and therefore not larger than the American yachts, whose ocean-race from New York to Cowes was regarded as an example of immense hardihood, even in 1867.

Among the many strange and curious preparations of the remains of our fellow-creatures I do not think that there are any more remarkable than the dried heads of the Indians of Ecuador. By the great kindness of Mr. Jamrach, dealer in animals, I am now enabled to give a drawing of one of these most interesting preparations. It consists of a human head which has by some process or other been shrunk to about the size of a large orange. The features are perfect, the eyes are closed, and the eyebrows still remain. The lips are slightly parted, and threads of colored cotton

have been introduced through both lips, arranged so as to form a pendulous tassel. The face is painted with streaks of red, giving a savage and ferocious appearance. The hair springs in its natural form from the forehead. It is parted down the middle, and then falls gracefully backward, as seen



in the engraving. This hair is of a raven-black color, very thick, and with a much higher gloss upon it than any human hair I have ever seen in the shops of London dealers. The total length of this hair is twenty eight and a half inches. The measurements of the head are as follows: From the roots of hair on forehead to nose, two inches; nose to chin, two inches; from ear to ear (measuring across the nose), five inches; width of mouth, one and a half inches; length of ear, one inch. Mr. Berjeau, the artist has, at my suggestion, drawn a carpenter's rule by the

side of the head, in order to give an idea of the proportionate size of the most interesting preparation.

There can be no doubt whatever but that this is really the skin and hair of a human being. The head is perfectly hollow, and the skin as hard and about the thickness of thick pasteboard; the skull is entirely absent. No seams are perceptible in the features, although a seam may be discovered with the finger in the thick skin which carries the hair. The story is that the whole skin of the head is present, and that it is simply shrunk to its present size by some process unknown to English medical men. The only way that I can imagine it to have been prepared—and I have experience in matters of this kind—is that the process of slow and careful drying by hot sand was adopted; but still I fancy this process would have impaired the permanent beauty of the hair. I can, however, I confess, hardly bring myself to believe but that a great deal of dexterity and ingenious manipulation has been employed in a manner which I cannot here describe.

In the Exhibition of 1851 there was a head of this kind, of which I have a photograph; the owner asked me a fabulous price for it. About a year since, I examined another of these heads, the property of a friend kindly submitted for my examination by my next-door neighbor, A. J. Ricci, Esq.; and I believe Mr. Bartlett lately had one in his possession for a short time.

I have no history whatever of these variable and rare heads, and am in ignorance as to whether they are made simply as objects of curiosity for sale—as memorials of deceased friends—as trophies of war—or as objects connected in some way with religious worship. I should feel very grateful if any of our correspondents could give me information on the above points.—*Frank Buckland.*

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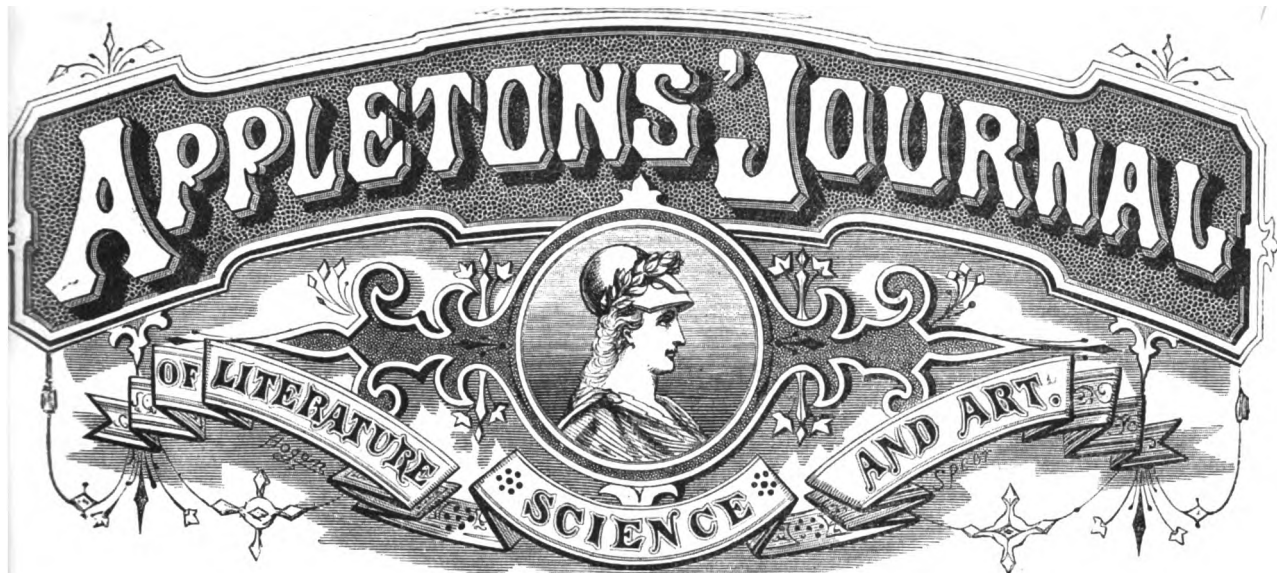
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THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

IV.

MAGISTER ELEGANTIARUM.

JOSIANE had a tedious time of it, this need scarcely be said. Lord David Dirry-Moir held a high position in the gay life of London. Nobility and gentry paid him reverence. Let us record one triumph of Lord David—he dared to wear his own hair.

The reaction against the wig had begun. Just as in 1824, Eugene Deveria was the first who ventured to let his beard grow, in 1702 Price Devereux was the first who ventured, under the pretext of the frizzle of the literati, to risk in public his own hair. To risk his hair was almost to risk his head. The indignation was universal, although Price Devereux was Viscount Hereford, Peer of England. He was insulted; and indeed the thing was worth the penalty. At the very height of the outcry, Lord David appeared, all at once, also with his own hair and without a wig. Such things portended an end of society. Lord David was derided even more than Viscount Hereford. He stuck to it. Price Devereux had been the first, Lord David Dirry-Moir was the second. It is sometimes more embarrassing to be the second, than the first. It demands less genius, but more courage. The first, intoxicated with the novelty, may be ignorant of the danger; the second sees the abyss, and throws himself into it. Lord David Dirry-Moir threw himself into this abyss of not wearing the wig. At a later day they imitated him; they had, after these two revolutionists, the audacity to dress the hair; and powder came as an extenuating circumstance.

To establish, in passing, this important historical point, let us say that the rightful priority in the war upon the wigs belongs to a queen—Christine of Sweden, who wore men's apparel, and showed herself in 1680 with her natural chestnut hair, powdered and bristling up without aid of hair-dresser, and cut close to the head. She had likewise "some sprigs of beard," says Misson.

The Pope on his part, by his bull of March, 1794, had thrown a slur on the wig, in taking it from the heads of his bishops

and priests, and in ordering the men of the church to let their hair grow.

Lord David then did not wear a wig, and did wear calf-skin boots.

These mighty deeds pointed him out for public admiration.

There was not a club of which he was not the leader, not a boxing-match in which he was not wanted as referee. The referee decides every thing.

He had drawn up the code of rules of many of the clubs of high life; he had laid the foundations of refined resorts, of which one, the Lady Guinea, still flourished in Pall Mall, in 1772. The Lady Guinea was a club thronged by all the younger members of the nobility. They gambled there. The smallest stake was a rouleau of fifty guineas, and there was never less than twenty thousand guineas on the table. At the elbow of each player stood a little table for the cup of tea, and the ormolu bowl wherein was kept the rouleaux of guineas. The players wore leather cuffs, such as servants wear in sharpening knives, to protect their laces, leather doublets to protect their ruffs, and on the head, to shelter the eyes, because of the glare of the lamps, and to keep their locks smooth, large straw hats covered with flowers. They were masked, that they might not betray their agitation, especially at the game of quinze. All wore their cloaks thrown backward over their shoulders, for luck. Lord David was a member of the Beefsteak Club, the Surly Club, the Split-Farthing Club, the Fantasticals Club, the Scratch-Penny Club, the Sealed Knot, a royalist Club, and to the Martinus Scriblerus, founded by Swift, in place of the Rota founded by Milton.

Though a handsome man, he belonged to the Ugly Club. This club was dedicated to deformity. They there incurred the obligation to fight, not for a pretty woman, but for an ugly man. The hall of the club was ornamented with portraits of hideous people. Thersites, Triboulet, Duns, Hudibras, Scarron; over the mantel was *Æsop*, between two one-eyed men, Cocolas and Camoens; Cocolas being one-eyed of the right eye, and Camoens of the left, each was sculptured on his blind side, and the two blind profiles were set opposite each other. The day that the pretty Madame Visart took the small-pox, the Ugly Club toasted her. This club yet flourished at the opening of the nineteenth century; it had sent a diploma of honorary membership to Mirabeau.

Since the restoration of Charles II., the revolutionary clubs had been abolished. They had pulled down, in a little street adjoining Moorfields, the tavern wherein were held the sittings of the Calf's-Head Club, so called because on the 30th of January, 1648, the day when the blood of Charles I. flowed upon

the scaffold, they had drunk from a calf's skull a bumper of red wine to the health of Cromwell.

To the republican had succeeded the monarchical clubs. They amused themselves decently therein.

There was the She-Romps Club. They caught in the street a woman, a passer-by, of the middle class, as young and as good-looking as they could get; they pushed her by force into the club, and there made her walk on her hands, her feet in the air, her face hidden by her drooping petticoats. If she took it in dudgeon, they lashed a little with the riding-whip that part which was not concealed. 'Twas her fault. The squires of this order of horse-breaking called themselves "The Friskers."

There was the Sheet-Lightning Club, metaphorically the Merry-Dancers. Negroes and whites danced here the *picantes* and the *timtirimbás* of Peru, notably the Mozamala, the doxy's dance which has its crowning feature in the dancing-girl's sitting down on a heap of meal, upon which, on rising, she leaves the imprint of the Callipyge. We may apply to this spectacle the verse of Lucretius—

Tunc Venus in sylvis jungebat corpora amantium.

There was the Hell-Fire Club, where they played at being impious. It was a tournament of sacrilege. Hell was here set up at auction to the most blasphemous.

There was the Butting Club, so called because they gave butts to people. They picked out some porter, with an immense brisket and an idiotic look. They offered him, and if necessary they forced him to take, a pot of porter for allowing them to give him four butts in the breast, and thereupon they laid their wagers. Once, a man, a heavy brute of a Welshman, named Gogangerdd, died at the third butt. This looked serious. There was an inquest, and the jury brought in the verdict—"died of expansion of the heart, caused by excessive drinking." Gogangerdd had indeed drunk a pot of porter.

There was the Fun Club. Fun is, like cant, like humor, an exceptional, untranslatable word. Fun is to farce what allspice is to salt. To enter a dwelling, smash the costly mirrors, slash the family portraits, poison the dog, put the cat in the aviary, this was called "cutting out a piece of fun." To spread a false report of bad news which should put people needlessly in mourning, this was fun. It was fun that had cut a square hole in the Holbein at Hampton Court. Fun would have been proud; if it had broken off the arms of the Venus of Milo. Under James II. a young lord, a millionaire, who had set fire at night to a straw-thatched cottage, filled London with laughter and was proclaimed *King of Fun*. The poor devils of the straw-thatched cottage escaped in their night-dresses. The members of the Fun Club, all of the highest aristocracy, wandered about London at an hour when the citizens were asleep, took the shutters off their hinges, cut the pipes of the hydrants, caused the cisterns to cave in, took down the signs, laid waste the flower-beds, extinguished the street lamps, sawed asunder the main props of houses, broke the squares of glass in the windows—especially in the quarters of the poor. It was the rich who thus treated the wretched. That was why no complaint was possible. Besides, there was something comic in it. These manners have not yet wholly disappeared. In different parts of England and of the English possessions, at Guernsey for example, from time to time they lay waste your house a little at night, break down your fence, wrench off your door-knocker, etc. If the offenders were poor, they would be sent to jail; but they are estimable young gentlemen.

The most distinguished of the clubs was presided over by an emperor, who carried a crescent on his forehead, and was called "the Great Mohock." The Mohock surpassed the Fun. To do harm for harm's sake, such was the programme. The Mohock Club had this noble aim: to be mischievous. For fulfilling this duty, all means were good. On becoming a Mohock, you were bound by oath to do mischief. To do mischief at all hazards—no matter when, no matter what, no matter how—was the obligation. Every member of the Mohock Club was expected

to have his special talent. One was a "dancing-master," that is to say, he made clodpolls frisk about, by pricking their calves with his sword. Others were skilled in "sweating," that is to say, the getting up a circle of six or eight gentlemen, rapier in hand, around some low scamp; being surrounded on all sides, it was impossible that the scamp should not turn his back upon some one of the party; the gentleman, upon whom he turned it, chastised him for it by a pointed thrust that made him wheel about; a fresh thrust in the back intimated to the fellow that he had some sprig of nobility behind him; and thus, one after another, each pricking in his turn. When the man, girt in by this circle of swords, and all bloody, had sufficiently pirouetted and danced, they had him cudgelled by their lackeys, just to change the course of his ideas. Others "stirred up the lion," that is to say, laughingly arrested a passer-by, crushed his nose for him with the blow of a fist, and plunged their two thumbs into his two eyes. If the two eyes were put out, they paid him for the loss.

Such, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, were the pastimes of the opulent idlers of London. The idlers of Paris had others. Monsieur de Charolais fired off his gun at a citizen on the threshold of his own door. In every age, youth has amused itself.

Lord David Dirry-Moir carried into these divers institutions of pleasure his sumptuous and liberal turn of mind. Like any other of his set, he would gayly burn down a thatched wooden hut, and singe a little those who were within it; but then he rebuilt their cottage for them in stone. It happened once, at the She-Romps Club, that he made a couple of women dance upon their hands. One was a girl; he gave her a dowry. The other was married; he had her husband made a chaplain.

Cock-fights were indebted to him for a commendable perfection. It was a marvel to see Lord David dressing a cock for the pit. Cocks seize hold of feathers, as men do of hair. Thus Lord David made his bird as bald as possible. With scissors he cut off all the feathers of the tail, and from head to shoulder all the feathers of the neck.—So much the less for the enemy's beak, said he. Then he stretched out his cock's wings, and trimmed to a point each separate feather, one after the other, thus garnishing his wings with pikes.—That's for the enemy's eyes, said he. In the next place, he scraped the claws with a penknife, sharpened the nails, set into the main spur a steel blade, sharp-pointed and cutting, spat over his head, spat over his neck, anointed him with saliva, as they used to rub the athletes with oil, and let him go, terribly got up, with the exclamation:—That's how a cock is made into an eagle, and how a barn-yard fowl becomes a creature of the mountain!

Lord David attended boxing-matches, and was, in fact, their living ordinance. On great occasions, he it was who looked to the planting of the stakes and the stretching of the cords, and who determined how many yards there should be in the square bit of fighting-ground. When he acted as second, he followed his man foot to foot, a bottle in one hand and a sponge in the other; called to him, "Strike fair!" suggested feints to him; advised him when fighting; wiped him when bleeding; picked him up when knocked down; took him on his knees; put the neck of the bottle between his teeth; and, from his own mouth, filled with water, blew a fine rain into his eyes and ears, which tends to reanimate the dying. When he was umpire, he looked well to the fairness of the blows; forbade any one, be he who he might, except the seconds, assisting the combatants; declared the champion beaten who did not place himself right opposite his adversary; watched that the interval between the rounds did not exceed half a minute; hindered stumbling from unevenness of the ground; decided against him who butted with his head; prevented a man, who had fallen down, being struck. All this science did not make a pedant of him, and in no degree diminished his hold upon the people around.

It was not when he was the referee in a fight, that the sunburnt, pimpled, and shaggy backers of this side or that would

venture—for the purpose of helping their failing man, or of upsetting the chances of a bet—to climb over the palisade, to enter within the enclosure, to break down the cords, to pull up the stakes, or to interfere violently with the fight. Lord David belonged to the small number of umpires, whom they did not dare to pommel.

Nobody trained as he did. The pugilist, whose trainer he consented to be, was sure to win. Lord David picked out a Hercules, massive as a rock, tall as a tower, and made of him his own child. The problem was to convert this human rock, from the defensive, into the offensive condition. Therein he excelled. Once the Cyclops adopted, he never let him go. He became a wet-nurse. He measured his wine; he weighed his meat; he counted his hours of sleep. It was he who invented that admirable *régime* for a boxer, which has been revived by Moreley: in the morning, a raw egg and a glass of sherry; at noon, a leg of mutton underdone, with tea; at four o'clock, toasted bread and tea; in the evening pale ale and toasted bread. After which he undressed the man, shampooed him, and put him to bed. In the street, he did not lose sight of his man, keeping all dangers out of his way, runaway horses, carriage-wheels, drunken soldiers, pretty girls. He had an eye upon his virtue. This maternal solicitude brought out continually some new gain in the pupil's education. He taught him the blow with the fist that smashes the teeth, and the blow with the thumb that knocks out an eye. Nothing could be more touching.

He prepared himself, in this fashion, for the political life, to which he must be summoned at a later period. It is no slight affair to become an accomplished gentleman.

Lord David Dirry-Moir had a passionate fondness for out-of-door exhibitions, mountebanks on show, the circus with its rare beasts, the acrobats' stage, scaramouch, jesters, farces in the open air, and all the wonders of fairs. The real lord is he who has a smack of the people's man; and this is why Lord David frequented the taverns and the obscure court-yards of London and the Cinque Ports. So as to be able, without compromising his rank in the White Squadron, to collar a top-man or a caulker, he put on a sailor's jacket when he went into these low haunts. For these transformations it was convenient for him that he did not wear a peruke, for, even under Louis XIV., the people stuck to their hair as the lion to his mane. In this style, he was free. The common people, whom Lord David encountered in these gatherings and with whom he associated, held him in high esteem, and did not know that he was a lord. They called him Tom Jim-Jack. Under this name he was popular, and a great personage in this low debauchery. His descent to their standard was masterly. On occasion, he used his fists. This side of his refined life was known to, and greatly appreciated by, Lady Josiane.

V.

QUEEN ANNE.

I.

ABOVE this couple, there was Anne, the Queen of England.

Hand in glove with any one was Queen Anne. She was gay, kindly, almost august. No one of her good qualities reached up to Victoria; none of her imperfections descended to depravity. Her embonpoint was puffy; her humor was easy; her kindness was ill-timed. She was tenacious and yielding. As a wife, she was unfaithful and faithful, having favorites to whom she gave up her heart, and a consort for whom she reserved her couch. As a Christian, she was a heretic and a bigot. She had one beauty, the full neck of a Niobe. The rest of her person was nothing to boast of. She was awkwardly coquettish, and honestly. Her skin was white and fine; she showed much of it. From her came the fashion of a collar of large pearls fitted close to the neck. She had a narrow forehead, sensual lips, fleshy cheeks, a protruding eye, short sight. Her short-sightedness extended to her wits. Apart from an occasional outburst of joviality almost as oppressive as her

anger, she lived in a sort of taciturn grumbling, and of silence in the dumps. Words escaped her, the meaning of which was only to be guessed. She was a compound of good woman and mischievous devil. She liked surprises, which is thoroughly womanish. Anne was a specimen, hardly rough-hewn, of the universal Eve. To this rough draught had fallen the chance of a throne. She drank. Her husband was a Dane, thorough-bred.

Tory, she governed by the Whigs, femininely, insanely. She had fits of rage. She would break things. No person more maladroit in handling affairs of state. She let events slip through her fingers. All her policy was cracked. She excelled in bringing about great catastrophes from little causes. When moved by a freak of authority, she used the term "hitting with the poker."

She uttered, with an air of profound revery, such phrases as this: "No peer can be covered before the king, except Courcy, Baron Kinsale, peer of Ireland." She said: "It would be unjust not to have my husband Lord Admiral, as my father was." And she made George of Denmark High-Admiral of England, and "of all her Majesty's Plantations." She was in a perpetual perspiration of peevishness. She did not express her thoughts; she exuded them. In this goose there was something of the sphinx. She had no aversion to fun, to the farce that is biting and offensive. If she could have made Apollo hump-backed, it would have been her delight. But she would have left him a god. Her ideal of benignity was, not to drive any one to desperation, while wearying all the world. She had many a crabbed word, and for little more would have sworn, like Elizabeth. From time to time she took from the man's pocket attached to her petticoat a small round box in *repoussé* silver, on the lid of which was her portrait in profile between the two letters Q. A. (Queen Anne); opened it, and with the tip of her finger extracted from it a small quantity of pomatum, with which she reddened her lips. Then, having prepared her mouth, she laughed. She was excessively fond of the flat ginger-bread nuts from Zealand. She was proud of being fat.

More a Puritan than any thing else, she would none the less willingly have addicted herself to plays. She had a fancy for an Academy of Music, copied from that of France. In 1700, a Frenchman named Forteroche desired to construct in Paris a Royal Circus, at a cost of four hundred thousand livres, to which scheme D'Argenson was opposed. This Forteroche passed over into England, and proposed to Queen Anne, who was for a moment captivated by the idea, to build in London a theatre fitted with machinery, that should be finer than the French King's, and have a fourth story underground. Like Louis XIV., she liked her carriage to go at a gallop. Teams of horses and relays sometimes made the journey from Windsor to London in less than an hour and a quarter.

II.

IN the time of Anne, there could be no assemblage of people without permission from two justices of the peace. A dozen persons gathering together, were it to eat oysters and drink porter, was a felony.

Under this reign, nevertheless comparatively a moderate one, the press-gang for the fleet operated with extreme violence: gloomy proof that the Englishman is more of a subject than of a citizen. For centuries the King of England made use therein of a despotic procedure, that gave the lie to all the old charters of freedom, and in her exemption from which France in particular triumphed and was indignant. What takes off a little from the triumph is, that, in unison with the press for seamen in England, there was in France the press for soldiers. In all the large French towns, every able-bodied man, passing along the streets to his business, was liable to be forced by the crimps into a house called a *four*. There he was shut up pell-mell with others. Those, who were fit for service, were picked out; and the recruiters sold these passers-by to officers. In 1695, there were thirty of these *four*s in Paris.

The laws concerning Ireland, emanating from Queen Anne, were atrocious.

Anne was born in 1664, two years before the Fire of London; whereupon the astrologers (there were some still, as witness Louis XIV., who came into the world under the auspices of an astrologer, and swaddled in a horoscope) had predicted that, being the elder sister of the deceased, she would be Queen. She was so, thanks to astrology, and to the Revolution of 1668. She felt humiliated at having only had Gilbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, for her sponsor. To be god-daughter of the Pope was no longer possible in England. A simple primate is a mediocre god-father. Anne had to be contented with one. It was her own fault. Why was she a Protestant?

Denmark had endowed her virginity—*virginitas emptia*, as say the old letters patent—with a dowry of six thousand two hundred and fifty pounds sterling per annum, secured on the bailiwick of Wardinbourg, and the island of Fehmarn.

Anne followed, without conditions and by mere routine, the traditions of William. The English, under this royalty born of a revolution, had just so much liberty as could be secured, between the Tower of London wherein they clapped the orator, and the pillory wherein they clapped the writer. Anne spoke Danish a little for her asides with her husband, and French a little for her asides with Bolingbroke. Pure gibberish the latter; but it was, especially at court, the grand English manner of speaking French. There was not a *bon-mot*, save in French.

Anne paid great attention to moneys, particularly to the coinage in copper, which is of low value and popular; she desired to cut a grand figure therein. Six farthings were struck under her reign. On the reverse of the first three, she had simply a throne engraved; on the reverse of the fourth, she desired to have a triumphal car; and on the reverse of the sixth, a goddess holding a sword in one hand and an olive-branch in the other, with the motto *Bello et Pace*. Daughter of James II., who was simple-minded and fierce, she was brutal.

And, at the same time, she was gentle at heart. A contradiction which is only one in appearance. A fit of anger metamorphosed her. Heat up sugar; it will boil.

Anne was popular. England loves female sovereigns. Wherefore? France excludes them. That is one reason already. Perhaps, after all, there is no other. For English historians, Elizabeth stands for greatness, Anne for goodness. As you please. Be it so. But there is nothing delicate in these feminine reigns. The lines are heavily drawn. It is gross greatness and gross goodness. As for their immaculate virtue, whereto England clings, we have nothing to say against it. Elizabeth is a virgin tempered by Essex, and Anne is a spouse complicated with Bolingbroke.

III.

ONE idiotic habit that peoples have, is attributing to the king what they do themselves. They fight. Whose is the glory? The king's. They pay. Whose the magnificence? The king's. And the peoples like to be rich in this fashion. The king receives from the poor a crown-piece, and renders back to the poor a farthing. How generous he is! The colossal pedestal looks up to the pigmy superstructure. How tall the manikin is! He is on my back. A dwarf has an excellent mode of being higher than a giant; it is to perch himself upon the other's shoulders. But that the giant should let him do it, there's the odd part of it; and that he should admire the baseness of the dwarf, there's the stupidity. Human ingenuousness!

The equestrian statue, reserved for kings alone, is an excellent type of royalty; the horse is the people. Only, the horse transfigures himself by degrees. At the beginning, he is an ass; at the end, he is a lion. Then he throws his rider to the ground, and we have 1642 in England, and 1789 in France; and sometimes he devours him, in which case we have in England 1649, and in France 1793.

That the lion can again become a jackass, this is surprising, but a fact. It was thus in England. The pack-saddle of royalist idolatry was once more put on. Queen Anne, as we have remarked, was popular. What did she to this end? Nothing. Nothing—this is all that is asked of England's sovereign. He receives, for this nothing at all, thirty millions of francs a year. In 1705, England, that had only thirteen vessels-of-war under Elizabeth, and thirty-six under James I., could count a hundred and fifty of them. The English had three armies: five thousand men in Catalonia, ten thousand in Portugal, fifty thousand in Flanders, besides which they paid forty millions per annum to monarchical and diplomatic Europe, a sort of woman of the town whom the English people have always had in keeping. The Parliament having voted a loan of thirty-four millions in contingent annuities, there was crowding at the Exchequer to subscribe to it. England was sending a squadron to the East Indies, and a squadron to the coasts of Spain under Admiral Leake, without reckoning a reserve of four hundred sail under Admiral Shovel. England had just amalgamated Scotland with herself. It was the period between Hochstet and Ramillies, and one of these victories seemed to foreshadow the other. England, in drawing that net at Hochstet, had made prisoners of twenty-seven battalions and four regiments of dragoons, and had taken away a hundred leagues of country from France, falling back, undone, from the Danube to the Rhine. England was stretching a hand to Sardinia and the Balearic Islands. She was bringing in triumph into her ports ten Spanish ships-of-the-line, and many a galleon freighted with gold. Hudson's Bay and Straits were already half-surrendered by Louis XIV.; it was supposed that he was about to give up also Acadia, St. Christopher, and Newfoundland, and that it would be a bit of too much good luck if England still left to Cape Breton the King of France fishing for cod. England was about to impose upon him the shame of demolishing himself the fortifications of Dunkirk. In the mean time, she had taken Gibraltar, and was taking Barcelona. How many great things accomplished! How can one help admiring Queen Anne, who took the trouble to live in those days?

From a certain point of view, Anne's reign seems to be a reaction from the reign of Louis XIV. Anne, for a moment parallel with that monarch in the conjuncture that is called history, bears to him a vague reflected resemblance. Like him, she figures in a grand reign. She has her monuments, her arts, her victories, her captains, her men of letters, her chest for pensioning celebrities, her gallery of masterpieces side by side with her own majesty. Her court also assumes in regard to her the form of a procession, and has its triumphal aspects, its order, its march. It is a miniature copy of all the great men of Versailles, already none too great. The still-life deception is there; let *God save the Queen!* be added, which might then have been borrowed from Lulli, and the whole picture becomes an illusion. Not a personage is wanting. Christopher Wren is a very passable Mansard; Somers is the equal of Lamoignon. Anne has a Racine who is Dryden, a Boileau who is Pope, a Colbert who is Godolphin, a Louvois who is Pembroke, and a Turenne who is Marlborough—though you must increase the size of the wigs and diminish that of the foreheads. Altogether, it is solemn and pompous; and Windsor, at that epoch, might have looked like a sham Marly. Every thing, however, is feminine; and the Father Tellier of Anne is called Sarah Jennings. For the rest, a dawning of their irony—which, fifty years later, will be philosophy—outlines itself in literature, and the Protestant Tartufe is unmasked by Swift, just as the Catholic Tartufe had been denounced by Molière. Notwithstanding also that, at this period, England quarrels with and defeats France, she imitates her and profits by her enlightenment; it is French light that shines upon the forehead of England. It is a pity that Anne's reign should have lasted only a dozen years; otherwise the English might easily have been persuaded to speak of the age of Anne as we speak of the age of Louis

XIV. Anne comes to the front in 1702, when Louis XIV. is declining. It is one of the curiosities of history, that the rising of this pale star coincides with the setting of that star of purple, and that, at the instant when France had her King Sun, England should have had her Queen Moon.

Another point to be noted. Louis XIV., though they were at war with him, was greatly admired in England. "He is the king that France wants," said the English. The Englishman's love for his liberty is mixed up with a certain recognition of another man's servitude. This kindly feeling toward the chains that bind a neighbor is pushed sometimes even to enthusiasm on behalf of a despot close at hand.

To sum up: Anne made her people "happy," as has been said thrice over, and with a gracious persistence, on pages six and nine of his dedication, and page three of his preface, by the French translator of Beeverel.

IV.

QUEEN ANNE had a slight grudge against the Duchess Josiane, for two reasons.

In the first place, because she found the Duchess Josiane pretty.

Secondly, because she found the Duchess Josiane's betrothed husband handsome.

Two grounds for jealousy suffice for a woman; one alone is enough for a Queen.

Let us add this. She bore her malice, for being her sister.

Anne did not approve of women being pretty. She considered it detrimental to morality.

As for herself, she was ugly.

Not from preference, however.

A part of her religion grew out of this ugliness.

Josiane, beautiful and philosophic, troubled the Queen.

For an ugly Queen, a pretty Duchess is not an agreeable sister.

There was another grievance, the *improper* origin of Josiane.

Anne was the daughter of Anne Hyde, simply a lady, legitimately, but unfortunately, espoused by James II., when he was Duke of York. Anne having some of this inferior blood in her veins, felt as though she were only half royal; Josiane, brought into the world altogether irregularly, made more conspicuous the mischance—less in itself, but real—of the Queen's birth. The offspring of a misalliance saw without pleasure, not far from herself, the offspring of bastardy. There was herein a disobliging resemblance. Josiane had the right to say to Anne: "My mother is just as good as yours." At court this was not said; but, evidently, it was thought. It was annoying for the royal majesty. Why this Josiane? How came she to think of being born? Of what use is a Josiane? Certain relationships are belittling.

Nevertheless, Anne bore herself pleasantly toward Josiane.

Perhaps she might have loved her, if they had not been sisters.

VI.

BARKILPHEDRO.

It is useful to know what people are about, and it is wise to keep an eye on them to some extent.

Josiane caused Lord David to be watched a little by a man of her own, in whom she had confidence, and whose name was Barkilphedro.

Lord David prudently caused Josiane to be observed by a man of his own, of whom he was sure, and whose name was Barkilphedro.

Queen Anne, for her part, secretly kept herself informed of the acts and movements of the Duchess Josiane, her bastard sister, and of Lord David, her future brother-in-law in a left-handed way, by a man of her own, on whom she could fully rely, and whose name was Barkilphedro.

This Barkilphedro had his fingers on these keys, Josiane,

Lord David, the Queen. One man between two women! What modulations were possible! What an amalgamation of souls!

Barkilphedro had not always occupied this splendid position for whispering into three ears.

He was an old servant of the Duke of York. He had aimed at being a man of the church, but had failed. The Duke of York, a Prince in England and in Rome, made up of kingly Popery and legal Anglicanism, had his Catholic household, and his Protestant household, and might have promoted Barkilphedro in the one or the other hierarchy, but that he did not think him Catholic enough for an almoner or Protestant enough for a chaplain. So that Barkilphedro found himself, between these two religions, with his soul on the floor.

This is not a bad position for certain souls of a reptile nature.

There are some roads that can only be travelled, crawling on the belly.

An obscure, but nutritious, domestic service was for some time the sole subsistence of Barkilphedro. Service is something, but he wanted power in addition. He was about to reach it, possibly, when James II. fell. All had to be begun over again. There was nothing to be done under William III., an awkward fellow, who had in his style of reigning a prudery which he mistook for integrity. Barkilphedro, his patron James having been dethroned, did not, all at once, come to rags. A certain something, that survives fallen monarchs, nourishes and sustains for a while their parasites. The remainder of the exhaustible sap keeps alive, for two or three days, at the ends of the limbs, the leaves of the uprooted tree; then suddenly the leaf grows yellow and dries up, and so does the courtier.

Thanks to that embalming called legitimacy, the prince himself, though fallen and cast quite away, holds on and maintains himself; it is not the same thing with the courtier, who is far more dead than the king. The king down there is a mummy; the courtier up here is a phantom. It is an extreme emaciation, to be the shadow of a shade. Accordingly, Barkilphedro became a starveling. Then he adopted the literary profession.

But he was driven out even of the kitchens. Sometimes he did not know where he should sleep. "Who shall take me from this sleeping out of doors?" said he. And he struggled on. All that is touching in patience under adversity he exhibited. He had, moreover, the talent of the little insect tree-borer, that knows how to bore upward from below. In profiting by the name of James II., his memories, his constancy, his kindness of heart, etc., he had bored his way up to the Duchess Josiane.

Josiane took a liking to this man of wretchedness and wit, two things that moved her. She presented him to Lord Dirry-Moir, gave him lodgings in the servants' quarters, attached him to her household, was kind to him, and sometimes even spoke to him. Barkilphedro was no longer cold or hungry. Josiane thee'd and thou'd him. It was the fashion for great ladies to thee and thou literary men, who permitted it. The Marquise de Mailly received, lying in bed, Roy whom she had never seen, and said to him—"It is thou that hast written L'Année Galante? Good-morning." At a later period the men of letters returned the theeing and thouing. The day came when Fabre d'Eglantine said to the Duchess de Rohan:

"Art thou not La Chabot?"

As for Barkilphedro, to be thee'd and thou'd was a triumph. He was intoxicated by it. He had aspired to this contemptuous familiarity.

—Lady Josiane thees and thous me! said he to himself. And he rubbed his hands together.

He took advantage of this theeing and thouing to gain ground. He became a sort of familiar in the private apartments of Josiane, never annoying her, quite unperceived; the duchess would almost have changed her chemise before him.

All this, however, was premeditated. Barkilphedro had aimed at a position. A duchess was a halfway point. The subterranean gallery that did not lead to the queen, as a piece of work, was a failure.

One day Barkilphedro said to Josiane:

— Would your Grace make my fortune?

— What dost thou wish? asked Josiane.

— Employment.

— Employment! for thee!

— Yes, Madam.

— What an idea that thou shouldst ask for employment!

Thou art good for nothing.

— It is for that reason that I ask for it.

Josiane laughed.

— Of all the occupations for which thou art not fit, which dost thou desire?

— That of uncorker of the bottles of the Ocean.

Josiane laughed the louder.

— What is that? Thou art quizzing me.

— No, Madam.

— I will amuse myself with answering thee seriously, said the duchess. What dost thou wish to be? Say it again.

— Uncorker of the bottles of the Ocean.

— All is possible at court. Is there such an office as that?

— Yes, Madam.

— Teach me something new. Go on.

— There is such an office.

— Swear it to me upon the soul that thou hast not.

— I swear it.

— I don't believe thee.

— Thanks, Madam.

— Then thou wouldst—? Begin over again.

— Unseal the bottles of the sea.

— That is an office which ought not to fatigue thee. It is like currying the Bronze Horse.

— Almost.

— Nothing to do. It is indeed a place that suits thee. Thou art fit for that.

— You see that I am fit for something.

— Ah! there, thou art making fun. There is really such an office?

Barkilphedro assumed an attitude of the most respectful gravity.

— Madam, you have an august father, James II., King, and an illustrious brother-in-law George of Denmark, Duke of Cumberland. Your father has been, and your brother-in-law is, Lord High Admiral of England.

— Are these the novelties that thou wast going to teach me? I know all this quite as well as thyself.

— But here is something your Grace does not know. There are in the sea three kinds of things—those which are at the bottom *Derelect*, those which float on the water *Flotsam*, and those which the waves cast upon the land, *Jetsam*.

— What else?

— These three things, *Derelect*, *Flotsam*, and *Jetsam*, belong to the Lord High Admiral.

— What else?

— Your Grace understands?

— Not a bit of it.

— All that is in the sea, that it swallows up, that floats upon it, and that it throws upon the strand, all belongs to the Admiral of England.

— All. Very well. Go on.

— Except the sturgeon, which belongs to the king.

— I should have thought, said Josiane, that all this belonged to Neptune.

— Neptune is an idiot. He has lost it all. He has let England take the whole of it.

— Finish thy recital.

— Prizes of the sea is the name given to these things picked up.

— Be it so.

— The store is inexhaustible. There is always something floating about, something cast ashore. This is the contribution of the sea. The sea pays tribute to England.

— I gladly consent. But conclude.

— Your Grace understands that this habit of the Ocean has created a bureau.

— Where is it?

— At the Admiralty.

— What bureau?

— The bureau of the prizes of the sea.

— Very well.

— The bureau is divided into three offices, *Derelect*, *Flotsam*, *Jetsam*; and for each office there is an office-holder.

— And then—

— A ship in the open sea would communicate something to the land—that it is sailing in such a latitude, that it has just encountered a marine monster, that it is in sight of a coast, that it is in distress, that it is going to capsize, that it is a total loss, et cetera; the captain takes a bottle, puts inside the scrap of paper on which he has written what he had to say, seals it up, and throws the bottle into the sea. If the bottle goes to the bottom, this concerns officer *Derelect*; if it floats, this concerns officer *Flotsam*; if it is carried ashore by the waves, this concerns officer *Jetsam*.

— And thou wouldst be officer *Jetsam*?

— Exactly.

— And this is what thou callest being uncorker of the bottles of the Ocean?

— Because there is such an office.

— Why dost thou desire this place more than the other two?

— Because it is vacant at this moment.

— In what consist its duties?

— Madam, in 1598, a bottle tarred over, which had been found by a conger-eel fisherman, in the quicksands of the strand of Epidium Promontorium, was carried to Queen Elizabeth; and a parchment which was drawn from the bottle gave information to England that Holland had taken possession, without saying any thing about it, of an unknown country, Nova Zembla; that this occupation had occurred in June, 1596; that in this country the discoverers had been devoured by the bears; and that their manner of passing the winter had been written down on a paper enclosed in a musket-case, hanging up in a chimney of the wooden building erected, and left on the island by the Hollanders, who were all dead; and that this chimney was made of a cask with the heads knocked out, built in the roof.

— I understand but little of thy rigmale.

— Be it so. Elizabeth understood it. One country more for Holland was one country less for England. That a bottle had imparted the information, was thought a very important matter. And from that day the order was issued, that whoever should find a sealed bottle on the sea-shore should carry it to the Admiral of England, under pain of the gallows. The admiral detailed an officer for opening these bottles, who communicated their contents to her Majesty, when there was occasion for it.

— Do these bottles often come to the Admiralty?

— Rarely. But this is of no moment. The office exists. It has assigned to it a chamber and lodging at the Admiralty.

— And this way of doing nothing, what do they pay for it?

— A hundred guineas a year.

— And thou annoyest me for that?

— It is the means of living.

— Like a beggar.

— In a manner becoming to people of my class.

— A hundred guineas, it is a mere puff!

— What supports you for a minute supports us for a year, us fellows. This is the advantage of being poor.

— Thou shalt have the place. Eight days afterward, thanks to the good-will of Josiane, thanks to the position of Lord David Dirry-Moir, Barkilphedro, saved henceforth, rescued from the precarious, placing his foot upon solid ground, lodged, his expenses paid, salaried with a hundred guineas a year, was installed at the Admiralty.

VII.

BARKILPHEDRO SHOWN UP.

THERE is one thing that never fails—that is ingratitude.

Barkilphedro was not wanting herein.

Having received so many acts of kindness from Lady Josiane, naturally he had but one thought—that of avenging himself for them.

Let us add that Josiane was pretty, great, young, rich, powerful, illustrious; and that Barkilphedro was ugly, squat, old, poor, dependent, obscure. It was matter of urgent necessity, that he should avenge himself for that also.

When one's whole being is darkness, how shall one pardon such brilliancy of light?

Barkilphedro had but one thing in his favor, a big belly.

A big belly is accepted as the sign of a benevolent disposition. But the belly aggravated Barkilphedro's hypocrisy. For this man was a sad reprobate.

What was Barkilphedro's age? Any. The age necessary for the matter in hand. He was old in wrinkles and gray hair, and young in elasticity of mind. He was alert and heavy, a monkeyish hippopotamus. Royalist, certainly; republican, who knows? Catholic, perhaps; Protestant, beyond a doubt. For the Stuarts, probably; for the house of Brunswick, undeniably. To be for avails nothing, unless at the same time one may be against. Barkilphedro practised this wisdom.

The office of "uncorker of the bottles of the Ocean" was not so absurd as Barkilphedro had seemed to make it out. The reclamations, which to-day we should call declamations, of Garcia-Ferrandez in his *Ocean Chart* against the spoliation of stranded vessels, called the *Right of Wreck*, and against the pillage of waifs by the people of the coast, had made a sensation in England, and had brought about this improvement for the shipwrecked—that their goods, chattels, and effects, instead of being stolen by the country-folk, were confiscated by the Lord Admiral.

All the rubbish cast up by the sea on the English coast, merchandise, hulls of ships, bales, boxes, etc., belonged to the Lord Admiral; but, and herein came to light the importance of the position sought by Barkilphedro, the floating bottles containing messages or other information attracted the particular attention of the Admiralty. Shipwrecks constituted one of the grave concerns of England. Navigation being its life, shipwreck was its peculiar care. The English waters were in a constant state of disquietude. The little glass bottle thrown to the waves from a foundering vessel bore a supreme token, precious in every point of view. Token of the ship, token of the crew, token of the spot, the hour and the manner of the shipwreck, token of the winds that had buffeted the vessel, token of the currents that had borne the floating flask ashore. The office that Barkilphedro filled has been abolished more than a century; but it was really a useful one. The last incumbent was William Hussey, of Dodington in Lincolnshire. The man who held this office was a sort of reporter of the affairs of the sea. All the close and sealed-up vases, bottles, flasks, jars, thrown upon the English shore by the tide, were sent to him; he alone had the right to open them; he was the first to learn the secret they contained; he classified and labelled them in his registry; the phrase to *lodge a paper at the registry*, yet in use in the Channel Islands, has this derivation. Indeed, a precaution had been taken in the matter. No receptacle could be unsealed and

uncorked, except in presence of two sworn officials of the Admiralty bound to secrecy, who signed, jointly with the incumbent of the *Jetsam* office, the record of the opening. But these sworn officials being held to secrecy, it resulted that Barkilphedro had a certain discretionary latitude; it depended upon him, up to a certain point, whether a fact should be suppressed or brought to light.

The fragile waifs were far from being, as Barkilphedro had told Josiane, unfrequent and inconsiderable. Now they reached the land in good time, and again after some years. This depended on the winds and currents. This custom of throwing bottles to the waves, like that of votive pictures, has gone a little into disuse; but, in these religious days, all who were about to die freely transmitted in this manner their latest thought to God and man; and sometimes these missives of the deep abounded at the Admiralty. A parchment kept at the chateau of Audlyene (old spelling), and annotated by the Earl of Suffolk, High Treasurer of England under James I., states that, in the year 1615 alone, fifty-two tarred gourds, bladders, and the like, making mention of ships in disaster, had been reported and entered upon the register of the Lord Admiral.

Service at court is like a drop of oil that continually goes on spreading itself. Thus it is that the porter gets to be a chancellor, and the ostler gets to be Lord High Constable. The special officer, who filled the place sought for and obtained by Barkilphedro, had been habitually a confidential person. Elizabeth had so wished it. At court, confidence means intrigue, and intrigue means promotion. This functionary had ended in being a person of some consequence. He was a clerk, and took rank immediately after the two grooms of the Almoner. He had admission to the palace, although we should add that it was called the "humble entry," *humilis introitus*, and even to the bedchamber. For the usage had been that he should inform the royal person, when the thing was worth the trouble, of these picked-up objects, often very curious things, wills of dying people, farewells waved to one's native land, revelations of barratry and offences against maritime law, legacies to the Crown, etc.; so that he kept up a communication between his registry and the Court, and rendered, from time to time, an account to his Majesty of this unsealing of unlucky bottles. It was the dark bureau of the Ocean.

Elizabeth, who spoke Latin with facility, asked Tamfeld, of Coley in Berkshire, the *Jetsam* officer of his time, when he had brought to her one of these old papers cast up by the sea—*Quid mihi scribit Neptunus?* What does Neptune write to me?

The boring had at last been finished. The little tree-borer had succeeded. Barkilphedro approached the person of the Queen.

It was all he desired.

To make his fortune?

Not at all.

To pull down that of others.

Happiness far greater.

There is enjoyment in mischief.

It is not given to everybody to have a vague but implacable desire for mischief, and never to lose sight of it. Barkilphedro had this tenacity.

The idea held him with the grip of the bull-dog's mouth.

It gave him a sombre satisfaction at heart to feel himself relentless. Let him but have a victim in his fangs, or the certainty of doing evil in his heart, and he wanted nothing more.

He shivered contentedly, in the hope that other people were cold.

There is opulence in being wicked. Such a man, though we may think him poor, and he is so, indeed, has all his wealth in malignity, and likes it so. All is in the contentment one possesses. To do a bad turn—it is the same thing with doing

a good turn—is more than money. Hard on the sufferer, happy for the doer. Catesby, the accomplice of Guy Fawkes in the papist Gunpowder Plot, said: "Let me only see Parliament blow up, with its four feet in the air. I would not exchange that for a million sterling."

What was this Barkilphedro? All that was little and all that was terrible. An envious man.

Envy is always found at court.

Court abounds in sauce-boxes, in people out of work, in rich idlers famishing for gossip, in searchers for needles in haystacks, in dealers in wretchedness, in biters bit, in sprightly fools who have the talk of an envious man in request.

What a refreshing thing is the evil that one says of others!

Envy is good material for making a spy.

There is a subtle analogy between this natural passion, envy, and this social function of playing the spy. The spy conducts the sport on behalf of others, like the dog; the envious man hunts on his own account, like the cat.

"A ferocious myself is the substance of the envious man."

For his other qualities, Barkilphedro was prudent, secretive, adhesive. He held on to every thing, and busied himself with his hatred. An inordinate baseness implies an inordinate vanity. He was liked by those whom he amused, and hated by others; but he was conscious of being disdained by such as hated him, and scorned by such as liked him. He was under perfect self-control. All his antagonisms bubbled up noiselessly in his vengeful submission. He was indignant—as if scoundrels had that right! He was silently a prey to the furies. To swallow every thing was his talent. He had secret internal rages, frenzies of concealed passion, of dark and smothered flames, which no one perceived; his was a fiery soul that consumed its own smoke. The surface smiled. He was obliging, earnest, facile, good-tempered, complaisant. No matter to whom, no matter where, he bowed. He swayed to the ground at a puff of wind. What a source of fortune it is to have a reed for the spinal column!

These secretive and venomous creatures are not so rare as one might suppose. We live with them gliding about all around us. Why these hurtful beings? Baffling question! The dreamer is constantly propounding it to himself, and the thinker has never answered it. Hence the sad look of the philosopher, forever fixed on that mountain of shadows which is his destiny, and from the top of which the colossal spectre of evil lets fall handfuls of serpents upon the earth.

Barkilphedro had an obese body and a lean visage. His trunk was heavy, and his face bony. He had short, furrowed finger-nails, knotty fingers, flat thumbs, coarse hair, a considerable space from one temple to the other, and the forehead of a murderer, wide and low. His half-opened eye concealed the insignificance of his look, under bushy eyebrows. His nose, long, pointed, crooked, and flabby, extended nearly to his mouth. Barkilphedro, suitably dressed as a Roman emperor, would have slightly resembled Domitian. His rusty yellow countenance looked as if modelled of a viscous paste; his immobile cheeks resembled putty; he had all manner of ugly, furrowed wrinkles; his jaw was massive, his chin heavy, his ear vulgar. In repose, seen in profile, the upper lip was raised at an angle, so as to disclose two teeth. These teeth seemed to look at you. The teeth looked, even as the eye bit.

Patience, temperance, faith, reserve, moderation, suavity, diffidence, sweetness, polish, sobriety, chastity, finished and rounded off Barkilphedro. He calumniated these virtues in possessing them.

Barkilphedro very soon got a footing at court.

VIII.

INFERI.

At court, you may gain a footing in two ways. In the clouds, you are august; in the wind, you have power.

In the former case, you hail from Olympus; in the second, from the wardrobe.

He who is of Olympus has only the thunderbolt; he who is of the wardrobe has the police.

The wardrobe contains all the instruments of authority, and sometimes—for it is traitorous—of vengeance. Nero happened to die in one. It, then, bears a less decent name.

As a general thing, it is not so tragic. It is there that Albéroni admires Vendôme. The wardrobe becomes readily a place of audience for loyal personages. It serves the purpose of the throne. Louis XIV. receives therein the Duchess of Burgundy; Philip V. therein is cheek by jowl with the queen. The priest penetrates there. The wardrobe is sometimes a branch establishment of the confessional.

This is why there are fortunes in low conditions at court. Nor are these the smallest.

If you would be great, under Louis XI., be Pierre de Rohan, Marshal of France; if you would have influence, be Oliver le Daim, barber. If, under Marie de Médicis, you would be glorious, be Sillery, chancellor; if you would be of importance, be La Hannou, chambermaid. If you would be illustrious under Louis XV., be Choiseul, minister; if you would be redoubtable, be Lebel, valet. Given Louis XIV., Bontemps who made his bed for him was more powerful than Louvois who made him his armies, and Turenne who made him his victories. Take away Father Joseph from Richelieu, and behold Richelieu almost empty. He has mystery on his side at least. His scarlet eminence is superb; his gray eminence is terrible. To be a worm—what force! All the Narvaez, blended with all the O'Donnells, do less work than one Sister Patrocinio.

For instance, the condition of this power is littleness. If you would remain strong, remain insignificant. Be nothing at all. The serpent, coiled up in repose, typifies at once the infinite and zero.

One of these reptile fortunes had fallen to the lot of Barkilphedro.

He had trailed himself just where he wished.

Flat creatures enter everywhere. Louis XIV. had bugs in his bed, and Jesuits in his political machine.

Of incompatibility, not a bit.

In this world every thing is pendulum. To gravitate is to oscillate. One pole must have the other. Francis I. must have Triboulet; Louis XV. must have Lebel. There exists a deep-rooted affinity between this extreme of height and this extreme of abasement.

It is the abasement that directs. Nothing is easier of comprehension. He who is below pulls the strings.

No position more convenient.

You are the eye, and you have the ear.

You are the eye of the government.

You have the ear of the king.

To have the king's ear, is to draw and undraw, at your own fancy, the bolt of the royal conscience, and to cram into this conscience just what you please. The king's mind is your cupboard. If you are a rag-gatherer, it is the basket at your back. The ear of kings does not belong to kings, which is the reason why, in short, these poor devils are but slightly responsible. He, who is not master of his thought, is not master of his action. A king—he obeys.

What?

Some wicked soul or other, that from outside buzzes in his ear. Rueful fly of perdition!

This buzzing exercises sway. A reign is a dictation.

The loud voice is the sovereign; the low voice is the sovereignty.

Those are the true historians, who, in a reign, can distinguish this low voice, and hear what it breathes into the loud voice.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER VI.—IMPOSITIONS AND EXACTIONS.

ALEXANDER was the very ambassador to send to a damsel in distress. He had spirits enough to cheer a bevy of ladies in tribulation. Though he had studied hard, there was no sign of the desk or a trait of bookishness about him; you might have fancied he was bred in a deer-forest, or brought up for a dragoon. He was too free from foppery to suggest the idea of a lady's man, but in competition for lady's favor he would have been a formidable antagonist to nine-tenths of the finest gentlemen in May Fair.

It need hardly be said that Miss Evelyn had interested, if not fascinated him, too, as well as Woodville; indeed much more, for Woodville was chiefly touched by her distress and filial affection, but Alexander was attracted also by the stronger traits of her character. Then, as he had none of his friend's oddities or weaknesses, her piercing eye had no terrors for him; he could meet undaunted the penetrating glances before which the sensitive Woodville quailed. She might look through and through him, if she thought it worth the trouble.

He certainly decided right when he decided to take the bull by the horns, and it had the advantage of making him doubly agreeable in the lady's eyes, for it saved her from the difficulty she really felt, daring as she was, about placing that big bundle of papers in his hands. It was lying on Mr. Evelyn's table, nicely tied up, when Alexander entered, and the red tape caught his eye immediately.

The first thing he did was to repeat the encouraging message which Woodville had given him, and Alexander's voice was as cheery as his countenance; his voice and smile together were like a merry marriage-bell on a bright May morning. In a moment he made Miss Evelyn feel that she had no reason to be so dejected as she visibly was.

"I have really been very uneasy," she said, "and I cannot tell you how deeply indebted I feel to your friend."

"He is very happy," said Alexander, with a little exaggeration, "to be able to be of any use to your father by remaining here; and not to be behind him, I hope, Miss Evelyn, you will believe that it will make me equally happy to be of any service in my power to him at Turin or elsewhere. I hope you will be perfectly frank with me."

Whether stars can sing or not, eyes can dance; at least, Miss Evelyn's certainly did at this cordial speech. At the same time she blushed slightly, hesitated a little, looked thoughtful, and smiled again brighter than ever before she answered.

"I will be frank with you, Mr. Alexander—so frank as even to confess, what, perhaps, I ought to be ashamed to confess, that I had intended to tax your kindness before you proffered it; but I do hope you will impute it all to my anxiety about my father, I am sure you will. I dare say you have observed how little fit he is for business, even when he is in health; his tastes don't lie in that way at all; business crushes him, and when there are papers to be read, and studied, and digested, they make him positively ill."

"I am not at all surprised at it," said Alexander; "a man with your father's tastes would digest the Bodleian library easier than those few documents which I see lying on the table."

"Those few documents!" cried Miss Evelyn, her eyes dancing again. "Oh, but I am so glad to hear you call them so, for they are the very papers I refer to; I was so afraid they would frighten you—they are not so few, I assure you, but, at all events, they are a mountain to my poor father."

"Can you give me a general idea of the nature of the mountain?" said Alexander.

"Well, indeed, I think I can; at least I will try."

Then she told him a short story of a matter which had long been in dispute between one of the Vaudois pastors and the Piedmontese Government about a site for a school; it had long been the subject of litigation, but, though the law was found to be in favor of the pastor, there were still difficulties with the Government. The English minister at Turin was as friendly as possible, but indeed she fancied he was not much more given to papers than her father; at least year after year had passed, and interview after interview, papers and letters always multiplying, and nothing was done. This year a fresh crop of documents had turned up, and Mr. Evelyn was to have another

interview with the envoy, about the result of which he was sanguine; but he no sooner resumed the study of the papers, to refresh his memory and put them in order, than he caught that provoking cold, and the case was in imminent danger of lying over for another twelve-month.

"But remember," she added, "you must see Mr. Eglamour, the minister, himself; it won't do to see any of the attachés; when once a thing gets into the chancery of a legation, there is an end of it."

"Or rather, perhaps, no end of it," said Alexander, "as in another Chancery with which I am better acquainted. Is the minister friendly?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly; and he is a cleverish man enough, only not paperish, any more than my father. He would rather read one of Mademoiselle Scuderi's folio romances than a protocol or a page of a blue-book."

"The matter ought not to be very unmanageable, as the legal obstacles have been got rid of."

"Do you know, Mr. Alexander, I often think it would be clear enough—only for the papers."

"That is highly probable," said Alexander, laughing.

"When do you go?"

"My calèche is at the door."

"This is parting very soon," she said, placing the documents in his hands; "but indeed we shall never forget your kindness. You will return here, I presume, to rejoin Mr. Woodville?"

"I wish I could promise myself that pleasure, but I doubt if it will be possible. My friend has arranged to meet me at Turin."

"Return if you can; if not, I must only trust that we may meet again. I have written a few letters for you to our friends in the Valleys; one is to the pastor of Bobbio, a fine old man, and a great friend of ours. I do hope you will go there, and, if you do, you will be sure to see a charming boy in whom we are greatly interested, an orphan, and namesake of the famous Arnaud, whom you heard my father speak of. He is a noble little fellow; and, if you see him, you won't forget to give him my love. Thank you, Mr. Alexander—thank you again and again."

She gave him her hand cordially, not the least sentimentally, and cordially, not sentimentally, Alexander returned its warm pressure. While her hand was still in his, though it was but for an instant, she looked thoughtful, as if she had something still to say, and scrupled to say it.

"Is there any thing, Miss Evelyn? Be frank with me to the last."

"I will," she replied, resolutely; "there is something else, but indeed it is not much. At one of the inns which you will probably stop at, my stupid maid left a little book behind her—you won't laugh at me?—an account-book, in green leather, labelled with the word Bobbio. Pray inquire for it, and send it to me by the post, if you find it."

They parted, to meet again, but not for a very long time, and under greatly altered circumstances.

Alexander returned to his own apartment to say adieu to Woodville.

"Good heavens!" cried the artist, with both arms raised, like Dominie Samson uttering his familiar exclamation, when he saw in one of his friend's hands the bundle of papers, while the other was full of letters.

"It out-herods Herod, does it not?" said Alexander, diverted beyond measure at his friend's horror. "But I'm off; take care of the old gentleman, study the young lady, find out all about them, and take the likeness for me, if not for yourself."

"Deuce take me, if I do," cried Woodville, knocking the table when his friend was gone. "I hope Miss Evelyn has found out by this time that it was well she had not the Leone d'Oro all to herself."

But his friend's composure was contagious, he got calmer presently. Poor Woodville, when his fits of irritability were over, was painfully conscious of his infirmity, and greatly envied Alexander that happier temperament of his which takes life, like a bride, for better, for worse, surmounts obstacles by facing them with a light heart, and on which responsibilities sit as lightly as on a railway director.

As he saw very little now of the lady—she spent so much of her time in her father's room—the artist's opportunities of studying her character were slight in proportion, and the little occurrences of the day seemed always to be throwing cross-lights upon it. One of these

incidents might easily have led to something unpleasant, if not an actual rupture, if, fortunately, Hannah had not acted the part of a buffer and borne the brunt of the collision.

The young lady, being very exact herself, had already been provoked by Woodville's medical directions, thinking them much too vague, but she had taken care not to let him see how his loose practice displeased her. The night, however, before the doctor came, Mr. Evelyn was to take a few drops of some sedative tincture or another to compose him to sleep, if sleep refused to come of itself. On this occasion Morpheus was obstinate and would not come, so Miss Evelyn sent her maid to Woodville's room to know how many drops were to be taken.

"Four or five, or six, according to circumstances," replied Woodville, through the door; for he was just stepping into bed. In a minute Hannah was back again. Her mistress begged to know how many drops exactly.

"Five, then," cried Woodville, impatiently, as he was in the act of putting his candle out; "five, in a glass of water."

He had scarcely laid his head on his pillow, when there was another tapping, to know what sort of glass he meant.

He now bounced out of bed, and it was only a wonder that in his excitement he did not open the door and complete his orders in his night-gear, but he had just calmness enough left to spare Hannah's bashfulness so severe a trial. His commotion was only apparent in the tone with which he answered—

"Five drops in a wine-glass of water. I hope you understand that?"

"Yes, sir, *now* I do," replied Hannah, as she ran away.

"Impertinent hussey!" he growled, as he groped his way back to bed, which, as usual, he did not effect without upsetting his table with the candlestick and every thing else that was on it. But it was with the mistress he was enraged, and he was profane enough to call her a pert minx and a presumptuous chit of a girl twenty times over before he fell asleep.

The next morning the young lady had the good feeling to apologize, but it was for her maid!

"What a cunning little thing you are!" thought Woodville; but he was not the less disarmed, and obliged to refrain from the rub he had resolved to give her.

Perhaps something in his face told her that he had been offended, for she quickly added:

"I know you take me, Mr. Woodville, for a very dry, precise, matter-of-fact, methodical sort of a person; and, indeed, perhaps I am; but my father is partly to blame, for he is just the reverse, he has not a notion of order or regularity; so I have to do all the precision, as Mrs. Thrale had to do all the politeness when she travelled with Dr. Johnson; and then, you must know, I was actually educated for an old maid, by a worthy aunt of mine, who was one herself, and nothing less than a piece of clock-work in petticoats. My father used to say that her heart was a pendulum, and he was sure, if her hands were measured, one would be found long and the other short, like the hands of a watch. It was the same excellent woman who taught me figures, the accomplishment you heard my father joking about the other night."

"And a very valuable one it is," said Woodville.

"It ought to be," she replied, "when it is the only accomplishment a poor girl has. But do you know, Mr. Woodville, I believe I have a grain of romance in me, after all."

"I am sure you have," said the artist, and he was really sincere in saying it.

"At least I have my dreams and fancies like other people, and I would be so glad to tell you one of them, if you will take me out on the water for an hour; my father is disposed to sleep, and I want a little fresh air."

"You do indeed," said Woodville, feelingly, for he saw she was looking pale and worn with the confinement and anxiety. "An hour on the water will do you good."

She ran away to put on her things, but ran back in a moment, and said, in her prettiest, winningest way—

"Would it be taxing you too much to ask you to make a sketch for me—ever so rough a one?"

It was not a very heavy taxation. Woodville promised to do his best, and went for his sketch-book while she was putting on her things, and in a few minutes they were paddling on the lake.

"You must know," said the lady, beginning the conversation, "I have a fancy of old standing, at least as old as my acquaintance with Orta; I might almost call it a plan. My fancy is, to build myself some day or another, when I get tired of the world, a cottage, or a *châlet*, or a house of some kind or other, on this dear little lake, and I want you to sketch the spot for me from the water, for I have actually made up my mind where it is to be."

The artist smiled, and Miss Evelyn directed the boatman to the proper point of view.

"Salvator himself could not have chosen better," said Woodville, when they reached it.

"And the view it commands is no less fine, I assure you; that is the great point."

Woodville did a thing of this kind rapidly. The sketch was made in twenty minutes, and he promised to put in the details and do the coloring before he left Orta.

"And pray consider for me," she said, "what sort of a house it ought to be, to suit the scenery."

"Does your romance really go to the length of a cottage?" said Woodville.

She laughed, and replied, "Well, indeed, perhaps it had better be a villa."

"I thought so," said the artist to himself, and then told her that he thought a villa would be the correct thing, as they were on the Italian side of the Alps.

Without his pencil he would have been badly off during the many solitary hours he had now on his hands. Notwithstanding his peevish vow, after finishing the sketch for Miss Evelyn and putting in the villa, he took her likeness, as his friend had requested.

As in the case of his wayside picture, it was not so much a sketch of what she then was, as of what he imagined she would be in the lapse of time sufficient to develop the opening girl into the full-blown woman. He speculated on the changes which ten or a dozen years would probably make; he made the nose more commanding, he rounded, solidified, and doubled the chin, he amplified the bust, and the result was a fair and portly lady, stately and independent rather than haughty, and fit to be the centre of life and activity to a goodly family or a large estate. The eyes were his great embarrassment, and if he could with propriety have made one sentimental and the other calculative he would have done it. As it was, he could only compromise between a sparkle of romance and a shrewd eye to the main chance. A touch here and a touch there made the poetical or the speculative expression alternately prevail. It was wonderful what changes of character Miss Evelyn's countenance underwent according to the artist's mood, often influenced by his last interview with her. In fact, the expression of the eyes was still unsettled when, to his inexpressible relief, the doctor from Milan came.

To increase his satisfaction, he found in him an old acquaintance, whom he had quite forgotten, of his medical-student days. They agreed to dine together, and Woodville had now the opportunity he so much desired of learning something of Mr. Evelyn's history.

FOR RICHER—FOR POORER.

THE great Rumsey wedding had been followed by unlooked-for consequences. Who could have supposed that, in less than five years, the young gentleman and the young lady, who, on that occasion, figured as bridegroom and as bride, would have been striking about in deep waters, struggling for life! Why, it seemed as if the newspapers would never have done discussing the bridal gifts and festivities. They had a way of talking freely about such matters in the public prints in those days, but I cannot be persuaded that Jane really furnished the reporters with lists of the articles of her *trousseau*, or that she had an inventory taken of the presents sent to her from good friends, far and near. I knew it was a custom which prevailed quite extensively—somehow *every thing* got into the papers—but Miss Barnard was not a vulgar person, the love given her was more precious than gold and diamonds, and, I think, it must have pained her when *they* were brought forward so conspicuously in connection with the celebration of her marriage.

The day on which he married Jane Barnard was a great day to Philip Rumsey. She was the topmost spray of an old family tree which had been noted long for loftiness. That he, a poor artist, should have been encouraged, by any circumstances, to tell Jane that he loved her, would never cease to be a wonder to himself. But he was wishing heartily, within the five years spoken of, that he had never found the courage to tell it. It is often so with us; the good fortune which we would secure at the cost of life, proves, when we have it at a price somewhat less, more than we can manage, or make use of.

It was because his pictures did not sell, and he had counted on their selling. Philip had not failed to tell Jane, at the outset, that his fortune consisted in his canvas, paints, and brushes. She had thought, and said, that no better fortune was to be asked than lay in them. If such a one, and such another, received twenty thousand dollars for vastly inferior pictures, who would venture to say what *he* might not receive? Jane's courage and enthusiasm were the finest tribute Rumsey had ever received, and, while receiving it, he thought, with infinite scorn, on scrubby critics, and that Public, the patron who might interfere with his fate.

But, after a lapse of five disappointing years, the aspect of things had greatly changed.

As soon as it began to look as though Philip and Jane might depend on him to any serious degree, Mr. Barnard, the venerable father of Miss Jane, made it evident to the pair that such dependence was not to be thought of. And, to convince them of his earnestness, he shoved them off, by considerably lessening the allowance which hitherto he had granted them.

His manner of doing this made it very evident that he was disgusted with his son-in-law. Indeed, he said, in so many words, that if Philip was not able to support his wife, her father would take her home again; but, if he did so, it would be with the understanding that the separation between them was a final one.

It was at this crisis, as it might be called, when Jane had indignantly refused her father's offer, that her husband began to borrow money here and there, and to rejoice in the discovery that his credit was good. Thus, for a time, all went smoothly with them, and the wife, not knowing what good fortune had befallen them, satisfied that money was forthcoming when needed, talked about her husband, and thought about him, with the pride one feels in the success of the nearest and dearest. She especially experienced sensations of triumph when she spoke of Mr. Rumsey to her father, and quoted the opinions entertained by good authorities of his genius and skill. The old gentleman had never been a patron of art, and had no reply to make to this talk; the only thing that he could say to the purpose was, that, if Rumsey could support his family by his profession, it would be a fortunate thing for them all around.

For a year after Philip had made the discovery about his credit, all went well with our friends—so well that the little lines of worry, which had now and then appeared on Jane's face, and threatened permanence, entirely disappeared. Philip worked with unflagging diligence in his studio, concealing his desperation so well, that his wife had only the diligence to disturb her. When she expostulated, he said, "These are my best days. I must work while the sun shines"—but, poor fellow, he was thinking that the sun would never come out of the cloud and strike the fog which environed him. He seemed to be happy in his work; but if he had dared to touch on that point in the hearing of any mortal, he would have made a dismal revelation. And yet his condition was blissful, as he perceived, when compared with that to which he was reduced as soon as his creditors began to exhibit anxiety in regard to their loans. One of these, suspecting the state of affairs because Philip avoided him, began to be very pertinacious; and Philip, of course, resented that. Jane had been building so confidently on her husband's success and fame during this year, that she

bravely endeavored, in her ignorance, to stay this rising trouble—vainly, of course—since there is but one way of ridding yourself of a pertinacious dun, and that is, by paying him what you owe.

Dismayed by her lack of success, fighting in the dark as she was, the wife's attitude toward her husband was one of entreaty. "For Heaven's sake, Philip, don't fail!" she seemed to say.

The appeal, based on loyal confidence, had its effect on him. Not a pleasing effect. Philip was so disgusted at his inability to control Fortune and command her favors, that the next friend who asked for the payment of what he owed excited all the ferocity that was in him, and, mild man though he was, he had enough of "forest ranger" in him to make his creditor indignant when he made it manifest. Thus he lost a friend, and the loss embittered him.

And so matters went on; it seemed inevitable that they should go from bad to worse, till there was perfect chaos and ruin.

Philip had, of course, real ability as an artist. I say, *of course*, because he had already accomplished what is never accomplished without ability, he had found an enthusiastic and proud admirer in his wife, and thoroughgoing abuse, as well as intelligent blame and praise, of critics. But the progress he was making answered as poorly his expectations as it answered his needs. He had calculated on high flights before he had tested his power to run well. Such skill as he had up to this time exhibited was the skill which may be acquired without the exercise of great patience. He despised plodding, not knowing what he did. One would have been slow to predict for him the joy of the adventurous explorer who finds the oasis in the desert, because it seemed likely that he would keep to the forest borders, rather than strike out boldly across the sands for the promised land. Plodding is the sacrifice which genius devoutly offers to the great God-power—in despising it, Philip of course knew not what he did. Perhaps the excessive praise of well-meaning but not over-wise friends, when he was quite young, praise so lavishly bestowed that the doing of what men call a "great work" would hardly have justified it, fostered his self-conceit to a degree that no amount of success would have surprised or even satisfied it.

So here he was in his twenty-seventh year, harboring this Ishmaelitish notion that he was neither understood nor appreciated, and that he was in the world too soon, and going to prove a failure because there was no demand for really good pictures.

He wrapped himself up in his gloom and awaited eclipse in silence, and it came with a rapidity on which even he had not calculated. Thus, a picture on which he had lavished months of labor was sent from the exhibition walls to an auction-room, and there sold for seventy-five dollars. It was enough to make any sane man mad.

Mr. Green's surprising works, dashed off in a day and sold at the same time, brought three times the sum. Reflect on that for a moment.

Philip thought of Haydon and Tom Thumb, and he did not seek the remedy of the former. But he said to his wife, who by some mischance had become possessed of the newspaper which contained an account of the sale, "I have a little self-respect left, Jane, if I have none for the art-knowledge of this city. I shall send no more pictures to exhibitions, or to auction-rooms. The dear public have seen the last of me for one while."

The dear public would have smiled to hear him. What did it care? It had not asked him for any thing, and if he persisted in giving what it did not want, why, he must not expect an excessive display of gratitude.

The young lady, his wife, to whom he communicated his resolve, tried bravely to smile, but, failing in that, said with determined spirit:

"There must be good judges of good pictures somewhere,

Phil. Come! we'll search to the world's end rather than give up beaten."

"The journey would be a short one," thought Philip, ruefully, "unless we went on foot and begged our bread by the way." He could not say this to Jane, but he brought himself to say a thing much more cruel, which was this: "I can't think of any thing better for you, dear, than to go back to your father. He invited you to come. We shall be obliged to do something desperate—and I don't want to do any thing by halves. This I confess, is the most desperate thing that I can think of."

He spoke without looking at his wife, and was thankful, though rather surprised, that she neither fainted nor broke out into crying. It had been for some time evident to him that they must make a move, and this was the last day they would be able to remain in their present lodgings, since the sale of *Hagar* had brought him only chagrin.

"We must go somewhere," he continued in a dry, hard voice. "It costs too much to stay here, and I—" here he broke down—after all, he could not put the fact into words—could not say to Jane that he was unable to support her.

It was now her turn to speak.

"You think that I had better go back to my father?"

"I do."

"You will be better off, if you are rid of me, dear?"

He turned angrily toward her, and at that she laughed outright. It was a wise thing to do; he looked so desperate, and she felt so at her wit's end, that a laugh was the best thing possible. Tragedy was becoming too tragic.

"I'm very glad that you don't insist upon it," said she in a moment. "You really mean, Mr. Secretary of the Treasury, that we are without funds necessary to go on?"

"Jane, don't question me further."

"Pride and poverty, I have always heard, have a tough time of it together."

"Am I not sufficiently humiliated? Pride! I haven't enough to keep me from saying all this to you!"

Philip found it comparatively easy to say this though, for Jane had turned away from him and was exhibiting the "versatility" for which she had always been remarkable by giving her attention to the fine things in her bureau-drawers. She now looked into their depths with an intentness which indicated search, or indecision; at last she took up hastily a jewel-box and walked rapidly to her husband.

"Philip," she said, a fine color mounting to her handsome face, "we were married once—and here's the evidence that it was considered quite an event. What a jam it was!"

"A fortunate thing for you, that! The most brilliant match of the season—two thousand cards out—more or less—wasn't that what they said in the papers?"

"How can you tattle so? fortunate? I don't think it was. Perhaps it would have been if we had really been married, and you hadn't kept your own counsel in this shameful manner. We will be married over again now, if you please, and here's a wedding gift for you, which won't get talked about in the papers. For richer for poorer this time, and till death us do part. You don't want me to go. You would be lost if I went. What *would* become of you, Phil?"

Then both were silent. What could a poor fellow say with such a wedding-gift as that mass of precious things which she had poured into his lap, he by stress of circumstances compelled to accept them? As for Jane, she had come to the end of words. But a long time after that day of her second marriage, as she always called it, she was saying to herself, over and over again, "For richer, for poorer—" and thinking what weighty meaning was in the words.

These young persons now went into less conspicuous quarters than they had hitherto occupied. In a measure they were lost to sight. It is quite easy to die in a great city; nobody expostulates with you if you are resolved upon it.

The wonder is how any one lives on when dying is so easy. How beautifully modest too it is, to retire in silence!

They lived on their bridal jewels, when these had been transformed into bread-fruit, and each in the eyes of the other became more lustrous and beautiful, as if crystal and pearl had by some surprising process become transformed into blood, bone, and tissue.

As time went on, they continued to "hold their own," and to pay as they went, and of the darkness there was no return.

Philip sent nothing to the Academy in these days. Now and then inquisitive persons and friendly persons asked why not, and received no satisfactory answer. He worked, though, every morning in his studio, and elaborated, and thought, and experimented, as though he had the mint at command, and an indefinite extension from old Father Time. His wife admired, praised, was astonished—but also she was troubled not a little, for he made no effort to bring these pictures before any buyer—he exhibited nothing. When he finished a work, he turned its face to the wall, and seemed to forget about it. How long would this go on? and how long was it likely that they would be able to live on pearls and diamonds?

Jane asked herself this question, and answered it by saying to herself, "You fool! he has hit upon some way of making money, that's what he does when he is away from you. He merely keeps on with his painting—Heaven knows why."

One evening she asked him, as others had done, though in a very different spirit, why he did not send two or three of these pictures to the spring exhibition.

The answer he gave her was rather more satisfactory than the others received, though it was in the old strain:

"I will wait till people are glad to hear from me," and she perceived that, though he said it with pride, he spoke now without bitterness. What was the secret of this patience, this resolve? They were walking up the avenue in the moonlight, when she made a bold advance and said:

"How many pupils have you, Phil?"

"One," he answered.

"Pupil must pay well."

"Yes, it would be foolish to expect better pay."

They were both silent for a moment, and shouts as out of Bedlam in that moment broke on the air. Bidders and buyers were at their work like madmen within the doors of the handsome building they were passing. They went on in silence for a block or two, then the doubt which long had troubled Jane expressed itself.

"Phil, I had rather starve than think of you in such a place at work for me, gathering bread-fruit."

"No danger," he answered, half laughing. "I might shake a tree like that long enough before any thing would fall for us."

Jane made no reply. She hoped her silence would win his confidence, but it did not, and so she said:

"There is only one thing I ask for, and that is to see a picture of yours, a *perfect* picture in the Academy, before I die."

"Am I on the road to that?" he asked, with a gleam in his eyes which she did not see.

"You know best yourself."

The answer expressed so well what Jane had wished to say, that the chief thing she desired was to be able to trust him perfectly—that she acknowledged afterward to herself, that she could not have accomplished more in an hour's stroll if she had determined beforehand on their talk.

Time went on, and it became more and more clear to her that the unshared secret was a blameless one. Whatever work he was doing, Philip's conscience was easy about it, and so Jane ceased to speculate concerning it. She hoped that he had not undertaken a class of private pupils to worry the life out of him; perhaps he worked on the preparation of "artist's materials;" he sometimes came home with daubs on his garments, which he certainly had not obtained in his studio. No matter, he was

cheerful and well; he preserved a steady hand, clear sight, and his great art aims. So all must be well. She asked no more questions, but tore up the weed of doubt, poison-rooted, which had flourished in the shade. "If there must be a secret," she said, "there are two that can play at that. Why shouldn't I have one as well as he?" But—can a woman keep a secret?

It was in these days that Jane Rumsey's brother, Mr. Watson Barnard, went abroad with his wife, and old Mr. Barnard, with whom they had lived, was left in solitary state in his lonely old mansion. Mr. Watson was ordered off by his physicians, so there was nothing to be said or done except the thing that would hasten his departure. But it was a sad plight that the father was left in, deserted by his son to all intents, feebleness, old age, and general misery fastening upon him.

In those days Jane proved herself the good daughter, spending a part of every day in her old home. The old man felt the comfort of her presence, and more and more relied upon it—and she was cheerful company for his sick-room, she was so strong, so cheerful, so manifestly satisfied with her portion in this life. Her father had, as it were, turned her off, and she had been able to get on without him—while his son had done what he would, Jane had been shifting for herself as best she might—but how she had flourished! while Watson was a breathing agony. These were among Mr. Barnard's reflections day after day as he saw her come and go. He would have dismissed the thought had it been possible, but possible it was not.

As time went on, it became evident to Jane that sooner or later her father would say to her, "There is no use—I can't be left to myself—you must come here, you and Rumsey. You spend most of your time now in the street coming and going." One evening as she was about to leave him, he did make use of almost these very words.

When he had done so she knew of course that though Philip would raise objections, he would be obliged to remove them. And—this was a question! would old friends and the old way of life be restored by her return to her father's house? Can this earth by any process get back her old lizards and her ancient ferns? Are they not all gone indiscriminately into oblivion, that we may have light and warmth in our houses? Hail to the fossils by whom we are what we are!

When Jane took the stage at its up-town terminus it was growing late in the afternoon, and for some distance she was the only passenger; but seats were taken on the route by one and another, until, entering Broadway below Fourteenth Street, they were caught in a tangle, and for three minutes at least policemen were occupied in untying the hard knot of horses, carts, stages, and foot-passengers.

She had nothing to do then except to look around her, and this she did. It was while doing so that an angel with unseen hands lifted up a sign before her face by which she was to conquer.

The door of the stage preceding them, that door on which her eyes chanced to fall, held her attention in a way that drew her forward on the seat toward the window, and her fellow-passengers perceived, of course, that she was greatly interested in watching the dexterous management of the guardians of street order. Not so. Neither was that sudden movement of hers intended to hide the tears which started to her eyes. She only wished to ascertain whether she was indeed to believe what those eyes had seemed to see. For what *did* they see, but a picture on the door of the stage in advance, which she knew no hand but Philip's could have painted, unless it was a hand which his had guided?

Withdrawing her eyes from that scene, she glanced around her at the sketches painted above the windows of the stage in which she rode. In that rapid survey Jane Rumsey, wife of Philip, seemed to see much more than enough.

The stage moved on again, but now at a snail's pace, while one of the passengers at least felt as if she could fly. Finally, when she had decided that she could sit there no longer, she

pulled the driver's check. Doubtless it was an annoyance to other passengers that the woman in the corner should not have discovered, till just after they were again in motion after that tiresome delay, that she had gone as far as she wished! Had she been asleep, they grumbled. What cared Philip Rumsey's wife, her swift feet gliding over the pavement? Anybody who passed her might have said, "There goes a happy woman!" She was thinking with joy that, even if Philip should fail at last as an artist, he had perfectly succeeded as a man.

Ascending to her room on the fourth floor, it seemed to her that the most delightful home atmosphere pervaded it. Once she would have thought, "What! up there!—crowded in among all these buildings! I should suffocate, even if I did not go distracted with the din."

Contemplating it now, and in the light of the necessity of returning to her father's house, she could have wailed Eve's lamentation.

Philip had not returned yet, and she said to herself, "If that is his secret, I will respect it," and she fully intended to act upon her resolution; but when he came she had said little to him, by no means had exhausted the topics of talk, had not even touched upon her father's proposal, when these words burst forth:

"While I was riding down this afternoon, Philip, I made up my mind that no matter how many twenty-thousand-dollar pictures you paint, I shall never keep a private carriage."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because we couldn't set up such a gallery of pictures in a coach as we have in a stage."

There was a lazy indifference in the answer which Philip returned, after a moment.

"Pictures enough everywhere. You need not abstain from the coach on that account. By-the-way, Jane, look at this vase, from Paris! I've had it in my possession some time, you must pardon me for not presenting it before; in fact, I hardly know how to do it now. Excuse my awkwardness."

No wonder they both laughed when the artist, discovered as an illuminator of public works, revealed to the porcelain-painter the fine vase which the dealer had marked "Paris!"

No wonder that they laughed with tears in their eyes. Let those laugh that win. Jane had won as well as Philip, in the great struggle for life, and her husband had watched her proceedings with a pride which induced him to secure for her this fine evidence of her success, some time before the dealer would be able to import duplicates for the market.

But he had not expected that when he crowned her with a love-worthier than he had given her on their first or even on their second wedding-day, she would have ready for him a wreath of honor everlasting.

And now they must talk about going back to affluence, and the great temptations of the world. Well, they had passed through an experience which had so much enriched them that I have not scrupled to borrow of it in behalf of any who choose to appropriate the results. Certain omnibus-pictures and Paris-painted vases to my thinking may be numbered among the finest of the specimens of high art to be found among us.

A SEAL-HUNT IN IRELAND.

IN one of the most remote and unfrequented spots in Ireland, amongst the crags and rocks near Derrynane Abbey, long celebrated as the seat of Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator," there is a strange and curious cave. It lies nearly opposite to Scariff Island, and is protected by a cordon of rocks which rise up out of the sea as if to guard its mouth. But the great peculiarity of it is, that the interior of the cave is only accessible for an hour or two during spring tides, and, as these only happen periodically once a fortnight, or every month at full moon, the cave's mouth may be considered as practically closed to mankind. But, though closed to men, it is at all times open to the seals, and these remarkable animals have found it a most secure

retreat; and, when weary of fishing or amusing themselves sporting in the Atlantic, they retire to this cavern in security, and make it their resting-place at night.

To attack these seals in their own cave was the object of our expedition. This required much care, and to attempt it was a service of some danger. But we heard that it had twice been attempted before, and once with success. The necessary conditions were as follow: a calm sea, tolerably warm weather, a full moon, and of course the high spring tides and consequent low strand which accompany the full moon. Without calm weather, no power could get a boat into or even near the cave, as the swell of the Atlantic would inevitably dash it on the rocks. The high strand of the spring tide is necessary, lest the entrance to the cave should be covered with water, as it is at all other times; and, as no man could dive into its unmitigated darkness and live, the spring tide must be waited for to reveal its mouth and render its inner caverns accessible. Warm weather is also an almost necessary condition, as the length of space necessary for the seal-hunter to swim is so considerable, that he might otherwise become numb with cold at the very moment when all his energies and strength would be required.

All these conditions appeared to be fulfilled during our stay at Waterville, in September, 1856. My son and I had taken up our abode at "Tom Danahey's," a little road-side inn, well known to all fishermen at Waterville.

Mr. Clementi—a gentleman residing in that neighborhood, and who had explored the cave once before with success, having killed a magnificent seal there—kindly offered us his escort; and, having secured the services of the guide, who had first discovered this abode of the seals by observing them swimming toward it in the evening, our party was complete. We hired a good strong fishing-boat, manned with ten oarsmen, and commanded by a shrewd old "captain," as he was called by the crew, who was well acquainted with every rock and shoal between Ballinskelligs and Derrynane.

Our equipments were not numerous. My son and Mr. Clementi, both of them good swimmers, had prepared formidable clubs, which of course floated, and which they towed with them when in the water by a string which they held in their teeth, so as not to impede their swimming. In the bands of their low-crowned hats they had each a long pliable sort of candle, made of a large double-plaited wick, dipped repeatedly in tallow, which stuck up in a strange way from their hats, resembling an eagle's broken feather. Inside their hats they had a supply of lucifer matches, lest by any chance the candle should be extinguished. Their hunting-dress consisted of two pairs of woollen stockings each, to save their feet from injury on the rocks. The guide wore a waistcoat on his body—nothing else. In his hat was the same strange-looking candle, and he had besides a quantity of chips of split bog-wood stuck round its sides, which, in the moonlight, gave him the appearance of an American Indian chief.

I took nothing with me but my ordinary clothes and a swimming-belt, as I did not feel equal to such an adventure as that now projected; but, should occasion require it, I was prepared to go in and render any necessary assistance. The distance from Waterville round Ballinskelligs Bay to the scene of action near Scariff Island is not less than eight or ten miles. Little more than an hour brought us round the headlands and near to the outside of the rocky cordon.

Hitherto I had been steersman, but now the old "captain" of the seine boat came to the stern, and without speaking a word pushed me quietly aside, as if I were a log of wood, took the helm from my hand, and, giving one or two quick orders to the men in Irish, we found ourselves suddenly amongst the breakers, and so close to the rocks with their dark shadows overhanging, that the men were compelled to row with shortened oars.

"Mind what you are about, captain!" shouted Clementi.

"Never fear, sir," replied the old man in his quiet, steady voice. He stood firmly in the boat with an expression of intense watchfulness, courage, and confidence in himself. Though an old and poor and small man, so complete was his influence not only over the men but over ourselves, that I think had he dashed us straight at a rock I should have looked with confidence to a safe result.

Our passage amongst the breakers was a dangerous one. Though the sea appeared comparatively calm outside, yet amidst the rocks a considerable swell was apparent. Sometimes we rowed with shortened oars, the rocks jutting out so near that the men had scarcely room to pull. Sometimes a sudden cry from the captain of "Back water,

boys! back water for your lives!" made us aware that we were proceeding at imminent risk. And when, at last, after poisoning the boat for a few minutes on the top of each swell as it rolled on, the captain wildly shouted, "Now, boys, pull, pull for your lives!" I found he had been calmly waiting for a wave of sufficient volume, on the swelling top of which we might actually leap the cordon of rocks which surrounded the mouth of the cave. In a moment we were inside the rocky barrier, the immediate danger was past, and we found ourselves within the smooth amphitheatre in which the mouth of the cave is situated.

We now rowed on, preserving the most perfect silence, lest the seals should be disturbed. The hunters stripped off their great-coats and prepared for action, and by degrees we approached the cave. The entrance is very narrow, and the split on the outside of the rock which forms it appears to be immensely high; but the spot was so gloomy, and we came so suddenly under its shadow, that I could not measure its proportions. No one spoke aloud, but the guide came stealthily up, and asked me for a knife. I lent him one, and he put it into his waistcoat pocket.

The time of action had now arrived; my son and Clementi struck each a light, and, applying it to the strange candles in their hats, a bright flame blazed forth, which set off the dark shadows of the cave in formidable contrast. Both now fixed their hats firmly on their heads, looked carefully to their clubs, and slipped up quietly to the bow of the boat. In a few moments we had entered the cave, and, pushing the boat forward with our hands (the sides of the rocks being so close that we could not use the oars), we advanced some thirty yards into the dark cavity. I now lit a match, and, applying it to a torch made of split pieces of bog-wood tied tightly together and saturated with tar and turpentine, a complete illumination of the cave was the result. We soon came to a stop, the boat having no room to proceed farther within the narrow creek. In a moment—silently, like a cormorant gliding from a rock—down dropped the guide from the bow of the boat into the water. He was instantly followed by my son and Clementi, all of them as silent as death, and away the three hunters swam, right up into the darkness of the cave.

To us who remained in the boat the whole scene had the strangest effect, and raised feelings within us of the most intense interest and excitement. Instantly, almost before we could realize the fact, the three adventurers were seen swimming rapidly into the depths of the narrow cavity, the water many fathoms deep, and so clear that we could see every stroke of their limbs by the torchlight, while the candles in their hats gave a lurid and most unnatural effect to the scene. And when we remembered that they were bent on attacking the formidable seal in his own element, and in his own chosen home, it may well be imagined that feelings of no ordinary anxiety prevailed over our minds.

"My God!" briefly exclaimed one of the men as he saw the three swimmers drop silently and suddenly into the sea. It was the only exclamation which escaped the lips of any of us; but the men rushed so violently to the bow of the boat to watch them, that I had to force them back with my torch. On they swam, the three lights rapidly diminishing as they penetrated deeper and deeper in, until at length they appeared like little twinkling stars glowing in a canopy of jet.

I confess I felt nervous and excited to a degree I have rarely felt before. My son was one of the three; and the strangeness of the whole scene, the gradual disappearance of the lights, the darkness rendered visible by the blazing torches, and the knowledge that, if disabled by any accident, it would be almost impossible they could return alive from a contest with the seals, produced feelings of undefined apprehension which it is difficult to describe.

At length we heard a strange sharp cry, and a curious flapping noise, while we could plainly see the water splashed violently about the distant lights. We were much alarmed, and could not conceive the cause, but we afterward ascertained it had been occasioned by an absurd adventure. A large cormorant, seeing the swimmers approach in this unusual fashion, had dashed at them with extended wings and open beak, and seized my son first by the cheek and afterward by his bare arm. He caught the bird by the neck, and, dragging it under water, cast it behind him. No sooner had he let it go than it dashed, still under water, at Clementi, who was close behind him, and caught him by the foot. He, being ignorant of the attack the bird had made upon my son, and finding himself caught beneath by some unseen animal, naturally thought that a seal had laid hold of him, and uttered

a sharp cry! The cormorant, however, soon let him go, and, seeing that the invaders were passing on and that no evil was intended to her brood, returned to her place of ambush.

On the adventurers swam, deeper and deeper into the cave; at times the lights were scarcely visible to us—sometimes only one appeared, and sometimes they disappeared altogether. Again we could see them rise high in the chasm as the bearers scrambled over rocks in their way, and down they sank again as they plunged into the water, until at last they reached a part of the cave where a great rock projects down like an inverted cone from above, and chokes up the entire mouth of the cave, except a small opening of about eighteen inches wide by two feet high, which is exposed at low-water spring tides. Through this narrow gate they passed, and we saw them no more for a while.

But they soon reached the bed of the shelving beach where the seals had made their home. We could not now see even a twinkle of the lights, and all was perfectly silent for a space of five or six minutes. Our anxiety increased in intensity.

I knew that my son was deep in the recesses of the cave, and in the act of attacking the seals. At last we heard a distant shout, which I fancied was his voice; and, disabled as I was by a recently-sprained knee, I was just going to fasten on a swimming-belt, and place a lighted torch in my hat, that I might make my way into the cave and render what assistance I could, when I heard another shout, and again another, repeated in a cheery tone. "All right!" exclaimed the boatmen. "Stay where you are, sir: they surely have one now!" We all sat silent as the grave, and in ten minutes more we could again perceive the distant twinkle of the lights: nearer and nearer they approached, until at last we could plainly discern the swimmers.

We had brought a blue-light with us; and, anxious to cheer them and show them where we were, I struck it against a rock; it instantly ignited, and, to the amazement of all in the boat, the scene became as light as day in a moment, only tinged with the lurid color of the blue-light. Clementi was the first to arrive, and we hauled him into the boat, his teeth chattering with cold. Then came my son, his club broken in his hand. The light in his hat was out, and he appeared to be much exhausted. We got him up also, with some difficulty, into the boat, where he sat for a time trembling with excitement and cold. Behind him, about fifty yards distant, came the wild Indian chief. He swam slowly but steadily along, towing by a cord behind him a *dead seal*! The men gave a ringing cheer of delight, as the guide and his seal were lifted in triumph into the boat.

"Who killed him?" said I in a low voice to my son.

"I did," returned he in a tone equally low. This was all that passed between us.

The Indian chief was in great delight; he laughed and talked and chattered Irish, and dashed about the boat, rushing from time to time at my son, and almost upsetting him by the encouraging blows he dealt him on the back. And in less than two minutes every oarsman in the boat was thoroughly acquainted by our loquacious guide with all that had passed in the cave.

The swimmers now dried themselves as well as they could, and put on their clothes and great-coats. They had had a long swim. The cave into which they had ventured could not have penetrated less than two hundred yards under the land. The ocean swell was difficult to manage; and, as they neared the shelving beach, it dashed them against the rocks and stones. The passage though long was very narrow, scarcely ten feet wide; so narrow that, had the seals rushed down in a body to the sea from their resting-place, the conflict might have been most serious. It appears, however, that our party had arrived too early. "The seals had not come home from fishing"—as our guide expressed it; only one was found in the cave, and that met its fate from my son's club. Down the beast came shuffling along close beside where he was standing; and so terrible was the blow he dealt it as it passed, that it fell quite dead at his feet, the skull shattered like an eggshell, and the club broken across in his hand. Had several seals happened to be "at home," the encounter might have been most formidable.

The clear bright rays of the blue-light discovered the strangest variety of birds, who had nestled high upon the rocky ledges to roost. Some shrank back into the crevices of the rocks almost paralyzed with terror at the strange light which had so suddenly penetrated the cave; others peered down in wonder at the unusual scene in the boat. And right under the very bow of the boat swam the still infuriated cormorant—no quailing with her, notwithstanding our apparent

superiority; she seemed to have no idea of fear. There she stayed, swimming about, ducking her head, and challenging us in the most defiant manner, by every gesture she could exhibit, to come down and fight her fairly in her own element. She seemed so determined upon battle, that one of the men was about to strike her upon the head with an oar, but I forbade him. I could not allow the gallant little challenger to be injured.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RAINBOW.*

"O thou, Light! eternally one, dwell there, on high, with the Being, eternally one! Thou, O changing Color! descend in friendly guise to man."—SCHILLER.

NO scene that Nature presents better symbolizes this fine thought of the poet than the magnificent arch painted by the sun upon the dark clouds of a retiring tempest. In all ages, the rainbow has charmed the imaginations and awakened a feeling of hope and consolation in the minds of men. The Hebrew, impressed with the remembrance of the former floods that came upon the earth, felt his soul, that had been disquieted by the thought, resume all its serenity as he beheld the bow of promise. For him it was the token of Jehovah's pardon. The gay fancy of the Greeks made the rainbow the presage of happy tidings to the earth. The goddess Iris, the messenger of Olympus, according to their creed, left her transparent scarf floating on the clouds.

Ingenious fiction vanished at the approach of science, and the explanation of the rainbow is, to-day, one of the most complete parts we have of the physical theory of light. It is to Kepler, whose genius was prolific in so many directions, that we are indebted for the discovery of the first causes of the phenomenon; he put it on record, although very briefly, in a letter written by him in 1601. Newton studied these causes with all the rigor of geometrical calculation, and was enabled to render an account of all the different modifications observed in the rainbow. After having calculated its dimensions, he verified the correctness of his observations by actual experiment.

We never see the rainbow except when standing with our backs toward the sun, the space in front being traversed by a shower of rain, a cascade, or a simple jet of water. When the sea is agitated by a violent wind, and the sun's rays strike the spray of the billows, rainbow curves and arcs are often produced upon it.

Usually the phenomenon consists of two concentric arches, with a considerable interval between them. The centre of these, as it is easy to prove, corresponds with that point in the heavens where the shadow of the observer's head would fall. The interior curve, which is the oftenest seen, presents a series of prismatic radiations, arranged in such wise that the violet falls inside and the red upon the outside. In the external curve, the colors of which are much weaker, the order of the series is reversed. Sometimes three bows are seen, but this occurs very rarely. The third, of an extremely pale hue, presents colors arranged in the same order as in the first instance.

The dimensions of these bows depend upon the height of the sun above the horizon. It must be close to the latter, in order to enable the observer, standing on the surface of the ground, to see arcs or bows embracing a half circumference. It is only from the summits of mountains, or from a balloon high up in the air, that complete circles are visible, unless, as they frequently do, they appear in the spray of great waterfalls. A grand spectacle of this nature is enjoyed in contemplating the magnificent cascade of the Reichenbach. When we saw it, the sun was rising, and the brilliant, ærial coronal crowns were floating above the chasm into which the waters plunged. Immense arches of the same kind form upon the white mist that rises over Niagara Falls.

All the appearances of the phenomenon of the rainbow show that it is produced by a modification of light taking place in the drops of water. These drops are spherical, and, during a shower, follow each other so rapidly, at every point, that we may reason concerning them, as though they remained entirely motionless. The ray that penetrates the drop of water is refracted and decomposed. Instead of issuing from it undiminished, as it went in, it reflects itself partly on the concave surface opposite to the point where it entered and passes back through the globule, until it again meets the surface. There a similar

* From "Metecore and Meteorological Phenomena," translated from the French, and in press by D. Appleton & Co.

subdivision takes place. One portion of light passes into the atmosphere, and the other is reflected. By a geometrical diagram, it can be demonstrated that the drops, which may send back to the eye of the observer, rays that have been reflected once, or several times, are placed at certain heights, and form circular colored bands, each with a breadth equal to the diameter of the image of the sun. The bands corresponding to a single reflection are at an angular distance of nearly forty degrees from the centre. Those in which the light is reflected twice are nine degrees farther off. In each group, the differences arising from dispersion are small enough to cause the bands to range themselves one above the other, thereby giving rise to the series, sometimes regular and sometimes reversed, of the colors of the spectrum.

There is a simple method of accurately observing the passage of light through drops of water. Suspend a globe of thin glass in a dark room, by a cord passing over a pulley. When the globe, filled with water, is so placed that a ray of light, allowed to fall upon it through an orifice in the window-shutter, forms an angle of nearly forty-two degrees with the line that connects it with the eye, all the colors of the spectrum, commencing with red, can be seen, one after another, by merely lowering the globe gradually from point to point. If the water be muddy, the passage of the ray can be observed, and we can see that it undergoes but one reflection. When the angle, formed by the two lines, is fifty-four degrees in measurement, and the ray is made to fall upon the lower part of the globe, the colors are observed to form in like manner, and in the same order, when the globe is gradually elevated. The two reflections can then be easily distinguished in the water.

According to the explanation thus given, the rainbow is found to be purely a local phenomenon. Each spectator sees a different arch. If the rain-cloud be near, two observers, placed at some distance from each other, see the ends of their rainbows resting on different points of the ground. This fact is particularly evident when one is standing

opposite to a mountain upon which the bow is projected.

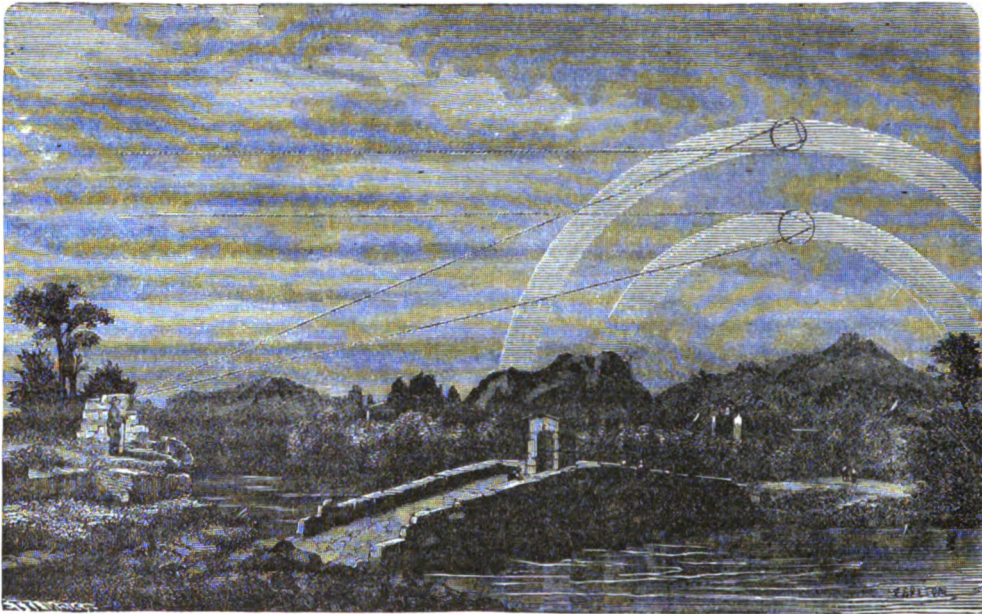
Rainbows in which the colors were extremely faint have been observed in dense fogs. This appearance arises from the diminutive size of the drops of moisture. The great whitish ring, or circle, seen by Ulloa and Bouguer during their stay on the Pichincha, seems to have had

this origin. It has been called the *white rainbow*, or the *Circle of Ulloa*. Its dimensions are those of the main arch usually seen, and it is perceived only from elevated places, simultaneously with the formation of rainbow-like halos around shadows projected on the fog. We have reproduced the description of this phenomenon

given by Bouguer, and will add what Ulloa says of it:

"He was on Pambamarca, with six companions, at day-break. The top of the mountain was entirely covered with dense clouds. As the sun rose, it dispelled these clouds, and nothing remained in their stead but some very light mists, which it was almost impossible to distinguish. Sud-

denly, on the side opposite that on which the sun rose, each of the travellers saw, at a dozen fathoms from where he stood, an image of himself reflected in the air, as though upon a mirror. This image appeared in the centre of three rainbows, shaded with different colors, and surrounded, at a certain distance, by a fourth arch, of a single color. The tinting farthest on the outside of each arch was flesh-colored or red; the next shade was orange; the third was yellow; the fourth straw-color, and the last one green. All these arcs



The Rainbow.



The Circle of Ulloa.

were perpendicular to the horizon; they moved about, and followed the person reflected, in every direction, surrounding his image like a *gloria*. What was most remarkable was, that, although the seven travellers stood together in a single group, each of them saw the phenomenon only in relation to himself, and was disposed to deny its existence in reference to the others. The extent of these arches increased progressively in proportion to the height of the sun. At the same time their colors faded away, the *spectra* became paler and paler and more vague, and, at last, the phenomenon entirely disappeared. When this display began, the shape of the arcs was oval, and, toward the last, it was perfectly circular."

When light clouds pass over the sun or the moon, there may be perceived around those luminaries one or more colored circles known to meteorology as *crowns*. In all these circles, we distinguish the prismatic colors, the violet being placed inside and the red outside. They are at an equal distance from each other, but this distance varies according to the condition of the clouds and the atmosphere. The angular diameter of the first circle is ordinarily comprised in from one to four degrees.

"All clouds," says Kaemtz, "that are not too thick to let the light of the sun pass through them, the *cirrus* and the *cirro-stratus* excepted, present traces

of crowns, but the brightness of the colors is not always the same. I have never seen them so handsome as upon fogs, which form during the night in the valleys, and ascend toward the middle of the day to the summits of the mountains. When strips of cloud passed between the sun and me, the colors had a vividness

which I have rarely seen in

them. They are no less fine on the *cirro-cumulus*, particularly when they are in small masses of dazzling whiteness, and so confused on their edges that it is difficult to trace their outlines on the sky."

This phenomenon is, in its turn, explained by the refraction of luminous rays passing near the globules of water that compose the clouds. A very simple experiment gives us an imitation of the process. We have only to hold up before a lamp a strip of glass besprinkled with lycopodium or vegetable sulphur. The fine grains of the latter substance, acting as globules do, the flame of the lamp is at once surrounded by prismatic rings separated by equal intervals.

In the phenomena of which we are about to treat, small crystallizations of ice, and not globules of water, modify the light. We are sometimes surrounded by fogs formed of such particles. They frequently exist, as aeronauts have ascertained, in the higher regions of the atmosphere, where they form the clouds called *cirrus*.

If the play of the luminous rays in the little spheres we have been considering has given us such pleasing phenomena, we may readily comprehend that, when they pass through limpid crystals with numerous facettes, we shall have fresh harmonious combinations of geometrical lines and of colors to admire.

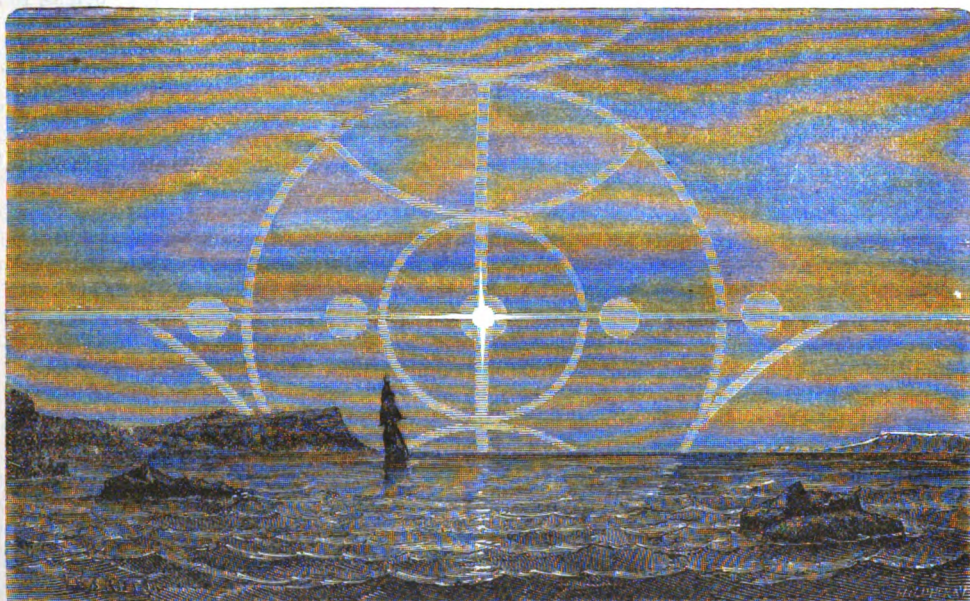
In temperate climates, the phenomena of this order most frequently remarked are the *halos*, or colored circles, that surround the sun or the moon, but in a manner different from *crowns*. The arrangement of the colors of the *spectrum* is usually reversed in them, the red being placed inside. The distances of the circles from the luminary are equable, and much greater than in the *corona*. Thus, the interior

halo is from twenty-two to twenty-three degrees in diameter; the second halo, usually called the external one, measures forty-six, and the third ninety-nine degrees in diameter. Brewster imitated the halo by placing a strip of glass covered with crystallized alum before a lamp. In order to thoroughly comprehend the formation of this phenomenon, we must suppose a very great number of prismatic needles suspended in the air. These prisms, in certain positions, may revolve for a considerable period on their own centres, without the deviation of the refracted rays changing perceptibly. The multiplicity of these rays proceeding in any one direction, giving the eye a more vivid impression, colored belts or bands are seen, placed one above the other, as in the rainbow.

When the sun or the moon is near the horizon, and the atmosphere remains calm, the needles of ice arrange themselves vertically, and brilliant spots—diffused images of the luminary—are formed along the horizontal diameter of the halo, and a little outside of each circle. These take the name of *parhelia* or *paraselenæ*. Parhelia, those of the interior halo, especially, are finely colored, all the shadings of the spectrum following the red which is next to the sun. When the latter luminary rises, the spots withdraw from the circles, remaining, however, on the line of the horizontal diameter.

Sometimes

we see resting upon the halos what are termed *tangential arcs*, or *arches of contact*, of very brilliant color. The most frequent are those that form symmetrically at the extremities of the vertical diameter of the halo of twenty-three degrees. Those of the external halo, which are more rare, but more numerous at the time, touch it, not only in the



Colored Halos.

vertical line of the sun, but also at the lateral points, forty-five degrees distant. The most elevated of these arches, which has the zenith of the observer for its pole, is sometimes designated by the name of the *circum-zenithal circle*.

We cannot here enter into details, as to the manner in which these appearances are produced by the refraction of light in the crystals. M. Bravais, in his learned researches on this subject, did not confine himself to calculating all the circumstances of the phenomenon; he succeeded in reproducing it artificially, in a dark room, by means of an ice-prism which he caused to revolve very rapidly while the rays of the sun were projected upon it.

GOLD AND SILVER MINING—PRACTICAL AND SPECULATIVE.

BY A WELL-BURNT BUT FINALLY SUCCESSFUL MINER.

TO acquaint persons residing at a distance from districts where the precious metals abound, with the course and procedure of practical mining, would require a separate article on each of the following topics: 1. How to discover or find a mine. 2. How to ascertain whether a discovery claim or location is valuable or worthless. 3. How so to develop a tested mine that the amount of ores taken from it can always be kept in advance of the reduction-works. 4. How to extract, in the

most economical manner, the precious from the enveloping base metals. 5. How to secure the most efficient administration of a company's affairs. 6. and lastly. How to avoid the mischances, the blunders, and the stock-jobbing rascalities that have ruined so many companies. Unless some upright, influential person connected with the company, is versed in all these matters, it cannot succeed—or, at all events, it will not attain the best results. Our space permits us to offer only a few general observations.

Mining for gold and silver is always a most fascinating occupation, and sometimes, too, a most delusive one. When successful, the profits are enormous. When unsuccessful, the owners still believe that a little larger outlay, or a different plan of operations, would have enabled them to clutch victory from the brow of defeat.

A mine has no such regularity as is commonly ascribed to it. It may pitch into the earth at every possible angle, and it may radically change its pitch at any distance from the surface. It may be thickest and poorest, or thickest and richest, at the surface, and it may vary in thickness and richness with every few feet of descent; though when it has reached its normal character, below the influence of atmospheric agencies and surface causes, it is generally regular and well defined. At a given place in a mine there may be only a small amount of good ore; but, ten or one hundred feet below, the pay-ore may abound in indefinite quantities. It may pinch, or its walls come together, and give every appearance to the uninitiated that bottom has been reached; yet twenty-five feet to the right or left on the same level the supply of rich ore may be inexhaustible. Owing to these and other irregularities, and many of the most irregular mines have proved the most productive, it requires thorough experience to mine successfully. A veteran miner or engineer deals with all the vagaries of a mine formation as an accomplished surgeon with a broken limb—he knows just what to do. But failure in other kinds of business, or even success in some of them, does not warrant the hope of success in mining. That superintendent who has had no previous experience in the field, is sure to exhaust his company's funds in serving his apprenticeship; or, if its cash-box be not completely drained, he is likely to become discouraged on the brink of success. He either works in the wrong way at first, or stops at the wrong time. The history of abandoned mines proves that, under the manipulation of competent miners, they are made largely productive in nine cases out of ten. Unpalatable as the truth is, we must say that mining is a *business*, and, like all other kinds of business, it must be *mastered* before it can be profitably pursued.

In every mining district there are hundreds of untested "claims." While an expert may not be able to pronounce decisively in favor of, he can never positively decide against, any of these. The most promising sometimes fail, and the shabbiest often prove the richest. Analogy is the mode of reasoning about mines, but actual experiment is the only safe guide in practice. Every mine has a history and physiognomy of its own, and appearances in one do not always and absolutely justify the inference that similar appearances elsewhere are connected with good ore below. Merchants and bankers in mining countries rarely make advances on claims or partially-developed mines. It is only when a mill is supplied with ore that financial confidence is created.

Paradoxical as it may appear, the richest mines are the least, and the poorest mines the most profitable. North of Nevada there is but one "poor man's" mine. That yielded several thousand dollars per ton at first. Now, if worked at all, it yields moderately. In all Nevada there is but one White Pine District, and even there, and possibly at one other locality, only a few mines yield \$1,000 per ton. During the past nine years the great Comstock mine of Nevada has produced \$100,000,000, its ore averaging about \$40 per ton. The Haywood mine, in California, has yielded \$3,000,000, yet its ores average only \$20 per ton. The very rich ore is apt to be found in pockets; or to be

so mixed with intractable base metals that the cost of separation exceeds the net product; or to be so sparsely scattered throughout a large mass of vein matter that the expense of mining it overbalances the yield of the precious metal. But a low grade of ore of \$20 to \$40 per ton for gold, and from \$50 to \$200 per ton for silver, is more likely to be found in a regular, well-defined mine in inexhaustible quantities.

Americans should rarely invest in distant mines. Favorable reports unduly elate them, and discouraging rumors unduly depress them. If they do not realize dividends at the precise moment looked for, or in the exact amounts expected, or if more money is required than it was supposed at the outset would be needed, they are apt to become disheartened. The most that is generally accomplished by companies situated at a distance from their mines, is to partially develop, and then wholly abandon them to some lucky miner who is eager to possess what the demoralized company lacked the skill and patience to work. The English, the French, and the German companies carry on mining operations with great success in all parts of the globe. They are not so impatient as Americans, and they are certainly more persistent. They evince, too, the tact and business judgment, seldom shown by American companies, of employing only the most expert and thoroughly-trained mining engineers to manage their field operations.

Speculative mining is carried on by a few schemers, who endeavor to make money under color of mining operations when there is no mine to support the pretence, or, if there be a productive mine, by exaggerating its merits, or by concealing its merits or defects. Only one of the many forms of these illegitimate operations can we describe. A party of stock-jobbers, who have no patience with legitimate mining, purchase enough stock of a dividend-paying company to secure their election as directors. This accomplished, they proceed to monopolize the balance of the stock, if possible. In this stage of their grand financial enterprise, they resort to tricks and frauds which should consign them to a State prison, but as their eventual success will doubtless enable them to "plate sin with gold," "the strong lance of justice" will "hurtless break." We will cite only a few of the many devices current amongst speculative mining financiers. The directors cause work to be suspended in the mine either partially or altogether, make useless outlays, borrow large sums of money, when they ought to get it out of the mine, originate reports of the failing character of the property, talk doubtfully about future dividends, levy assessments, and, to crown all, create the impression that they are secretly selling out their stock. A panic amongst the uninitiated stockholders ensues. All rushing into the market at the same time to sell, the price falls a thousand per cent. a day. The directors secretly *purchase* through brokers, who will not give up (or make known the names of their employers), all the stock that is offered. Now comes the second stage of the directorial scheme. Having bought the stock at a low price, they must manage now to sell at a high figure. At once they redouble or quadruple work in the mine, make new explorations, disclose to sight enormous bodies of ore, accumulate great quantities of it at the reduction-works, and crowd *them* to their utmost capacity. In due time the real condition of affairs is made known. The stock suddenly rises in price, large dividends are promised, newspapers are filled with accounts of the unprecedented yield of the ores, and of the prospects of unusually large permanent dividends. The directors are lionized for the extraordinary tact and ability exhibited in causing what was lately thought a hopeless mining enterprise, to turn out a great success. As they expected, the public crowd into the market and buy at an enormously high price stock which six months or a year before they themselves had sold at a ruinously low figure. Heretofore the directors secretly purchased stock, when the public supposed they were selling out; now the public are made to think that the directors are *buying* stock, when, in fact, they are secretly *unloading* all they own on to the eager public. As

soon as decency permits, another declension in the market value of the stock is effected, to be followed by another profitable rise.

Legitimate mining, pursued with integrity, skill, and energy, generally produces larger returns, in proportion to the capital invested, than almost any other business. Speculative or illegitimate mining can only be profitable to the unscrupulous "ring," and results in large, if not total, losses to outsiders.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

DEATH or dishonor, which is best to taste?

A Roman sentinel in Pompeii,
When God's hot anger laid that city waste,
Answered the question, and resolved to die.
His duty was, upon his post to bide
Till the relief came, let what might betide.

He stood forgotten by the fleeing guard,
Choosing that part which is the bitterest still,
His face with its fixed purpose cold and hard,
Cut in the resolute granite of his will.
"Better," he said, "to die, than live in shame;
Death wreathes fresh flowers round a brave man's name."

Life is the wave's deep whisper on the shore,
Of a great sea beyond. The sentry saw
That day the light in broad sails hoisted o'er
The drifting boat of dawn; nor dreamed the flaw,
The puff called death, would blow him with them by
Out to the boundless sea beyond the sky.

The sentry watched the mountain's fire-gashed cheeks,
And saw come up the sand's entombing shower.
The storm darts out its red tongue when it speaks,
And fierce Vesuvius, in that wild hour,
Put forth its tongue of flame, and spoke the word
Of hatred to the city from the Lord.

The gloom of seventeen centuries skulked away,
And standing in a marble niche was found
A skeleton in armor all decay;
The soulless skull was by a helmet crowned,
Cleaving thereon with mingled rust and sand,
And a long spear was in the crumbling hand.

In Pompeii are beasts of stone with wings,
Paved streets with marble temples on each side,
Baths, houses, paintings, monuments of kings;
But the arched gate whereat the sentry died,
The rusted spear, and helmet with no crest,
Are better far to see than all the rest.

O heart, whatever lot to thee God gives,
Be strong, and swerve not from a blameless way,
Dishonor hurts the soul that ever lives,
Death hurts the body that is kin with clay.
Though Duty's face is stern, her path is best:
They sweetly sleep who die upon her breast.

SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE IN BOSTON.

No. IV.

HOW THEY TREATED SCHISMATICS AND HERETICS IN BOSTON.

IT is a delicate subject to handle, because of the prevailing tradition that the settlers of Boston came over the sea to establish on these American shores an asylum for the oppressed,

a refuge for the down-trodden victims of priestcraft and tyranny; where they could have freedom of thought and action, and worship God, each man according to the dictates of his own conscience. After reading their writings and surveying their deeds, we can imagine the grim smile of surprise that would have irradiated the usually sedate countenances of Mr. Winthrop and Mr. John Cotton, if any one had suggested in their hearing that such a thought as this could possibly have found entrance into their minds.

That they were actuated, among other motives, by the desire to find a place where they could carry into effect a purer faith, and enjoy a simpler worship, than they supposed to be practicable in England, we cannot doubt; but, in order to this, they considered it essential that they might be allowed to establish a commonwealth, of which they were to have exclusive control, and which they should manage according to their own views of government and religion. Those who were ready to accede to this jurisdiction, and believed as they did in regard to all matters of ecclesiastical polity and Christian doctrine, were welcome to join them; everybody else might expect to be treated as an intruder and a reprobate.

We shall now proceed to show with what firm and unvarying consistency they carried these principles into practice. If there was any one thing which they abhorred, as the most dangerous device of the devil, it was the idea of religious toleration. The first declaration of the General Court, bearing in this direction, is sufficiently explicit: "Hugh Bretts, being found guilty of heresy, is ordered to be gone out of the jurisdiction upon pain of death, and not to return again, under the liability of being hanged."

For a number of years, the records of the colony are occupied mainly with a statement of the various errors that disturbed the peace of the churches, and of the efforts made to exterminate them — the most effectual mode of settling the trouble being generally found to consist in *clearing the territory* of all persons who taught or abetted any false doctrine. It would be very tedious and unprofitable to wade through these interminable controversies: in the preface to a work published a few years after the settlement of Boston, twenty-nine "dangerous opinions" are specified, as having been recently broached in the community, such as that "the law, and the preaching of it, is of no use at all to drive a man to Christ; that a man is justified without faith from eternity; that he is united to Christ by the Spirit, without any act of his; that the graces of saints and hypocrites may be the same; that the whole *letter* of the Bible is a covenant of works; that no Christian must be pressed to duties of holiness;" and so on. The author promises, in the body of his book, to give a much more copious enumeration of the prevailing heresies, for he says these are only "some of them, to give but a taste; for afterward you shall see a litter of *four score and eleven* of these brats hung up against the sun, besides many new ones of Mistress Hutchinson's; all which they hatched and dandled."

In 1644, an order was passed "for the banishment of all who openly oppose infant baptism, or go about secretly to seduce others from the use thereof, or depart the congregation at the use thereof." This legislation seems to have been precipitated by the case of a Mr. Painter, "who on a sudden turned Anabaptist, and having a child born, he would not suffer his wife to bring the child to the ordinance of baptism, for she was a member of the church, though he was not. Being presented for this, he still refused. Whereupon, after much patience and clear conviction of error, because he was very poor, so as no other but corporal punishment could be fastened on him, he was ordered to be whipped; *not*," continues Mr. Winthrop, from whom we have the account, "*for his opinion*, but for reproaching the Lord's ordinance. He endured his punishment with much obstinacy, and said boastfully, that God had marvellously assisted him."

In the following year, the synod met at Cambridge, to consider what course should be pursued in reference to certain books which had been imported from abroad—"some in defence of anabaptism and other errors, and for *liberty of conscience as a shelter for their toleration*; others in maintenance of the Presbyterian government against the Congregational way here." As the writers of these works were not within reach, it was determined that the books themselves should be subjected to the harrow of criticism, and a refutation accordingly appears, entitled "The Dipper Dipt, or the Anabaptists Duck'd and Plung'd over Head and Ears."

The next year, in consequence of Parliament having sent directions to all the English plantations in New England that all men should enjoy liberty of conscience, there was an attempt by petition to obtain a repeal of the laws against Anabaptists; which resulted in an order from the court that "the laws should not be altered or explained at all."

Thirty-five years after the settlement of Boston, the Baptists—some of whom had resided in the colony from the beginning, although they were careful to suppress their opinions,—made an effort to organize a church. The leaders in the movement were fined, some of them banished, and others committed to jail. A petition, signed by several of the best men in Boston, was sent to the General Court, praying for their liberation; in which it is said of the sufferers, that "they now lie in prison, deprived of their liberty, taken off from their callings, separated from their wives and children, to their great damage and hastening ruin, how innocent soever; besides the hazard of their own lives, being aged and weakly men, needing the succor a prison will not afford; the sense of this, their personal and family most deplorable condition, hath sadly afflicted the hearts of many sober and serious Christians, and such as neither approve of their principle or practice." The result of this interference with the high behests of the law was, that the more prominent petitioners were fined, and "obliged to ask pardon of the court for the freedom they had taken with it."

Cotton Mather sums up the prevailing opinion of the early Anabaptists in these comprehensive words: "They are an inordinate kind of men, stirred up by the devil to the destruction of the Gospel; having neither scripture nor antiquity, nor any thing else for them, but lies and new imaginations."

Troubles never come single. In 1646, the Episcopalians in Boston—comprising several of the most respectable gentlemen of the colony, and some of whom were members of the government before the patent was transferred to New England—approached the General Court with a very courteous petition, in which they compliment the government for "its eminent gifts, continual care, and constant vigilance"—there could be no question as to the "care and vigilance"—and ask permission to publicly worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

This unexpected movement produced the greatest excitement, and the petitioners were at once cited to appear in person before the Court—charged with "contemptuous and seditious expressions, and were required to find sureties for their good behavior."

In November, the case came before an adjourned session of the court for final settlement, when the petitioners, having been convicted of violating "the rule of the apostle—study to be quiet and to meddle with your own business"—and reminded of "that sin of Korah, and of the near resemblance between theirs and that"—were fined respectively in sums varying from thirty to fifty pounds.

These gentlemen then determined to appeal to Parliament, and Dr. Child, one of their number, who had received the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Padua, and had been engaged for some time in studying the mineral wealth of Massachusetts, was appointed to go at once to England and prosecute their appeal there. This, however, coming to the knowledge of the

authorities, they arrested the doctor, took from him his papers, and kept him in confinement for two or three days, until the ships were gone. Mr. Winthrop complains with much sadness that, on this occasion, Dr. Child—"a man of quality, a gentleman, and a scholar," as he terms him—manifested a somewhat undue amount of passion, and "gave big words!"

Two other persons, in the mean time, Mr. Vassall and Mr. Fowle, managed to slip away, with the obnoxious papers in their pockets, and embarked for England. Just before they sailed, Mr. Cotton preached a Thursday lecture, in which he took occasion to inveigh against the enormous wickedness that must possess the man who would dare to go abroad on such an errand, and warned such of his hearers, as might be about to cross the sea, against the perils they might expect to encounter, if these seditious documents should happen to be on board the ship, adding that they would prove to be a *Jonas* to the voyage. "A storm did arise," says Mr. Blake, in his History of Boston, "and a certain woman on board, who had heard Mr. Cotton's sermon, ran about the ship in much consternation," anxious to find out if there was a *Jonas* on board. "She gave Mr. Vassall a call at midnight. He asked her why she came to him. Because, she said, it was thought he had some writings against the people of God. He told her that he had only a petition to Parliament, merely praying that they might enjoy the liberty of English subjects." She next paid Mr. Fowle a visit. He told her he had a copy of the petition, which himself and others had presented to the court at Boston; and said that, if she and others judged that to be the cause of the storm, they might have it, and do what they would with it. She took the paper to her companions, who, after consultation, decided that it should be cast overboard." It was not observed, however, that relieving the ship of this abomination was followed by any favorable change in the weather, although, after a perilous passage, she reached the shores of England in safety, where Messrs. Vassall and Fowle published the genuine papers with which they were charged, under the title, "New England's *Jonas* cast up in London."

The story of the Quakers is well known, and may be summed up in few words: In 1656, several persons belonging to this sect appeared in the streets of Boston. In a few days after their arrival they were brought before the magistrates, their books taken from them, and burned in the market-place, and the owners sent to prison. The master of the vessel that brought them to Boston was arrested, and bound over in the sum of five hundred pounds, to carry them away as soon as his ship could be got ready. At the next session of the court a law was passed, inflicting a fine of one hundred pounds upon the master of the vessel who should bring any more cargoes of this sort to the colony; for every hour's entertainment given to a Quaker, a fine of forty shillings was imposed; the Quakers themselves to be sent to prison, whipped twenty stripes, and kept to hard labor till there should be opportunity for their transportation. Additional laws were soon enacted, to the effect that a Quaker, upon the first conviction, should lose one ear; upon a second, the other ear; if the offender were a woman, in lieu of this, she was to be severely whipped; but, upon the third offence, whether man or woman, the tongue was to be bored through with a hot iron. The penalty for persistence in this creed was afterward made to be death. In accordance with this law, Mary Dyer and two others were executed on Boston Common.

In extenuation of the extreme severity with which these people were treated, it is common to cite the fact of their fanatical and outrageous violations of public order, and sometimes even of the common decencies of life. They undoubtedly said and did a great many things which would now subject one to the salutary discipline of an insane retreat; but it must be observed that the rigor of legislation *preceded* all these fantasies and absurdities, and was probably the provoking cause of many of their greatest outrages. Since they have ceased to be persecuted, the Quakers have settled down to a very quiet sort

of life; and, so far as we have observed, there are few classes of people in the community that excite less alarm as liable to become disturbers of the public peace.

The sharp and decisive modes adopted in Boston for the extirpation of heresy and schism would not appear so strange if it were not for the extraordinary breadth and liberality which often characterize the *preamble* of the most obnoxious and bitter statutes. We have room for only a few illustrations. In 1846 it is thus written in the records of the court: "Albeit faith be not wrought by the sword, but by the word; all persons are forbidden to reproach religion, under penalty of death."

Again: "Though no human power be lord over the faith and conscience of men, and therefore we may not constrain them to believe or profess against their conscience; yet, because such as bring in damnable heresies, tending to the subversion of the Christian faith and destruction of the souls of men, ought duly to be restrained from such monstrous impiety, it is therefore ordered that, if any Christian shall go about to subvert and destroy the Christian faith and religion, by broaching and maintaining any damnable heresy"—and then there follows a long list of dogmas, with the respective penalties affixed, in case of their denial.

Again: "Although we do not judge it meet to compel any one to enter into the fellowship of the church, nor force them to partake in its ordinances; yet, all persons are ordered to attend upon those ordinances, under a penalty of five pounds." The same fine is imposed upon those "who question the order of the churches."

The following statute has more consistency: "As open contempt of God's word and messengers thereof is the desolating sin of civil states and churches," all who thus offend, in various ways mentioned in the enactment, "are sentenced to stand two hours openly upon a block, four feet high, on a lecture-day, with a paper fixed on his breast, with this, A WANTON GOSPELLER, written in capital letters, that others may fear."

We might enlarge upon this department of our subject until we put our readers to sleep; but, as has been already intimated, it is a wearisome and ungracious topic, which we would be glad to pass over in silence, if fidelity to the truth of history would permit. While it is a matter of record that the settlers of the New Netherlands offered to furnish, in their territory, an asylum of retreat for the victims of religious persecution in the neighboring colony of Massachusetts, we do not quite understand why the founders of Boston, rather than the Dutchmen of New York, should be so constantly spoken of as the apostles of freedom and toleration; and, although we fully appreciate the beauty of Mrs. Hemans's delightful "Ode to the Pilgrim Fathers," in review of *all* the facts before us, we cannot, without some qualification, indorse this sentiment—

"They have left unstained what here they found—
Freedom to worship God."

SPRING NOTES.

THE preëminent charm of much of our modern literature lies in what is called its sentiment of Nature. The sentiment of Nature, if less productive of rich and prolonged description in the Greek than in the modern poets, is not so meagrely expressed, as our exaltation of modern descriptive writers seems to imply. The Greek idyllic poets had a more abundant sentiment of youth and of life than either Wordsworth or Rousseau—more abundant than any contemporary writer.

Celebrate Nature as we may, time and history dominate our minds; we neither feel nor think like a young people. Youth of mind seems to have gone from us. The sense of the ages, the sadness and the "riddle of the painful earth," robs our sentiment of Nature and of life of the pure pleasure and of the

unforced gladness which is so spontaneously expressed by the Greek pastoral poets. When we think of Nature, it is as a vast combination of exquisitely-adjusted forces; not merely as a pleasant appearance, a salutation to the eye, an object and an influence to act upon our unjaded senses.

These returning days of spring, which so sweetly enliven expectation with all the glad and tender beauty of new-born vegetation, suggest the early days of our own English literature; but their most perfect literary counterpart and expression are found in that literature which has the most of youth, and of the untroubled joy of mere life in it. In Chaucer, the spring, vivid, delicate, fresh, is admirably felt; but in Theocritus, and Bion, and Moschus it is better felt; for only in the idyls of the Greek poets does it breathe without one touch of that *conscience*, without one shadow from that *conception* which, in our literature, give us Nature plus the Christian sentiment. Bion in his seventh idyl charmingly celebrates those days which come to some of us as they came to him, as the time when "all sweet things are sweetly blossoming"—the spring "blushing with its bloom of flowers."

What season but this can give any reality to the charming fictions of "Daphnis and Chloe," of "Amaryllis," of "Thirsis," of "Hylas?" These are figures and fortunes full of the delicious and undisturbed preoccupation with love, and the tender impulses of life! these are bits of expression full of the frank praise of youth! Not elsewhere, save as a protest and labored cry, can we discover so much natural zest of, and care to enjoy, the fleeting moment; not elsewhere can we discover a spirit in perfect correspondence with Nature, which puts forth her most exquisite blooms, and, outside of the barren streets, and corrupting confinements, and repressions of great cities, solicits the natural man, who lives the life of plants and animals.

Chaucer's "April with his sweet showers" (shours sote); his delightful expression of this season, which "bathes every vein in such liquor of which virtue engendered is the flower;" his true and fresh observation of the sights and sounds of the awakened earth, are quaint, and curious, and natural. The ancient pastoral poets are not curious nor quaint; they are natural, charming, beautiful. Youth, the spring of life, has the supreme place in their mind; they recognize it and approve it, and solicit it; it obeys no higher impulse than that of birds; its law is to be beautiful like flowers: and the morality of its life is not more than we apply to birds and blossoms. The ancient lover of Nature and youth has no other thought, no other care, than that the good and perfect moment goes quickly by; the flower wilts; the face loses its bloom; the life loses its spring and freshness, and it becomes inert. No page of our literature so artlessly, so winningly brings before us, without foreign and often unfriendly matter, all that is characteristic of youth and Nature—in other words, gives us the sentiment of spring. It is Theocritus who speaks of girls as we would speak of flowers, when he tell us of "a bloom of maiden buds;" it is the Greek poet who spoke of the "unblown loveliness of youth." What is all this but the awakening of the mind to the palpable beauty of the first phase of life?—that life which, perfect as an *appearance*, appeals to the sense as a blossom, as a fruit, and not for a moment suggests those thoughts, or abases itself before those ideas, which darkened our natural life, and triumphed during the middle ages; forbidding our enjoyment of the *beauty* of this fair world:—the thoughts and ideas of that time, which witnessed the ascendancy of the worship of suffering, and of physical ugliness. Then withered and starved old age, macerated flesh and pale faces, were the signs of godliness and spirituality. And what a frightful and tremendous reaction from the pagan ideal of life! How far from the Greek ideal which celebrated lovely things, and for all time fixed the standard of physical beauty, and the perfection of the natural being.

Our lovers of fine phrases—and none but lovers of fine phrases should hope to express any thing of the loveliness

and significance of this season—must go closer to antiquity than our modern poets. They must pluck from the vocabulary of him who called Helen “the peerless *beauty-bud* of Greece.” If a change has come o’er the mind of man, Nature remains the same great fact, the same great life. The spring returns to us with the same mild and powerful energies, the same fragrance, the same beauty and color, as when, two centuries before Christ, the lover of Nature hailed it, and celebrated it as a part of the very life of all his fair divinities—a part of all the luminous creations of his imagination. Spring returns, but the friendly divinities are dead; the dramatic fictions with which the pagan, who lived so close to Nature, peopled his land, have gone, no more to return. Instead of gods and demi-gods, we have forces and elements—abstract terms, which satisfy the intelligence, instead of concrete figures which ravish the eye. Every thing to be investigated by the curious and restless intellect is now understood by Nature—we have lost our youth, we have entered upon man’s estate—and comparison, judgment, and inference, are the objects of our mental life. Mythology gave way to theology; now theology yields her supremacy to science. Our habits of thought have changed, but Nature renews her face after the ancient fashion. Our costumes have changed, but Nature comes with the same dress as of old. We have different beliefs and therefore different thoughts. But when the old brown earth breaks into bloom of flower, and the ploughman’s furrow ribs the soft soil, it takes very little to forget civilization and time, and, for the moment, possibly, some of us give to Nature the same homage which our race gave in the perfect days of its youth. But it is only for a moment. We have put sensation to uses not dreamed of by the artist-nature of the Greek; we have exercised our curiosity beyond any speculation of the ancient. Investigation, reflection, and comparison—the triad of our intellectual life—have taught us that Nature is our servant, not our mistress; she is a menial, and not a mysterious and radiant goddess with whom we gladly spend our youth, and who makes us dread old age, as days wholly evil and without hope.

If any contemporary could revive in our hearts the pagan’s feeling for Nature, his note would not come from great cities, but from the fields, the brooks, the woods. The streams run in music, their banks are green, and the first flowers follow the hardy grass to gem the wayside; the willow is golden in the moist meadow; the wind-flower and the crocus, all purity and delicacy, are in bloom; the distant woods have a purple mist of color, scattered over branch and twig; the first soft, faint, pure notes of color have given a flush to the face of Nature; the first sweet, clear, but faint notes, of the symphony of the seasons have just been breathed over the fields, and announce these exquisite days, which are in Nature what the pagan pastoral poets are in literature. If we were as much with Nature as they were with Nature, perhaps we should run a new furrow in the old fields of thought; we might be trite, we should be fresh. We sometimes hold pen and pencil for another purpose than mere instruction; we hold both to enliven our appreciation of Nature, and increase our zest of life. And because, as Wordsworth says, “the world is too much with us,” therefore we should welcome a fresh and sincere note from the woods and fields, and from the experience of youth. And youth and life have found no sweeter and more genuine expression than in the pagan poets, dead two thousand years ago.

“THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE.”

THE proposition, that knowledge is progressive, is commonplace, but it nevertheless has an inexhaustible meaning. It implies successive conquests of the unknown, light behind and darkness before, and each age engaged with the definite work to which the past has brought it, and which must be ac-

complished before future questions can be reached or future victories made possible. The intellectual work of an age is far from being what that age chooses. Past results are data; past effort is training; past experience, a preparation for researches which stand next in the logic of Nature’s intellectual order. The historic epochs of inquiry are in definite sequence and intimate dependence.

In the sixteenth century men first groped round the planet, and, grasping the conception of its form, dimensions, and of people on the other side, began to form definite notions of the world they lived in. This prepared for the work of the seventeenth century, which was, to ascertain the relations of the planet to the universe, and to determine the laws of motion in the heavens and on the earth, by which the foundations of physical science were laid. From the aspect of the universe in its vastness, and the properties of masses of matter, the eighteenth century passed to the study of nature in the opposite extreme of minuteness—to the inner constitution and composition of material things, and the establishment of the science of chemistry. The discipline and results of physical inquiry, the art of experimenting, and the slow perfection of implements of research, were preliminary to the more subtle and refined investigation into atomic and molecular phenomena.

With this scientific apprenticeship of three hundred years the nineteenth century passes on, and enters upon the investigation of the great problem of life. The pioneering minds of the world are now absorbed in biological inquiries. Columbus before Newton, Newton before Lavoisier, and Lavoisier before Cuvier, Liebig, and Darwin, symbolize the sequence of discovery and indicate the problems that predominate in our own time. While physical and chemical inquiries are still pursued with greater intensity than ever, they have opened the gates of a still loftier research into the conditions and laws of life, the nature of life, and the origin of life.

Nor is this last stage of thought a fruitless or a hopeless one. The men of science of each era have been discredited by the mass of their contemporaries as pursuers of futile aims, and, although the majestic fabric of solid knowledge which they have reared attests their success, there are those still to whom the past teaches nothing, and who talk of the present predominant aims of science as chimerical and impossible. And yet, at no period and in no department of investigation has scientific progress been more rapid and sure than in the field of biology in the present century.

An excellent illustration, both of the advancement which has been made in this direction and of the general interest which is felt in this class of subjects, is furnished by Professor Huxley’s recent lecture on “The Physical Basis of Life,” and the reception it has met with. Several editions have been called for and issued, both in England and in this country, and it has aroused a great deal of curiosity, commendation, and criticism. A statement of the essential or more strictly biological portion of his argument will probably be acceptable to many of our readers. The understanding of it may perhaps be facilitated by a few words of explanation in regard to the attitude or conditions of the question.

When the microscope had reached a certain stage of perfection, a few years ago, it was discovered that all living creatures, plants, and animals, from the lowest to the highest, were made up of exceedingly minute bodies called cells, each of which has a power of growth, reproduction, and decay, as truly as the most complex and developed being. It was supposed that, in discovering these amazingly minute microscopical structures, we had gone to the very bottom of the phenomena of life; but further examination has shown that this conclusion is erroneous. In the first place, it has been found that there are organic structures which are neither themselves cellular nor derived from cells, and in the next place there is a material of life lower still in the vital scale, and out of which all cells are constructed. Every form of organic structure is

elaborated out of a common and universal material which is known in science under the name of *protoplasm*, and it is this which Professor Huxley terms the physical basis of life. The present view regarding cells and their relation to the primitive substance from which they spring is thus clearly stated by Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "Principles of Biology:" "The doctrine that all organisms are built up of cells, or that cells are the elements out of which every tissue is developed, is but approximately true. There are living forms of which cellular structure cannot be asserted; and in living forms that are, for the most part, cellular, there are, nevertheless, certain portions which are not produced by the metamorphosis of cells. Supposing that they were the only material available for building, the proposition that all houses are built of bricks would have about the same relation to the truth as does the proposition that all organisms are composed of cells. This generalization respecting houses would be open to two criticisms: first, that certain houses, of a primitive kind, are formed, not out of bricks, but out of un-moulded clay; and second, that, though other houses consist mainly of bricks, yet their chimney-pots, drain-pipes, and ridge-tiles, do not result from combinations or metamorphosis of bricks, but are made directly of the original clay; and of like natures are the criticisms which must be passed on the generalization that cells are the morphological (structural) units of organisms. To continue the simile, the truth turns out to be that the primitive clay or protoplasm out of which organisms are built may be moulded directly, or with various degrees of indirectness, into organic structures."

Protoplasm consists of the four chemical elements, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, which also compose the bulk of the entire organic world. These elements are united in very complex union, the nature of which has never been determined with exactness. It is albumenoid in aspect, that is, like white of egg. A few years ago, the term *protein* was applied to a combination of these four elements, which was supposed to be the common basis of all albumenoid substances, but no such principle has ever been separated or proved to exist. The term, however, is still retained, though with what vagueness may be inferred from the statement of Professor Frankland, that so-called protein has probably more than a thousand isometric forms.

Professor Huxley aims to show that, as between protoplasm and all the developed forms of life there is an acknowledged unity of *composition*, so there is also a unity of *power* and *form*.

First, as regards unity of powers, by what property is it manifested in the higher forms of life? By transitory changes of parts, which are due to the property of *contractility*. The power of movement in all the animal grades resolves itself into this: "Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are not excluded from this classification, inasmuch as (to every one but the subject of them) they are known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of different parts of the body. Speech, gesture, and every other form of human action, are, in the long run, resolvable into muscular contractions."

But this property of contractility is also manifested in plants, and in protoplasm itself. "So far as the conditions of the manifestation of the phenomena of contractility have yet been studied, they are the same for the plant as for the animal. Heat and electric shocks influence both and in the same way, though it may be in different degrees. It is by no means my intention to suggest that there is no difference in faculty between the lowest plant and the highest, or between plants and animals. But the difference between the powers of the lowest plant or animal and the highest is one of degree, not of kind, and depends, as Milne-Edward long ago so well pointed out, upon the extent to which the division of labor is carried out in the living economy."

The following graphic passages present a vivid picture of the extent and regularity of protoplasmic movements:

"I am not now alluding to such phenomena, at once rare and conspicuous, as those exhibited by the leaflets of the sensitive-plant, or the stamens of the barberry, but to much more widely-spread, and, at the same time, more subtle and hidden, manifestations of vegetable contractility. You are doubtless aware that the common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs which cover its surface. Each stinging-needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates, and breaks off in, the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of a limpid liquid, and roughly corresponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle-hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a corn-field.

"But, in addition to these movements and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly, the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and, thus, there is a general stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and, sometimes, trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions, within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in contractions of the protoplasm, which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects, and not themselves.

"The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the microscopic hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city."

There is, however, this fundamental difference between plants and animals; that while plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral elements, animals, on the other hand, are obliged to procure it ready made and in the long run depend upon plants. "With this qualification it may be truly said that the acts of all living things are fundamentally one."

But this unity is not limited to action; Mr. Huxley maintains that it extends also to *form*:

"If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles, of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

"The substance, which is thus active, is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail, rather than in principle, from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more; in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it has nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was, once, no more than such an aggregation.

"Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and, in its perfect condition, it is a multiple of such units, variously modified.

"But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals, each of which, structurally, is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But, at the very bottom of the animal scale, even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasm of those simplest forms of life, which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea, would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock-builders.

"What has been said of the animal world, is no less true of plants. Embedded in the protoplasm at the broad, or attached, end of the nettle-hair, there lies a spheroidal nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a woody case, which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fibre, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen-grain, or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises as the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

"Under these circumstances, it may well be asked, How is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? Why call one 'plant' and the other 'animal'?"

"The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable, and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant. There is a living body called *Elhaliu septicum*, which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and in one of its forms is common upon the surfaces of tan-pits. In this condition it is, to all intents and purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such; but the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, the *Elhaliu* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters, upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic feature of animality. Is this a plant? or is it an animal? Is it both? or is it neither? Some decide in favor of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom, a sort of biological No-Man's Land for all these questionable forms. But, as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundary-line between this no-man's land and the vegetable-world on the one hand, or the animal on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty which, before, was single.

"Protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter, which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod."

The transformations of protoplasm, in their practical aspect, are thus neatly illustrated by the Professor:

"In the wonderful story of the 'Peau de Chagrin,' the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last hand-breadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

"Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

"Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on forever. But, happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs from Balzac in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

"For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is, conceivably, expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By-and-by, I shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now, this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal—a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered, not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

"But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory which I possess will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man.

"Nor is this all. If digestion were a thing to be trifled with, I might sup upon a lobster, and the matter of life of the crustacean would undergo the same wonderful metamorphosis into humanity. And, were I to return to my own place by sea, and undergo shipwreck, the crustacea might, and probably would, return the compliment, and demonstrate our common nature by turning my protoplasm into living lobster. Or, if nothing better were to be had, I might supply my wants with mere bread, and I should find the protoplasm of the wheat-plant to be convertible into man, with no more trouble than that of the sheep, and with far less, I fancy, than that of the lobster."

CASTLE GARDEN AND NEW YORK BAY.

THE readers of the JOURNAL will find, with the present number, a cartoon affording a panoramic view of the Bay of New York, and of Castle Garden. Castle Garden derives its name from the fact that, after its duties as a fortification had ceased, it was converted into a public saloon, or garden, so called. At a later day it served as a concert-room and theatre, but is now employed as a depot for immigrants, and as the headquarters of the Commissioners of Emigration. That vast tide of Germans, Irish, Italians, and other peoples, that annually land on our shores, for the greater part enter our continent through the portals of Castle Garden. The illustration shows a barge, heavily laden with immigrants, just towed from a ship at anchor in the bay, and discharging its living freight.

The point of view selected by the artist is a long pier projecting into the North River, where the spectator has at his left, in the foreground, the old, crumbling, picturesque "Castle," with "Governor's Island" and Fort Columbus in the middle distance, and the shores of Staten Island at his right. The harbor is broad and comprehensive, where the war and commercial marine of the world can find protection. Miniature

steamers and ferry-boats, Mercuries of the wave, are threading the open water, or hiding away in the hundred protected landing-places of the broken shore. Great ships lie at anchor, their bows polished and worn by the sea, their sails, as if from fatigue, flapping nerveless against the sky-sweeping masts. Huge dark hulls, great monsters indeed, are belching forth smoke from iron chimney-stacks, and moving on in straight lines with the seeming impulse of fate. Yachts, unrivalled in speed and beauty, are flashing their white wings in the sunshine. The gay packets of the lordly Hudson and charming Connecticut are sweeping along, crowded with living, hopeful beings. The whole scene is one of brilliant life and bustle.

"Old Castle Garden," which stands out at the foot of the island as if to watch all that enters the gate of the harbor, although now so dilapidated and worn, is a place of no little interest. In the dreamy olden times of our Holland ancestors, the foundations of this dismantled fort were innumerable bowlders, stained with seaweed and salt, lying beyond the main-land, and known as the Whitehall rocks. Upon them, more than two centuries ago, was perched a rude fortification, and a consequent demand was made for land enough, immediately adjoining, to afford a parade-ground and a place whereon to erect the commandants' houses; and thus, in time, was originated "the Battery," for so many generations of such significance to native-born New-Yorkers. The existing structure, which occupies so prominent a place in our cartoon, was erected to meet the exigencies of "the War of 1812," but no enemy invaded our harbor, and a hostile shot was never fired from its walls.

THE HACK-DRIVERS OF PARIS.

SOME years ago, I drove to the *Quartier Latin* with a friend and fellow-countryman of mine, in a Paris hackney-coach. He had never visited the French capital before, and intrusted himself entirely to my guidance. As we were alighting in the vicinity of the Sorbonne, our driver remarked that he had frequently, in former years, enjoyed the honor of serving one of the most celebrated German *savants*, to wit, Alexander von Humboldt. "He often rode in my coach to see M. François Arago," said the man, while handing us our change. "They were intimate friends, and I, more than once, had the pleasure of seeing them together in my hack."

"Alexander von Humboldt died some months ago," said my companion.

"Death does not spare even the immortals," replied the driver, and then added, "*Pulvis et umbra sumus*" (we are but dust and shadows).

"Ah! you understand Latin?" I queried.

"I have not forgotten my Horace," he rejoined, with a sad smile, and, lifting his eyes, gave a flourish with his whip, and drove away.

My friend stood there in a quandary. "I have heard so much said about the ignorance of the French masses," he exclaimed, "and here the first Parisian hack-driver I come across has a classical education! How does that come?"

I thereupon endeavored to solve the problem by relating what follows: In Paris there are more than six thousand hack-drivers, and among them are not only men who have ridden in elegant equipages, but also ex-professors, jurists, notaries, artists, priests, etc.—in fine, persons who innocently have been cast down, by some sudden change of fortune, from the pinnacle of prosperity and social position to the depths of want; or with whom stern Themis had a crow to pick, or who had atoned for some weak moment with years of meditation behind bolts and bars. The thick veil that hides their past history is never lifted. When they apply to the hackney-coach guild for employment, they are called upon to prove merely their skill as coachmen, and make a deposit of two hundred francs as a guarantee for the livery furnished them, and for the payment of any fine that the police might subsequently impose upon them for some misdemeanor. Whether previously guilty or not, they are all carefully watched, and are overtaken with speedy punishment so soon as any charge is sustained against them.

The hack-drivers of Paris are very shrewd folk, and strive, above all things, to continue on a good footing with the police. When they have in any wise offended the guardians of public order, they at once endeavor to get back into their good graces, either by bringing such articles as may have been left by passengers in their hacks to the prefecture, or by informing them of any suspicious conversation that they may have overheard among their customers. It is, therefore, very imprudent to express one's self freely on political topics in the presence of any of this class.

The Parisian hack-driver gets four francs per day from the association, and for that sum must render sixteen hours of service. It is true that his hard lot is alleviated by gratuities from customers, and these gratuities, or contributions of "drink-money," are often very considerable. The driver who conveys a party of young people home from a merry-making is sure to get a handsome remembrance. It sometimes happens that he picks up a foreign prince, who has his reasons for avoiding recognition, and is rewarded with something really worth while. Many a king and emperor has ridden through Paris in a simple hackney-coach with a view to remain *incognito*. But the Paris hackmen are sharp-sighted observers. They have studied so many countenances that they seldom err in their judgment of their customers. They are perfectly aware, for instance, when they are conveying a jealous passenger who wants to take the object of his jealousy by surprise, and therefore stimulates him to hasten his pace under promise of a good extra fare; or the lover who is fearful of missing the propitious hour; or the fugitive bankrupt who, to escape pursuit, is anxious to reach the railway station, and thence make his way over the frontier. Such passengers pay liberally for the time they gain.

In addition to these extra services, the hackmen not infrequently resort to more questionable profits, such as conveying passengers in remote parts of the city without returning the proceeds to the society. A system of control, sufficiently vigorous and ubiquitous to render all this petty swindling impossible, has not yet been devised, in spite of every scheme and invention that could be brought to bear upon it. Nevertheless, these pilferings seldom occur without ruinous consequences to the guilty parties, and for the following reason: There are individuals in Paris who make good the defective measures resorted to by the society to hold the hackmen in surveillance. Their method of accomplishing this purpose is cunning, if not very kind. They engage a hack, and, when they have reached the end of their trip, pay their fare and drink-money like other customers, but take care to immediately inform the managers of the hack association that they, at such and such an hour, drove by such and such a route to such and such a point, and, at the same time, accurately state the kind of money with which they paid the driver. A few days later, they repair to the office of the managers and are there handed the amount disbursed, as a recompense for their information. This voluntary espionage has become a regular business, and hangs over the heads of the hackmen like the sword of Damocles. The slyest hack-driver in Paris has continually before his eyes the danger of picking up a still slyer customer, who may give him his gratuity with a pleasant smile, only to ruin him afterward, should circumstances point that way.

TABLE-TALK.

IT is curious to note the different lines taken by some authors at different periods of their lives, and the unexpected ways in which they break out. Horace Greeley began his career as editor of a literary weekly (*The New-Yorker*), something like the *Round Table*. Hope, the English banker, famous for his wealth and learning, his ugly face and his handsome wife, after writing some heavy books about armor and furniture, suddenly produced "*Anastasius*," and founded the school of Oriental romance, a school now extinct, but which had great vogue in its day. And now M. Ernest Feydeau—*Fanny Feydeau*, as he has been called—the author of some of the most daring and disagreeable novels in the whole range of French literature, has broken ground as an art-critic, and comes forward as editor of the *International Review of Art and Curious Objects*—for thus we suppose we must translate *curiosité*—"objects of bigotry and virtue," as Mrs. Railway-King Hudson was said to have called them, though we suspect the Joe is much older than she.

This monthly review is handsomely gotten up, and appears to be specially adapted to the wants of amateurs and collectors.

The pedantry of employing technical and scientific words unnecessarily has often been blamed and ridiculed. But the present prevailing fashion of pedantry is rather to give uncouth forms to recognized historical names, under pretence of an accuracy seldom required and often fictitious. One of the commonest illustrations of this propensity is the substitution of Greek for Roman letters in classic Greek names, e. g., *Sokrates* for Socrates, which is really about as reasonable as *katekhism* for catechism would be. Some English periodicals, especially the *Saturday Review*, have lately adapted the same course with old English, French, and German names. It is hard to say what is gained by writing *Egbehrht* and *Knut* for Egbert and Canute; and when it comes to presenting our old friends the Merovingians in the guise of *Merwings*, the thing is carried too far, and the writer seems to be purposely puzzling and aggravating the reader. A very liberally educated man may well be excused for not recognizing the *Merwings* immediately. Such writing certainly lacks one quality of good writing—it repels rather than attracts readers. It is altogether too much in the “hate the profane vulgar, and keep them off” style, which might do very well for Horace and his little knot of courtier patrons, but is decidedly unsuited for the present age. Better the purism of Macaulay, who always called the great French King *Lewis* XIV., and carefully translated the name of every Parisian street and square which he had occasion to mention in his history.

An Italian journalist, quoting from an English newspaper the trial of a brute of the Bill Sykes species, who had murdered his wife with a poker, innocently added, “We do not know if this poker (*questo pokero*) be a domestic utensil or a surgical instrument.” The French have found out, in one sense, what *questo pokero* is. The game of poker, or, as they call it, *pokkair* (the accent very strong on the second syllable), is one of the most fashionable at the most fashionable clubs of Paris. Its introduction was peculiar, and involves a certain moral. In the first years of the present empire, the vice of gambling at the clubs had reached such a height, and in particular so many very young men had been fleeced, that the police felt compelled to interfere, and threatened to close some of the *cercles*. Games of chance were therefore prohibited by the clubs, and to avoid mistake, as the term was liable to different constructions, the several games of chance were formally enumerated, such as *lansquenot*, *baccarat*, *écarté*, etc., etc. At this juncture appeared, like “gods out of the machine,” some Americans, or Frenchmen who had been in America, with *pokkair*, which, *not being in the official list*, was, of course, not prohibited by club rules. We believe that *pokkair* and *kerres cobblair* (*Americanicé* sherry cobbler) are the only republican institutions that have gained a footing under the second French empire.

The lecture of Professor Huxley on “The Physical Basis of Life,” which has lately made such a ripple in the world of thought, and which has carried the *Fortnightly Review*, that contained it, to the sixth edition, was sent, by the author, to this journal in advance of all other publication, but the unexpected delay of our issue prevented us from using it upon its first appearance. We give copious extracts from it, with some accompanying observations, in this week’s JOURNAL, and, in accordance with the plan of our publication, shall follow it by the productions of other able men in this interesting field of inquiry. As we have shown in another place, the leading scientific men of all nations are working with great assiduity upon biological questions; while the results of investigation into the mysteries of life are not only the most attractive, but they take us “where we live,” and come home with the force

of truths which interpret to us our own nature. We have received from Professor Foster, of University College, London, one of the most accomplished of European physiologists, the first of a series of lectures before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on “The Involuntary Movements of Animals,” which will appear next week. These lectures are clear, fresh, brilliant, original in illustration, and contain much new matter that will be read with interest by all classes.

It is curious how some people reason. Forgetting that the art of judgment consists in estimating the influence of *all* the causes which conspire to produce an effect, they fix attention upon a single cause, and, if that is shown to be inadequate to the whole effect, they deny it to be a cause at all. When it is claimed, for example, that fish diet, from its unusual amount of phosphatic constituents, is especially favorable to brain-nutrition, and, therefore, promotive of intellectual action, it is immediately asked why fishermen are not philosophers, and why civilization did not first arise among the fish-eating Pacific Islanders. For the simple reason that intellectual development is not due to one cause, but to the coöperation of many causes. Granting that a piscatory diet is favorable to nervous nutrition (which we now neither affirm nor deny), and that it is, therefore, a veritable cause, it would certainly be a very funny world if exclusive fish-eating could turn an amphibious Otaheitan into a Newton. We intimated the other day that there is a relation between the state of the air respired and the quality of the accompanying thought—that oxygenated blood being the prime condition of intellectual action, the perfection of the process must favor the highest action of the brain, and therefore the most difficult of the mental operations. Whereupon, it is asked, if this theory is good for any thing, why are Indians, hunters, and those who live always in the open air, so mentally dull, while those who inhabit ill-ventilated rooms in cities do so much excellent intellectual work? The answer is the same. For, in asserting that this is an *actual* cause, we by no means assume that it is the *sole* cause of intellectual results. Man is a very complex being, and his actions are influenced by a great number of agencies, all of which must conspire to produce the highest effect of which his nature is capable—original or creative intellectual action. These agencies must be individualized in thought, and each attended to; but it is a very faulty logic which supposes that any one of them is adequate to the total result.

Among the numerous advantages of a better scientific education will be the correction of errors of this kind, and the cultivation of better habits of reasoning.

The difference between the heroes of the comedy of to-day and those of the comedy of the last century exhibits clearly and forcibly the change that has come over the time. It has been said, when speaking of our great-grandfathers, that those who drank port-wine thought port-wine. Certainly, a rich, crusty flavor—a mellow, broad heartiness—that characterized the last century, has disappeared; and there is substituted instead a very thin, acid form of humanity, which, to the generous unction of the old time, is what claret is to port. But our recent comedy—accepting the mission of comedy to be what Shakespeare described it, “to show the age and body of the time, its form and pressure”—awakens us to another change in our social life. The spirit of the old comedy was its hearty, almost boisterous, mirth, its supreme and untroubled gayety. As distinguished from this, the merriest humors of the new comedy are partially cynical; if there is a laugh, it is the laugh of satiety, of the *blasé*; or, at best, the mirth is that of the philosopher who, discovering the vanity of all things, is merry with a sort of pitiful disdain. Our latest comedy, moreover—of which Robertson’s “School” is an example—is reticent; it has the repose of the Vere de Veres; it is nonchalant, indifferent,

epicurean. Its motto is, "*Nil admirari*." Its love-making and its heroism are alike—both cool and slightly scornful. It reflects accurately the age; and, just as we find no rollicking mirth, no abounding spirits, no ripe and eager zest in the heroes of the mock life before the foot-lights, neither do we find them in the real life of the men and women around us. Mirable, or Rover, or Doricourt, with their huge exhilaration, their glorious spirits, their superb animality, are possible only in a past existence and a past art. Gayety is eclipsed. We are all turned speculators, and thinkers, and students, and economists. We are indifferent to almost every thing but the spirit of criticism; we are fastidious, cynical, hypercritical; we affect taste, and yet our manners are as negative as our spirits, and we have utterly outgrown the magnificent staidness of the old school. We may well sometimes wish that our modern life could catch a little of the warmth and lusty abandon of a hundred years ago; but it cannot be. Each age has its own type of character.

Foreign Notes.

MOST of the books at the sale of the library of the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico were bought by a Brussels agent for the library of the Empress Carlotta, who is at the present time engaged in writing a History of the Mexican Empire. Despite the mental disease of the poor lady, her work is said to be an exceedingly able and interesting one. At times the empress seems to be entirely in her right mind, and, for several days, nothing will occur indicative of her disease. But at other times she refuses to touch any food, and abstains entirely from her wonted literary labor, working herself up to a high state of excitement, weeping, sobbing, and tearing her hair. On such occasions, no one is able to prevail upon her to eat any thing, except the Queen of Belgium, who succeeds in inducing her to do so only by partaking of every morsel of food which the unfortunate ex-empress raises to her lips.

Richard Wagner, the great German composer, who is his own librettist, composes the texts of his operas, most of which possess considerable value as poems, with wonderful rapidity. He is said to have written the text of his famous "*Tannhäuser*" in less than four days. The young French writer, who translated "*Tannhäuser*" into French under Wagner's personal supervision, said that his energies as a worker had never been more severely taxed than when he had taken that arduous task upon himself. Wagner writes and composes, as a general thing, not less than sixteen hours daily, and his manuscript contains few or no corrections.

Mr. Ernest Keil, of Leipzig, the publisher of the *Gartenlaube*, who has made an enormous fortune out of that popular periodical, was, not many years ago, a very poor bookseller's clerk. He has managed his paper with consummate ability, and it has now the largest circulation of any journal published on the European continent. The *Daheim*, the most successful of the rivals of the *Gartenlaube*, and which, at one time, seemed likely to outstrip it in the race for popularity, has recently lost much of its original vigor, and its circulation is said to be decreasing.

How great the popularity of Thiers's "*History of the Consulate and Empire*" is, may be inferred from the fact that, since the first appearance of the great work, no fewer than 117,000 sets of the expensive illustrated edition have been sold. In Belgium, besides, before the international copyright had been adopted, 75,000 copies of the cheap reprint were sold; and one publisher in Germany has sold 50,000 copies of the German translation of the work.

Both Queen Isabella and her husband, the King-consort Don Francis, had, in Madrid, private librarians, but no libraries. In fact, except a few missals, not a book of any description was found in the Alcazar, the royal palace of Madrid, when the revolutionary authorities took possession of it on the night of the 13th of September. The above-mentioned private librarians were, moreover, very illiterate men.

Ivan Tourgueneff, the greatest of living Russian romancists, who for twenty years past has resided in his villa near Baden, is a tall old gentleman, with a dense white beard. His daughter translates all his books into French, and a cousin of his prepares the German translations, so that all of his novels are published simultaneously in three languages.

Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff, whose discovery of the spectral analysis created so great a sensation in the scientific world a few years since, have obtained new results, of a rather startling character, by following up their researches in that direction. They will shortly publish another work on the subject.

Eleven thousand dollars have been realized by the sale of the private library of the Archduke Maximilian. Most of the books containing marginal notes in the handwriting of the unfortunate prince had been removed from the library, by order of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Mr. Alexander Wallace, of Colchester, England, has published a treatise on the culture of the yamamai, or Japanese silk-worm, being an account of the trials and difficulties encountered in reproducing the worm, from a few eggs secretly procured from Japan, and transmitted to Europe. This remarkable species of silk-worm feeds on the leaves of the common oak.

An English journal allows itself to speak of Mr. Bright "as arrogant and offensive in private society, incapable of comprehending a joke, and even probably harsh and overbearing in his own home."

The Mormons have in London 104 elders, 38 priests, 23 teachers, and 30 deacons—always hard at work. With them there are 915 members. Mormonism, although originating in this country, is clearly not an American institution, its recruits coming almost entirely from abroad.

"*Dreams*," by Mr. Robertson, whose comedies of "*Caste*" and "*School*" have been the most marked of recent dramatic successes, has proved a failure in London. Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy of "*Won by a Head*" has also been a failure. Tennyson's "*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*" supplied the outline of the plot for "*Dreams*."

An English ritualistic curate purchased a coffin for the purpose of simulating the death, burial, and resurrection of our Saviour by entombing himself from Good-Friday until Easter. His vicar heard of it, and prevented the absurdity.

The American principle of light wheels for vehicles seems likely to gain introduction into England. An English firm of coach-builders announce that they are prepared to build light carriages on wheels imported from America.

Geneva is said to be suffering from an epidemic of strikes, the most serious being by those in the building and printing trades. New York has been suffering from like cause in the same classes.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon denies that, in his "*Spiritual Wives*," he made his pictures of "free love" as samples of American religious life, but as peculiar, though exceptional, phases of that life.

Among the papers of Charles Ritter, the celebrated German geographer, several unpublished essays of considerable value have been found by a Berlin *savant*. They will probably be published some time next fall.

The works of Alexis de Tocqueville continue to have a steady sale in France. Five thousand copies of his "*Democracy in America*" are annually disposed of.

Berthold Auerbach has by far the largest income of German novelists. Next to him comes Gutzkow. Spielhagen and Fritz Reuter also receive large copyrights.

Victor Hugo has no more ardent admirer than the royal family of Holland. The King of the Netherlands has repeatedly urged the great poet to take up his residence either at the Hague or at Amsterdam.

A Danish translation of "*L'Homme qui Rit*" is shortly to be published in the columns of the Copenhagen *Dagbladet*. Mr. Oscar Goldsmidt is the translator.

The King of Sweden is said to write nearly every day a poem. In publishing them, however, he takes extreme care to winnow the grain from the chaff.

Mr. A. C. Asbjørnsen, of Christiania, announces a Norwegian translation of Bryant's poems.

The Museum.

IN "*Sketches of Early Life in Boston*," published in our third number, we learn that persons leaving home without leave were fined. It seems that Thomas More, in his "*Utopia*," seemed to consider a regulation of this sort highly desirable in a perfectly-organized community. He says: "But if any be desirous to visit either their friends dwelling in another citie, or to see the place it self; they easelie obteyne licence of their Siphograuntes and Tranibores, onlesse there be some profitable let. No man goeth out alone, but a companie is sente furrth, together with their princes letters, which do testifie that they have licence to go that journey, and prescribeth also the day of their retourne."

There was a curious old custom at Highgate, a place out of London, of swearing all travellers on the horns. In the great coaching days, when travellers to London from the north stopped at Highgate, at whichever of its nineteen public houses it might be, out came the horns, fixed on a pole, and the passengers were sworn to eat no brown bread when they could get white, unless they liked it better; and not to kiss the maid when they could kiss the mistress, unless they liked her better. They were then inducted into all the liberties of the place. If they saw a swine lying in the gutter, they were free to lie down by it, if they chose; and much more nonsense, no doubt thought very dull by the poor, freezing coach-travellers, who, with stamping toes and blue noses, had been facing the icy blast for days and nights together.

It has been calculated that some of the stars seen with Lord Rosse's telescope shine from such an enormous distance, that light takes upward of 50,000 years in travelling to us from them. Now consider for a moment the flight of a light-ray from a star at this distance on one side of our system to another as far off on the opposite side. For 100,000 years the light speeds onward—each second sweeping over nearly 200,000 miles; past stars and systems it rushes on, but far away, on every hand, are stars and other systems to which it comes not near. During 8,000 generations of mortal men—if one can conceive that our race could last out that time—the pulsations of the ether are transmitted along the tremendous line which separates the two stars. Yet, during all that time—if we are to accept the opinion of those who hold that our earth is the only inhabited world—the onward-rushing light never approaches a single spot where sentient beings are to be found, save one tiny globe, around which it could circle eight times in one of the seconds which make up the vast period of its flight.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

The Chinese are as peculiar in their customs as they are in their features and their dress. It is not alone the oblique eyes and the pig-tails, that mark the Chinamen. One of their customs is a mark of love and respect for the dead, and seems to us a far more sensible thing than the superstition of the Hindoos in burning the bodies of their widows upon the funeral pyre, or that of the western Indians in slaying horses over the graves of the dead, or that of the African negroes in killing prisoners for the same purpose. The Chinese make light frames of bamboo in the shape of horses, oxen, temples, houses, or any thing they may wish the dead person to possess in the world of shades. Then they parade the streets with these, accompanied with music and lighted lanterns; the processions are usually at night. Finally they halt, and there are prostrations and reverences before these



"Swearing at Highgate."

frames, which have been made gay and beautiful by covering them with bright-colored paper. The torch is then applied, and the departed friend or relative is supposed to become possessed of whatever was thus burned in effigy. The cost of this is from five to twenty-five dollars, and occasionally hundreds, for great men.

It is claimed that no other country in the world has such natural advantages for the growth, cultivation, and manufacture of silk as California possesses. Large tracts of land are now being planted with mulberry-trees. In Los Angeles alone nearly a million cuttings have been planted. In San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, a Mr. Hall is laying out a veritable silk-town. A portion of a ranch is laid out in lots of forty acres each, and subdivided into portions of ten acres, of which sales are made to those only who will devote themselves to silk-culture. The purity of the mulberry-leaf grown in California is well known.

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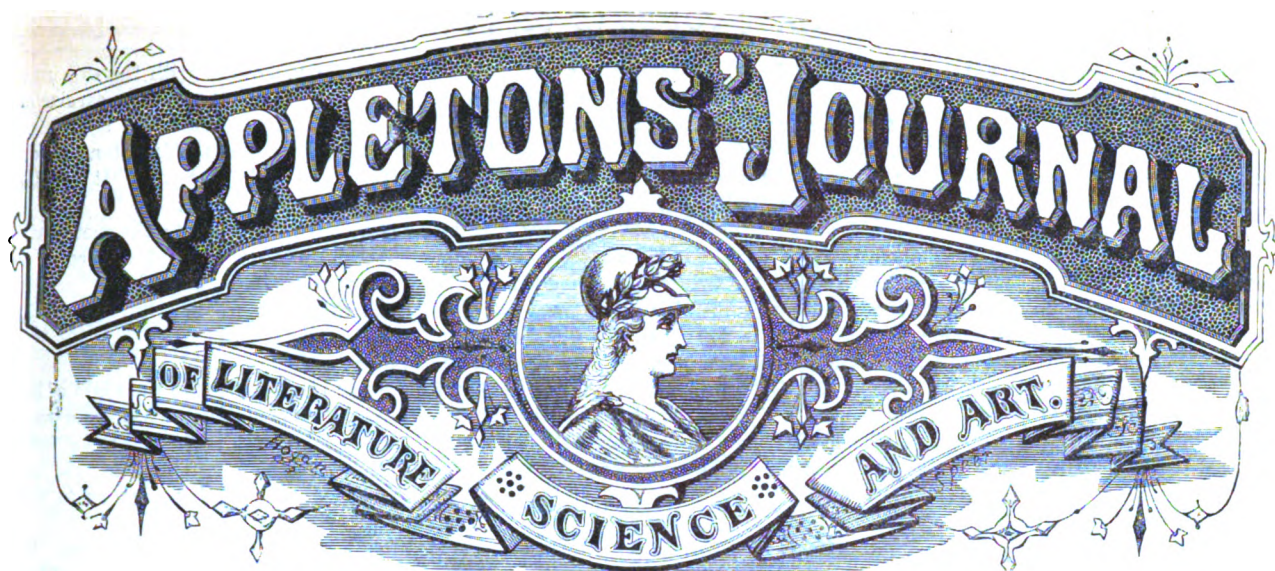
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[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

IX.

HATE IS AS STRONG AS LOVE.

QUEEN ANNE had around her several of these low voices. Barkilphedro was one of them.

Besides the queen, he worked upon, influenced, and slyly tampered with Lady Josiane and Lord David. We have said already that he whispered into three ears—one ear more than Dangeau. Dangeau only whispered into two, in the days when, thrusting his head between Louis XIV., smitten with Henrietta, his sister-in-law, and Henrietta, smitten with her brother-in-law, Louis XIV.—Louis's secretary known to Henrietta, and Henrietta's unknown to Louis—placed in the very midst of a love-affair between two puppets, he made up both the questions and the answers.

Barkilphedro was so cheerful, so ready to take any thing up, so incapable of undertaking the defence of any thing whatsoever, so little devoted at heart, so ugly, so vicious, that it was in the very nature of things that a royal personage should scarcely know how to do without him. When Anne had tasted of Barkilphedro, she cared not for any other flatterer. He flattered her, as they flattered Louis the Great, by stinging some one else. The king, being ignorant, says Madame de Montchevreuil, one is compelled to scoff at the learned.

To drop poison into the puncture, from time to time, is the same of art. Nero likes to see Locusta at work.

Royal palaces are extremely penetrable; the madrepora corals have an inner passage-way easily guessed at, made practicable, and at need scooped out by the gnawing insect termed a courtier. A pretext for entry sufficed. Barkilphedro—having for pretext his commission—was, in a very short time, with the queen, what he was with the Duchess Josiane, the indispensable domestic animal. An expression that he ventured to drop one day let him at once into the queen's secrets; he learned how much to depend upon her Majesty's goodness. The queen was much attached to her lord-steward, William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, who was extremely weak-minded. This nobleman, who had taken all the degrees at Oxford, and did

not understand orthography, was simpleton enough to die, one fine morning. To die, at court, is the height of imprudence, for no one troubles himself to speak any more of you. The queen, Barkilphedro being present, was lamenting the event, and concluded by exclaiming, with a sigh:

— It is a pity that so many virtues should have been borne and served by so poor an intelligence.

— God may have wished to have his ass! murmured Barkilphedro, in low tone and in French.

The queen smiled. Barkilphedro made a note of this smile.

He drew the conclusion: To bite tickles.

His malicious wit had leave to sally forth.

From this day forward, he thrust his curiosity everywhere; his malignity also. He was allowed to have his way, so much was he feared. He who makes the king laugh makes the rest tremble.

He was a potent wag.

Every day he took a further step in advance, under ground. There was need of Barkilphedro. Several great men so far honored him with their confidence, as to charge him, on occasion, with scandalous commissions.

The court is like gear. Barkilphedro became its motive power. Have you noticed in certain machinery how small is the regulating wheel?

Josiane, in particular, who made use, as we have pointed out, of Barkilphedro's talents as a spy, had so much confidence in him, that she did not hesitate to put into his hands one of the secret keys of her suite of rooms, by means of which he could enter them at any hour. This excessive laying open of private life was a fashion in the seventeenth century, and was called giving the key. Josiane had given two of these confidential keys; Lord David had one, Barkilphedro had another.

Besides, to penetrate abruptly into bedrooms was by no means an uncommon practice in the olden style. Thence incidents. La Ferté, drawing aside suddenly the curtains of Mademoiselle Lafont's bed, found Sainson there, the Black Musketeer, etc., etc.

Barkilphedro excelled in making these sly discoveries, that subordinate and bring down the great to the little. His tread in the shade was tortuous, soft, and knowing. Like every perfect spy, he was made up of the executioner's severity and of the patience of the microscopist. He was a born courtier. Every courtier is a night-walker. The courtier prowls about in that sort of night, which may be called omnipotence. He has a dark lantern in his hand. He throws light upon any chosen point, and remains himself in the dark. What he

seeks with this lantern is not a man; it is a beast. What he finds is the king.

Kings do not like any pretension to being great, in those about them. Sarcasm, on all but themselves, charms them. The talent of Barkilphedro consisted in a perpetual lessening of lords and princes, to the profit of royal majesty, itself by so much exalted.

The secret key, held by Barkilphedro, was a double one, shaped differently at either end, so as to open the private apartments at Josiane's two favorite residences, Hunkerville House in London, and Corleone Lodge at Windsor. These two buildings formed a portion of the Clancharlie inheritance. Hunkerville House was close to Old-Gate. Old-Gate, in London, was an entrance by which you approached from Harwich, and where was seen a statue of Charles II. having over his head an angel painted, and under his feet a lion and a unicorn sculptured. From Hunkerville House, with an easterly wind, might be heard the chimes of St. Marylebone. Corleone Lodge was a Florentine palace, in brick and stone, with marble colonnades, built on pile-work at Windsor, at the extremity of the wooden bridge, and having one of the most splendid courts of honor in England.

In this latter palace, very near Windsor Castle, Josiane was within easy reach of the Queen. Josiane was partial to it, notwithstanding.

Next to nothing outwardly—altogether rooted within—such was Barkilphedro's influence over the queen. Nothing more difficult than to tear up these court-weeds; they strike deep, and offer no external grasp. To pluck up Roquelaure, Triboulet, or Brummel, is almost impossible.

From day to day, and more and more, Anne relished Barkilphedro.

Sarah Jennings is famous; Barkilphedro is unknown. His favor lay hidden. The very name, Barkilphedro, has not reached history. All the moles are not caught by the mole-catcher.

Barkilphedro, formerly a candidate for orders, had studied every thing a little; whatever is skimmed over gives for result—nothing. One may be a victim of the *omnis res scibilis*. To have under their craniums the cask of the Danaides is the misfortune of a whole race of the learned, which we may term the sterile. What Barkilphedro had put into his head-piece had left it empty.

The mind, like Nature, abhors a vacuum. In the vacuum, Nature plants love; the mind, not unfrequently, puts hate therein. Hate fills up.

Hate, for hate's sake, exists. Art, for art's sake, is in nature, more than is believed.

A man hates. He must, in fact, be doing something.

Gratuitous hate, how formidable a term! This is as much as to say, the hate that is its own reward.

The bear lives by licking his paw.

Indefinitely? No. The paw must be revictualled. There must be something put underneath it.

To hate indistinctly is soothing, and suffices for some time; but in the end there must be an object. Animosity, spread over all creation, exhausts, as does any solitary delight. Hate without object is like shooting without a mark. What makes the sport interesting is a heart to pierce.

One can't hate, solely for the honor of it. There must be a seasoning—a man, a woman, some one to ruin.

This service, of giving interest to the game, of offering an aim, of envenoming hate by concentrating it, of amusing the sportsman with a sight of his living prey, of causing the watcher to anticipate the warm and smoking bubbles of the blood that is about to flow, of cheering the bird-catcher with the lark's credulity winged in vain, of being a creature hatched unawares, to be murdered by intelligence—this delicate and horrible service, of which he who renders it is not conscious, did Josiane render to Barkilphedro.

Thought is a projectile. Barkilphedro, from the first day,

had set himself to taking aim at Josiane with the evil intentions that were in his mind. An intention and a carbine are alike. Barkilphedro held his pointed, directing against the duchess all his secret malignity. Does this astonish you? What has the bird that you fire at done to you? It is to eat him, say you. The same with Barkilphedro.

Josiane could hardly be hit in the heart; the spot that is an enigma is vulnerable with difficulty. But she could be reached through her head, that is to say her pride.

It was on this side that she thought herself strong, and that she was weak.

Barkilphedro had taken account of it.

If Josiane had been able to see clearly into the night of Barkilphedro, if she had been able to distinguish what there was in ambush behind that smile, this proud personage, so loftily placed, would probably have trembled. Happily for the tranquillity of her slumbers, she was utterly ignorant as to what there was in the man.

Things unexpected fuse together, one knows not how. The deep underlings of life are formidable. There is no small hate. Hate is always enormous. It preserves its stature in the tiniest being, and remains a monster. A hatred is all possible hatred. An elephant, hated by an emmet, is in peril.

Even before striking, Barkilphedro experienced with delight the savor of the evil deed that he desired to effect. He did not, so far, know precisely what he would do against Josiane. But he was determined to do something. Such a resolution taken was much to start with.

To annihilate Josiane would have been too great a success. He did not hope for it. But to humiliate her, to dwindle her down, to harass her, to redden those superb eyes with tears of rage—this would be partial success. He reckoned on it. Tenacious, credulous, faithful in torturing any one else, not to be uprooted from his purpose, Nature had not thus constituted him for nothing. He well understood how to find a flaw in Josiane's golden armor, and how to cause the blood of this Olympian woman to trickle. What advantage, let us insist, was there for him herein? An immense advantage. Returning evil for good.

What is an envious person? An ungrateful one. He detests the light that shines upon and warms him. Zoilus hates this boon—Homer.

To make Josiane undergo what would in these days be called a vivisection; to have her, all palpitating, upon the anatomical table; to dissect her alive, leisurely, in a surgery somewhere; as an amateur, to cut her in pieces while she howled—this dream had its charm for Barkilphedro.

To reach this result, it might be necessary to suffer a little, which he would find all right. You may pinch yourself with the pincers. The knife, in straightening itself, may cut your fingers. What matters it? To be entangled slightly in Josiane's torture would have been all the same to him. The executioner, handling the red-hot iron, has his little part in the burning, and never heeds it. So that the other one suffer more, you feel nothing. To see the victim writhing takes away your own pain.

Do what injures, happen what may!

Planning harm for other people is complicated with the acceptance of a dubious responsibility. You risk yourself in the danger to which you subject another, in proportion as the linking together of all things may bring about an unexpected collapse. This does not hold back your true evil-doer. He experiences in joy what the patient undergoes in agony. He is tickled by this laceration. The bad man only expands himself amid horrors. Torture reacts upon him in self-satisfaction. The Duke of Alba warmed his hands at the pile. The fireside, anguish; its reflected light, pleasure. That such transpositions should be possible makes one shiver. Our dark side may not be sounded. Exquisite torment—the expression is in Bodin (book iv., page 196)—has perhaps this triple and terrible mean-

ing: research in the torture, suffering of the tortured, enjoyment of the torturer. Ambition, appetite—the words signify one sacrificed to another satisfied. How sad, that hope can be thus wayward! To owe any one a grudge is to wish him ill. Why not good? Can it be that the main leaning of our will is to the side of evil? One of the hardest tasks of the just is to eradicate unceasingly from the soul the malevolence that is almost inexhaustible. Nearly all our longings, when probed, embody what is not avowed. For the thoroughly wicked—and this hideous perfection exists—"so much the worse for the others!" signifies "so much the better for me!" Shade of man! Hollow places!

Josiane had the fulness of security, conferred by ignorant pride, and made up of contempt for every thing. The feminine faculty for disdaining is remarkable. A disdain, unconscious, involuntary, and confiding—of such was Josiane. Barkilphedro, for her, was little more than a thing. She would have been greatly astonished, if she had been told that Barkilphedro really had an existence.

She went, she came, she laughed, before this man, who looked at her out of the corner of his eye.

He, thoughtful on his part, was watching his opportunity.

In proportion as he waited, his determination to throw something of hopelessness into the life of this woman augmented.

Inexorable lying in wait!

Besides, he gave himself excellent reasons. It is a mistake to suppose that rogues are devoid of self-esteem. They give account of themselves to themselves in lofty monologues, and pitch their tone extremely high. What! This Josiane had given him alms! She had crumbled upon him, as upon a mendicant, some farthings out of her colossal fortune. She had riveted and nailed him to an idiotic function. Yes, he, Barkilphedro, almost a man of the church, of capacity varied and profound, a learned personage, having in him the stuff for a reverend, he was employed to register bits of broken glass, fit for scraping off Job's pustules. If he passed his life in a miserable hole of a record-office, gravely uncorking stupid bottles, encrusted with all the impurities of the sea, and deciphering mouldy parchments, the snout of conjuring-books, the filth of wills, and one knows not what of illegible twaddle, it was all the fault of this Josiane! What! The creature absolutely *thee'd* and *thou'd* him!

And he was not to avenge himself!

And he was not to punish this sort of thing!

Just as if! Why, there would be no more justice then here below!

X.

FLAMINGS THAT WOULD BE SEEN, IF MAN WERE TRANSPARENT.

WHAT! this woman—this mad-cap, this lascivious dreamer, virgin for the nonce, this morsel of flesh that has not yet yielded itself, this impertinence in princely coronet, this Diana through pride, not yet snapped up by the first comer—for lack of a chance, as they say, and I agree to it—this bastard of a riff-raff of a king who hadn't the wit to keep his place, this duchess of a lucky hit, who, being a grand dame, played the goddess, and who, if poor, would have been on the town; this lady almost, this thief of an exile's possessions, this imperious beggar, because, one day, he, Barkilphedro, had nothing for his dinner and was without a resting-place, had the impudence to seat him at one end of her own table, and to nestle him in some hole or other of her insupportable palace. Where was it? No matter where; perhaps in the garret, perhaps in the cellar. What's the difference? a little better off than the valets; a little worse off than the horses! She had taken advantage of his distress—his, Barkilphedro's, and hastened to render him a service traitorously, which is what the rich do by way of humiliating, and of attaching the poor to themselves, like terriers that are led in a leash! Besides, what did the service cost her? A service is worth its price. She had more than enough of rooms in her house! Come to the aid of Bar-

kilphedro, indeed! A grand effort it was for her! Had she eaten a spoonful the less of turtle-soup? Had she denied herself any thing whatever, in her hateful superfluities? No; she had added to the superfluities a bit of vanity, an object of luxury, a good action for a feather in her cap, a man of wit succored, a clergyman patronized! She could put on airs and say: "I lavish benefits; I give the men of letters something to peck; I become their patroness. Isn't he lucky to have found me, this poor wretch? What a friend of the arts I am!" And all for having prepared, in a villainous hole, a cot-bed under the framework of the roof! And for his place at the Admiralty, Barkilphedro was indebted to Josiane for that. Zounds! a famous post! Josiane had made Barkilphedro what he was. She had created him; so be it. Yes, created nothing, less than nothing; for he felt himself, in this ridiculous office, bent down, stiffened in his joints, and disfigured. What did he owe to Josiane? The gratitude of the hunchback to his mother, who made him deformed. Look at the privileged, these heaped-up people, these new-comers, these favorites of that hideous step-mother, Fortune! And the man of talent, the Barkilphedro, was forced to range himself on the staircases, to bow to the lackeys, to climb in the evening up a heap of stories, and to be courteous, assiduous, gracious, deferential, and agreeable, and to wear always on his muzzle a respectful grimace, as though there were no cause for grinding the teeth with rage. And all this time she was stringing pearls about her neck, and playing the lover's part with her lout of a Lord David Dirty-Moir, the hussy!

Never permit yourself to have a service done you. Advantage will be taken of it. Don't let yourself be caught in the very act of inanition. Somebody would console you. Because he was starving, this woman had made it a pretext for giving him something to eat. Thenceforward he was her domestic servant! A break-down in the stomach, and then you are in chains for life. To be obliged, is to be made the most of. The fortunate, the powerful, profit by the moment when you stretch out the hand, to put a penny into it, and from that minute of your weakness to make you a slave, and a slave of the worst sort, a slave of charity, a slave compelled to love! What infamy! What indelicacy! What a surprise sprung upon your pride! And all is over; there you are, condemned for life to find this man good and that woman handsome, to remain a second-rate subaltern, to approve, to applaud, to admire, to offer incense, to bow yourself down, to garnish your kneepans with corns from kneeling, to sugar your words when you are devoured with rage, when you are stifling cries of fury, and when you have within you more of wild upheaving and bitter spume than the ocean.

It is thus that the rich make prisoners of the poor.

This glue of the good deed wrought upon you smears you, and throws you into the mire forever.

An alms is without remedy. Gratitude is equivalent to paralysis. A benefaction has a sticky adhesiveness, and cramps your free movements. These odious beings, opulent and sordid, whose pity has borne hard upon you, are aware of the fact. It is settled. You belong to them. They have bought you. For how much? For a bone, that they have snatched back from their dog, to offer it to you. They have thrown this bone at your head. You have been stoned as much as succored. It is all the same. Have you gnawed the bone? yes or no? You also have your part in the dog's scrap-box. Then, give thanks! give thanks forever! Adore your masters! Indefinite genuflection! The benefit implies your acceptance of a recognized inferiority. They require that you should feel yourself to be a poor devil, and that you should feel that they are gods. Your dwindling swells them up. Your bending down straightens them up. There is, in the very tone of their voice, a soft but impertinent inflection. Their family affairs, their marriages, their baptisms, their women about to be confined, the little ones that they have—

these are your concern. Let a wolf's cub be born to them; well, you must compose a sonnet. You are poet, merely to be a rhymester. If this is not enough to make the stars tumble down! A little more, and they would make you use their old shoes!

—What is it that you have there at home, my dear? How ugly he is! What in the world is that man?—I don't know; it's a raw scribbler whom I support. Thus do these geese discourse; and without lowering their voices. You hear; and you remain mechanically amiable. Beyond this, if you are ill, your masters send you a doctor. Not their own. At need, they ask after you. Not being of the same species as yourself, and being inaccessible when so it pleases them, they are affable. Their escarpment makes them approachable. They know that a plain footing is out of the question. By force of contempt, they are polite. At table, they make you a little sign of the head. Sometimes they know how to spell your name. They make you realize that they are your patrons, only by treading ingenuously upon all that is in you of susceptible and delicate. With what consideration they treat you!

Is this sufficiently detestable?

Assuredly it was urgent that Josiane should be chastised. She must be taught with whom she had to do. Ah! my wealthy gentlemen—because you are unable to consume every thing; because opulence might end in indigestion, in view of the smallness of your stomachs, which are of the same size as ours, after all; because it is better worth while to distribute the scraps than to lose them—you get up this porridge of leavings, and throw it, magnificently, to the poor! Ah! you give us bread, you give us lodging, you give us clothes, you give us an office, and you push audacity, madness, cruelty, folly, and absurdity, to the extent of believing that we are your most obliged! This bread—it is the bread of servitude; this lodging—it is the valet's garret; these clothes—they are a livery; this office—it is a mockery, remunerated it may be, but brutalizing! Ah! you fancy that you have the right to blight us with your lodging and your nourishment; you imagine that we are your debtors; and you reckon upon our gratitude! Well, then, we will eat you out of house and home! Well, then, we will rip out your entrails, fair dame; and we will devour you all alive; and we will sunder your heartstrings with our teeth!

This Josiane! Was it not outrageous? What merit did she possess? She had accomplished the master-stroke of coming into the world—a witness to her father's folly and her mother's shame. She did us the honor to exist. And this complaisance on her part, in being a public scandal, was rewarded with millions; she had estates and country-seats, warrens, preserves, lakes, forests—what all do I know? And, with that, she played the fool, and had verses addressed to her, while he, Barkilphedro, who had studied and worked, who had taken pains, who had stuffed his eyes and his brains with big books, who had matured in old treatises and in science, who had an immensity of intelligence, who could command armies with success, who could write, if he pleased, such tragedies as Otway's and Dryden's, he, who was made to be an emperor, he had been reduced to permitting this nothing at all to save him from dying of hunger. Can the usurpation of the rich, those execrable elect of chance, be carried further, making pretence to be generous with us, and to protect us, and to smile on us—us who would drink their blood, and would lick our lips afterward? That the low woman of the court should have the odious ability to be a benefactress, and that the superior man should be condemned to pick up such leavings fallen from such a hand—what could be more frightfully iniquitous? And what a society must it be, that has, to this extent, a basis of disproportion and injustice! Is not this a case of seizing every thing by the four corners, and of tossing up pell-mell to the ceiling the table-cloth, and the banquet, and the orgy, and the tippling, and the drunkenness, and the guests, and those who are leaning their two elbows on the table, and those who

are on all-fours underneath it, and the insolent who give, and the idiots who accept, and of spitting back every thing to the nose of the Deity, and of pitching the whole earth at heaven? In the mean while, let us dig our claws into Josiane.

Thus dreamed Barkilphedro. These were the bellowings of his inner soul. It is the practice of the envious man to absolve himself, by amalgamating with his own personal grievance the public ill. All the savage forms of malevolent passion came and went in this fierce intelligence. At the corner of old maps of the world, of the fifteenth century, may be noted a large, blank space, without form and without name, whereon these three words are inscribed: *Hic sunt leones*. This sombre corner has existence also in man. The passions prow round and mutter, somewhere within us; and it may be said also of one dark spot in our souls: "Here are lions."

This scaffolding of fallow reasonings, was it absolutely absurd? Was it wanting in a certain judgment? It must be owned, not.

It is fearful to think that this something within us, the judgment, is not justice. The judgment is the relative. Justice is the unreasoning. Reflect on the difference between a judge and a just man.

Evil-doers abuse the conscience, with authority. The false has its gymnastics. A sophist is a forger; and, on occasion, this forger brutalizes common sense. A certain logic, very supple, very implacable, and very nimble, is at the service of evil, and excels in stabbing truth in the dark. These blows are sinister fisticuffs of Satan against God!

Such a sophist, admired by simpletons, has no other glory, than that of having given an occasional pinch to the human conscience.

The trouble was, that Barkilphedro foresaw a miscarriage. He was undertaking a vast labor, and he feared, at least, that not enough scath would come out of it. To be a man of corrosive disposition, to have in one's self a will of steel, a diamond hate, an ardent longing for the catastrophe, and to burn nothing, to decapitate nothing, to exterminate nothing! To be what he was, a devastating power, a voracious animosity, a gnawer of others' happiness; to have been created—for there is a creator, the devil or God, no matter which—to have been created in all particulars Barkilphedro, and only, perhaps, to realize a fillip; is this possible? Barkilphedro to miss his stroke! To be a machine for launching forth fragments of rock, and to expend all his expulsive force in raising a bump on the forehead of a conceited woman! A catapult causing only the havoc of a pair of shears! Accomplish the task of Sisyphus for the result of an ant! Sweat out all hate, for next to nothing! Is this sufficiently humiliating, when one is in one's self a hostile mechanism, capable of pulverizing the world? Put in movement all one's gear, give rise, in the background, to the hubbub of the machinery of Marly, to succeed, perhaps, in pinching the tip of a little rose-colored finger! He was about to turn over and over huge blocks, just to wrinkle a little the flattened surface of the court! Heaven has this mania for expending power on a grand scale. This upheaval of a mountain results in displacing a molehill.

Besides, given the court, a queer place for action, nothing is more dangerous than to take aim at one's enemy, and miss him. In the first place, this unmasks you to your enemy, and this is irritating; in the next place and above all, this is displeasing to the master. Kings have small relish for clumsy fellows. No contusions; no ugly fisticuffing! Cut every one's throat; but don't make any one's nose bleed! Who kills is a proficient; who wounds is a ninny. Kings don't like to have their servants lamed. They owe you a grudge, if you fracture a bit of porcelain on their mantel-piece, or a courtier in their train. The court ought to remain unstained. Break, and replace. That's well enough.

This also agrees perfectly with the taste for backbiting, common to princes. Speak ill; don't do ill! Or if you do it, let it be on a large scale!

Stab, but don't scratch!—unless the pin be poisoned. An extenuating circumstance. This, let it be recalled, was the case with Barkilphedro.

Every pigmy charged with hate is the phial, wherein was enclosed the dragon of Solomon. Microscopic phial, immeasurable dragon! Formidable condensation, awaiting the gigantic hour of release! Wearisomeness consoled by thought of the pending explosion! What is contained is larger than that which contains it. A latent giant, how strange a thing! A tick wherein there is a hydra! To be this fearful spring-box, to hold Leviathan within one, this, for the dwarf, is at once a torment and a delight.

Nothing, moreover, would have induced Barkilphedro to loose his hold. He awaited his hour. Would it come? What matter?—he awaited it! When one is far gone in evil, self-love comes into play. It is interesting to sap and mine a court-fortune above ourselves, and to do it at all risks and perils, however deep-seated and close-hidden it may be. One becomes impassioned over such a game. One comes to doting on it, as on an epic poem that one is composing. To be very small, and to attack some one very great, is a brilliant affair. There is something fine in being a flea upon a lion.

The proud beast feels itself stung, and dispenses its prodigious anger upon the atom. Meeting a tiger would trouble him less. And note how the parts are changed! The humiliated lion has in his flesh the insect's sting; and the flea may say: "I have in me the blood of the lion!"

However, this would but half appease the pride of Barkilphedro. Consolations. Palliatives. To tease is something; to torture is more desirable. Barkilphedro—unpleasant idea, that continually recurred to him—would, probably, have no other success, than to inflict a pitiful scratch upon Josiane's epidermis. What could he hope for more, he so low, and she so radiant? A scratch, what a trifle is it to him who craves all the purple hue of a flaying alive, and the screechings of the woman worse than naked—having no longer that chemise, her skin! With such longings, how grievous is it to be impotent! Alas! there is nothing perfect!

In short, he became resigned. Unable to do more, he dreamed only the half of his dream. After all, it was an object to accomplish a sombre farce.

What a man is he, who takes revenge for a benefit done him! Barkilphedro was this colossus. For the most part, ingratitude is but forgetfulness; for the high graduates in evil, it partakes of fury. The ungrateful clown is full of ashes. With what was Barkilphedro filled up? With a furnace—furnace walled in, of hate, of anger, of silence, of spite, awaiting Josiane for fuel. Never had a man so abhorred a woman, without grounds for it. How terrible a fact! She was his sleeplessness, his preoccupation, his wearisomeness, his rage.

Possibly, he was somewhat in love with her.

XI.

BARKILPHEURO IN AMBUSH.

To find the vulnerable point of Josiane and strike her there, such was, for the several reasons we have just given, the unshaken purpose of Barkilphedro.

The intention was not sufficient; it was necessary to find out the way.

What method was to be taken?

This was the question.

Vulgar vagabonds very carefully lay out the programme of the villany they desire to commit. They do not feel strong enough to seize the passing incident, take possession of it by will or by force, and constrain it to their service. Hence the preliminary combinations that deep rogues disdain. Deep rogues take all their villany *a priori*; they content themselves with arming at all points, prepare various weapons for various cases, and, like Barkilphedro, simply watch for the

opportunity. They know that any plan constructed in anticipation runs the risk of dovetailing badly into the circumstances that will present themselves. In that way one does not become master of what may be the situation, and make of it what one wishes. There is no such thing as holding a preliminary parley with destiny. To-morrow does not obey us. Fortune shows a certain disregard of discipline.

So they watch the chance of challenging her coöperation without preamble, without authority, and on the spot. No plan, no diagram, no geometrical outline, no ready-made shoe badly fitting the unexpected. They dive head foremost into crime. The turning to immediate and rapid account whatever incident may assist him, this is the cleverness that distinguishes the villain of ability, and lifts the rogue to the dignity of a demon. To bully fortune, this is genius.

The true villain strikes you as from a sling, with the first pebble that comes to hand.

Capable scoundrels count on the unforeseen, that stupefied accomplice in so many crimes.

To seize hold of an incident, to leap upon it—there is no art other than this. Art poetic for this kind of talent.

And, meantime, to know whom one has to deal with. To examine the ground.

Barkilphedro's ground was Queen Anne.

Barkilphedro was getting nearer to the queen.

So near, that, sometimes, he fancied he heard her Majesty's soliloquies.

Sometimes he took part, unheeded, in the conversations of the two sisters. It was not forbidden him to slip in a word. He took advantage of this to make himself of little account. Mode of inspiring confidence.

Thus it was that one day at Hampton Court, in the garden, being behind the duchess, who was behind the queen, he heard Anne, conforming awkwardly to the fashion, let fall some apothegms.

—The brutes are happy, said the queen; they are in no danger of going to hell.

—They are there, replied Josiane.

This reply, which rudely put philosophy in the place of religion, was displeasing. If by chance it had been profound, Anne would have felt shocked.

—My dear, said she to Josiane, we talk of hell like two idiots. Let us ask Barkilphedro what is there. He ought to know these things.

—As a devil? asked Josiane.

—As a brute, replied Barkilphedro. And he bowed.

—Madam, said the queen to Josiane, he has more wit than we have.

With a man like Barkilphedro, to get near the queen was to get a hold upon her. He could say, I have her. Meanwhile it was necessary to discover the way of turning it to account.

He had a footing at court. It was a fine thing to have a point of observation. No opportunity could escape him. More than once he had drawn a smile from the queen, that betrayed her. It was like having a license for shooting.

But were there no royal preserves? This license for shooting, did it extend to breaking a wing or a paw of such a creature as the own sister of her Majesty?

First point to be cleared up. Did the queen love her sister?

A blunder might lose all. Barkilphedro watched.

Before commencing the game, the player looks at his cards; what trumps has he? Barkilphedro began by considering the ages of the two women. Josiane, twenty-three years; Anne, forty-one years. This was well. He had his cue.

The moment when a woman ceases to count her springs, and begins to count her winters, is trying to the temper. Impotent rancor against time which one has in one's self. The blooming young beauties, fragrance to others, are thorns to you, and every rose gives you a prick. You fancy that all this freshness is taken from you, and that loveliness dwindles in your-

selves because it increases in others. To work this secret ill-humor, to deepen the wrinkles of a woman of forty who is queen, this was evidently Barkilphedro's policy.

Envy surpasses in exciting jealousy, as a rat in bringing out a crocodile.

Barkilphedro fixed upon Queen Anne his masterly attention.

He saw into the queen as one sees into stagnation. The marsh has its transparency. In dirty water one sees vices; in troubled water one sees follies. Anne was only troubled water.

Thoughts in embryo and ideas in larva moved about in that fatuous brain.

They were somewhat indistinct. They hardly had outlines. They were realities, nevertheless, though unformed. The queen imagined this. The queen desired that. Precisely what, it was difficult to determine. The confused transformations that take place in stagnant water are not easy to study.

The queen, habitually dull, had at times her sallies, stupid and abrupt as these were. It was in these that it was necessary to seize her. She should be taken in the act.

Did Queen Anne, in her heart, wish well or ill to the Duchess Josiane?

Problem. Barkilphedro proposed it to himself.

This problem solved, one might go further.

• Several accidents served Barkilphedro. And especially his closeness of watch.

Anne was, on her husband's side, distantly related to the new Queen of Prussia, wife of a king of a hundred chamberlains, of whom she possessed a portrait painted in enamel after the process of Turquet of Mayence. This Queen of Prussia had, herself also, a younger illegitimate sister, the Baroness Drika.

One day, Barkilphedro being present, Anne asked the Prussian ambassador some questions about this Drika.

- They say she is rich?
- Very rich, replied the ambassador.
- Has she palaces?
- More magnificent ones than those of the queen her sister.
- Who is to marry her?
- A very great personage, the Count Gormo.
- Is he good-looking?
- Charming.
- Is she young?
- Quite young.
- As handsome as the queen?

The ambassador lowered his voice and answered,

- Handsomer.
- What an impertinent! murmured Barkilphedro.

The queen, after a short silence, exclaimed:

- These bastards!

Barkilphedro made a note of this plural.

At another time, in going out of the chapel where Barkilphedro had been in attendance near the queen's person, behind the two grooms of the almoner, Lord David Dirry-Moir, crossing before some rows of women, created a sensation by his fine appearance. As he moved along, there broke out an applause of feminine voices—How elegant he is!—What a fine fellow!—What a noble air he has!—How handsome he is!

- How disagreeable all this is! grumbled the queen.

Barkilphedro heard.

He had made up his mind.

One might injure the duchess, without offending the queen.

The first problem was solved.

But the second presented itself.

How should this mischief to the duchess be done?

What resource did his wretched employment afford him for an end so difficult?

- None, undeniably.

XII.

SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND ENGLAND.

LET us note one little circumstance: Josiane "had the turning-box."

This will be understood upon reflecting that she was, although in a left-handed way, sister of the queen, that is to say, a princely person.

"To have the turning-box." What is that?

The Viscount St. John—say Bolingbroke—wrote to Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex: "Two things constitute greatness—in England, to have the turning-box; in France, to have the *For*."

The *For* in France was this. When the king travelled, the forerunner of the court, every evening, at the resting-places on the way, assigned their lodgings to the persons in attendance on his Majesty. Among these people, some enjoyed an immense privilege. "They had the *For*," says the *Historical Journal* for the year 1694, page 6, "that is to say, the forerunner who assigned these lodgings put *For* before the name, as *For the Prince of Soubise*; instead of which, when he set apart the lodging of one who was not a prince, he did not put the *For*, but simply the name; for example: *The Duke of Gèvres, The Duke of Mazarin*, etc." This *For* over a door indicated a prince, or a favorite. Favorite was worse than prince. The king accorded the *For*, as he did the Blue Ribbon or the peerage.

"To have the turning-box" in England was less flattering to one's vanity, but of more importance. It indicated the actual coming in contact with the person of the reigning sovereign. Whoever was, by birth or favor, in a position to receive communications direct from majesty, had on the wall of his or her bedroom a turning-box to which was attached a bell. The bell sounded, the box opened, a royal letter appeared on a gold plate or velvet cushion, then the box closed again. This was secret and solemn. The mysterious in the familiar. The turning-box served no other purpose. Its bell-ringing announced a royal message. One did not see who brought it. After all, it was only the king's or the queen's page. Leicester "had the turning-box" under Elizabeth, and Buckingham under James I. Josiane had it under Anne, although little of a favorite.

It was not an enviable distinction. The privilege involved greater servility. One was by it a little more of a valet. At court, promotion is degradation. "Avoir le tour"—they employed the words in French: this detail of English etiquette being probably an old French absurdity.

Lady Josiane, a virgin peeress, as Elizabeth was a virgin queen, led, sometimes in town, sometimes in the country, according to season, a semi-princely life, and held almost a court, at which Lord David was a courtier, with many others. Not being yet married, Lord David and Lady Josiane might without ridicule show themselves in public together, as they did freely. They frequently went to the play and to the races in the same carriage, and occupied the same box. The marriage, which had been permitted them, and even enjoined upon them, chilled them. But on the whole, the charm was in seeing each other. The familiarities permitted to engaged couples have a boundary that is easily passed. They held back from it—what is easy being in bad taste.

The bravest boxing-matches of that time took place at Lambeth, the parish in which the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has a palace, albeit the air there is noxious, and where a fine library is open at certain hours to honest people. Once, it was in winter, there was held there, in a meadow fenced in and locked with a key, a mill between two men, at which Josiane was present, escorted by David. She had asked him: Are women admitted? David had answered, *Sunt famina magnates*. Free translation, *No common people*. Literal translation, *There are great ladies*. A duchess goes everywhere. Thus Lady Josiane saw the boxing-match.

Lady Josiane made only one concession, that of dressing herself in men's clothes, a thing then very much in vogue. Women travelled but little otherwise. Of the six passengers that filled the Windsor coach, it was rare that there were not one or two women dressed as men. It was the mark of the gentry.

Lord David, being in the company of a lady, could not appear in the match, and was fain to remain a mere spectator.

Lady Josiane betrayed her rank only in this, that she used a *lorgnette*, which was the habit of the gentlemen.

The "noble rencontre" was presided over by Lord Germaine, great-grandfather or great-uncle of that Lord Germaine who, about the end of the eighteenth century, was colonel, turned tail in a battle, was afterward minister of war, and escaped the canister-shot of the enemy only to fall under the epigrams of Sheridan, a worse grape-shot. Several gentlemen laid wagers—Harry Bellew, of Carleton, who had claims to the extinct peerage of Bella Aqua, against Henry, Lord Hyde, member of Parliament for the borough of Dunhivid, which was also called *Launceston*; the Honorable Peregrine Bertie, member for the borough of Truro, against Sir Thomas Colepeper, member for Maidstone; the Laird of Lamyrban, of the marches of Lothian, against Samuel Trefusis, of the borough of Penryn; Sir Bartholomew Gracedieu, of the borough of St. Ives, against the Right Honorable Charles Bodville, Lord Robartes, Keeper of the Rolls of the county of Cornwall. And others.

The two boxers were an Irishman of Tipperary, called by the name of his native mountain, Phelem-ghe-Madone, and a Scotchman called Helmsgail. This brought together two sentiments of national pride. Ireland and Scotland were going to fight; Erin was about to give the blow to Gajothel. So the bets exceeded forty thousand guineas, without counting the stakes.

The two champions were naked, with very short breeches buckled around their hips, and boots with nailed soles laced to the ankles.

Helmsgail, the Scotchman, was a little fellow, hardly nineteen, but he had already had his forehead sewed up; it was for this reason that the odds were two and a third in his favor. The month before he had smashed in the ribs and put out both eyes of the boxer Sixmileswater, which accounted for the enthusiasm. He had won for his backers twelve thousand pounds sterling. Besides his forehead sewed up, Helmsgail had a broken jaw. He was light and active. He was about the height of a small woman, thick set, well knit, of a stature low and menacing, and nothing had been wasted of the clay of which he was made; not a muscle but went to the mark—the pugilist.

There was compactness in his solid trunk—glossy and brown like brass. He smiled, and three teeth that he had lost gave point to his smile.

His antagonist was enormous; that is to say, weak.

He was a man of forty. He was six feet high, with the chest of a hippopotamus, and a pleasant expression. His blow would have split a ship's deck, but he did not know how to deliver it. The Irishman, Phelem-ghe-Madone, was all surface, and appeared to take part in boxing-matches rather to receive blows than to give them. Only he looked as if he might hold out a long time. A sort of under-done roast-beef, hard to bite, and impossible to digest. He was what they called in the local slang *raw flesh*. He squinted. He seemed resigned.

These two men had passed the preceding night side by side, in the same bed, sleeping together. They had drunk, from the same glass, each three fingers of port-wine.

Each of them had his group of backers, men of rough aspect, and threatening a need of umpires. In Helmsgail's group might be seen John Gromane, famous for having carried a steer on his back, and John Bray, who had borne on his shoulders ten bushels of flour, of fifteen gallons to the bushel, besides the miller, and had walked with this burden a distance of more than

two hundred yards. On the side of Phelem-ghe-Madone, Lord Hyde had brought from Launceston a certain Kilter, who lived at Greencastle, and threw over his shoulder a stone, weighing twenty pounds, higher than the highest turret of the château. These three men, Kilter, Bray, and Gromane, were of Cornwall, which was an honor to the county.

The other backers were roughs, strong-backed, bandy-legged, with large, knotty hands, of vacant countenances, in rags, and fearing nothing, being nearly all outlawed.

Many were admirably skilful in making the police drunk. Each profession should have its talents.

The spot chosen was beyond the Bear-Garden, where formerly there had been bear-fights, bull-fights, and dog-fights, on the other side of the last houses in course of building, adjoining the ruined priory of St. Mary Overy, dismantled by Henry VIII. The wind was north, and the weather frosty; a fine rain fell, rapidly congealing into sleet. The fathers of families who were present were recognized by their raising their umbrellas.

On the side of Phelem-ghe-Madone, Colonel Monterif, umpire, and Kilter, bottle-holder.

On the side of Helmsgail, the Honorable Pughe Beaumaris, umpire, and Lord Desertum of Kilcarry, bottle-holder.

The two boxers were for some moments at rest in the enclosure, while the seconds compared watches. Then they walked up to each other, and shook hands.

Phelem-ghe-Madone said to Helmsgail, "I had much rather be going home."

Helmsgail replied, courteously, "The gentry should not disgrace themselves for nothing."

In their state of nakedness, they were cold. Phelem-ghe-Madone shivered. His jaws clattered.

Doctor Eleanor Sharp, nephew of the Archbishop of York, cried out, "Pitch in, my fine fellows! It will warm you up."

This little civility thawed them out.

They struck out at each other.

But neither the one nor the other was in anger. They counted three ineffectual rounds. The Reverend Doctor Grumdraith, one of the Forty Fellows of All Souls, exclaimed, "Pour some gin into them!"

But the two referees and the two seconds—all four experts—decided that the rule must be maintained. Nevertheless, it was very cold. Then the cry was heard, *First blood!* The first blood had been drawn. The combatants were again brought face to face.

They looked at each other, approached each other, stretched out their arms, touched fists, then drew back. All at once, Helmsgail, the little man, gave a bound.

The fight began in earnest.

Phelem-ghe-Madone was hit in the forehead, directly between the eyebrows. His whole face ran down with blood. The crowd cried out, *Helmsgail has tapped his claret!* They applauded. Phelem-ghe-Madone, whirling his arms as a windmill its sails, began to throw his fists about at random.

The Honorable Peregrine Bertie said: Blinded. But he was not yet blind.

Then Helmsgail heard on all sides this cry of encouragement. *Bung his peepers!*

Indeed, the two champions had been well chosen, and, although the weather was not very favorable, it was pretty certain that the match would be a success. The quasi-giant Phelem-ghe-Madone had the drawbacks of his superiority; he moved heavily. His arms were clubs, but his body was a lump. The little fellow ran, struck out, leaped about, gnashed his teeth, doubled his strength by his alertness, was up to all the tricks of the ring. On one side there was the primitive fisticuff, savage, untaught, ignorant; on the other, the fisticuff of civilization. Helmsgail fought as much with his nerves as with his muscles, and with his cunning as with his strength. Phelem-ghe-Madone was a sort of inactive shoulder-hitter, some-

what punished at the beginning. It was art against nature. It was ferocity against barbarism.

It was clear that the barbarian would be beaten. But not immediately. Hence the interest.

A little one against a big one. The odds are in favor of the little one. A cat has the better of the dog. The Goliaths are always vanquished by the Davids.

A hail of outcries fell upon the combatants—*Bravo, Helmsgail! good! well done, Highlander!—Now, Phelem!*

Helmsgail's friends kindly repeated their bit of advice—*Bung his peepers!*

Helmsgail did better. Suddenly falling, and, rising again with the wriggle of a reptile, he struck Phelem-ghe-Madone on the sternum. The colossus staggered.

—Foul blow! cried Viscount Barnard.

Phelem-ghe-Madone sank down on Kilter's knee, saying—I begin to warm up.

Lord Desartum consulted the referees, and said:

—There will be five minutes' intermission.

Phelem-ghe-Madone fainted away. Kilter wiped, with a bit of flannel, the blood from his eyes and the sweat from his body, and put a bottle to his lips. It was the eleventh round. Phelem-ghe-Madone, besides the wound on his forehead, had his breast beaten in, his stomach swollen, and the crown of his head contused. Helmsgail had not a scratch.

A little noisy talk broke out among the gentlemen.

Lord Barnard repeated, Foul blow.

—No bet, said the Laird of Lamyrbarn.

—I claim my stakes, said Sir Thomas Colepeper.

And the honorable member for the borough of St. Ives, Sir Bartholomew Gracedieu, added:

—Let them give me my five hundred guineas; I will go.

—Stop the match, cried the spectators.

But Phelem-ghe-Madone raised himself up almost as staggeringly as a drunken man, and said:

—Let us go on with the match, on one condition. I shall have also the right of giving a foul blow.

On all sides they cried out:

—Agreed.

Helmsgail shrugged his shoulders.

The five minutes over, the round began.

The fight, which was an agony for Phelem-ghe-Madone, was a pastime for Helmsgail.

What a thing is science! The little one contrived to get the giant in chancery, that is to say, all of a sudden, Helmsgail caught under his left arm, which was bent like a pruning-hook, Phelem-ghe-Madone's big head and held it there under his arm-pit, the neck doubled up and the nape down, while, with his right fist, falling and falling again, like a hammer upon a nail, but on top and from below, he beat in the features at his ease. When Phelem-ghe-Madone, released at last, raised his head, he had no longer any features at all.

What had been a nose, eyes, and a mouth, had the appearance only of a black sponge soaked in blood. He spat out four teeth upon the ground.

Then he fell. Kilter received him on his knee.

Helmsgail was scarcely hurt at all. He had some trifling bruises and a scratch on the collar-bone.

Nobody was cold now. The odds were sixteen and a quarter upon Helmsgail against Phelem-ghe-Madone.

—Take your muffer, said Kilter to Phelem-ghe-Madone, and, cramming the bloody flannel rag into a bottle, he washed it with gin. Then he retouched his mouth, and Phelem-ghe-Madone opened one peeper. His temples seemed cracked.

—Another round, friend, said Kilter. And he added—For the honor of the lower classes.

The Welsh and Irish heard it. Nevertheless, Phelem-ghe-Madone gave no sign that indicated the least intelligence.

Phelem-ghe-Madone raised himself, Kilter helping him. It was the twenty-fifth round. After the manner of a Cyclop, for

he had but one eye. He got into position. It was understood that this was the closing round, and nobody doubted that he had lost. He raised his guard above his chin, folly of a dying man. Helmsgail, scarcely sweating, cried out,

—I back myself. A thousand to one!

Helmsgail, raising his arm, struck a blow, and, what was strange, both fell together. A grunt of satisfaction was heard. It was Phelem-ghe-Madone that gave it.

He had taken advantage of the terrible blow that Helmsgail had given him on the skull, to give him one, a foul blow, on the navel.

Helmsgail, at full length, rattled in the throat.

The spectators saw Helmsgail on the ground, and said,

—Paid off.

Everybody clapped his hands, even the losers.

Phelem-ghe-Madone had given foul blow for foul blow, and dealt after his right.

They carried Helmsgail off in a wheel-barrow. The opinion was that he would not recover. Lord Robartes cried out—I win twelve hundred guineas. Phelem-ghe-Madone had evidently been maimed for life.

Going away, Josiane took Lord David's arm, which is allowed to engaged people. She said to him:

—This was very fine, but—

—But what?

—I had supposed it would relieve my ennui. But it has not.

Lord David stopped, looked at Josiane, closed his mouth, and puffed out his cheeks in shaking his head, which signifies, attention! and said to the duchess:

—For ennui there is but one remedy.

—What?

—Gwynplaine.

The duchess asked:

—What is gwynplaine?

THE ORGANIST'S STORY.

ONE afternoon last fall, as I was passing the Church of the Evangel on my way home from business, I met Moretown, the organist. Moretown is a stoutish man, with pink cheeks, and a pleasing expression of face, and looks like any thing in the world but a musician.

Mem.—How does it happen that so many eminent violinists, pianists, orchestra conductors, and divine tenors and sopranos, are such lumpy persons to the eye? One would naturally expect to see bare bundles of muscles and nerves, from which all the flesh had been worn off by the fret and tear of musical life.

Moretown was rolling through the gateway of the church, when he saw me and stopped; and, as I came up, languidly feached out his chubby white hand for me to shake.

"Glad to see ye, Jack," said he. "Come in and hear me play."

"Thank you, George," said I, returning his hearty grip, "nothing could give me greater pleasure," which was true, for I admired his playing, and often attended service at the Church of the Evangel to hear him and—well, yes—Dr. Jessamin's sermons, though, perhaps, I ought to be ashamed to say that sometimes the music was the chief attraction for degenerate me. "Alone, George," I asked, "or a choir rehearsal?"

"Alone, Jack, barring the blower, who is now waiting for me inside. I suppose you'll be the whole audience."

"This is delicious. I shall enjoy it greatly." So into the church we went.

We found the blower in the porch seated on the lowest step of the gallery-stairs, looking as if he had just waked up. He was so heavy of aspect, that I at once rated him as a person of great, but possibly neglected musical gifts. Nodding his head at us, he walked up-stairs, knocking his clumsy boots at every step.

"Blower some musical taste, George?" I whispered.

"Don't know one note from another. Spoils a blower to have an ear for music."

"You astonish me. Explain."

"Simple enough. A blower who knows music is apt to forget himself, and stop blowing to hear me. First thing I know, the bellows are empty and the tune dies out with a squeak. Been caught that way two or three times, but, since I got this fellow, feel safe. If the angel Gabriel should sit down to the keys and play the latest music from heaven, Tom would pump away all the same, in dead earnest, as if he were clearing a ship's hold."

I expressed my amazement in an "Ah!" By this time we had reached the organ-loft. I looked about me and marked the holy beauty of the church, which seemed more sacred and solemn in its emptiness and hush than when it was thronged with fashionable worshippers. The sun was yet an hour high, and his slanting beams struck great masses of rich colors from the upper windows and sifted them into the atmosphere of the edifice.

Tom, never saying a word, went to his place behind the organ, and began to get up wind. It sounded like a horse wheezing, and the effect was not bettered by an asthmatic accompaniment from Tom himself. Having been a street-paver previous to his engagement by Moretown, he had acquired the habit of his class of emitting a profound sigh at every stroke.

When George sat down to the instrument and began to play, his whole appearance changed. His face shone, his eyes flashed, his body swayed to and fro with pliant grace, his hands flew like lightning over the keys. I sat silent, and drank in the harmonies while he played for me, in succession, scraps of sonatas from Bach, anthems from Cherubini, dirges from Chopin, crashes from Wagner, flute plaints from Rossini. It was a wonderful medley, meant to try the resources of the organ, and the skill of the performer in suddenly shifting keys, styles, and expressions. As became a critical but grateful audience of one, I applauded with my thumbs at the end of every fragment. Finally, out of the sweet jargon, there stole the simple, heart-moving air of Schubert's "Wanderer"—the wail of the exile, the dirge of desolation. "My own variations," said George—as he began to weave it all over with the broidery of his fancy. At intervals, the mournful air would reappear on different stops and octaves, and at last George got it down to the deepest bass. As he moved among the profoundest notes, striking out deafening volumes of sound, I observed that, at times, the whole church trembled sympathetically. It seemed to catch a note, multiply it indefinitely, and fondly prolong it. When George stopped to rest, and I had heartily thanked him, said I—

"Please tell me what causes that deep thrill all through the church, when you touch some of those bass keys?"

"I strike the key-note of the church. See, now (blow away, Tom)." He commenced at C C and went down by semitones to C C C, the bottom of the bass. It was thunder of different degrees. I remarked a vibration in the choir, and parts of the building near us, at each successive note; but there was one to which the whole pile responded. I waited till he reascended the octave, and, when he touched the note again, said I, "That's it."

"F sharp. The key-note of the Church of the Evangel."

"Does every building have its key-note?"

"Undoubtedly. This church, for instance, is only a gigantic organ-pipe, pitched on F sharp, octaves and octaves below my lowest. When I touch that note on the deepest bass, a sound is produced loud enough for the church to catch and vibrate to sympathetically."

"A very curious and interesting fact," said I.

"What would you say if I told you every human being has his or her key-note?"

"I should not doubt it, but would like some proofs, if it is all the same to you."

George turned on the music-stool in a very animated manner. "I won't theorize on this singular proposition of mine, but will tell you a true story to illustrate it, if you have twenty minutes to spare."

"The subject interests me. So does your earnest air. I am a bachelor, and will give you all night."

"I also am a bachelor," said George, laughing; "but you shall learn from my narrative whether I am likely to remain one forever."

Here, then, is the story of my friend the organist, with my thick fire of questions and exclamations of astonishment omitted:

Before I came here to be organist and musical director—now four years past—I held that position in the leading church in a smart little town of Western New York.

I claim exclusive control of the church music, and resent meddling with it from rector or assistant, just as he would resent my dictating what sermons he should preach or what hymns read. This is not canon law, I know, but 'tis usage, and I stand up for it. Be good enough to bear this preface in mind—for it contains my justification.

About a year before I moved to the city, the soprano of this rural church died, and I had to find a new one. I knew of a fresh, delicious voice of good compass and power belonging to a young girl, Nelly Beck by name. She was the pupil of a music-teacher, a friend of mine, and strongly recommended to my interest, not only because she sang beautifully, but because her mother was a poor widow and had three other young children. My only objection to her was—she was very handsome. You smile at this. But pretty women sometimes play the mischief in choirs. They flirt with the tenor or bass, or both. I accept your amendment—and the organist. Snug place for flirting, behind these red curtains, I can tell you.

Well, notwithstanding Miss Beck's beauty, I engaged her. She disappointed me agreeably. She studied carefully, was very respectful and obedient to me, and did not flirt. To be frank with you, I began to take a real interest in her. You anticipate me. Yes, I may say, I fell in love with her. Here, said I to myself, is just the musical paragon and pretty woman for you, George Moretown.

I became quite attentive to Miss Beck. Saw her frequently from church—one of the charming prerogatives of the organist everywhere, and particularly in the country. Presented her with quantities of music. Made myself generally agreeable to her, and the tenor a trifle jealous. But she, while accepting my civilities, made no sign of reciprocating my feelings.

Thus things went on a few months—I having no real encouragement from Miss Beck, and hesitating whether to declare myself or not—when the rector secured a new assistant, the Rev. Mr. Hatcher. This gentleman had formerly been assistant in an interior county of the State, and, it was said, owed his new position to his distant relationship to the rector's wife. He had handsome features, fine curling hair, and side whiskers, and often wore a sweet smile which settled grim the next minute. A better reader I never heard. He intoned with the distinctness of a musical instrument. A faithful, industrious man in parochial duties, sincerely religious, I have no doubt. Ladies' society he was extravagantly fond of; and, being a bachelor, soon became a favorite. Perhaps, in such personal and business relations with clergymen as I sustain, I look too much under the cloth at the man. Anyhow, from the first, I did not much fancy Mr. Hatcher.

My main reason, I suppose, was, that he interfered with my music. He had a good ear and some taste, but he could not sing, or play on any thing. Yet he was presumptuous enough to advise me about tunes; and at rehearsals, at which my invited audiences were very limited and select, would drop in on us very much at home. I tried every plan, short of telling him so, to show him I regarded him as an intruder. But he took no hints, and smiled on me as if I had given him a hug instead of the cold shoulder.

Soon I had another cause of uneasiness—call it jealousy, if you will. Mr. Hatcher showed a plain liking for my pretty soprano. To be sure, his intentions were perfectly honorable. His idea seemed to be, so far as I could fathom him, not to find a wife, but to create as strong an interest for himself as possible in all the marriageable ladies of the church. Let me not blame him too much—for this Platonic love-making is almost the only exciting amusement permitted to young clergymen. But one can see that the pastime must be destructive, sometimes, to the peace of the female mind.

Miss Beck was greatly pleased with his courtesies. Many girls in her place wouldn't have resisted the temptation to flirt a little with the minister—the most enticing species of flirtation in the world, the ladies say. But she did nothing worth mentioning to encourage him. I thought it hard that Mr. Hatcher should try to get the better of me in Miss Beck's affections, when he had fifty or more handsome young women at his exclusive disposal down-stairs. It is only a confession of human nature to say, when I saw the assistant so sweet on her, that her value greatly rose in my eyes. I determined to try seriously

to win her love, and also to force Mr. Hatcher back into his proper place. How should I set about the tasks?

I decided to put to the practical test my theory of the *human key-note*.

I will not weary you with an account of the previous experiments (far from satisfactory), which led me up to the adoption of this strange theory, but will only state the general conclusion at which I had arrived. It was this:

That every human being has a key-note, to which that being is responsive according to the development of its musical faculty; and that when a human being's key-note is struck, under the proper conditions, that being's real nature is for the moment laid open, the secrets of the heart come out on the face, and he or she is peculiarly susceptible to influences exerted by the person sounding the note.

Do I make it tolerably clear? Thank you—that speaks well for your attention and discernment. Well, this odd theory I now had a powerful motive for applying to practice, and every opportunity to do so. Here were Miss Beck and the assistant minister at rehearsals; and here was my organ, on which I could strike notes experimentally while they stood near me, and watch the effect upon them. An organ is the only instrument, except the violin, on which my theory could be fairly tried; because it is the only one that gives a steady, prolonged note, capable not only of rousing but of keeping up the sympathetic condition of the person experimented on.

At the next rehearsal both of my subjects were present as usual. Miss Beck looked uncommonly lovely that evening. Large, arch black eyes, a beautifully-rounded forehead, and the peachiest of colors, forever flushing and vanishing from her cheeks—but I won't attempt to describe her, while you sit there grinning at me. Altogether a charming victim for my arts. The assistant minister came out in great force too. He was very lively and captivating, and seemed to me to have struck Miss Beck's key-note on some theory of his own. She was evidently quite interested in him. On me he beamed like a twin-brother. I studied him narrowly, and was confirmed in an old suspicion that his gayety was partly put on, and that beneath it could be found something not quite so childlike. That point I hoped would soon be tested by my theory.

Miss Beck was in charming voice that night. I noticed at times a little tremulousness, caused perhaps by her essaying some new and difficult music. I was glad of this, because I thought she would be more impressible. We executed several new chants and hymns, to the especial satisfaction of the assistant minister, who sat near by, and frequently gazed into the beautiful face of my soprano, beating time complacently with his head, and showering praises on all of us between the pieces. Presently we took a long pause, and Miss Beck came up and stood near me. She wished my opinion on that very difficult subject—the respective merits of three rival pianos. This opened a conversation, which I could easily protract for an indefinite time. As we talked, I pulled the flute stop, and began slowly to touch the keys corresponding to the register of her voice. At the same time I looked her fairly in the eyes, exercising whatever magnetic power I possessed. I tried to keep perfectly cool, though I know I must have been excited, for she visibly recoiled at moments from my ardent gaze. Why did I choose the flute-stop? Because that has a quality answering to the soprano voice. As I ascended the scale I pressed each tone and semitone long enough to try its full effect, doing this with seeming carelessness. With each successive note I would bend my soul—if I may use that expression—to the work of reading hers through her eyes. Her startled look speedily gave way to a dreamy reverie, as she let her eyes rest on mine, while a deeper blush crimsoned her cheeks, and her lips slightly parted. What note was I touching? D, and you may be sure I held on to it.

I had struck her key-note.

She was like one fascinated by an irresistible spell. I too was powerfully affected. The conversation, which we had conducted mechanically for some seconds, ceased; and there we were looking into each other's eyes, fixedly, and D was pealing through the air like an angelic summons.

"What a sharp sound, Mr. Moretown!" It was the voice of the assistant minister—a delicate hint that too much of one note was disagreeable. I turned on my stool, and saw that the contralto, tenor, bass, and Mr. Hatcher, were all looking at us. The note ceased, and the spell was broken.

In some confusion, I turned full to the keys and rattled off the first caprice that occurred to me. Miss Beck left my side, and took up her music-book for the next piece. So exultant was I in the thought that I had proved my original theory, that I might have gone on playing peans for an hour, if a general fit of coughing among my hearers had not roused me to pursue the rehearsal.

We performed the last piece—a new motet. I remarked that the soprano faltered on the opening bars, as if under the influence of deep emotion. But she soon recovered herself, and sang as smoothly as ever.

The rehearsal over, we all prepared to take our departure. To me, as I have said, had commonly fallen the pleasant responsibility of taking Miss Beck home; and I had looked with some comfort to the walk that sweet summer evening. I had determined to follow up the good effect of my experiment on her.

Mr. Hatcher led the way, bidding us all good-night in the most cheerful manner. As he withdrew he directed a glance of admiration at Miss Beck; but, in the generosity of my heart, I forgave him—for had not I now secured, by an infallible method of my own, the exclusive good opinions of that young lady? Next went forth the bass and the contralto—they were getting up a match, it was whispered. And then—then—the tenor (who I supposed had entirely surrendered Miss Beck to me) tendered his services as an escort. She accepted them, and bade me an indifferent good-night, and off they paired. I was left alone—ah! no! Tom was there, and as he moved around turning out the lights, he looked at me quizzingly, as if he understood perfectly the fix I was in. I should have discharged him on the spot but for his rare gifts as blower.

I strolled out, rather savage, you may believe, and walked a couple of miles out of the way going home, to cool off.

I had proved my theory, perhaps, but had I not lost Miss Beck? There could be no mistaking the effect produced, while I sounded D—but might not every unnatural influence so exercised cause a reaction? Might she not, in pursuance of some profoundly unknown law of the case, contract an aversion for me, except when I could bring her under the dominion of the key-note? I wished I had never tested the theory, but had stuck to the old process of love-making, as handed down to us by our ancestors.

As for the tenor, if he did not mind what he was about, I would discharge him. His voice was reedy, and he had lately taken to asinthe. Really, it was about time he was dismissed.

But Mr. Hatcher, I could not help thinking, was the prime cause of the trouble. He had intruded on my jurisdiction. He had weakened my authority over the singers. He had started what seemed, to the secular eye, very like a flirtation with my soprano; and by the force of example had encouraged the tenor to set up as my rival in her affections. I resolved to take vigorous measures with Mr. Hatcher. And first, to obtain his key-note.

He was present at the next rehearsal. Miss Beck was in attendance as usual, and seemed by her actions desirous of making up lost ground with me. It is not in my nature to resist overtures from a pretty woman—you may smile Jack, but you know you are equally susceptible—and in a minute we were friends as good as ever. The tenor was forgiven, if not forgotten, and so would have been the Rev. Mr. Hatcher, if he had not made himself so exceedingly agreeable to the lady that evening. As I saw him smiling and uttering honeyed words in her ears (I could not hear them, but guessed they were honeyed, from the saccharine expression of his face), the determination tooust him by my new theory possessed me.

An opportunity soon offered for this. At the first pause in the singing, Mr. Hatcher stepped to my side and opened a conversation on the worn-out topic of playing secular music in church. I took what I may call the organists' side of the question—in favor of admitting such music under certain restrictions. Mr. Hatcher, as in duty bound, mildly opposed it. As we conversed, I secured my hold upon his eyes, establishing, after a moment's contest, my magnetic superiority; for his eyes wavered as I looked. At the same time I struck the open diapason, whose tones most nearly resembled those of Mr. Hatcher's voice. Slowly I climbed the scale, dwelling on each note, and more and more searching into the depths of his gray orbs. The look I was conscious of assuming was of one who knew his secret, and could read it through masks of stone. The flickering of his eyes ceased. They became riveted on mine. He turned pale, and beads of sweat started from his brow. I was pressing G sharp. *That was his key-note.*

"What—what is the matter? Are you sick, Mr. Hatcher?"

It was the compassionate voice of Miss Beck, who had seen, with some alarm, from the other side of the key-board, my startling experiment on the assistant minister. I lifted my finger, withdrew my gaze, and Mr. Hatcher shook his head, and started nervously away, like one roused from a horrid dream.

"I—I am not well. I have a bad headache," he murmured, and sat down and looked about confusedly. The tenor brought him a glass of water, and I opened a window to let in more of the fresh evening air. In a few moments Mr. Hatcher was better. Though gratified at the remarkable success of my test, I regretted that the subject had been made ill, and I kindly asked him what piece he would like to have us sing next. He thanked me, and said he would not wait longer, but go home. And this he did, looking so distressed, as he bade us good-night, that I really pitied him.

Our rehearsal over, it pleasantly fell to my part to escort the lovely soprano to her mother's house. Precisely how I gained the information it is not necessary to say; but I was satisfied, before we got to Mrs. Beck's—it took some time to make the journey—that the young lady's key-note had not been struck in vain.

I am almost ashamed to tell you what followed of my experiences with Mr. Hatcher. I plead the weakness of human curiosity, and the desire to have a firmer hold on the assistant minister, in case he continued to intrude on the choir, as my excuses. Having been convinced, by the revelations of the key-note, that Mr. Hatcher had an unpleasant secret in his bosom—and feeling confident, as the police say, there was a woman in the case—I set on foot a cautious inquiry into the gentleman's antecedents. A confidential friend of mine undertook the mission for me. I had heard that Mr. Hatcher had left his former parish, in a county not far away, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, and that the ladies had keenly regretted his departure. Of course; for he was a man, I assure you, of the most engaging manners, and of deep and genuine religious sensibilities. Please understand, again, that I do not deny him the possession of many high and rare qualities.

My friend visited Mr. Hatcher's former parish, and soon made a great discovery. He found, as he had expected, that the clergyman had achieved a remarkable success among the ladies. His fine looks, captivating ways, and emotional nature, had each contributed to make him quite the idol of the pews. Being a bachelor, a construction was put on Mr. Hatcher's attentions to the younger and fairer members of the church, not warranted, I am bound to say, by the facts. If he should be blamed for thoughtlessness in not checking his powers of fascination, those who suffered from them should also be censured for the carelessness with which they allowed themselves to become so deeply interested in him. You see I mean to do Mr. Hatcher justice. I feel that he peculiarly deserves it from me.

One of the young ladies of the parish who had contracted a strong passion for the minister, was named Emma Faye. She was a beautiful girl, an orphan, living with her aunt. Religion, poetry, sentiment, and delicate nerves, all quickened her admiration for him into an overpowering love. She sat in a pew near the chancel, where she could see every movement of her idol—her God almost—at his solemn priestly rites. Mr. Hatcher was quick to detect the emotions, differing from those merely of the devotee, which agitated this lovely creature. What man can blame him for feeling pleased with the exhibition? I, for one, cannot. Her looks were occasionally returned with more of meaning, perhaps, than the minister intended to throw into them. Miss Faye's aunt soon noticed these tokens of sympathy between her niece and Mr. Hatcher, and she aided in the mischief that followed, by inviting him frequently to her house. There, at many interviews, Miss Faye derived the impression, from his kind and sympathetic manner, and from his hastily-uttered words, too, I have no doubt, that her artless love was returned.

Mr. Hatcher soon found himself in an awkward position. His courtesies to Miss Faye had been remarked by everybody, and had caused evident jealousy in others of his admirers. Some hints from discreet matrons of the parish induced him suddenly to cease his visits to the young lady and the manifestation of any special interest in her. He did not reciprocate her attachment, and hoped, perhaps, it would die out. But she took the change in his manner badly to heart. She sickened under it, and was soon confined to her house. Then it fell to the minister to call and see her in her capacity of a sick member of the church—a duty he could not well avoid.

These official calls only made matters worse, adding to the poor girl's passion, increasing the unpleasant gossip of the parish, and making Mr. Hatcher more averse to Miss Faye than ever. At last his situation became very embarrassing. All the facts were known and much exaggerated, and parties formed *pro* and *con*. in the church. By some Mr. Hatcher was greatly censured; by others the whole subject was dismissed with the declaration that Miss Faye was a fool. To escape from the dilemma in which he was placed, the minister suddenly left his parish for the one where I first encountered him, and had never seen his old parishioners nor Emma Faye since.

Such were the facts gathered by my friend. He did not see the unfortunate girl, but he learned that her health was very poor; she was expected to die any day; the country people all said she was broken-hearted. Since Mr. Hatcher had withdrawn from the parish, public feeling had gathered against him, and he was almost universally denounced as thoughtless and careless—one or two said heartless—in his conduct toward the girl.

My friend and myself kept all these facts to ourselves; but I could not resist the temptation to let Mr. Hatcher know that I knew them. Now was my grand opportunity to discomfit him.

Mr. Hatcher had skipped two or three of the rehearsals, and, when we had met, our intercourse had been rather polite than friendly. Meanwhile I had made decided progress in the good graces of Miss Beck, and felt sure that if I proposed I should be accepted, and have her heart into the bargain.

One Saturday night the assistant made his appearance in the choir. To me he was supremely genial, and to the charming soprano more than customarily tender. My heart—I confess it with shame now—turned to steel against him. I no longer scrupled to bare to his gaze my possession of his secret. In an interval he sidled up to the organ, and started a conversation on the merits of Wagner's "*Tannhäuser*" (portions of which he had heard at concerts)—I standing up for the music of the future on general principles of progress, and Mr. Hatcher objecting to it as an unpleasant innovation.

My fingers glided to the keys, and, fixing my eyes vividly upon him, I struck G sharp of the open diapason. The expected effect followed. Increasing pallor, a disturbance of the eyes, a tremulous motion of the body, indicated his response to the key-note.

Suddenly, without withdrawing my gaze from him, I shut up the diapason and whipped out the vox humana and tremolo stops. On these I began to play a most mournful passage from one of Spohr's masses. Under my passionate hands the instrument fairly talked. The tremolo lent its tearful quality to the wail of the vox humana. It was like the cry of a woman—the effect at which I aimed. I never played better in my life, and my feelings were never wrought up to higher pitch. I knew I was trespassing on dangerous ground—the secrets of a human soul.

"Do you recognize it, Mr. Hatcher?" said I.

"No! I do not. Wh—what is it?" he faltered.

"*The dirge of Emma Faye!*" I whispered back, taking care that no one but Mr. Hatcher should hear me.

I would have given any thing the next minute to have recalled the words. The poor man put his hand to his brow, staggered, and would have fallen, had he not caught at a chair for support.

"She is dead, then!" he exclaimed; "Heaven pity me!"

All present heard the words, and started in amazement.

"Oh, no, sir! she is"—I was about to add that she was not dead, and to beg his pardon for thus trifling with his feelings, when he put on his hat, and, with a hasty good-night, fled from the loft. I followed quickly, but, when I reached the open air, he had disappeared.

But the altar-window is darkening, and I will bring my story straight to a close.

And, first, about the unfortunate clergyman. Returning to the loft, I did not dare to tell the witnesses of the scene the causes that led to it; and we all agreed that Mr. Hatcher's mind had become suddenly affected, from parochial overwork, perhaps. Bringing the rehearsal quickly to a close, we went to the rector's house, where Mr. Hatcher lodged, and found he had arrived there, and was then in his room. In response to a message from me, he sent down word that he was not well, and had retired for the night. I could not feel easy till I had confessed my wrong; and so I wrote a note, to be handed to him in the morning, saying that Miss Faye was not dead and asking his pardon for having annoyed him; also assuring him that his secret was safe.

The next day, before the people were fairly astir through the town, Mr. Hatcher had left our parish forever. And now I tax you to guess the two endings of my story—one of which will surprise you, and the other will not.

"I'm not very good at puzzles," I replied—that is, I, the narrator of this story—"but one ending I hope is, that some day you will marry Miss Beck."

George laughed heartily. "Right," said he; "we've been engaged five years. Her mother was bedridden most of that time, and that's the reason we have not married. About four months ago Mrs. Beck died, and I hope to introduce you to Mrs. Moretown, say next June—and you shall hear her sing."

I gave him the grip of congratulation.

"And now for number two?"

"Give it up, George."

"Then prepare to be amazed. The Rev. Mr. Hatcher went from our parish back to his old one, and there he married Emma Faye."

"Good for him," said I.

"Yes, Jack, and good for me, too; for it relieved my mind, like a reprieve from death. The poor girl soon recovered her health, Mr. Hatcher moved West, and is now one of the most popular clergymen in his region."

"Among the ladies?" I asked, innocently.

"Yes, of course; but, since his marriage, that causes no trouble. 'Tis the unmarried parsons that do the mischief. So, you see, from these illustrations, that my key-note theory is not bad to apply in certain cases."

"But, seriously, George, do you believe in it? Perhaps the effects produced could be explained by animal magnetism."

George laughed. "To be serious, then, I think my magnetic power, or whatever we may call it, had something to do with the phenomena. I have made no experiments since. Having secured Nelly Beck, I have no wish to fascinate any other woman, and not the least desire to bewitch a man. Now that you are forewarned, it would be of no use to try on you.—And now what shall I play, my friend, to reward you for your patient listening?"

"Suppé's overture to 'Poet and Peasant,' one of my favorites," I answered.

"Fire away, Tom!" shouted George, to the blower.

Chug! wheeze! chug! and the organist dashed into the beautiful overture, and made such music as might not be disdained in Paradise.

When the last rich strains pulsed through the air, the deep purple of coming night filled all the building.

And then we rose and groped our way out of the Church of the Evangel into that other church, whose floor is the whole earth, and whose roof is the starry blue!

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER VII.—THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"AND you actually don't know who our patient is?" said Dr. Laurence.

They had dined, and were now smoking a cigar together, after Laurence had seen the old gentleman, and pronounced that he had turned the corner, thanks (as it was at least only courtesy to say) to Mr. Woodville's judicious treatment.

"And you don't know his history?"

"No, though his name was quite familiar to me."

"You never heard in Paris of Evelyn Pacha, or Evelyn Effendi?"

"Evelyn Effendi! you are surely joking."

"Not at all, I assure you; he was well known by that appellation ten or a dozen years ago."

"And how did he come by such an odd nickname?"

"In the most natural way in the world: he resided for years at Smyrna, where he was connected with a house in the Turkey trade, and, being a reading man, without any fixed opinions, he took to studying the Koran, and actually turned Mohammedan."

"You don't say so!"

"Whether he was ever actually a pacha, or was raised to any other Turkish dignity, I can't say, but he certainly deserted the Cross for the Crescent, and even wrote a book or a pamphlet giving his reasons for preferring the Prophet of Arabia to the Prophet of Nazareth."

"But he is surely not a Mohammedan at present; his interest in the Vaudois proves that."

"No, no, he is a good Christian enough now, I believe, and probably at this time of his life he will change no more—especially on his daughter's account."

"Was she a Mohammedan also?"

"No, though the name of Fatima smacks of the 'Arabian Nights,' but her father's connection with the Turkey trade explains that. She was brought up from a child by an aunt, and, to this day, hardly knows, I believe, to what extravagant lengths her father went when he was in the East, for his family and friends did every thing to hush the matter up, and it would probably have been forgotten before this, only for the unhappy consequences of his folly."

"It is easy to see that he is a weak, impulsive man, with more learning than judgment, but still I am amazed at what you tell me."

"Oh, he paid dearly for his freak; his apostasy cost him a son."

"How was that?"

"It is a singular story. You must know he has been twice married; Miss Evelyn is his child by his first wife. At Smyrna he married the second, an English girl, who had been brought up in the strictest evangelical principles, and, by her, he had the son I speak of. Now came the misfortune, indeed I might say the tragedy—remember this is all between ten and fifteen years ago. It was just about the time of the son's birth that the father embraced Islamism, and he made no secret of his intention to bring up the boy a Mohammedan too. It is said, but I never could bring myself to believe it, that the day was even fixed for performing the rite of circumcision; but certain it is that his poor wife fled from his house, carrying off the child, got on board a merchant-ship about to sail for England, and abandoned him. The ship was lost in a storm on the coast of Naples or Sicily, and the unfortunate Mrs. Evelyn, with the most of the people on board, perished."

"And the boy?"

"Was saved by a poor Italian, one of the passengers."

"But, at first, you spoke of the son having been lost."

"He was saved only to be lost again; at least, from that day to this, the father has never recovered him."

"How very strange! how did it happen?"

"The little I know I will tell you. There happened to be a young Englishman on board, who went by the name of Hardy; he was absconding from Smyrna, in consequence of some knavish transaction in which he was involved; and he was among the few saved. From him the British consul learned the child's parentage, and he wrote to inform Mr. Evelyn of its safety. Meanwhile, naturally enough, the consul allowed the infant to remain in the care of the man who had saved its life, as he happened to have a wife at Naples, and they seemed decent people. But it turned out most unfortunately, for, before an answer came from Mr. Evelyn, the Italian, his wife, and the child, disappeared, and, though they were traced as far as Turin, were never traced farther."

"How strange!"

"The only possible way to account for it was, that the Italian had learned from Hardy the cause of the mother's flight from Smyrna, and that either he, or his wife, under the influence of strong fanatical feelings, carried off the child to save its soul from its father and Mohammed."

"Is Mr. Evelyn a man of large property?"

"Pretty well, I believe; he has a nice estate, I think, in Devonshire or Cornwall. He was driven to distraction by the consequence of his folly."

"Tore his beard and his turban, and renounced the Prophet, I hope. But, of course, he took all the right steps to recover his child?"

"Ay, and wrong steps too. Among other things, he had the incredible simplicity to employ the scamp Hardy, at a salary of two hundred pounds a year, to prosecute the inquiry. The fellow induced him to believe that it was only a question of time, that if every nook and corner of Piedmont and the Italian cantons was effectually searched, the boy would certainly turn up—how likely that was to happen,

when two hundred a year depended upon its not happening—I leave you to judge."

"And is he still paying the subsidy?"

"No, about a year ago he discontinued it. I suspect his daughter made him see his folly."

"I can readily believe it," said Woodville.

"Oh, she has all the sense her father wants; but they are not rid of Hardy yet. He has the audacity to pretend that the sums he has received have not covered half his expenses. He persecutes the poor old gentleman both in England and on the Continent, making the most extortionate demands on his purse, accompanied latterly by threats of publishing a full account of the business at Smyrna, with the details of which he is unfortunately too well acquainted. I am told the fellow was lately seen at Milan, very much out at elbow, and, I have no doubt, he is dogging Mr. Evelyn at this moment."

"If he yields an inch to a rogue like that, he will be certain to take an ell," said Woodville. "I trust he won't find the poor gentleman out while he is in his present state of health."

"If he should come here before you leave, I hope you will kick him down-stairs," said Laurence.

"He would be much more likely to play that trick upon me," said Woodville, laughing; "but, tell me, did you ever see our friend the Effendi's pamphlet?"

"Never. I believe only a hundred copies were printed, and probably only half of these found their way to France or England. When his misfortune brought him to his senses, he spared no expense or pains to search for them and buy them up; he employed Hardy on that service also, and, no doubt, paid extravagantly for every copy he got possession of."

"Another thing, Laurence. Miss Evelyn ought to be very unworlily to be excessively anxious to recover her lost brother, eh?"

"You mean that she had an eye to her own interest in breaking off the arrangement with Hardy? Well, I can't speak positively of the moral side of Miss Evelyn's character, but, in that case, she certainly only did what common-sense dictated, and I shall give her credit for right feeling also, until I see better reason for withholding it."

Laurence went away the next morning; Woodville fixed his departure for the day following, and then put it off again, just for want of energy to pack his portmanteau. In this interval of dawdling, he resumed his sketch of Miss Evelyn, and was still balancing between the two expressions, when there was a rush of muslin in the corridor, followed by a hurried tapping at his door. When he went to it, he found it was the lady herself; but the cause of her emotion will be best explained after we have followed the steps of Mr. Alexander, and related his adventures.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.

ALEXANDER would have advanced on his solitary journey more rapidly, had it not been his bounden duty to stop at all the places the Evelyns were in the habit of stopping, in order to recover the little green account-book. His first halting-place was Ivrea, where he arrived late in the day, but there was no book of that or any other kind in the poor inn where he put up, so he had no resource when he had dined, but to sit down and study the case which he had undertaken, with more courage (as he sometimes could not help thinking) than either modesty or discretion. A familiar device on an Etruscan vase is an imp with a pen in one hand and a flask of wine in the other; and the young lawyer, between his bundle of papers and his unfinished bottle of Barolo, presented a similar picture, especially in the dim light of a low and smoky *salle-à-manger*.

Being a solicitor's son, he had perhaps an hereditary talent for dealing with masses of documents; at all events, he must have had the gift, from the methodical way in which he set about the first serious matter of business he ever had in his hands. Possibly, indeed, there was a degree of inspiration in it, for a man may be said to be inspired who devotes himself to an enterprise with all his heart and soul, with the fair form before his mind's eye of one whose smiles he hopes to win. As he untied the papers, he observed that it was not red tape, as he thought at first, but an end of pink ribbon, they were bound with, and, no doubt, this little touch of feminine grace did not lessen the ardor with which he went to work.

He first arranged the papers according to their dates, then he read

them carefully over, making marginal notes of their contents as he went along, then he divided them into groups, saying to one group, "Irrelevancy—lie there!" to another, "Surplusage—lie there!" to a third, "Mere formality—lie there!" This winnowing process reduced the bulk to nearly a fourth, which fourth, having read over with the closest attention, he marshalled in the order he thought best for presenting the subject most intelligibly to another mind, perhaps not so quick as his own.

When all was done, he threw himself back on his chair, filled himself out a bumper, and laughed to think what a good hit Miss Evelyn had made when she said the case was chiefly darkened by the papers.

Then he tied them up again with the pink ribbon, handling it more delicately, you will easily believe, than if it had been the tape of his father's office, finished his flask, called for a candle, and went to his bed, musing on diplomatic delays and legal prolixities, with other things, doubtless, on which at twenty-five it is still more natural to muse.

The next morning he was up with the lark and away to Chiavasso. "Eureka!" The little book with the odd name turned up at Chiavasso. This was success the first, and omen of successes to come. Alexander's face beamed with delight when the landlord produced the missing treasure directly he was questioned about it.

Alexander then inquired when the post went out, as he must send the book by it.

The landlord having informed him, he took a large sheet of paper out of his writing-case, wrapped the book in it in the usual way, sealed and directed the packet, and, having done all this, left the *salle-à-manger*, for a few moments, to go to his bedroom. When he returned, he found a stranger sitting at the table where he left the packet, engaged in the gentlemanly occupation of examining it so closely as even to pry between the leaves of the little book as far as the cover permitted.

He was a man of the middle size, and so strikingly like his father's partner in business, a gentleman named Moffat, that at the first glance Alexander actually thought he was the very man. His head was round, his hair sandy and close-cropped, no whiskers, nose short and lumpish, complexion to match the hair, and eyes small, twinkling, furtive, and unsettled—the sort of eye, that, without any thing bashful in it, never looks you straight in the face. He was travelling, and that no doubt explained the dust on his hat and clothes, but it did not so well account for their seedy condition, which the removal of the dust would only have made more evident. A man has a right to be negligent in his dress, but the stranger rather abused the privilege, so that, whether a gentleman or not, he was probably not at the present moment in flourishing financial circumstances. Alexander, however, formed his opinion of him neither from his shabby attire nor the expression of his countenance, but from the meanness in which he detected him, and still more from the hurried way in which he dropped the parcel when his examination of it was interrupted.

But the stranger's embarrassment was only momentary, for he coolly observed, as Alexander approached the table—

"You write a fine bold hand, sir, a capital hand."

"I hope you found it legible," replied Alexander, with dry contempt.

"Perfectly; that's the beauty of it," said the seedy stranger, as coolly as before, just as if Alexander had seriously asked his opinion.

Receiving no answer to this last remark, complimentary as it was, the stranger, instead of being offended, grew more obliging, for Orta, he said, was the very place he was going to, and he would be happy to be the bearer of the parcel. It would be much safer, in his opinion, than sending it through the post.

"Thank you very much," said our cautious young friend, without more courtesy than was absolutely necessary; "but I won't trouble you."

The shabby man was not in the least embarrassed by the curt rejection of his offer, for he proceeded to say, "I know the Evelyns very well."

"Oh," was Alexander's laconic reply, and never was a monosyllable uttered in a tone better adapted to cut short a dialogue; but it had not the desired effect.

"I know more about Mr. Evelyn's history than anybody living," persisted his companion; "much more than he would like the world to know. Oh, if I wished to injure the old gentleman, I could do it;

but nobody has done him such good service as I have, though he has not behaved handsomely to me, or honorably either. Honor, sir, before every thing; don't you think so?"

While the stranger ran on in this way, Alexander, who had made up his mind that he was some discarded courier, or a butler discharged for drunkenness or dishonesty, had taken up an old newspaper, and affected to be so absorbed as not to hear the question addressed to him. He hoped this determined attitude would compel the fellow to hold his tongue; but, after a short interval, he made one more attempt to establish a conversation.

"Possibly, sir, you don't know Mr. Evelyn's story? If you like I'll tell it to you."

Alexander's patience was now exhausted.

"I do not like it," he said, in the most peremptory tone of voice he could assume. "I am reading, as you see, and I beg you will interrupt me no more."

"That's enough, sir," said the fellow, with the same unabashed coolness; "I'm not the man to talk to any gentleman who does not like to be talked to."

It was late in the day. Alexander posted the green book, and returned to the inn to dine. There was a *table d'hôte*, but he ordered his dinner apart, to guard against the chance of a renewal of the stranger's impertinence. The likeness to Moffat, his father's partner, struck him more every time he looked at him. But Moffat, he knew, had a brother, of whom he had not heard much, but the little he had heard of him was not to his advantage, and this tallied remarkably well with the conclusion he was forced to come to as to the stranger's character. At the same time he could with difficulty bring himself to believe that the brother of a man of the high position and respectability of the Moffat he knew could be either of so low a stamp or in such apparently needy circumstances; and this impression was much strengthened by what occurred before he left the place next morning. Alexander was taking an early breakfast, as the coach he was to travel by started early, when he observed an unusual commotion in the house, landlord and landlady, waiters and chambermaids running to and fro in excitement, with a variety of exclamations—those of the landlord particularly vehement and indignant. The cause of the hubbub was simply that the seedy gentleman had decamped at cock-crow without either going through the ceremony of paying his bill or availing himself of the usual way of leaving an inn, having preferred the window of his bedroom, which was not much above the ground.

"Has he left no luggage behind him?" inquired Alexander.

"Only a rascally old trunk," said the dejected landlord.

"Oh, if he has left a trunk, he will be sure to return."

"I doubt if all its contents would pay me," said the landlord; but the doubt became a certainty the next moment, when his agitated wife rushed in with the decisive information that she had broken open the box, and found nothing but some old newspapers, an old coat and trousers covered with dust—no doubt those he had worn the day before—with a couple of good round paving-stones, to add the weight that every respectable portmanteau out to have.

Alexander could only sympathize with the plundered innkeeper, as he honestly paid his own little bill, and went his way, mentally apologizing to Mr. Moffat for having for a moment identified his brother with the swindler.

The next day he was in Turin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAUL POTTER, THE CATTLE-PAINTER.

THE desire to see one picture was the chief motive that induced us to deviate from our route in passing up the Rhine, and to devote a day to a quaint old town whose buildings indicated their occupants to be a conservative people, unanimously opposed to any kind of innovation upon ancient usages; a community who were content to remain under the same roofs that gave shelter to their phlegmatic forefathers some centuries ago; a calm, heavy, soporific, slow-going set. Every thing about them—the moat and its drawbridge, the narrow streets, their venerable trees, their very horses, not to speak of their vehicles, of which history furnishes no data as to what particular epoch their invention may be assigned—alike presented an ancient and old-world appearance. To quote a gifted American poet's lines:

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of Art and Song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rocks that round them throng."

The picture was Potter's "Young Bull;" the town, Hague, whose old name Gravenhaage indicates its position as the boundary of the principality of the ancient Counts of Holland. The Hague, which has always been considered the most aristocratic and pleasant of Dutch towns, was the birthplace of an English king and a trio of worthies—Bilkenidijk the poet, Boerhaave the physician, and Huygens the mathematician. When Holland became a kingdom it was chosen as the residence of the court, and its many beauties and attractions were uncombined elsewhere, and "*les délices de la Haye*" were spoken of even at the court of Versailles.

Holland has produced no greater cattle-painter, nor has any country, than the subject of this sketch, who was born at Eukhuyzen, in the year 1625. His life was a short one, but he employed his brief sojourn most earnestly in the study of Art through Nature. He won and will ever hold an undying name as its true exponent, while his works increase in value as time adds to their years, and true criticism advances our knowledge. Paul Potter's ancestors had held honorable positions in the city of his nativity, and were descended from the noble house of Egmont. Soon after his birth, his father, who was a painter, made Amsterdam his permanent residence, and here Paul was taught by his father all that he knew of the rudiments of art. He never had another master, nor did he need one, for his own genius did for him what no master alone could effect, and at fourteen his skill as an artist was universally acknowledged. A few years later he left his father's house and settled at the Hague, where his genius at once brought him into notice, and where his pictures were fully appreciated, finding a ready sale among the connoisseurs of his day. The objection made by the rich architect, Balkenende, when Potter asked his daughter in marriage, that he was "only an animal-painter," and ineligible for such an honor, was soon removed by the patronage so profitably enjoyed by the young painter, and at the age of twenty-five he married Adrienne Balkenende, a gay, pretty, and flighty young lady, who, most unwillingly, we feel called upon to say, led the artist an unquiet life. Potter's house was frequented by the principal men of the nation, but it was wanting, alas! in domestic felicity. His wife was fond of flirtations, which gave the young painter constant uneasiness. One day he detected her listening to one of her admirers, when, enraged beyond measure, he cast over them the net-work he carried on his arm, and which he had taken from his horse, who wore it to keep off the flies; then tying them together with it, he exposed them both to the laughter of the friends in his house. So disgraceful and ridiculous an affair soon became the talk of the town, and at length induced the painter to leave the scene of his studies and triumphs, and to settle in Amsterdam. This was in the year 1652. Two years later, in the month of January, ere he had completed his twenty-eighth winter, he died of consumption—brought on by frequent exposure to the damp atmosphere while sketching in the open air—leaving behind him the wife he fondly loved, in spite of her objectionable conduct; and a little daughter three years old.

In the story of Paul Potter's career, we find one among the many examples which might be adduced to prove that a long life is not essential to gain immortality. We do not pass too high a eulogium upon him by saying that, as a painter of what a farmer would call "stock," he stands without a superior, and with few equals. Next to the extraordinary faculty with which he was endowed, the great success of Potter may be attributed to his constant, close, and loving study of Nature. It has been truly said that "she was, indeed, his nurse in childhood, his mistress in youth, and his constant companion to the end of his days. He bestowed unremitting attention on every object and circumstance that might tend to give beauty or picturesque effect. The dawn of day frequently found him in the field. The dewy freshness of early morning, the dazzling brightness of the mid-day splendor, and the growing refulgence of the declining sun, together with the variable appearance of the atmosphere, resulting from mists, rain, and wind, are depicted with unequalled truth by his magic pencil."

Potter painted landscapes as well as animals. To the latter, however, he is entirely indebted for the exalted position assigned to him among the masters. His *forte* was cattle; in horses he was less successful, unequal to his contemporary and countryman, Wouvermans, so famous for his white chargers, and to two English painters and a gifted young French artist of our own day. We, of course, allude to Landseer, Herring, and Rosa Bonheur. Potter's coloring is clear and brilliant, with a lustrous glitter that is peculiar to himself. The best test of the genuineness of his pictures is the wonderful correctness

of his cattle, exhibiting a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the animal races. Although he left comparatively few pictures behind him, about one hundred and fifty specimens have been assigned to him by connoisseurs who have made his works their study. The sizes of some, and the exquisitely-delicate finish of almost the whole, proclaim the industry with which he labored during his brief career—

"Twas not a life;
"Twas but a piece of childhood thrown away."

The "quaint old town," with its memories of the middle ages, where Potter won renown, presents no object of greater interest to the tourist or amateur than its museum of Chinese and Japanese curiosities, and the gallery of paintings, containing two works of a world-wide reputation—"La Leçon d'Atomie du Professeur Tulp," by Rembrandt, and the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paul Potter, "Un Jeune Taureau," painted when he was but twenty-two years of age. "It is executed with such extraordinary firmness and precision in the drawing and handling, and with such a full *impasto* of color, that many of the details appear to be rather modelled than painted; for the very texture of the hair, horns, and other parts, is delineated with an inconceivable fidelity. The animals appear to live and breathe; they stand upon earth, and are surrounded by air. Such, in fact, is the magical illusion of this picture, that, it may be fairly concluded, the painter has approached as near perfection as the art will ever attain." Besides the bull, a cow, some sheep, and an old farmer, are introduced under the shade of an oak; in the background are seen cattle grazing in a meadow, and in the distance a village spire. The figures are the size of life—the painting being eight feet by twelve. We have no account of the sum received by the artist for this work, but we find that it was sold, in 1749, for less than *three hundred dollars*. The Dutch Government now values it at forty thousand dollars.

The same gallery contains two smaller Potters, both landscapes—one with a group of cows standing in a stream, the other with a flock of sheep, and several of the race that perished in the conflagration of Ho-ti's cottage. They are valuable and much-admired works.

In the Louvre are two of this master's pictures, and one in the queen's collection, at Buckingham Palace. It is called "Milking Time," or, "The Dog and her Puppies," and may be considered a pleasing example of Potter's compositions. Size of the picture, twenty-one by thirty inches, and it cost its present possessor six thousand dollars. We have no knowledge of any genuine painting by Potter in the United States, although we have seen several copies.

Few great artists have laid aside the pencil at so early an age as Paul Potter. Angelo had reached the years of threescore and ten, before he gave to the world his "Last Judgment." Titian's noble portrait of Pope Pius the Third was painted at the age of seventy-two, and his wonderful work, "The Martyrdom of Saint Lawrence," at eighty-one. Many of Rubens's grandest works were executed after he had seen half a century of summers and winters pass away. Very few painters have accomplished so much in so short a period of time, and rarer still do we find the works of any master increasing so rapidly and to such an extent in commercial value as Paul Potter's—after all, the truest test of the merits of works of art. His name is one that neither his country nor the world "will willingly let die," but will remember through the coming ages with those of Raphael, of Rubens, and of Rembrandt.

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

MR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, an eminent English naturalist, spent eight years in the Malayan archipelago in the pursuit of his favorite subjects, and has given us a most entertaining and instructive book about it. From his chapter on those most beautiful objects in nature, the Birds of Paradise, we present the following:

When the earliest European voyagers reached the Moluccas in search of cloves and nutmegs, which were then rare and precious spices, they were presented with the dried skins of birds so strange and beautiful as to excite the admiration even of those wealth-seeking rovers. The Malay traders gave them the name of "Manuk dewata," or God's birds; and the Portuguese, finding that they had no feet or wings, and not being able to learn any thing authentic about them, called them "Passaros de Sol," or Birds of the Sun; while the learned

Dutchmen, who wrote in Latin, called them "*Avis paradisæus*," or Paradise Bird. John van Linschoten gives these names in 1598, and tells us that no one has seen these birds alive, for they live in the air, always turning toward the sun, and never lighting on the earth till they die; for they have neither feet nor wings, as, he adds, may be seen by birds carried to India, and sometimes to Holland, but, being very costly, they were then rarely seen in Europe. More than a hundred years later, Mr. William Funnell, who accompanied Dampier, and wrote an account of the voyage, saw specimens at Amboyna, and was told that they came to Banda to eat nutmegs, which intoxicated them and made them fall down senseless, when they were killed by ants. Down to 1760, when Linnæus named the largest species, *Paradisæa apoda* (the footless Paradise Bird), no perfect specimen had been seen in Europe, and absolutely nothing was known about them. And even now, a hundred years later, most books state that they migrate annually to Ternate, Banda, and Amboyna; whereas, the fact is, that they are as completely unknown in those islands in a wild state as they are in England.

The *Paradisæidæ* are a group of moderate-sized birds, allied in their structure and habits to crows and starlings; but they are characterized by extraordinary developments of plumage, which are unequalled in any other family of birds. In several species large tufts of delicate bright-colored feathers spring from each side of the body beneath the wings, forming trains, or fans, or shields; and the middle feathers of the tail are often elongated into wires, twisted into fantastic shapes, or adorned with the most brilliant metallic tints. In another set of species these accessory plumes spring from the head, the back, or the shoulders; while the intensity of color and of metallic lustre displayed by their plumage, is not to be equalled by any other birds, except, perhaps, the humming-birds, and is not surpassed even by these.

The true Paradise Birds are omnivorous, feeding on fruits and insects—of the former, preferring the small figs; of the latter, grasshoppers, locusts, and phasmas, as well as cockroaches and caterpillars. When I returned home, in 1862, I was so fortunate as to find two adult males of this species (the Lesser Bird of Paradise, the plumage of which is most commonly used in ladies' head-dresses) in Singapore; and, as they seemed healthy, and fed voraciously on rice, bananas, and cockroaches, I determined on giving the very high price asked for them—one hundred pounds—and to bring them to England by the overland route, under my own care. On my way home, I stayed a week at Bombay, to break the journey, and to lay in a fresh stock of bananas for my birds. I had great difficulty, however, in supplying them with insect food, for, in the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, cockroaches were scarce, and it was only by setting traps in the store-rooms, and by hunting an hour every night in the fore-castle, that I could secure a few dozen of these creatures, scarcely enough for a single meal. At Malta, where I stayed a fortnight, I got plenty of cockroaches from a bakehouse, and, when I left, took with me several biscuit-tins-full, as provision for the voyage home. We came through the Mediterranean in March, with a very cold wind; and the only place on board the mail-steamer where their large cage could be accommodated was exposed to a strong current of air down a hatchway which stood open day and night, yet the birds never seemed to feel the cold. During the night journey from Marseilles to Paris, it was a sharp frost; yet they arrived in London in perfect health, and lived in the Zoological Gardens for one and two years, often displaying their beautiful plumes to the admiration of the spectators. It is evident, therefore, that the Paradise Birds are very hardy, and require air and exercise rather than heat.

The Great Bird of Paradise is the largest species known, being generally seventeen or eighteen inches from the beak to the tip of the tail. The body, wings, and tail, are of a rich coffee-brown, which deepens on the breast to a blackish-violet or purple-brown. The whole top of the head and neck is of an exceedingly delicate straw-yellow, the feathers being short and close set, so as to resemble plush or velvet; the lower part of the throat, up to the eye, is clothed with scaly feathers of an emerald-green color, and with a rich metallic gloss, and velvety plumes of a still deeper green extend in a band across the forehead and chin as far as the eye, which is bright yellow. The beak is pale lead-blue; and the feet, which are rather large and very strong and well formed, are of a pale ashy-pink. The two middle feathers of the tail have no webs, except a very small one at the base and at the extreme tip, forming wire-like cirrhi, which spread out

in an elegant double curve, and vary from twenty-four to thirty-four inches long. From each side of the body, beneath the wings, springs a dense tuft of long and delicate plumes, sometimes two feet in length, of the most intense golden-orange color and very glossy, but changing toward the tips into a pale brown. This tuft of plumage can be elevated and spread out at pleasure, so as almost to conceal the body of the bird. These splendid ornaments are entirely confined to the male sex, while the female is really a very plain and ordinary-looking bird, of a uniform coffee-brown color, which never changes, neither does she possess the long tail wires, nor a single yellow or green feather about the head.

The Great Bird of Paradise is very active and vigorous, and seems to be in constant motion all day long. It is very abundant, small flocks of females and young males being constantly met with; and though the full-plumaged birds are less plentiful, their loud cries, which are heard daily, show that they also are very numerous. Their note is, "Wawk-wawk-wawk—Wök, wök-wök," and is so loud and shrill as to be heard a great distance, and to form the most prominent and characteristic animal sound in the Aru Islands. The mode of nidification is unknown; but the natives told me that the nest was formed of leaves placed on an ant's nest, or on some projecting limb of a very lofty tree, and they believe that it contains only one young bird. The egg is quite unknown, and the natives declared they had never seen it; and a very high reward offered for one by a Dutch official did not meet with success. They moult about January or February, and in May, when they are in full plumage, the males assemble early in the morning to exhibit themselves in a very singular manner.

This is what the people called the "sácaleli," or dancing-parties, in certain trees in the forest, which are not fruit-trees, as I at first imagined, but which have an immense head of spreading branches and large but scattered leaves, giving a clear space for the birds to play and exhibit their plumes. On one of these



Natives of Aru shooting the Great Bird of Paradise.



The "King" and the "Twelve-Wired" Birds of Paradise.

trees a dozen or twenty full-plumaged male birds assemble together, raise up their wings, stretch out their necks, and elevate their exquisite plumes, keeping them in a continual vibration. Between whiles they fly across from branch to branch in great excitement, so that the whole tree is filled with waving plumes in every variety of attitude and motion. The bird itself is nearly as large as a crow, and is of a rich coffee-brown color. The head and neck is of a pure straw yellow above, and rich metallic-green beneath. The long plummy tufts of golden-orange feathers spring from the sides beneath each wing, and when the bird is in repose are partly concealed by them. At the time of its excitement, however, the wings are raised vertically over the back, the head is bent down and stretched out, and the long plumes are raised up and expanded till they form two magnificent golden fans, striped with deep red at the base, and fading off into the pale-brown tint of the finely-divided and softly-waving points. The whole bird is then overshadowed by them, the crouching body, yellow head, and emerald-green throat forming but the foundation and setting to the golden glory which waves above. When seen in this attitude, the Bird of Paradise really deserves its name, and must be ranked as one of the most beautiful and most wonderful of living things. . . .

This habit enables the natives to obtain specimens with comparative ease. As soon as they find that the birds have fixed upon a tree on which to assemble, they build a little shelter of palm-leaves in a convenient place among the branches, and the hunter ensconces himself in it before daylight, armed with his bow and a number of arrows terminating in a round knob. A boy waits at the foot of the tree, and when the birds come at sunrise, and a sufficient number have assembled, and have begun to dance, the hunter shoots with his blunt arrow so strongly as to stun the bird, which drops down, and is secured and killed by the boy without its plumage being injured by a drop of blood. The rest take no notice, and fall one after



The Red Bird of Paradise.

another till some of them take the alarm.

The lovely little King Bird of Paradise is only about six and a half inches long, partly owing to the very short tail, which does not surpass the somewhat square wings. The head, throat, and entire upper surface, are of the richest glossy crimson-red, shading to orange-crimson on the forehead, where the feathers extend beyond the nostrils more than half-way down the

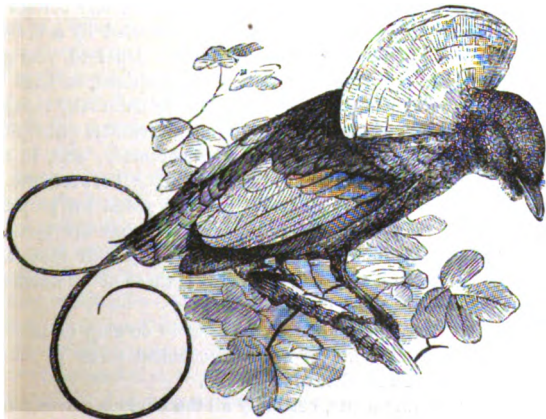
beak. The plumage is excessively brilliant, shining in certain lights with a metallic or glassy lustre. The breast and belly are pure silky white, between which color and the red of the throat there is a broad band of rich metallic-green, and there is a small spot of the same color close above each eye. From each side of the body beneath the wing, springs a tuft of broad delicate feathers about an inch and a half long, of an ashy color, but tipped with a broad band of emerald-green, bordered within by a narrow line of buff. These plumes are concealed beneath the wing, but when the bird pleases can be raised and spread out so as to form an elegant semi-

circular fan on each shoulder. But another ornament still more extraordinary, and if possible more beautiful, adorns this little bird. The two middle tail-feathers are modified into very slender wire-like shafts nearly six inches long, each of which bears at the extremity, on the inner side only, a web of an emerald-green color, which is coiled up into a perfect spiral disk, and produces a most singular and charming effect. The bill is orange-yellow, and the feet and legs of a fine cobalt-blue. (See upper figure on the plate.)

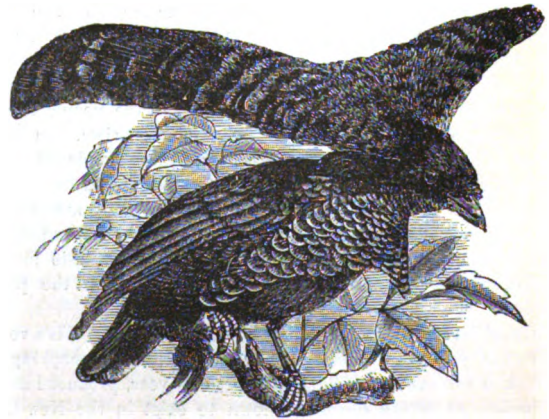
The bird is about twelve inches long, of which the compressed and curved beak occupies two inches. The color of the breast and upper surface appears at first sight nearly black, but a close examination shows that no part of it is devoid of color; and, by holding it in various lights, the most rich and glowing tints become visible. The head, covered with short velvety feathers, which advance on the chin much further than on the upper part of the beak, is of a purplish-bronze color; the whole of the back and shoulders is rich bronzy-green, while the closed wings and tail are of the most brilliant violet-purple, all the plumage having a delicate silky gloss. The whole lower part of the body is rich buffy-yellow, including the tuft of plumes which spring from the sides, and extend an inch and a half beyond the tail. About six of the innermost of these plumes on each side have the midrib elongated into slender black wires, which bend at right angles, and curve somewhat backward to a length of about ten inches, forming one of those extraordinary and fantastic ornaments with which this group of birds abounds. The bill is jet-black, and the feet bright-yellow. (See lower figure on the plate.)

The Red Bird of Paradise is thirteen to fourteen inches long. The side plumes are of a rich crimson, and only extend about three or four inches beyond the end of the tail; they are somewhat rigid, and the ends are curved downward and inward, and are tipped with white. The two middle tail-feathers, instead of being simply elongated and deprived of their webs, are transformed into stiff black ribbons, a quarter of an inch wide, but curved like a split quill, and resembling thin half-cylinders of horn or whalebone. When a dead bird is laid on its back, it is seen that these ribbons take a curve or set, which brings them round so as to meet in a double circle on the neck of the bird; but when they hang downward, during life, they assume a spiral twist, and form an exceedingly graceful double curve. They are about twenty-two inches long, and always attract attention as the most conspicuous and extraordinary feature of the species. The rich metallic-green color of the throat extends over the front half of the head to behind the eyes, and on the forehead forms a little double crest of scaly feathers, which adds much to the vivacity of the bird's aspect.

We now come to the remarkable little bird called the "Magnificent," first figured by Buffon. The head is covered with short brown velvety feathers, which advance on the back so as to cover the nostrils. From the nape springs a dense mass of feathers of a straw-yellow color, and about one and a half inches long, forming a mantle over the upper part of the back. Beneath this, and forming a band about one-third of an inch beyond it, is a second mantle of rich, glossy, reddish-brown feathers. The rest of the back is orange-brown, the tail-coverts and tail dark-bronzy, the wings light orange-buff. The whole under surface is covered with an abundance of



The Magnificent Bird of Paradise.



The Superb Bird of Paradise.

plumage springing from the margins of the breast, and of a very rich deep-green color, with changeable hues of purple. Down the middle of the breast is a broad band of scaly plumes of the same color, while the chin and throat are of a rich metallic bronze. From the middle of the tail spring two narrow feathers of a rich steel blue, and about ten inches long. These are webbed on the inner side only, and curve outward, so as to form a double circle.

From what we know of the habits of allied species, we may be sure that the greatly-developed plumage of this bird is erected and displayed in some remarkable manner. The mass of feathers on the under surface are probably expanded into a hemisphere, while the beautiful yellow mantle is no doubt elevated so as to give the bird a very different appearance from that which it presents in the dried and flattened skins of the natives, through which alone it is at present known.

The Superb Bird of Paradise is one of the rarest and most brilliant of the whole group, being only known from mutilated native skins. This bird is a little larger than the Magnificent. The ground color of the plumage is intense black, but with beautiful bronze reflections on the neck, and the whole head scaled with feathers of brilliant metallic green and blue. Over its breast it bears a shield formed of narrow and rather stiff feathers, much elongated toward the sides, of a pure bluish-green color, and with a satiny gloss. But a still more extraordinary ornament is that which springs from the back of the neck—a shield of a similar form to that on the breast, but much larger, and of a velvety black color, glossed with bronze and purple.

Mr. Wallace states that there are eighteen species which seem to deserve a place among Birds of Paradise, and of these eleven are known to inhabit the great island of New Guinea—eight of which are entirely confined to it. "Although I devoted so much time to a search after these wonderful birds, I only succeeded myself in obtaining five species, during a residence of many months." He met with great difficulties in the pursuit:

To understand these, it is necessary to consider that the Birds of Paradise are an article of commerce, and are the monopoly of the chiefs of the coast-villages, who obtain them at a low rate from the mountaineers, and sell them to the Bugis traders. A portion is also paid every year as tribute to the Sultan of Tidore. The natives are therefore very jealous of a stranger, especially a European, interfering in their trade, and above all of going into the interior to deal with the mountaineers themselves. They, of course, think he will raise the prices in the interior, and lessen the supply on the coast, greatly to their disadvantage; they also think their tribute will be raised, if a European takes back a quantity of the rare sorts; and they have besides a vague and very natural dread of some ulterior object in a white man's coming at so much trouble and expense to their country only to get Birds of Paradise, of which they know he can buy plenty (of the common yellow ones, which alone they value) at Ternate, Macassar, or Singapore.

It seems as if Nature had taken precautions that these her choicest treasures should not be made too common, and thus be undervalued. This northern coast of New Guinea is exposed to the full swell of the Pacific Ocean, and is rugged and harborless. The country is all rocky and mountainous, covered everywhere with dense forests, offering in its swamps and precipices and serrated ridges an almost impassable barrier to the unknown interior; and the people are dangerous savages, in the very lowest stage of barbarism. In such a country, and among such a people, are found these wonderful productions of Nature, the Birds of Paradise, whose exquisite beauty of form and color and strange developments of plumage are calculated to excite the wonder and admiration of the most civilized and the most intellectual of mankind, and to furnish inexhaustible materials for study to the naturalist, and for speculation to the philosopher.

Thus ended my search after these beautiful birds. Five voyages to different parts of the district they inhabit, each occupying in its preparation and execution the larger part of a year, produced me only five species out of the fourteen known to exist in the New Guinea district.

MA BELLE.

I.

WHERE met we last,
Ma belle?

Where hours of dreamy revel passed,
And mellowed lights their lustre cast
On swanlike neck and Parian arm;
But yours, O queen, the perfect charm
All worshipped there, *ma belle*.

II.

My inmost soul before you bowed,
Ma belle;
Your beauty wrapped me like a cloud
Of odorous fire; O calm and proud!
Through all your grand imperial grace,
I caught a love-gleam on your face,
My star of fate, *ma belle*.

III.

Where meet we now,
Ma belle?
Where many a flower-crowned woodland bough
Bends o'er to hearken vow for vow:
Gone is your old imperious air,
I only see a virgin fair
And soft as dawn, *ma belle*.

IV.

And next our happy loves shall meet,
Ma belle,
Where all my being at your feet
Lies fused in passion's noontide sweet,
And altar flames, and incense fume
Rise richly round your bridal bloom—
All mine, all mine, *ma belle*!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

ON THE INVOLUNTARY MOVEMENTS OF ANIMALS.

BY PROFESSOR FOSTER, OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

I.

MUSCULAR AND CILIARY ACTIONS.

YOU have, at least, a fair right to expect that I should commence this short series of lectures on the "Involuntary Movements of Animals" by putting before you the exact meaning which I attach to the word "involuntary."

Unfortunately, the phrase is a negative one; and any correct definition of "involuntary" must necessarily be preceded by a definition of "voluntary" or of "volition." And I must trust to your goodness to allow me to postpone any attempt at definitions, at least until the end. I do so the more boldly, because we habitually recognize, both in ourselves and in the animal creation, movements which we call voluntary, and movements which we call involuntary, and, in many cases, feel no difficulty whatever in distinguishing between the two. In many other cases we do feel a great difficulty; and my purpose is to pass in brief review the broad features of what are commonly spoken of as "involuntary movements," beginning with those about which there can be no doubt, and ending with those about which there may be, and indeed is, great dispute.

First of all, let us spend a few minutes in coming to an understanding upon the meaning of certain technical terms of which I shall frequently have occasion to make use.

Nearly all the movements, certainly all the obvious movements, of our bodies are brought about by means of muscles. Every bundle of

fleshy fibres which we call a muscle is subject, under certain circumstances, to a change which is essentially a process of shortening, a drawing of the two ends of the bundle nearer to each other. Through the attachment of the ends of the muscle to bony levers and supports, or through other arrangements, the diverse and complicated movements of the animal frame are produced by this simple muscular faculty of shortening or contraction.

Allow me to put before your eyes, in a simple manner, the essential facts of a muscular contraction, robbed of all unnecessary complications. I have here one of the muscles of a frog's leg removed from its natural connections. One end of the muscle is firmly fastened to the platform above; the other end, hanging down, is tied to a lever, which is weighted, in order to put the muscle on the stretch. Naturally, the muscle, when it contracts, being fixed above, will pull the lever up. I have lengthened the lever with a straw, in order to make the movement more evident, and, further, have brought its point to make a tracing on this revolving cylinder.

Still attached to the muscle above, is its proper nerve, which I have dissected out, and placed over the two ends of these two wires, which you see leading from the little platform.

Obviously, then, we have here nothing but the muscle and its nerve, the former connected with the lever, the latter with the wires.

Both muscle and nerve are still alive. Nevertheless, so long as we let nerve and muscle alone, neither makes any sign of life. The lever is perfectly motionless. In the absence of any disturbance, there never would be any movement. After a while the muscle would become stiff with that stiffness, that *rigor mortis*, which creeps over all dying muscles, and, finally, both muscle and nerve would dry up, or decompose away, without ever having manifested any power at all. And yet power, latent power, power to move, is present. If I create a disturbance—if, for instance, I dip these electric forceps in the little cups of mercury in which our wires end—you will see that, either as the forceps touch the mercury, or leave the mercury, or as they both touch and leave, the muscle shortens, contracts, and the lever moves up.

There are three things to notice here:

First, there is a change or disturbance in the wires, an unseen change, a simple electric change.

Secondly, there is a change in the nerve, infinitely more complex than the electric change in the wire, but also invisible.

Thirdly, there is a change in the muscle, and this manifests itself, and is rendered visible, by the shortening, or contraction.

The disturbance (or the result of the disturbance) in the muscle, then, we call a *contraction*.

The disturbance in the wire we call a *stimulus*.

The disturbance in the nerve, which acts as a carrier between the stimulus and the contraction, we propose to call by the old-fashioned name of *nervous impulse*.

I have here used an electrical disturbance as a stimulus—that being, in many ways, the most convenient kind of stimulus. But I might have used many other kinds. For instance, if I pinch with a pair of forceps the nerve, we have the same nervous impulse, the same manifestation in the way of contraction; this we call a *mechanical stimulus*. Or, if I drop a little salt on the nerve, a chemical disturbance is set up, a series of nervous impulses follows, and, after a while, spasmodic contractions are produced; this is an instance of a *chemical stimulus*.

Further, in all these cases I have brought the stimulus to bear on the muscle through a certain tract of nerve. But the intervention of at least any thing more than the mere microscopic termination of the nerve in the muscle is unnecessary. I might have applied the stimulus direct to the muscle. You see that when I touch the muscle itself with the forceps, I get a contraction, just as I did when I dipped the forceps in the mercury-cups.

By stimulus, then, I wish to be understood to mean some disturbing cause which, brought either directly or indirectly through the nerve to bear upon the muscle, produces or strives to produce a contraction, and so a movement.

We must suppose that in the natural living muscle at rest there is an equilibrium of its component molecules, an equilibrium set up by the forces of nutrition—the stimulus upsets this equilibrium. A muscle in a state of contraction is a muscle thrown off its balance. In the same way we must suppose that there is a molecular equilibrium in an inactive nerve, and that, this equilibrium being upset by a stimulus, a complex disturbance so generated travels along the nerve in the form of a nervous impulse.

At all events, in muscles situate as this is, we may with justice say that there can be no contraction without a stimulus. We may even go so far as to say that there can be no sufficient stimulus without a resulting contraction, unless some special hinderance be present, and the question between a voluntary and involuntary movement resolves itself into this—Can we trace the stimulus of the movement back to that which we call the will, or can we not?

And now let me call your attention to an involuntary movement, which at first sight seems to contradict a great deal of what I have just been saying. Upon this little plate of paraffine I have pinned a small piece of animal membrane. Looking at it cursorily, you would say that there is no movement whatever in it. Nevertheless, movements are incessantly going on there. I can readily make those movements visible to you. If I place on one end of the membrane this small piece of cork bearing a little standard of black paper, you will see, even from a distance, that the cork moves with a slow but steady imperious progress, without haste and without rest, until it reaches the far end of the membrane. I replace the cork at the near end; again it commences its mysterious journey. I will hand round several similar pieces of membrane, that you may each of you verify this observation for yourselves. So often as the cork is placed on the end of the strip of membrane near the cross-mark on the little plate, so often will it travel in the same slow, blind way toward the other end. It might be made to repeat its journey during the whole time of the lecture and for hours afterward.

The piece of tissue thus manifesting an "involuntary movement," is a portion of the mucous membrane or lining of the throat of a frog. The existence of the movement was recognized by physiologists long ago, and their curiosity was greatly aroused to know its cause. The great anatomist, John Hunter, longed in vain to solve the riddle. It was not indeed till some forty years ago that, partly through the labors of German inquirers, and in this country more particularly by the admirable investigation of Dr. Sharpey, we came to know that movements of the kind which you have witnessed are brought about by the action of certain minute organs called cilia—that they are results of ciliary action. It is to ciliary movements that I wish for a little while to direct your attention.

If we were to examine with the microscope the structure of any of the pieces of membrane now before us, we should find that the inner (or in their present position the upper) surface was made up of several layers of little round oval or cylindrical masses called by anatomists *cells*; tiny vital bricks we might almost call them, lining the conduit of the throat. They are, of course, microscopic objects, invisible or nearly so to the unassisted eye.

We should, moreover, find that the upper surface of each cell in the uppermost layer was studded with minute hairs projecting from the surface. Each hair, or cilium, as it is called, would measure about one-fourth-thousandth of an inch in length, and we might most probably count from twelve to twenty or more cilia in each cell. If the examination were conducted with sufficient speed and care, we should at first see nothing of these hairs, of these cilia; all that would catch our eye would be a transparent border to each cell, and something like the appearance of a stream of water running swiftly in one direction over the surfaces of all the cells. But, as the part began to faint and to draw near to death, we should become aware that the transparent border was in reality a row of cilia placed side by side, and occupied in an incredibly swift motion, a motion so swift that when it was at its height the individual cilia could no more be seen than can the separate spokes of a swiftly-revolving wheel. Each cilium is in fact a tiny oar incessantly engaged in lashing with exquisite rapidity the fluid into which it projects. It is thus that the impression of a swiftly-running stream is produced. There is reason to believe that under ordinary circumstances each cilium lashes away at the rate of at least about twelve strokes a second. You will thus readily understand why the cilium itself should be then invisible. When the movement has become sufficiently slow, each cilium may be seen, at each stroke, to bend itself down very much as a fishing-rod is bent by a heavy fish; and then at slower rate to return to its original straightness. Sometimes an undulatory movement may be witnessed, like that of a snake in the water, and some authors have described a movement of rotation combined with that of flexure. Most probably the simple bending movement is the natural and common one; the cilium lashes or whips the fluid around it. Since the process of straightening is carried out more slowly than that of flexion, the total effect of the action of the

cilium will be to drive the fluid on in the same direction as that in which the bending takes place. There is, however, some reason to think that each cilium is not a cylindrical tapering rod, but a flattened blade, whose broad surface is presented to the water in the downward, and the narrow surface in the upward stroke—that the cilium, in fact, gets greater propulsive effect with the same labor by executing the manoeuvre known in boating language as “feathering the oar.”

It is by the agency of cilia that these pieces of cork have been and still are being wafted, whipped along these strips of mucous membrane, and I have now to invite your attention to the question, By what mechanism are these cilia kept thus at work?

I think I may fairly claim the movement as an involuntary one. You see the work carried on in a fragment of bare membrane stripped of all its surroundings, at a time when the brain, the nerve, the heart, nay, even the muscles of the animal to which it belonged, have been long quieted in death. The movement before us is independent of the great nervous centres. Nevertheless, it might fairly be imagined that there existed even in this simple membrane, beneath the layer of ciliated cells, some mechanism of great vital endurance, possibly of a nervous character, whose working was at once the cause and guide of the ciliary movement.

The proof that no such causative mechanism exists is easy of reach.

Each cilia-bearing cell, loosened from its companions and surroundings, continues, if preserved in an appropriate medium, to work its cilia and to lash the fluid in which it finds itself, with almost if not quite the same energy and regularity as when it was in its proper place. I need hardly say that the force which the loose cell thus spends on the surrounding fluid, instead of moving the fluid, moves the cell. Very often these tiny objects may be seen driven by the force of their own cilia, eddying round like a rudderless boat rowed by desperate oarsmen. It is clear that we must look in the cell itself for any mechanism to explain the movement. If, however, we examine in all possible ways, and with the highest powers of the microscope, any of the cells from the throat of the frog, we find in them no trace of any thing like special structure, such as could suggest the play of any particular mechanism. The cells, pyramidal somewhat in form, are composed of delicate protoplasm. Toward the centre of each cell there is an inner kernel, or nucleus, with a nucleolus; but both nucleus and nucleolus are structureless. In the protoplasm composing the substance of the cell may be seen a few granules of variable size and appearance; nothing more. And these granules are most probably quite inert, undigested food of the cell, in fact, awaiting transformation into purer protoplasm, or dead waste products about to be cast off. Toward the summit of the cell, in fact, close under the basis of the cilia, even these granules are absent; here the cell-substance, like the cilia themselves, is composed of nothing but transparent, somewhat highly refractive cells, to our present means of optical analysis, and perfectly homogeneous material. It is true that the veteran microscopist Ehrenberg saw and described two muscles, one on either side of each cilium, and imagined that these muscles alternately bent the cilium down and raised it up. A recent author, moreover, has described certain connections of the cilia with the nucleus of the cell. But, with all respect for the manifold and fruitful labors of the great German, he must be admitted to be one of those many sons of science “who see visions.” A more acute observer than Ehrenberg, Dr. Sharpey, forty years ago refused to accept Ehrenberg's descriptions, and I believe we may, with even greater safety now than was then possible, say, that in these ciliate cells there is no structural mechanism to account for the ciliary work.

We may even go so far as to say that the cilia are by no means to be regarded as mere passive things, pulled up or down by muscles or by any other agency. Each cilium bends or bows itself; and whatever apparatus is required to carry out the action is most probably stowed away in the transparent, homogeneous, hair-like process itself. No one, it is true, has ever, as far as I know, witnessed the independent action of an isolated cilium; but one could hardly expect so tender and delicate a structure to survive the shock which separation from its mother-cell must inevitably produce.

In the absence, then, of any structural data upon which we might form an opinion of the nature of this ciliary action, we must fall back upon the general characters of the movement. And this we may fairly say, that the process which gives rise to the rhythmic dash of these tiny oars is a complex, vital, and not a simple physical one.

In the first place, the movement grows faint as the tissues lose life, and, it may be, slowly yet surely ceases with the complete death of the ciliate cells. In the second place, like all other vital actions, its continuance is possible only within certain limits of temperature, and it goes on most satisfactorily within still narrower limits. Cold slackens it, warmth quickens it. The natural temperature of the animal body to which it belongs suits it best of all. Too severe a cold slackens it until it stops; too great a warmth rapidly exhausts it, by calling forth too rapid an action. Toward most chemical and physical agents it exhibits remarkable susceptibility. Were I to place one of these pieces of membrane from the frog's throat in distilled water, the delicate cells and cilia would become dropsical from imbibition, and the movements you are witnessing would suddenly cease. Were I to place it in a strong saline solution, the cells and cilia would shrivel up, and the movement would thus from a contrary cause be arrested. Placed as the pieces of membrane are now, in a very weak solution of common salt (half per cent.), so that they neither swell nor shrivel up, the movement will continue for hours. Acids stop ciliary movement, as also do alkalis, even when used with very great dilution. The cilia that have been stopped by a very weak acid may be set going again by a very weak alkali; and as, curiously enough, the production of an acid is part and parcel of the death of this, as indeed of all other movement-producing tissues, a membrane growing faint in action, by reason of the gathering acid which betokens coming death, may for a while be revived and strengthened in its ciliary work by judicious treatment with extremely dilute alkali.

Ciliary movement, again, may be stopped through suffocation. All the little cells of which I have been speaking are, like the whole body to which they belong, continually engaged in breathing. So long as they are alive and at work, so long do they take in oxygen and give out carbonic acid; and, if their supply of oxygen be cut off, they droop, and their labor stops. You will readily understand that each cell, and, *a fortiori*, each cilium, needs but an infinitesimal dose of oxygen. Were I to plunge one of these pieces of ciliated membrane into an atmosphere absolutely free from oxygen, the ciliary movement would continue for some time, because there is dissolved or entangled in the membrane sufficient oxygen to last the cell a long while. But the movement would at last cease—cease long before its natural termination; and the proof that the stoppage was caused by the lack of oxygen, would be furnished by the fact that, if a supply of fresh pure air were speedily given to it, the dormant, asphyxiated cilia would wake up to life again, and once more begin their rhythmic lash.

To poisons, properly so called, cilia show, for the most part, an unusual indifference; but there is one agent, chloroform, which affects them rapidly and energetically.

If I were to expose one of these pieces from the frog's throat to the vapor of chloroform, the little piece of cork, now moving so briskly, would in a few seconds stand perfectly still. The vapor would put the membrane with its ciliate cells to sleep; and, if it were not too strong, and its action not too prolonged, we might, by exposure to purer air, call back the cilia from their sleep.

Concerning the action of one important agent—namely, electricity—there is great difficulty in coming to a conclusion. Most observers have failed to detect any influence with currents, either continuous or interrupted; still, it has been recently asserted that effects may be produced, though only under certain circumstances.

With the exception of this last agent, all the facts to which I have just called your attention not only indicate the truly vital nature of these mysterious ciliary movements, but they also betray the close affinity of the process with ordinary muscular actions. Indeed, if one had had to speak, not of the beat of a microscopic hair, but of an isolated arm—of a blacksmith's arm, striking the anvil with ceaseless labor—nearly the same things might have been said. Stripped of unessentials, the things which are good or bad for ciliary life are good or bad for muscular life. And, if I may carry you with me so far as to venture to speak of things being muscular which nevertheless have not even the shadow of the structure of muscle, I would describe a cilium as a long, slender muscle, or perhaps, rather, as made up by a special arrangement of muscular molecules, and ask you to think of it as bending itself down and straightening itself up by various internal movements of its muscular molecules, just as an Oriental prostrates and raises his body by certain internal movements of its muscular molecules.

If you grant me this assumption (though it perhaps deserves a better name than assumption), then, remembering the statement made at the beginning of the lecture—that muscles spring into action only in obedience to the call of stimuli—we have to put to ourselves the question, Where or what is the stimulus which causes the cilium to bend? We seek a stimulus, intermittent in its application, one which comes and goes with each stroke of the lash, or perhaps two stimuli, both intermittent, each alternate with the other, one to bend and one to raise (for, as I might have said before, the idea that the cilium straightens by an elastic recoil is more than doubtful).

On this point I may at once say that no such stimulus or stimuli can be found anywhere outside the cilium or the ciliate cell, no disturbance of surrounding circumstances which twelve times a second acts and ceases to act. Every attempt to carry back ciliary movement to any external intermittent stimulus has failed. If we must refer the matter to a stimulus, then all we can say is, that the stimulus, whatever it be, must come from within the cell or cilium itself, must be generated out of that tumult of the molecules of the tissue which we call its nutrition or its life. We may suppose that the cilium, though muscular in nature, has a higher or more complex life than ordinary muscle; that, for example, while an ordinary muscle might be compared to a gun which is self-loading, but always requires to be fired, a cilium must be likened to a gun which not only loads itself, but lets itself off of its own accord, at times fixed by its own constitution. Or, perhaps (and this most probably is the better way of looking at the matter), we may imagine that each act of contraction, each lashing movement, is but the token of an overflow of power, generated by the life of the cell—that each cilium finds vent in a stroke whenever the molecules which compose it have raised themselves to a given tension.

FRENCH MORALS AND MANNERS.

By A ROVING AMERICAN.

No. II.

THE FRENCH GIRL.

WHEN Prince Napoleon returned to Paris, after his visit to America during Mr. Lincoln's administration, some one asked him what he thought of American society. "American society!" responded Plon-Plon, shrugging his shoulders—"I did not see any; I only saw boys and girls at dancing-parties."

Prince Napoleon's caustic criticism embodies the French judgment of our system, in which the Boys and Girls of the Period figure much more largely than the maturer portion of the society, which is driven to cards and the refreshment-waiters, when it ventures to show in public.

The basis of this difference between the foreign constitution of society and our own is to be found in the difference of the domestic or family life in the two countries, and in the fact that, where the social life of the Frenchwoman commences, that of the American woman usually ends—viz., with her marriage. "They manage these things better in France," says Sterne in his "Sentimental Journey;" and his remark is as applicable now as when it was made. The family is to society what the sun is to the green-house; and the maturity of the fruits or flowers produced depends much upon the quantity of light and warmth which can be brought to bear upon the blossom and the bud. "The child is father to the man," and to the woman, too; and the reverence for parents fostered in the French household, and enforced even by the laws, which give an authority almost absolute over the children up to a certain age, and which custom continues during the whole lifetime, stamps itself upon their whole social system. Young America, it is to be feared, retains little of that respect or reverence; and, instead of looking up to the maturer man and matron, impatiently pushes them aside and usurps their places, regarding them as too slow to keep up the fast paces in which it rejoices, from fast horses, to very fast young men and women, copying the worst models of the worst sets who have gained notoriety abroad,

and are considered "bad style" in England and *mauvais ton* in France. The youth of France, male and female, are kept carefully in the background, and seldom seen in society, until marriage gives them a position and that independence they never aspire to while under the paternal roof.

Not only the public sentiment, but the laws of France, give an almost absolute control to parents over children, until they are of full age; and, even after the children attain their majority, parental consent to their marriage is considered essential.

The devotion of the French mother to her children is very great, and her household duties absorb much of her time; while nowhere can be seen greater displays of devoted affection and demonstrative fondness than in a well-ordered French household. Frequently, even after the marriage of the younger members, the united families continue to live together under the same roof; and the pleasing spectacle is often exhibited, of three generations sitting daily at the same board, and dwelling together under the patriarchal control of the aged grandparents. The separation of families, almost universal with us, where the new scions are usually transplanted to the West, and the parents are left solitary in old age, while their offspring are peopling new regions far from the old homestead, is not so common in France, and the tendency is to cluster together, not to scatter. Thus the parental influence is felt and exerted throughout life, the experience and wisdom of age ever tempering the headlong ardor of youth and the maturer plans of manhood; for the foundation of all society is in the family, and, the stronger that tie, the healthier and the happier will be the society built upon it. In all societies, woman gives it the tone, whether as mother, wife, or head of a household; and the training she receives determines the measure of her influence, and the good or evil effects it produces. The training of the French girl is exceptionally good for this purpose, and her purity of mind and freshness of feeling preserved by the system, which is sneered at by those who do not comprehend it. The parental supervision of the boys is very strict; but that over the girls is stricter still, and they are treated as children, up to the period of assuming the obligations of the heads of households themselves, and guarded as carefully from all contact with the other sex as, under a different system, in the East. The mind and heart of a young French girl, tenderly nurtured, are like a virgin page of paper on which no impressions have yet been made—innocent of evil thoughts or deeds, and unhackneyed by premature experiences. The will of the parents has ever been the child's law; and that pernicious make-believe love-making, styled "flirtation"—in which young America indulges freely on entering her teens—the French girl would shrink from as immodest and shameless.

The French girl is taken early into society, but always under her mother's wing and strict supervision; and her shrinking modesty and timidity of manner surprise the American or Englishman, accustomed to the frank fearlessness of his fair young compatriots, who agree with the poet Burns that

"A man's a man for a' that,"

and by no means an alarming creature. "The Girl of the Period," as dissected in the *Saturday Review*, and *Echoes from the Clubs*—who doubtless exists on that side of the Channel, and whose imitators, with the aid of strong glasses, we can detect on the Fifth Avenue and on Broadway even here—is unknown in France, who may export her native follies, but never imports even one from abroad, not being an imitative country in such matters. Hence France still adheres to her good old ways, which preserve the rosebud fresh and untouched, until it has developed into the full-blown rose, instead of prematurely forcing and fading it before its petals have expanded, in a hot-house atmosphere of society.

Until marriage, mademoiselle is as shy as a partridge, and never ventures long from the protecting wing of her *chaperon*,

from whom her partner takes her for the dance, and to whom he promptly returns her when the quadrille is over; for unmarried girls do not often waltz. Her conversation is carried on with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes; and no promenading the rooms after the dance—when whispered nothings are exchanged or soft glances shot at you by the fair Parthian hanging on your arm—is permitted by French etiquette. The young girl would “compromise” herself, who tried these.

As for riding or walking alone with a man, married or unmarried, unless a very old one, the French girl would just as soon dream of letting him kiss her; and, in fact, would consider the one as improper as the other. And, oh, my fair young countrywomen! who, in your fearless freedom, under our widely-different system, open your eyes in wonder at the “pruderies” of your French sisters, and enjoy the privileges which they deny themselves in this regard—reflect a little on the matter, and you will find that their plan is the wiser of the two, giving a woman a longer reign and a stronger influence, both in society and the home-hearth, the two spheres in which she shines the most.

SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE IN BOSTON.

No. V.

HOW THEY MANAGED POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN BOSTON.

THE charter, under which the Massachusetts Bay Company existed, gave them authority to elect freemen, a governor, deputy-governor, assistants, and other officers, to hold and defend the soil of which they were possessed, against assailants, and to enact such statutes for the internal regulation of the colony as might not be repugnant to the laws of England. Their allegiance to the crown, and their amenability to the authority of the English Government, remained intact: *legally*, they had no more power to establish an independent communion and demand conformity to its doctrines and usages, than they would have had if they had never left the shores of Britain. There seems, however, to have been a sort of tacit understanding that, living as they did in such a remote region of the earth, they would be allowed to do very much as they pleased; at any rate, it was in their favor that it would require a long arm for the government at home to reach them.

During the first four years after the settlement of Boston, there was no *representative* assembly, but all the freemen of the colony came together for the election of the governor and other officers, and the discharge of the general duties of legislation. As soon as the population had become numerous, this pure democracy, of course, ceased to be practicable, and the principle of representation was adopted. At first, all male adults were recognized as freemen, and as endowed with equal rights; but, inasmuch as there were persons of various opinions and different forms of religious belief, scattered about in the several towns, as well as in Boston itself, it was thought expedient, after the lapse of a year, to confine the privileges of citizenship to those only who were *members of the churches*; and, thenceforth, no one was allowed to vote or hold office unless he were a communicant “in good and regular standing.”

Mr. Cotton, in his “Bloody Tenet, washed white in the Blood of the Lamb,” which was an elaborate vindication of the right and duty of religious persecution, alludes to this restriction in these mild terms: “The magistrates and other members of the General Court, upon intelligence of some episcopal and malignant practices against the country, made an order of court to take trial of the fidelity of the people, *not by imposing upon them, but by offering to them*, an oath of fidelity, that, in case any should refuse to take it, they might not betrust them with place of public charge and command.”

We shall not be surprised, after this, if we find the General Court to be a little exclusive in the administration of affairs.

This body combined in itself all the prerogatives which are

now distributed among various branches of civil and ecclesiastical government: it made the laws and interpreted them; and it arraigned criminals, tried, and sentenced them.

The *range* of its functions was marvellous. It decided questions of church polity, determined the validity of sacraments, and settled points of theological casuistry; it regulated the details of domestic economy, told men what they should eat, and how much they might drink; it was the arbiter of fashion, as well as the conservator of morals, prescribed the width of sleeves, the size of wigs, the degree of fineness in lace, and the length of hair which one should allow to grow upon his head; it watched over the private as well as the public talk of men and women, and took most vigorous measures to restrain the garrulity of the latter; it forbade the concoction of healing drinks and the spreading of plasters by female hands, as well as unlicensed freedom of speech; it called to its bar those who lived idly, as well as those who lived viciously; it prohibited travel beyond the precincts of the colony, without special leave; and it did some other things which we are not content to pass over in this summary way, because they have certain peculiar features, so characteristic of the times as to demand special attention.

Perhaps the most unique performance which they ever took in hand was the summoning before them of a body of Indians, to be catechized as to their willingness to keep the ten commandments. The replies of these old heathen to the various questions propounded sometimes evince not a little shrewdness mingled with simplicity. When inquired of as to the worship of God, they answered: “We desire to reverence the God of the English, because we see He doth better to the English than other gods do to others.” When asked if they would abstain from profane swearing, they said, naively: “We do not know what swearing is.” A promise being exacted of them not to do any work on the Sabbath-day, they replied: “That is easy for us, who have not much to do on any day, and we will take this care on that day.”

The *hardest* act of legislation ever perpetrated by this court was the passage of an act, providing that any man might bring a rebellious son before the magistrate, and, upon the statement of his continued obduracy, provided the boy had attained a certain age, demand that he should be put to death. There is, however, nothing to show that this law was ever carried into execution; it was probably enacted mainly with a view to its *moral effect* upon unruly boys, in restraining them from ill-behavior.

In 1632 we find the following somewhat startling entry in the records of the court: “Ordered, that Philip Swadden shall be whipped for running away from his master, *intending to go to Virginia*.” If Philip Swadden was an African, Virginia would seem to have been a singular place of refuge; but he was probably a white apprentice who had sold himself into service for a limited term of years, as was often done in those days, in order to pay for his passage to America. Two years after this Richard Coker was whipped for enticing servants to run away; and, in 1635, the following stringent “fugitive slave bill” was passed: “It is ordered that, whensoever any servants shall run from their masters, it shall be lawful for the next magistrate to press men, or boats, or pinnaces, at the public charge, to pursue such persons by sea or by land, and bring them back by force of arms.”

We find, moreover, that any person, white or black, was liable to be reduced to slavery, for at least a limited period, if guilty of what the court might please to consider “ill and insolent carriage;” and, in order to secure the prompt payment of taxes, it is ordered “that the bodies of delinquents may be sold for fines or rates remaining unpaid.”

In 1641 it was further “ordered, that if any servants escaped to the Indians, and were not sent back, as many Indians should be seized and *captivated* in their place.”

It was not until the year 1645 that any negroes were brought from Africa to be sold in the market as slaves. In the following year the court enacted that "it was bound, by the first opportunity, to bear witness against the heinous and crying sin of man-stealing, as also to prescribe such timely redress for what was past, and such a law for the future, as might sufficiently deter all others belonging to the colony to have to do in such vile and most odious courses." There is no further mention of this subject in the statutes until 1708, when a law was passed to prevent owners of slaves from setting them at liberty without becoming responsible to the country for all charge about them, and prohibiting them from being abroad after nine o'clock in the evening.

It is edifying to find, in the early records of the court, a disposition manifested to encourage anatomical science, as is evinced by a law giving students of medicine liberty "to anatomize once in four years some malefactor, in case there be such as the court shall allow of." In the instance of a malefactor's not turning up as often as once in four years, the cause of science must have been likely to suffer; and, with medical men, a peculiar interest was probably felt in the statistics of crime.

It is an abrupt and painful transition to pass from this to the subject of matrimony; but, in the same connection, we find it stated that, a great marriage being held in Boston, Mr. Hubbard was procured to preach on the occasion, which led to the passage of a law prohibiting any thing of the sort in future, lest "it should bring in the English custom of *ministers* performing the solemnity of marriage, which sermons at such times might induce."

We are further informed that Governor Bellingham, at his second marriage, dispensed with the interference of any other official, and married himself.

In 1643 paper had become so costly a luxury as to lead to the order that, in elections hereafter, "the freemen shall use Indian-beans instead of paper; the white beans to manifest election, the black for blanks;" with a fine of ten shillings for putting in more than one bean at a time.

In a very literal sense, politicians might thus be said to feel the *pulse* of their constituents.

One more specimen of the legislation of the times, and we have done: "Ordered, that a fine of eleven shillings and six pence shall be imposed upon any person who interrupts another when speaking in public."

If the settlers of Boston had been wise enough to bring over a lawyer or two with them, it might, upon the whole, have been a blessing to the community. A little legal skill would have given to the legislation of this period a very different aspect; the proper distinction between that which falls within the province of civil law and those matters that pertain to one's private conscience might then have been observed, and a more equitable justice distributed through society. But it was not until 1638 that any member of this profession found his way there, and four years' experience in Boston was enough for him, when he returned home to England. It did not accord with the policy of the magistrates and the elders of the churches that there should be any third party to interpose between them and criminals, or to give advice in regard either to the validity of their laws or the modes in which they were to be carried into effect.

The assaults upon lawyers from the pulpit were made in the loftiest style of ecclesiastical vituperation. The abhorrence of this profession was not confined to Puritans on this side of the Atlantic—good Mr. John Rogers, the distinguished martyr, with a large family, speaks in a sermon of "the incredible wicked-

ness of that profession, their guiltiness of all manner of sins which the nation lies under—as blood, theft, oppression, injustice, contentions, hatred, cozenage, and fraud; rebellion, lying, perjury, and what not."—See Discourse, entitled "Heavenly Nymph!"

It was very much in the same style that preachers, in and about the town of Boston, handled the lawyers; so that, for more than a century, it was hardly considered as an employment in which any respectable person could be expected to engage. If Mr. Webster or Mr. Choate had lived in those days they would never have been appointed to deliver public eulogies, or make "forefather-orations."

There are some important lessons taught by the legislation which we have now reviewed, that may be timely. The experiment was fairly tried, under the most favorable auspices, to regulate public and private morals *by law*, and also to secure uniformity of belief and opinion, through the same process. What was the result? Of *certain styles* of crime which prevailed in those days, common decency forbids us to speak. As it respects the ordinary forms of vice, a careful examination of the records forces upon us the conclusion that, in proportion to the population, the amount of crime was much greater then than it is in Massachusetts to-day.

The experiment was an utter failure. There were, indeed, many very saintly men in the community; but, on the other hand, there were many *worse* men than we ever hear of in modern days. There was very little gayety; but there were forms of sin practised which the tongue would be defiled by uttering.

The attempt to enforce uniformity of belief by law resulted, as might have been expected, in aggravating the evil which it sought to cure. The list of damnable heresies, from time to time set forth, was truly formidable. "That which hath been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun."

WHAT THEY THOUGHT IN THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

By W. E. H. LECKY.

IT is extremely difficult for an ordinary man, who is little conversant with the writings of the past, and who unconsciously transfers to other ages the critical spirit of his own, to realize the fact that histories of the most grotesquely extravagant nature could, during the space of many centuries, be continually propounded without either provoking the smallest question or possessing the smallest truth.

We may, however, understand something of this credulity when we remember the diversion of the ancient mind from physical science to speculative philosophy; the want of the many checks upon error which printing affords; the complete absence of that habit of cautious, experimental research which Bacon and his contemporaries infused into modern philosophy; and, in Christian times, the theological notion that the spirit of belief is a virtue, and the spirit of skepticism a sin. We must remember, too, that, before men had found the key to the motions of the heavenly bodies—before the false theory of the vortices, or the true theory of gravitation, when the multitude of apparently capricious phenomena was very great—the notion that the world was governed by distinct and isolated influences was that which appeared most probable even to the most rational intellect. In such a condition of knowledge—which was that of the most enlightened days of the Roman empire—the hypothesis of universal law was justly regarded as a rash and premature generalization. Every inquirer was confronted with innumerable phenomena that were deemed plainly miraculous.

When Lucretius sought to banish the supernatural from the universe, he was compelled to employ much ingenuity in endeavoring to explain, by a natural law, why a miraculous fountain near the temple of Jupiter Ammon was hot by night and cold by day, and why the temperature of wells was higher in winter than in summer. Eclipses were supposed by the populace to foreshadow calamity; but the Roman soldiers believed that by beating drums and cymbals they could cause the moon's

disk to regain its brightness. In obedience to dreams, the great Emperor Augustus went begging money through the streets of Rome, and the historian who records the act himself wrote to Pliny, entreating the postponement of a trial. The stroke of the lightning was an augury, and its menace was directed especially against the great, who cowered in abject terror during a thunder-storm. Augustus used to guard himself against thunder by wearing the skin of a sea-calf. Tiberius, who professed to be a complete freethinker, had greater faith in laurel-leaves. Caligula was accustomed, during a thunder-storm, to creep beneath his bed. During the games in honor of Julius Caesar, a comet appearing for seven days in the sky, the people believed it to be the soul of the dead, and a temple was erected in its honor. Sometimes we find this credulity broken by curious inconsistencies of belief, or semi-rationalistic explanations. Livy, who relates with perfect faith innumerable prodigies, has observed, nevertheless, that the more prodigies are believed, the more they are announced. Those who admitted most fully the reality of the oracles occasionally represented them as natural, contending that a prophetic faculty was innate in all men, though dormant in most; that it might be quickened into action by sleep, by a pure and ascetic life, or in the prostration that precedes death, or in the delirium produced by certain vapors; and they added, that the gradual enfeebling of the last was the cause of the cessation of the oracles. Earthquakes were believed to result from supernatural interpositions, and to call for expiatory sacrifices, but at the same time they had direct natural antecedents. The Greeks believed that they were caused by subterranean waters, and they accordingly sacrificed to Poseidon. The Romans were uncertain as to their physical antecedents, and therefore inscribed no name on the altar of expiation. Pythagoras is said to have attributed them to the strugglings of the dead. Pliny, after a long discussion, decided that they were produced by air forcing itself through fissures of the earth, but he immediately proceeds to assert that they are invariably the precursors of calamity. The same writer, having recounted the triumphs of astronomers in predicting and explaining eclipses, bursts into an eloquent apostrophe to those great men who had thus reclaimed man from the dominion of superstition, and in high and enthusiastic terms urges them to pursue still further their labor in breaking the thralldom of ignorance. A few chapters later he professes his unhesitating belief in the ominous character of comets. The notions, too, of magic and astrology, were detached from all theological belief, and might be found among many who were absolute atheists.

These few examples will be sufficient to show how fully the Roman soil was prepared for the reception of miraculous histories, even after the writings of Cicero and Seneca, in the brilliant days of Augustus and the Antonines. The feebleness of the uncultivated mind, which cannot rise above material conceptions, had indeed passed away; the legends of the popular theology had lost all power over the educated; but at the same time an absolute ignorance of physical science and of inductive reasoning remained. The facility of belief that was manifested by some of the most eminent men, even on matters that were not deemed supernatural, can only be realized by those who have an intimate acquaintance with their works.

Thus, to give but a few examples, that great naturalist whom I have so often cited (Pliny) tells us with the utmost gravity how the fiercest lion trembles at the crowing of a cock; how elephants celebrate their religious ceremonies; how the stag draws serpents by its breath from their holes, and then tramples them to death; how the salamander is so deadly that the food cooked in water, or the fruit grown on trees it has touched, is fatal to man; how, when a ship is flying before so fierce a tempest that no anchors or chains can hold it, if only the remora or echinus fastens on its keel, it is arrested in its course, and remains motionless and rooted among the waves. On matters that would appear the most easily verified, he is equally confident. Thus, the human saliva, he assures us, has many mysterious properties. If a man, especially when fasting, spits into the throat of a serpent, it is said that the animal speedily dies. It is certain that to anoint the eyes with spittle is a sovereign remedy against ophthalmia. If a pugilist, having struck his adversary, spits into his own hand, the pain he caused instantly ceases. If he spits into his hand before striking, the blow is the more severe. Aristotle, the greatest naturalist of Greece, had observed that it was a curious fact that on the sea-shore no animal ever dies except during the ebbing of the tide. Several centuries later, Pliny, the greatest naturalist of an empire that was washed by many

tidal seas, directed his attention to this statement. He declared that, after careful observations which had been made in Gaul, it had been found to be inaccurate, for what Aristotle stated of all animals was in fact only true of man.

SCENE AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

BUT my Copt guide came across me in my hiding-place, and thinking, doubtless, that one could be learning nothing of Jerusalem in a dark café, he insisted that I should go with him to the HOLY SEPULCHRE, where a grand mass was on the point of being performed. Passing through the narrow streets again, I entered into an open court, from the busiest parts of the bazaar, and found the avenues lined with pretty Syrian women, who offered for sale olive-wood rosaries and crosses, shells from the Dead Sea, oak of Mamre, boxes from Hebron, carved relics from the grotto at Bethlehem, and, in fine, souvenirs from every holy spot in Palestine; but I soon forgot their clamors, at the strange sight of the Turkish guard, as I turned an angle directly fronting the entrance to the Sepulchre. In the recess were, at least, fifty soldiers, heavily armed with great pistols and curved sabres; some were lolling on mats, listening to tales of love and war, others were smoking and talking; but all this clanking of sabres, and gleaming of atagans, grated harshly on my most sacred pilgrim dreamings; but I soon learned that these guards of Turks were necessary to prevent the Christians from cutting each other's throats. It is, alas, too true! A pilgrim from one country believes the pilgrim from another to be a barbarian and a cheat, and is sure to be eternally damned: the monk of Madrid scowls on the monk of Gareb as on a man who is hurrying to his bed of everlasting fire, and the feeling between Irish landlords and tenants is fraternal compared with the bitterness of heart in which a Greek bishop speaks of an Armenian friar. Nothing but shrugs and curses—in a Galilean, not a Christian spirit—that men meet each at this tomb: Latin encounters Copt; Greek, Nestorian—each asserts that the other is an intruder into the Holy House—their salutations are scowls of hate, their worship is a scuffle. What wonder, then, that the scarred negroes and hired bashi-bazouks despise the Christians, and call them "dogs," when their presence is daily required to prevent a disgraceful fight? Let me give you an example: The Copts are worshipping before the shrine; long before they have finished their service of sixty minutes, the Armenians have gathered in numbers about their choir—not to join them in prayers, but to hum profane airs, to hiss the priests, and to jabber, jest, and snarl at their rivals—for the love of Christ. As the hour draws near for the first party to cease, the parties of the second part commence to crowd, and push into their places—one side trying to stay one second of time beyond their right—the other endeavoring to dispossess them a second before they are bound to retire—to steal an instant from the false, is surely a triumph for the true church. But the instant these priests and worshippers come to blows—an affair of candles, crooks, and crucifixes—the Turkish guard is amongst them, and the ferocious rivals complete their services under the protection of a line of Moslem matchlocks. "*Allah-il-Allah! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet!*" The Christians cry out: "Why has our ark been taken from us? Is the Turk a better guard for the Tomb of Christ than the Nazarene?" The facts answer. Under the Moslem rule, each and every tribe or people of the earth can come in whatever tongue or ritual they may use, and offer praises to our Father who is in heaven. How, under Christian rule? Would the Russian divide his privilege with a Frank? Would the Greek kneel with the Copt? The American Methodist with the Spanish Catholic? No. The vices of jealousy and hatred, born in the pride of creed, show themselves too plainly here, where, above all places on the earth, the hearts of men should be full of charity and love.

CONSOLATIONS FOR MISGOVERNED NEW-YORKERS.

THERE is a great complaint of the burden of life in our metropolis. What between crushing taxes, exorbitant rents, municipal corruptions, thwartings of justice, discomfort of travel, brutality to animals, venality of politicians, and the

general insecurity of life and property, there seems much occasion for discouragement. Undoubtedly, if we permit ourselves to dwell too much upon these things, we shall form a very low estimate of the state of society in which we live. We have, however, found a partial corrective of the depressing effect of reading our daily newspapers, and which even affords a kind of dismal satisfaction in their perusal: it is in the contemplation of other states of society, which, we may fairly assume, are altogether worse. We have just raised our spirits by dipping into some descriptions of social experience in South Africa, and are half inclined to indulge in a little sneaking jubilation at the better state of things around us.

Three or four travellers, of irrepressible enterprise, have recently been exploring the Cannibal Caverns of the Transgariiep country, and give us some consolatory accounts of what they found there. Mr. James Henry Bowker, in the last *Anthropological Review*, describes what he discovered in the mountains near Thaba Bosigo, as follows:

"On turning to the right of this ledge the scene opened out in all its grandeur; and certainly, in all my life and wanderings, I have never beheld a more savage-looking place. The cavern is formed by the overhanging cliff, and its entrance, a long, rugged natural arch, extends along the whole face of the cavern, or nearly so, which is in length about one hundred and thirty yards, and its breadth about one hundred. The roof of this place, which is lofty and arched, is blackened with the smoke and soot of the fires of the savages who formerly inhabited it, and its floor, strewn with the remains of what they had left there, consisted of heaps of human bones, piled up together or scattered about at random in the cavern, and from thence, down the sloping face of the rock, as far as the eye could reach, the clefts and small level spots were white with the bones and skulls of human beings; skulls especially were very numerous, and consisted chiefly of those of children and young persons. These remains told too true a tale of the purpose for which they had been used, for they were hacked and cut to pieces with what appeared to have been either blunt axes or sharpened stones; the marrow-bones were split into small pieces, the rounded joints alone being left unbroken. Only a very few of these bones were charred by fire, showing that the prevailing taste had been for boiled rather than roast meat.

"You may guess the feelings with which I wandered about this gloomy sepulchre, and examined its various places of interest. One spot was pointed out to me, with rough, irregular steps, leading up into the interior of the cavern to a gloomy-looking natural gallery, and in this place, I was informed, were stowed away the unfortunate victims not required for immediate consumption. From this place it was impossible to escape without passing through the middle of the cavern, which they could not do without being detected.

"Horrible as all this must appear, there might be some excuse made for savages, driven by famine to extreme hunger, for capturing and devouring their enemies; but with these people it was totally different, for they were inhabiting a fine agricultural tract of country, which also abounded in game; but, notwithstanding all this, they were not contented with hunting and feeding upon their enemies, but preyed much upon each other also, for many of their captures were made from among the people of their own tribe; and, even worse than this, in times of scarcity, many of their own wives and children became the victims of this horrible practice. If a wife proved lazy, or quarrelsome, she was speedily disposed of. (This is very comforting, after a dolorous speech on the horrible oppressions to which the women of our country are subjected.) A crying baby would in like manner be silenced, and any member of the community showing signs of sickness, or bodily infirmity, would not be allowed to linger or to fall off in condition. Such were the horrible practices of this degraded people, and although it is now commonly reported that they have for many years entirely given up this diabolical way of living, I saw, while at the cavern, unmistakable evidence that the custom has not been altogether abandoned.

"There are still a good many of the old cannibals in existence. On the day that we visited the cavern, I was introduced to one of them, who is now living not very far from his former dwelling-place. He is a man of about sixty years of age, and (not to speak from prejudice) one of the most God-lost looking ruffians that I have ever beheld in all my life. There is one little episode connected with his life that I may

as well relate. In former days, when he was a young man, and residing in the cavern, he captured, during one of his hunting expeditions, three young women, and from these he selected the best-looking as a partner for life—the other two went to stock the larder. This union, notwithstanding the strange circumstances attending it, proved to be a happy one, the lady soon reconciling herself to her new mode of living, and settling quietly down in the cavern, where I was shown the corner which she and her husband formerly occupied; and her son, a fine strapping youth, brought us some milk on the day on which we visited the caverns.

"At one of these caverns we met with an old savage, who told us that he had formerly been at the cooking of about thirty people, when cannibalism was still in vogue, and he seemed greatly to regret that—

'The bigots of this iron time
Had called his harmless life a crime.'

for he appeared to think that the objections raised to their former mode of living were unreasonable and uncalled-for.

"While we were at this place we heard rather a curious anecdote; it is as follows:

"Many years ago, during one of the raids made by the cannibals, several individuals were captured and brought into the cavern, and among them was a young girl of great personal attractions. After much discussion on the part of the savages, her life was spared, and she became the wife of one of the cannibals. After some time had elapsed the father of this girl received information that she was still alive, but detained in the cavern; upon hearing which he sought the aid of one of the missionaries residing in those regions, and together they proceeded to the cavern, where they made the necessary arrangements for the girl's return to her home, the father paying six oxen as ransom for his daughter. But she had not been very long at home before she again disappeared, and, upon inquiry being made, it was found that she had, of her own free will, returned to her friends in the cavern; strange to say, preferring their mode of living to that of her father, who was not a cannibal.

"There is another anecdote told of these people, which I will also relate, as it serves to illustrate their manners and customs, and to show how lightly they regarded human life:

"In former times, when lions were plentiful in these regions, they would occasionally (like the inhabitants of the caverns) choose the flesh of human game in preference to that of wild animals, becoming exceedingly troublesome in their nightly ravages to the inhabitants of the caverns, seizing and devouring many of them. To rid themselves of the lions, these people constructed stone-traps, and (shocking to relate) these stone-traps were baited with young children, whose sad wailings attracted the lions to the spot, when they would be taken in the snare, and the life of the child sacrificed."

These people, it seems, furthermore, attempt to make out a case in defence of their practices; but the ethics of cannibalism are not inspiring as matters of contemplation, any more than the ethics of our politicians at home. Indeed, at bottom, there is more similarity between them than one would at first suspect, as they both resolve themselves into a very unscrupulous self-interest.

PUBLIC PARKS.

NOTHING in London produces a deeper impression upon the stranger than the extent of its country-element. Its half-dozen principal parks embrace some fifteen hundred acres of ground covered with trees and lakes, so that one may walk three or four miles through the town, through the chain of parks, and hardly be reminded that he is in the heart of the English metropolis.

For the existence of these parks, however, the English have to thank the old monarchy, as they were originally palace grounds reserved by the crown, and which have only been opened to the people, and virtually made over to their use, with the decline of royalty and the progress of democracy during the present century. The public at last gain the benefits, although that was far from the original intention.

New York, too, has its great park, the pride and pleasure

of its citizens. The whole island upon which it stands was bargained away, less than two hundred and fifty years ago, for twenty-four dollars; and, although a mere child in years compared with London, and not half as large, she has nevertheless, within a dozen years, purchased and beautified a tract of eight hundred and sixty-two acres; and she enjoys it, not by royal grace, but by the appreciation and resolve of the people. Brooklyn, also, has laid out magnificent grounds, and will soon rival New York in the extent and elaboration of its landscape display; while most of the other leading towns of the United States are planning or executing similar designs. Thus the work which was at first done blindly, and for mere kingly ostentation, is now done intelligently, and with entire reference to its manifold advantages to the community.

Chicago, of course, is not behind in this sort of municipal enterprise. Although a city of yesterday, and crowded with a population that "carries more steam," perhaps, than any other upon the face of the earth, they are, nevertheless, not without a feeling for the æsthetic side of things, and a far-sighted vision for the prospective interests of their rapidly-spreading city. As might be expected, too, from so practical a people, they are alive to the direct utilities of the subject, and seem to have reached a thorough consciousness of the special and urgent requirements of their city.

The most compendious and, at the same time, comprehensive statement of the importance of these institutions to large towns, has been made by Dr. G. H. Rauch, Sanitary Superintendent and Registrar of Vital Statistics of Chicago, in a paper read before its Academy of Sciences. It discusses, in a very lucid and instructive manner, the influence of public parks upon the moral, physical, and sanitary condition of the inhabitants of large cities. After a brief account of the parks in the chief cities of the world, the writer goes more fully into the question as it affects the citizens of his own town, and presents many interesting facts regarding its situation and physical relations. Located on the southwest shore of Lake Michigan, the land that stretches back from it is almost as flat and low as the lake itself. The average elevation for five miles around is but twelve feet above the water-level, while a large portion of the ground is depressed and swampy, with but little drainage. The land upon which the city stands is the ancient bed of the lake (which has receded far below its former level), and consists of sand-banks, clay-beds, and vegetable mould. "Such a soil must necessarily exercise a decided influence upon the health of those living upon it; depending, of course, upon the character of the beds upon which the houses rest. Sandy soils absorb and retain heat much longer; while the clay and humus absorb and retain but slowly. Sand absorbs and retains little water; clay twenty times more; and humus, or surface-soil, fifty times as much as sand."

From the flatness of the region, winds have an unbroken sweep, as there are no mountains, hills, or forests to arrest them. In an area of four hundred square miles surrounding Chicago, there are only twenty square miles thinly covered with timber. But, as even the enterprise of Chicago is inadequate to build mountains, and as hills also are excessively expensive, the city has but one way left to protect itself against its special exposure, and that is, to surround itself with artificial forests. Dr. Rauch discusses with much ability, and with admirable compression of statement, the relation of the different winds to health and mortality, the sanitary influence of trees and foliage, and the relations of climate to disease. Another aspect of the subject to which he draws attention is, the relation of parks to mental hygiene, and the special need which so over-excited a people as those of Chicago have for every kind of recreation and diversion. He says:

"We, perhaps more than any other community, need all possible safeguards against over-work to be thrown around us, and I know of no better way than by the creation of parks, that will be an ornament to the city, and places of resort, where

all may enjoy themselves in a rational and healthful manner. We need parks to induce out-door exercise, and for the pleasant influences connected with them, which are so beneficial to our over-worked business men, to dyspeptics, to those afflicted with nervous diseases, and, particularly, to the consumptive.

"We need parks for our school-children, as we have no places to which they can resort for out-of-door play, and where they can obtain healthful recreation, with the exception of the limited grounds surrounding the school-houses. They can also be made use of as the means of instruction, by the arboretum, botanical collections, and the collections of animals that are found in them.

"The moral influence of parks is decided. Man is brought in contact with Nature—is taken away from the artificial conditions in which he lives in cities; and such associations exercise a vast influence for good. In the Central Park, only five hundred and sixty-eight arrests have been made, and these of a trivial character, out of 80,781,847 visitors. 'The people of Baltimore have been their own conservators of the parks. They appreciate and enjoy them, and they preserve them. The appeal made to them by the commission, in the first year of the parks, has been most fully and honorably responded to.' We have no places of resort on holidays. By creating them, we take many away from other and worse places, and thus do much toward encouraging the young in habits of sobriety and temperance. They also afford a field for the exercise of those robust games which tend so much to the development of the physical system."

The peculiar circumstances and remarkable history of Chicago give great interest to its experiments and policy in relation to the subject here noticed.

TABLE-TALK.

WE have a Tract Society, with its headquarters in New York, and its agencies of collection and distribution in nearly every church in the land. It is American in name and scope, is thoroughly organized, collects money in vast amounts, and scatters its sheets like autumn leaves. The American Tract Society is devoted to those matters that affect the interests of a hereafter; and this is well.

But has not the time come for the organization of a corresponding institution, which shall have for its object the promotion of the immediate interests of people as to this world? There seems no reason to the contrary. Admitting the transcendent importance of those questions that concern the future welfare of the race, there are other interests which are nearly as sacred and imperative in character. Certainly there is need of every efficient means for improving the material condition of people here. Error, wrong, and suffering abound, and, while we have no Utopian hopes that they will ever be entirely extirpated from the earth, their partial removal we know to be possible and practicable. But it is neither from legislation nor from charity that amelioration must mainly come. It is from that enlightenment which shall enable the individual to put forth his own powers to better advantage and achieve his own improvement. It may be said, with as much truth to-day as it was said of old, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge"—not for lack of philanthropic schemes, or legislative enactments, or charitable bounty, but for lack of that living knowledge which men can use for guidance in the conduct of daily life.

For the attainment of this end, tract-agency is invaluable. Its mode of influence is legitimate and powerful. It implies brevity and pungency of statement. A great deal can be said in four pages under pressure, while the little messengers of appeal and instruction find people out in their odd moments of leisure to read and think. The agency, in fact, needs no vindication. Newspapers do something, but not what is wanted. They have interests of their own to advance. There is either a party or

a sect behind them, or they cater to ignorance and prejudice to get a sale. The tract may be free from these suspicions, and received and read in the best mood to get its benefit. Schools are good, but at present they stop short of their highest end. They are but a preparation for duties and opportunities which lie beyond; and nothing would better supplement their shortcomings, and give to common schools their best effect, than the wide dissemination of tracts, concisely written, authoritative in character, and devoted to applied knowledge. Whether a possible scheme or not, we do not say; but nothing would be more productive of solid good than a well-organized Humanitarian Tract Society.

M. Jules Verrean, the same distinguished naturalist who, after twenty-eight years of South African and Australian explorations, had the irreparable misfortune to lose, by shipwreck, his immense collection and accompanying manuscripts, has observed, in the habits of the Thynnes of Australia, the following curious fact:

The males of this hymenopterous insect are provided with wings; the females, smaller, have none. Nature begins, we see, far below man, in the scale of creation, to anticipate the fickleness of the stronger sex and the constancy of the fairer. The male Thynne is not, however, to be reprobated as a "gay deceiver." He may be seen flying off, bearing his female in his arms, or in what are arms to him, and holding her with the most delicate care. He is next seen placing her upon the flowers: alas! there is no happiness without its perils, and it often happens that other males, less fortunate, alight at the same spot, and declare that their "attractions are proportional to destinies." A struggle ensues for the application of the law, but the chivalric duel, to which, in higher species, the female and the victor owe so much, does not, among the Thynnes, protect individual prowess against the onslaught of numbers. Fearing to be overpowered, and unable to defend his darling against many rivals, this husband, by legitimate priority, concludes to eat her up.

This is a counterpart to that immoral custom witnessed among certain spiders who, from time immemorial, have professed the most extravagant views of woman's rights. Some of these irritable Arachnes, upon the slightest fault which their entangling fancies can discover in a declaration of love, devour the unfortunate adorer. This cruelty would seem, indeed, essential to complete their satisfaction. They interpret the character attributed to Marguerite, the princess of the old Tour de Neale. Both kinds of insects, however, surpass her in the perfection of their instinct; they assimilate the object of passion.

Literary and Personal Notes.

AN extract from the Memoirs of Berlioz contains curious details regarding the difficulties with which the celebrated composer had to struggle at the outset of his career: "I had rented a very cheap little room on the fifth floor of a house in the city, on the corner of the Rue de Harlay and the Quai des Orfèvres, and, instead of dining, as heretofore, at the restaurant, I reduced my meals to a cenobitic system which made them cost, at the most, seven or eight francs. They consisted generally of bread, raisins, prunes, or dates. As it happened to be the fine season of the year, I generally went, after making my purchases at the store of the neighboring grocer, to the small terrace of the Pont Neuf, where I seated myself at the feet of the statue of Henry IV.; there, without thinking of the chicken in the pot, which the good king had hoped all his peasants would have for their Sunday dinner, I took my humble meal, seeing the sun in the distance descending behind Mont Valérien, following with my enchanted eyes the radiant reflexes of the waters of the Seine, which flowed murmuringly past me, and my imagination charmed with the splendid images of the poems of Thomas Moore, of which I had recently discovered a French translation, that I read with the utmost delight for the first time."

It is said that Bodenstedt, the charming German writer on Oriental subjects, and author of "Thousand and One Days in the East," a work of which every year several new editions are sold in Germany, did not think

of writing a book until an accident brought him in contact with Berthold Auerbach. The two distinguished men met, twenty-one years ago, at a restaurant in Vienna, at the very time when the guns of Prince Windischgrätz thundered against the gates of the old imperial city, which was then in the hands of the revolutionists. Bodenstedt told Auerbach and several other *littérateurs*, who were present, about his travels in the Orient, and spoke with so much eloquence and enthusiasm, that his friends became enchanted, and Auerbach exclaimed at last, "My friend, these things must not be told in the way you are doing now, but should be written in a book." "I write a book!" replied Bodenstedt, laughing, "I could not do that." However, he went immediately to work, and some time afterward published his "Thousand and One Days in the East," and German literature had gained another star of the first magnitude.

Henrik Scharling is a famous Danish writer, three of whose works have been translated and published in England. The London *Spectator* claims that he has few equals among English novelists. His last book is called "The Rivals; or, Love and War," which is described as in part a psychological study, in part a romance of the Danish War of 1848-'50. The character of the hero is in a measure typical of the finest side of the Danish character—"a character of dumb, inarticulate sentiment, apparently without self-reliance, unready for any practical emergency, full at bottom of the most deep-rooted doubts, nursing forever on its own helplessness, and disbelieving as dreams half of all it hears from others." The delineation of this character, and the war-scenes in the latter part of the book, are both executed by the novelist with singular success, according to the opinion of English reviewers.

The most valuable collection of American political statistics, for the last thirty years, has been afforded by the *Tribune Almanac*, its reputation in this particular gaining with each year's issue. Recently, the series from 1838 to 1868 has been reproduced in two volumes of over 1,800 pages, making a complete *résumé* of our political history during that period. A special interest, moreover, attaches to the book in its being the first work reproduced by the recently-invented photolithography. The pages of the original work were not cast, and the cost of resetting them in type was too great to admit of reissue. By a recently-invented process, however, the pages were photographed on prepared lithographic stone, and printed therefrom by the ordinary process of lithographic printing. The work, hence, is not only valuable as a political register, but of interest as a curiosity.

"The Land and its Story; or, the Sacred Historical Geography of Palestine," by the Rev. Dr. Burt, is a recent addition to our literature of the Holy Land. It embodies the most valuable results of modern research, combined with the author's personal observations, and affords one of the clearest and most entertaining descriptions of biblical localities we remember to have read. The entire geography of Palestine is spread out before the reader as if in a panorama, and each locality, with all its wealth of sacred associations, is depicted with a vividness that is very noticeable. The book is compact as well as complete, and hence peculiarly commends itself to the biblical student, as well as to the general reader. It is supplied with maps, and fully illustrated.

The Museum.

THE Phronima is a curious little marine creature, with funny ways, a specimen of which, fished up from the waters of the South Pacific, has been lately described by Major Holland.

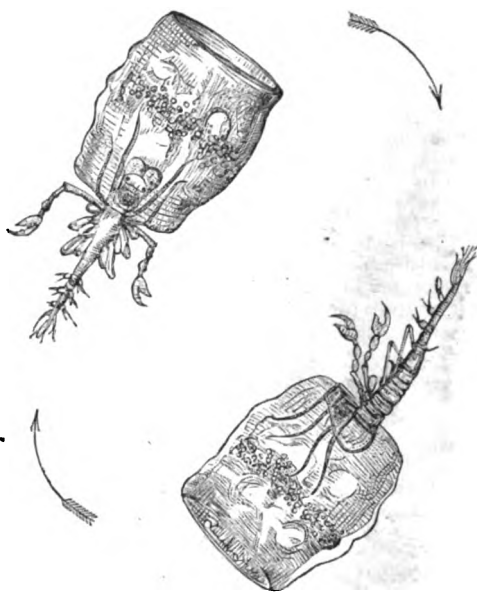
The Phronima is a tiny crustacean, that is, it belongs to the crab, lobster, and shrimp family, which have the remarkable peculiarity of wearing their bones outside their bodies in the shape of a great number of jointed plates or rings.

Some of these creatures, as the crab, have feet adapted for walking on the beach or sea-bottom, which spring from the thoracic region of the body; others have limbs of locomotion—for swimming, which spring from the abdomen. Our little friend has both sorts, ambulatory feet on the thorax, and natatory feet, or *swimmerets*, as they are termed, on the abdomen; it therefore belongs to the order *Amphipoda*—both-footed.

Its head is long and planted crosswise, that is, its axis is at right angles with that of the body. Some of the crustaceans have their eyes mounted upon the top of long stalks; the Phronima wears her eyes as we do, but has a great number of them, some on the back of her head, some in front, and others on each side. The mouth and the swimmerets are of deep rich red color; the rest of the body is glass-like.

As regards the mode of life of this curious creature, it has this remarkable peculiarity—it carries its house on its head! One of its remote relations, the hermit-crab, as is well known, has a singular habit of entering into the occupancy of cast-off shells, having found one of suitable size by repeated trials. In the same spirit the Phronima mounts a little second-hand, transparent, barrel-shaped tube, open at both ends, which has first served the purpose of another marine creature and been

abandoned. This it carries with it, and looks for all the world like a new-boiled prawn, with its head and shoulders jammed into a mother-of-pearl thimble, and its tail flopping restlessly outside, sending it tumbling head over heels, as if making violent efforts to extricate itself.



Phronima—Tumbler of the Sea.

In the cut the Phronima is represented as disporting herself in a glass vase of sea-water. The figures are magnified, the real length of the tube, or case, being five-eighths of an inch, and its breadth half an inch. It is probably the female only that adopts this contrivance, which is made the receptacle of her ova, and becomes the apartment in which she brings up her family. The ova and the young are secured by a filmy band running round the interior, about half-way up it. They are indistinctly visible through the case, as shown in the illustration.

"The mother, when swimming, has her head and the first three segments of the thorax inserted into the tube, which she holds fast by means of the third pair of legs—which have been mentioned as being habitually thrown forward across the head—which have their claws firmly driven into the lining membrane of the case, in front of her head. The formidable "pinchers" of the fifth pair remaining outside "clear for action" in readiness to meet an enemy, and the swimmerets, on ordinary occasions, are busily paddling, as represented in the drawing. Sometimes, on the approach of danger, she draws the whole of her body within the tube, and, apparently to guard against the risk of being shaken out by the shock of a collision, drives the claws of the seventh pair of thoracic feet (which seem to be normally directed backward for the purpose) into the lining: the anterior (third) pair being, as we have seen, similarly directed forward; she has thus a firm "set" against a jerk coming either way. Her great compound eyes, placed not only in the sides, but in the top and back of her head, enable her to take in,

with one marvellously comprehensive glance, the whole circle of her brood; the objects of her maternal solicitude, they are never "from under her eye;" no human beings are under such complete and constant supervision as the fry of Phronima.

"The specimen from which our illustration was drawn, was kept alive for ten days. She was a creature of the liveliest habits, whirling about in rapid gyrations, and turning summersaults, tub foremost, with a very comical effect. She never progressed in right lines, but first ascended at an angle of about seventy-five degrees with her ventral aspect toward the spectator, then, suddenly twisting sharply toward the left, she threw her tail up, and came down head foremost at a like angle, bringing her right side and the back of her head into view. Sometimes she was seized with a mania for waltzing, spinning round and round without materially shifting her ground, like a buoy moored in a strong tide-way: merry little Phronima was often placed on the wardroom mess-table by particular request, her strange antics affording much amusement: but she pined for the liberty of the free ocean, and drooped, and died "universally respected and regretted."

"It does indeed seem strange that the preservation of the species, the safety of the broods of this tiny inhabitant of the deep, should hang upon the apparently doubtful contingency of the mother picking up just at the critical moment a suitable piece of the broken skeleton of another and widely different creature: but the plans of the great Master-builder, however inscrutable to us, never fail; and we see, if we study the glorious pages of Nature's outspread book, intelligently and reverently, that the ends aimed at are ever infallibly attained."

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

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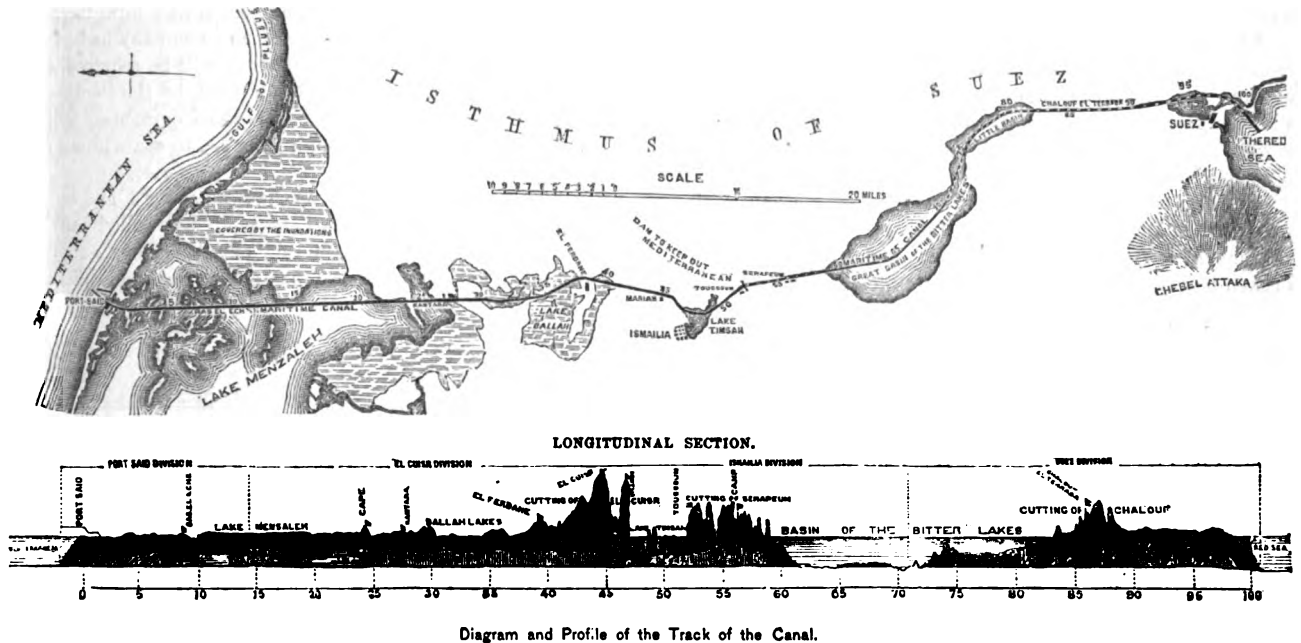
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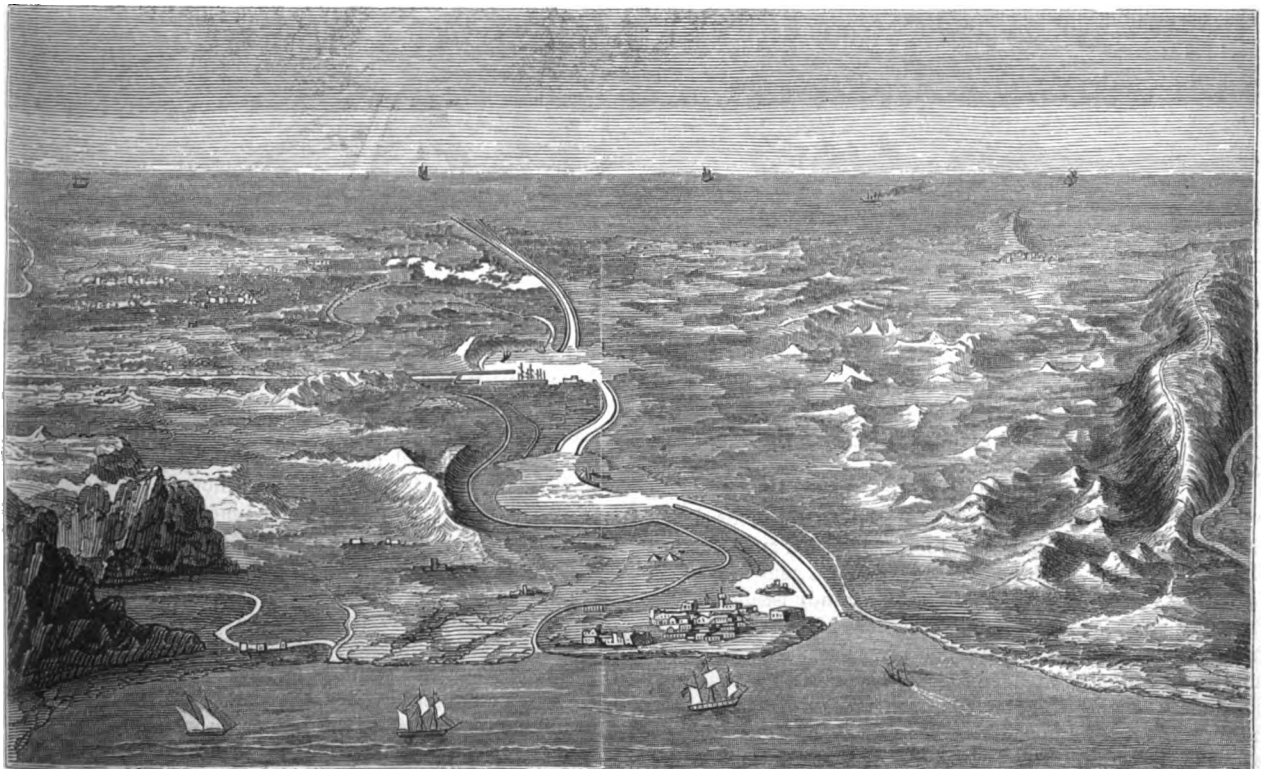
THE SUEZ SHIP CANAL.

BY E. HEPPLE HALL.



IF we except the Great Continental Railway which now unites the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and which, as a short-cut to the trade of the East, must be considered its most formidable competitor and rival, no great work of modern times has elicited so large a share of public curiosity, with apparently so little opportunity of having that curiosity gratified by actual observation, as the ship-canal across the Isthmus of Suez.

THE CANAL FIRST PROJECTED.—The first step toward the construction of the present canal was made nearly a quarter of a century ago. In 1846 a commission was issued to Robert Stephenson, son of the famous inventor of the locomotive, on the part of Great Britain; to Talabot, the great French contractor, on the part of France; and to Signor Negretti, the scientific chemist and engineer, on the part of Austria. During



General Bird's-eye View of the Canal.

that year the isthmus was surveyed by them, and the scheme pronounced feasible.

The only serious impediment to the success of the undertaking which then presented itself, was the continual danger to which the canal would be exposed by reason of the sand-storms on the desert. To meet this difficulty various mechanical remedies were proposed, and the enterprise pronounced practicable. Yet nothing further was then attempted.

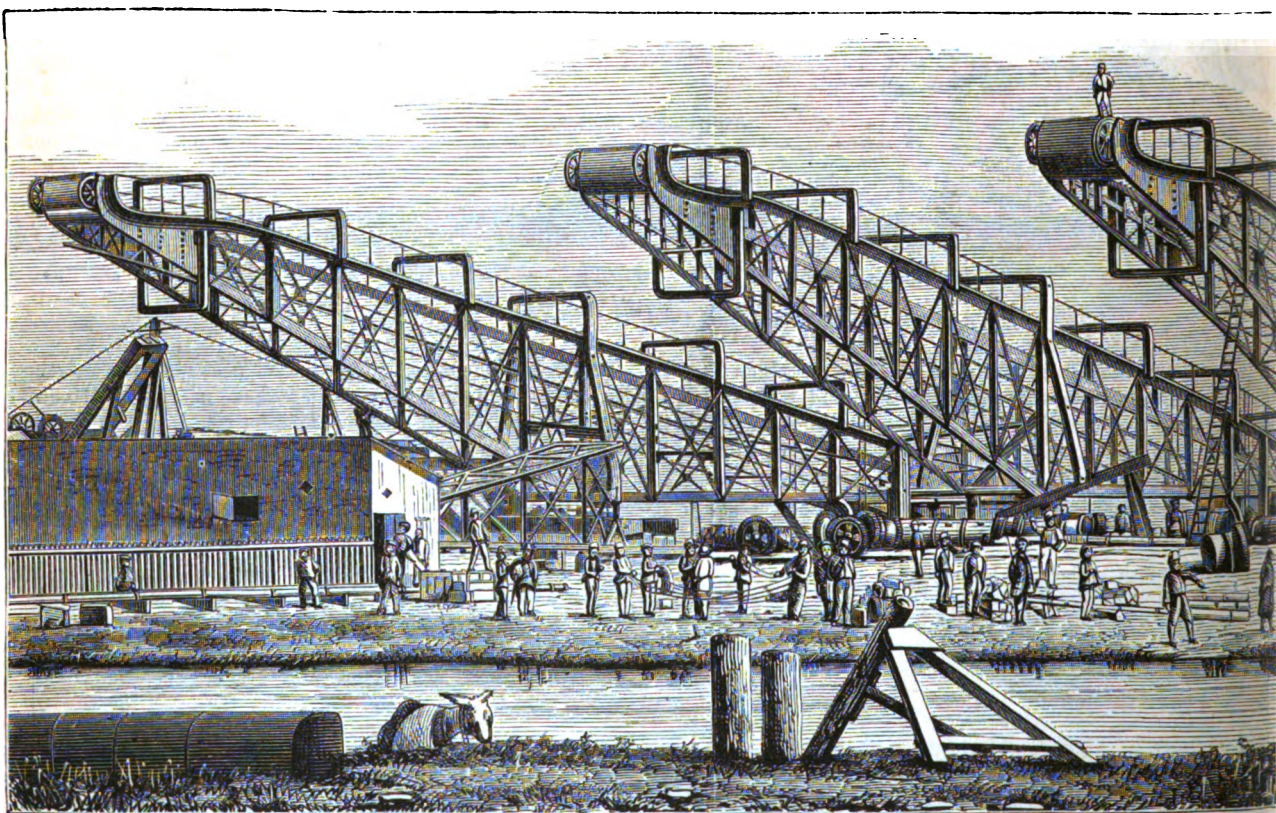
Eight years later, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps proposed to Mohammed Saïd the scheme of reopening the ancient canal of Sesostris; and it is mainly to the engineering enterprise and unremitting activity and energy of M. Lesseps that the world is indebted for the work, which now so rapidly approaches completion.

The first exploration of the isthmus, under his supervision, was made in December, 1854, and January, 1855, and the present line of survey, which was ascertained to be twenty-nine French leagues (about ninety English miles) in length, decided

Suez. The other lakes are called Timsah, Ballah, and Menzalah. The first and smallest of these has long been drying up. To deepen the channel through these lakes; excavate the intervening sections, which, previous to the operations of the company, consisted of arid, sandy, treeless, and almost trackless wastes, with an occasional stratum of calcareous blue clay running through them; and to build the jetties for the protection of the entrance from either sea, and which now form the harbors of Saïd and Suez, was really all the company had to do.

No locks or other artificial appliances will be required, and steamers of the capacity of those now used by the Peninsular and Oriental, and *Messageries Impériales* Companies, will, it is believed, be able to pass through from sea to sea without difficulty or detention.

MECHANICAL APPLIANCES.—A work of so vast and unique a character, as will readily be conceived, has called into requisition appliances for construction of a similarly extensive and original kind. Indeed, the machinery used on this canal

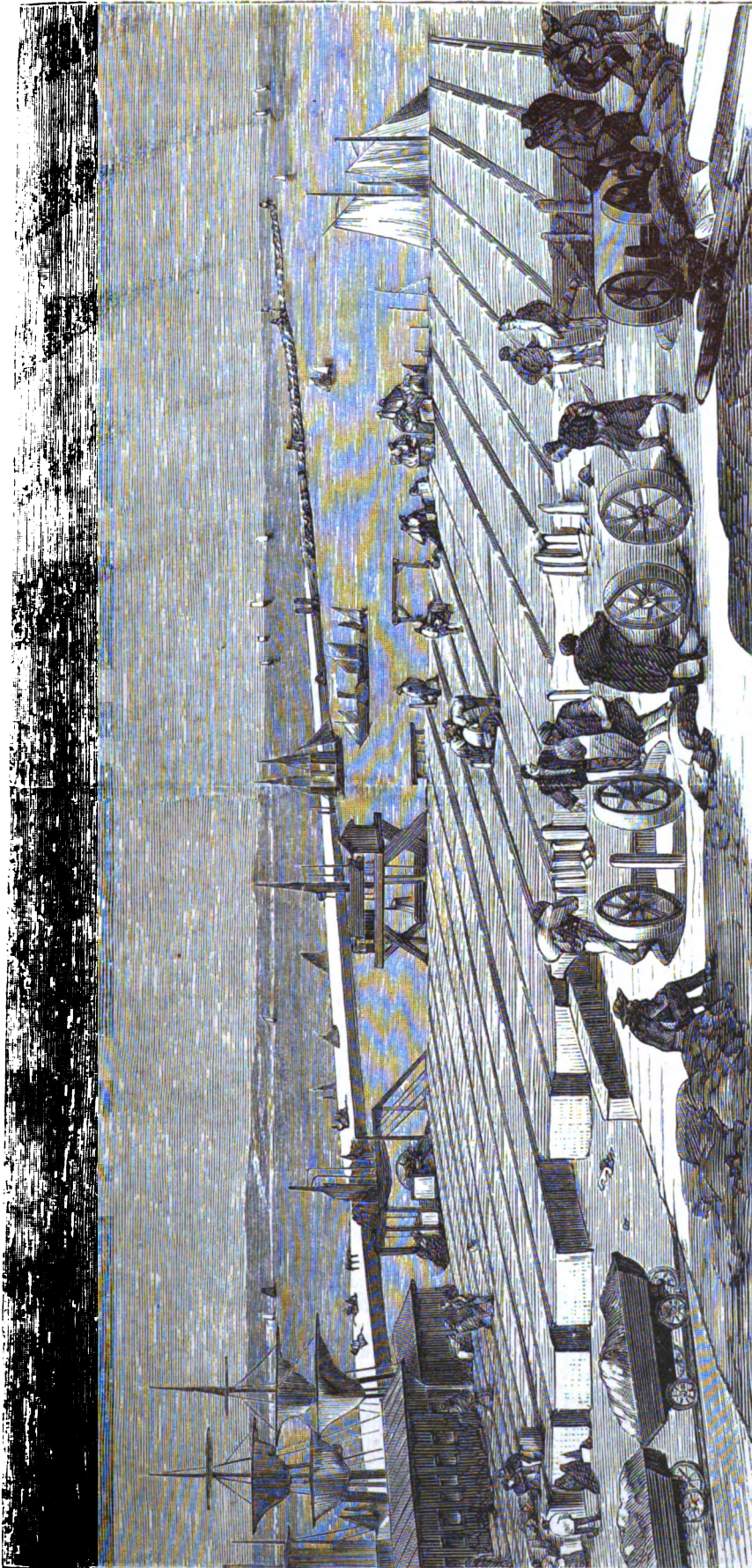


Elevators under Process of Construction.

on. In November, 1855, another international commission visited the isthmus, but beyond the publication of their report (June, 1856), little of consequence was accomplished until 1858, when *La Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez*, or, as it is familiarly known to English readers, the Suez Ship-Canal Company, was organized.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORK.—Let the reader imagine a vast ditch one hundred miles in length, three hundred feet wide at the top, one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide at the bottom, with an average depth of twenty-four feet, connecting four natural lakes, bisecting a sandy isthmus at its narrowest point, and discharging at either end into a large inland sea, and he will have a fair presentment of what the canal is, or rather is intended to be. These lakes are situated at distances ranging from ten to fifteen miles from each other, and form the natural boundaries, so to speak, of the several divisions of the work. The largest and deepest of these, called *Lacs Amers*, or Bitter Lakes, extend to within fourteen miles of

forms one of the most interesting features of the work. Nothing like it is to be found elsewhere. From the gigantic *drague à couloir*, down to the smallest *drague* (dredge), and from the ponderous *élévateur* to the smallest drill or hand machine, every thing is of the most costly kind and elaborate finish. Two hundred and eighty-five machines, representing a force equal to eighteen thousand horses, and consuming twelve thousand two hundred and nineteen tons of coal per month, work day and night on the canal. These machines are divided into sixteen classes, two of which are worthy of especial mention. These are the large dredges (*dragues à long couloir*), and the *excavateurs*. The former are similar in construction to the machines used for dredging-purposes in the British and American seaports and rivers, but they are larger, and have an enormous passage, or spout, attached. By means of a steam-pump attached to the lighter on which this apparatus is mounted, water is mixed with the earth brought up by the dredge, and the semi-fluid mass is discharged through



The Jetties.—Preparing and Shipping the Blocks.

this long pipe, or passage (*coulir*), on to whatever spot may be selected. By means of this machine the sand can be discharged to any distance within two hundred feet beyond the edge of the canal. By this simple contrivance a continuous compact ridge of sand is formed along the entire length of the canal, and this serves to keep out the accumulations of sand which, blown by the frequent storms (*Shimaul* or *Krumseen*), from the surrounding desert, would otherwise be deposited in the canal, and utterly preclude all efforts to keep it open. The ridge thus formed is in some places fully fifty feet high.

PORT SAID.—The northern entrance of the canal is situated on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, one hundred and twenty-four miles north of Alexandria, and thirty miles north of Damietta. Externally, its appearance is not unlike that of the majority of mushroom American towns similarly situated. It is an anomalous sort of place. Bounded northward by the ocean, and southward by the desert, it is equally the product of both. Viewed geologically, it is the practical result of a struggle between salt water and sand; commercially and socially, it is a compound of modern commerce and aboriginal (Arab) ignorance and filth. Little more than half a score of years ago, the site of the present town was a dreary, arid waste. Every necessary of life had to be brought by boat from Damietta; and now every comfort and many of the luxuries of life are easily procured, at all events in much greater abundance and with more facility than in the ancient city of Damietta. It contains nearly one thousand houses, and a population which, though, like that of Cairo (not the Egyptian, but the American Cairo), largely floating, may be fairly estimated at between eight and ten thousand. This population is thoroughly cosmopolitan in its character, for, small as the town is, it numbers representatives from all parts of the world. Every civilized and uncivilized country, apparently, sends its delegate to the Canal Congress. The activity and bustle of the place, heightened as they are by the picturesque effect produced by the motley groups of French, Egyptians, Arabs, English, Americans, Levantines, Italians, and Greeks, working harmoniously together, form its principal attraction. On the occasion of my first visit (October, 1867), I counted twenty-two large-sized vessels in the *avant-port*,



Between Kantara and El-Ferdane—The First Vessels through the Canal.

or basin. Most of these were from North-British seaports, and were freighted with coal and other supplies for the company. Hence the large floating population spoken of. By far the larger number (fully two-thirds) of the inhabitants, however, are employed directly or indirectly by the Canal Company, or by the contractors, Messrs. Boril, Lavalley & Co.

THE JETTIES.—Commencing at the northern end of the canal, the first feature of the work that will attract observation are the jetties. One of the chief difficulties apprehended by the early surveyors and engineers of the canal scheme was the choking up of Port Said by the Nile deposit, and these jetties have been constructed mainly with a view to obviate this difficulty, as well as for purposes of protection to the shipping seeking transit through the canal. They are two in number, known respectively as the East and West Jetty. The length of the latter will be two thousand seven hundred yards, and of the former two thousand yards. The distance between their respective ends will be about four hundred metres (one thousand three hundred feet), and they will form between them, it is estimated, a basin, or harbor, five hundred acres in extent, completely protected from wind or storm, and spacious enough to accommodate all vessels seeking transit through the canal. These jetties are constructed of what appear to be immense blocks of stone. They are not stone, however, but sand, dredged up from the bottom of the canal, mixed with hydraulic lime (*chaux du Thiël*), and then put into wooden cases, or moulds, and allowed to dry. The lime is quarried a few miles down the canal, there ground, and thence transported to the works. Eight mills are kept constantly grinding on this novel, unique, and really interesting process. After sufficient time has been allowed to form and harden them, the wooden

casings are removed, and the sun's rays, which in this latitude are intensely hot, complete the process of making the block. Two or three months suffice to harden them. They weigh twenty tons each, and cost about one thousand francs apiece. When sufficiently dry and ready for use, they are lifted up by a travelling steam-crane (*grue à vapeur*) on to trucks, passed to a tramway, and then pushed by a locomotive down to where the lighters are moored to receive them. They now take a short sea-voyage. After being transferred from the truck by another travelling crane, they are deposited in an inclined position, in rows of three, on another lighter, whence they are taken out to the position they are destined to occupy on the jetty, and there sunk. The rate of progress has been from thirty to forty blocks daily. Over fifteen thousand have been already submerged, and but little remains to be done to complete these magnificent piers. The dimensions of these piers, or jetties, are, twenty-six yards at the base, six yards at the summit, and twelve yards in height.

We now proceed to glance briefly at the several divisions of the canal:

DIVISION OF PORT SAÏD (LAKE MENZALAH).—This division is fourteen and a half miles long, extending from Port Saïd to Kilometre Twenty-three, and includes the heavy work on the jetties already described, and the deepening of the canal which lies through the middle of Lake Menzalah, which is itself only separated from the Mediterranean by a low, narrow ridge of sand. The labor performed in this division has been immense. Fears were entertained by many that the sand thrown up by the dredges, to form the banks of the canal, would be too weak to withstand the combined action of the wind and waves in the lakes, and that the canal would in consequence be liable to frequent interruption. Fortunately, these fears have proved



Section of Canal south of El Guisr—Construction Trains.

groundless, and all cause for such apprehension is now removed. In this division 364,367 cubic metres were excavated during the month ending October 15, 1868, which, added to the previous excavation of 6,072,723 metres, left a then total of 2,766,049 metres yet to be taken out.

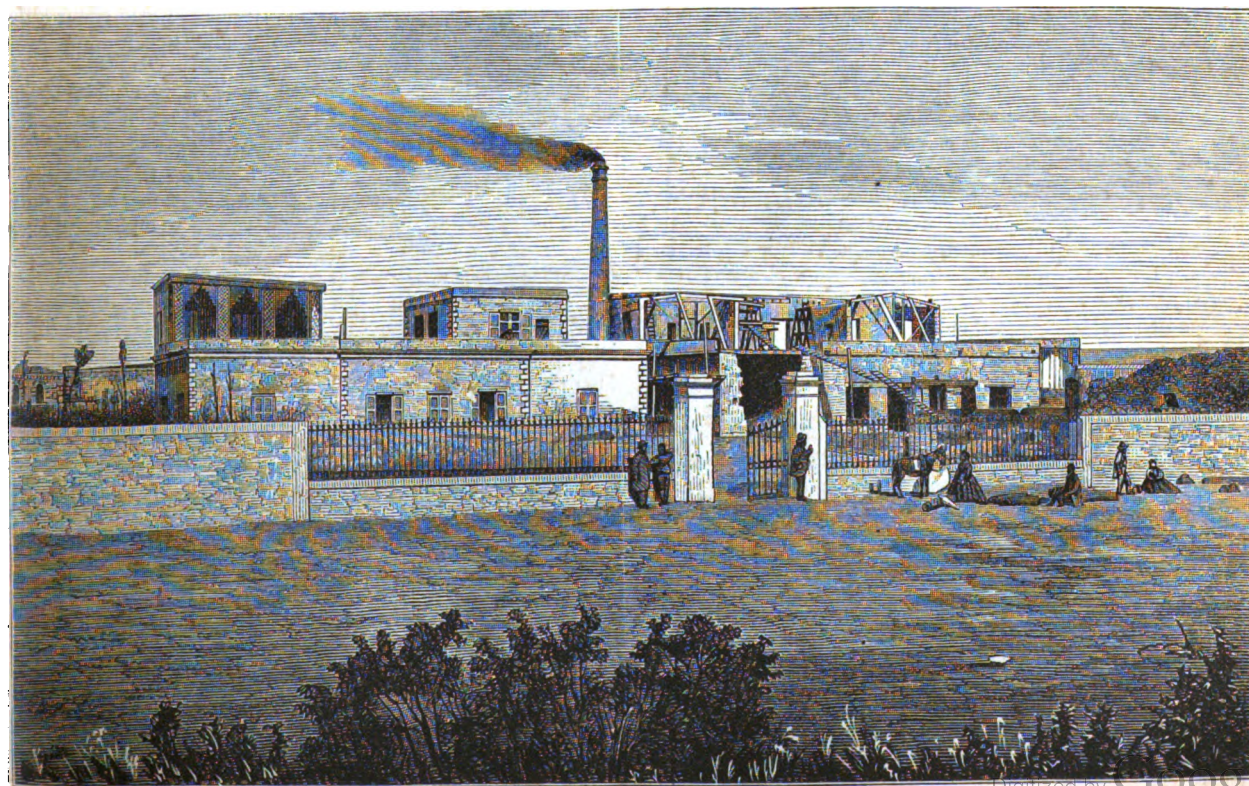
DIVISION OF EL GUISE.—This is the longest division of the canal, and includes all lying between Kilometre Twenty-three and Ismailia, a distance of thirty-five miles. The appearance of the canal, as far as Kantara, is like that on the first division, being as straight—to use a homely metaphor—as a bee-line.

South of Kantara, the work is very heavy, especially at El Guisr. Here are the deepest cuttings, extending a distance of five miles to Lake Ballah. Out of a total of 29,859,044 cubic metres, upward of 9,770,037 yet remain to be excavated to

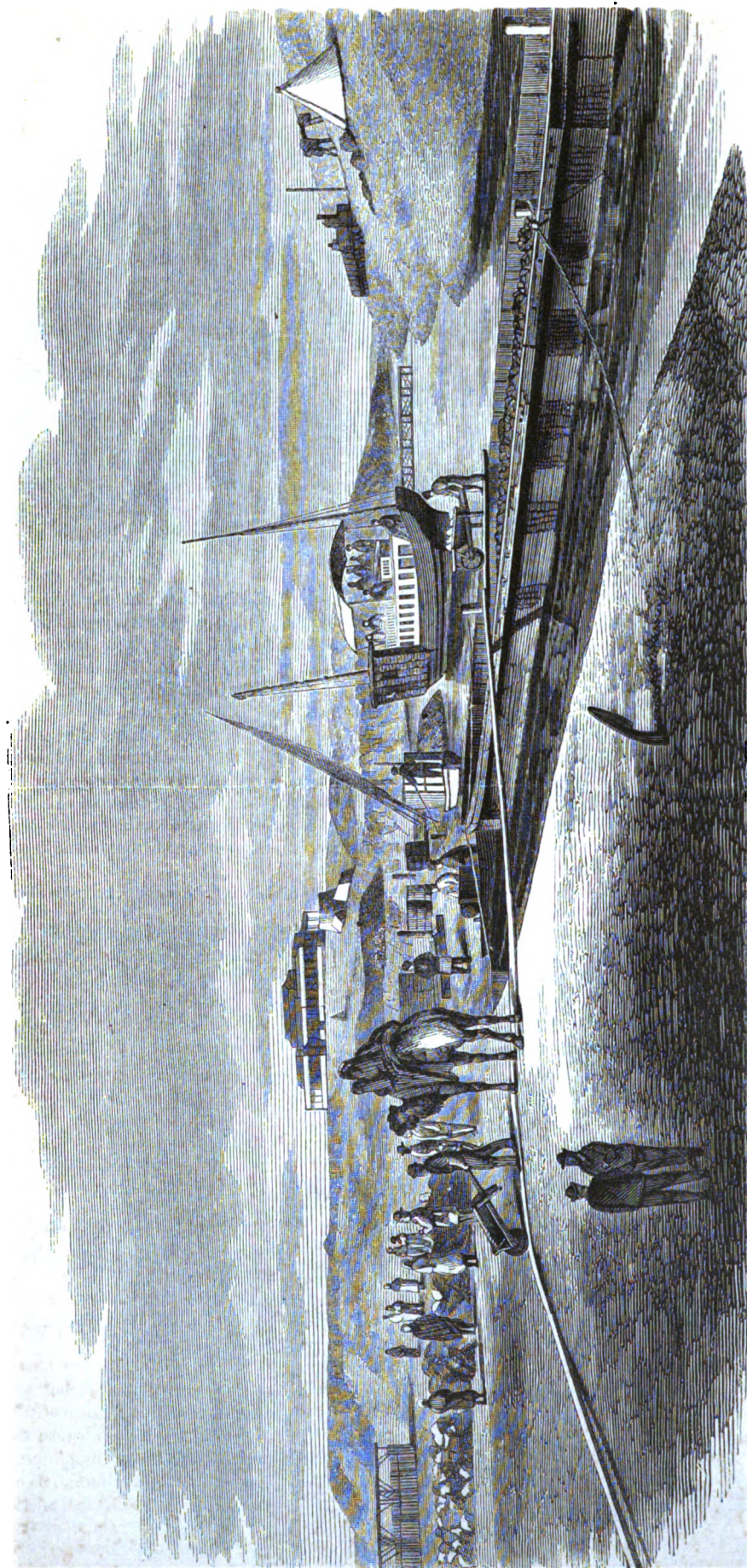
reach the maximum depth of the canal. Twenty-five dredges and an immense force of laborers are engaged upon this division, and they are taking out about 600,000 cubic metres per month. In some parts of this division, when the canal is excavated to its full extent, the perpendicular depth will be upward of one hundred feet.

KANTARA.—The second point of importance on the canal is situated at the southern extremity of Lake Menzalah. It occupies the site of Mijdol, famous in the history of the Exodus, and has long been an important crossing for the Syrian camel-trains. It is the principal town in this division, is twenty-eight miles from Port Saïd, and is usually reached by the mail-boats in about five hours.

In this, and in each other division of the work, a basin has been



Water-works near Ismailia.

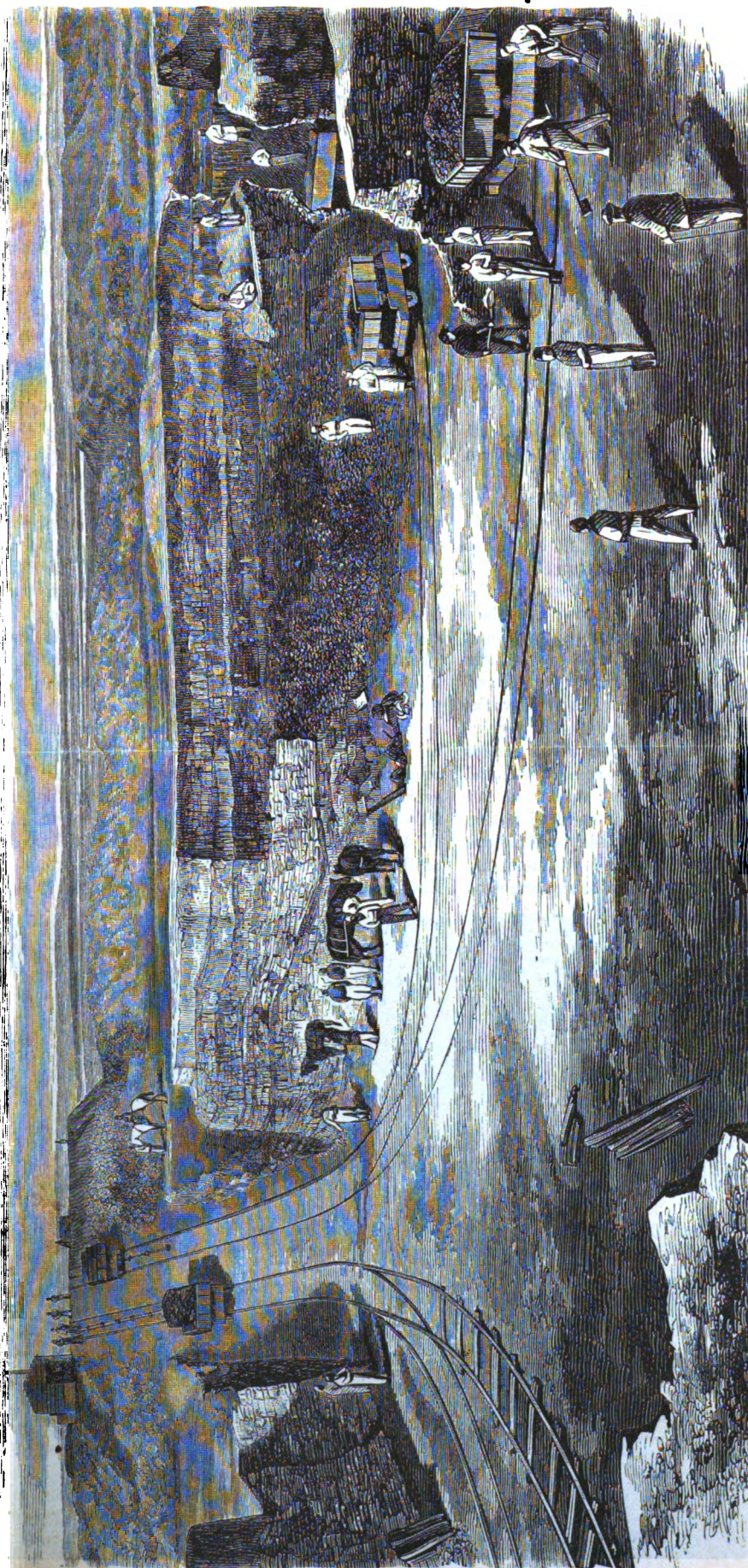


View near Ismailia.

formed in the lake, where the surplus sand and earth are dumped by lighters, termed by the French workmen *gabares à clapets de fond*, and *gabares à clapets latéraux*.

LAKE BALLAH.—Eight miles south of Kantara, the canal enters Lake Ballah, and, soon after passing the little Arab village El-Ferdane, we reach El-Guisr. The plateau upon which this village (El-Guisr) stands is the most elevated point, and the cuttings the deepest upon the whole canal. The labor of twenty thousand Arab *fellahs* was required for two years in cutting a channel deep enough to float the steam dredges from the Mediterranean to this point, and in filling the shallow basin of Timsah, formerly fed by the overflowings of the Nile only. At El-Guisr we found excavators hard at work widening the canal, with construction-trains and locomotives drawn up on the bank for removing the earth more rapidly than it could be done by lighters in the canal. There is yet more to be done in this division before it is fit for the passage of large vessels.

ISMAILIA (Lake Timsah).—Ismailia, next to Port Said, is the most important point on the canal. It is not only the official headquarters of the company, but the residence of the principal officials. Until within a recent period, the offices of the contractors, MM. Boril and Lavalley, were also located here, but these have been removed to Port Said. The town is pleasantly situated near the northern shore of Lake Timsah, and is named after the reigning viceroy, Ismail Pacha, who succeeded his uncle, Saïd Pacha, in January, 1863. Though, like Port Said, it owes its origin and growth entirely to the canal, the contrast between the two towns is very marked. The fresh-water canal, from the Damietta branch of the Nile, originally extended as far as a town called Zagazig, about fifty miles to the westward of Ismailia, which was then looked upon as the limit of civilization and habitable villages toward the east. All beyond was sand, desert, and desolation, with wandering tribes of Bedouins to make the desolation dangerous. One of the first operations of the company was to continue the fresh-water canal to the east, and, from a point two or three miles west from the present town, then a howling wilderness, its fertilizing waters now flow through the desert to the sea. It has played an essential part in the construction of the ship canal. Indeed



Cuttings near Serapeum.

without it the latter could hardly have been built. Before it was finished, three thousand camels and donkeys were required to transport the Nile water necessary for the sustenance of the laborers. When finished, the Egyptian Government purchased it for two millions of dollars. It runs nearly at right angles to the Maritime Canal. Its width is twenty-six feet, and its average depth about four feet.

DIVISION OF ISMAILIA. — From Ismailia, southward, we enter upon the third grand division of the canal. This extends through Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes to Kilometre One Hundred and Fifteen. The northern end of the Bitter Lakes is sixty miles from Port Said. The lakes themselves are twenty-three and one-half miles long. Up to within a few months past, the navigation of the maritime canal did not extend beyond Ismailia; but, on the 18th of March last, the waters of the Mediterranean were admitted into the Bitter Lakes, and there is now uninterrupted navigation to the head of these lakes, and within fifteen miles of Suez, for vessels of ordinary tonnage. The cuttings at Tousoum and Serapeum, passed between Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes, are deep, and, next to those already seen at El-Guisr, the most difficult on the whole length of the canal. Our illustration was taken in the bed of the canal, at the latter place.

The Bitter Lakes constitute the most interesting feature of this division. They are estimated to contain nine hundred million tons of water, and it is expected that, from their size and situation, they will obviate the necessity of

locks to break the current, which would otherwise exist in the channel of the canal between the two seas. Through these lakes the canal flows, between banks of the entire width of three hundred and twenty-eight feet, until it enters the last cutting, about five miles from Chalouf, whence it follows the course of the ancient canal to Suez.

DIVISION OF SUEZ.—This division is twenty-eight miles in length. The principal points are Chalouf (El-Terraba) and Little Chalouf, or "Eighty-three," on the Fresh-water Canal, where there is a ferry established for the transit of the caravans and trains to and from Mecca.

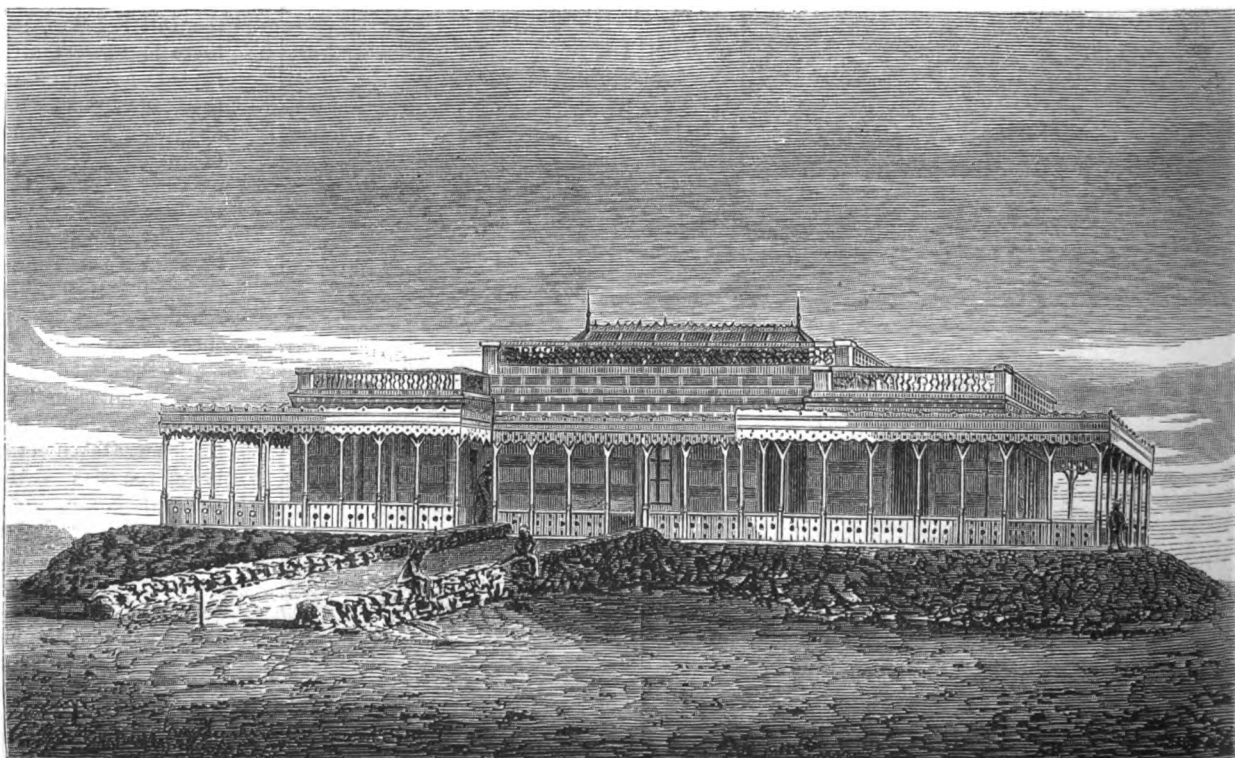
The number of dredges at work on this division is small compared with that engaged upon the preceding sections, the nature of the work requiring a preponderance of hand labor. Upward of thirteen thousand men and one thousand donkeys are engaged upon this division. The majority of this large force are native Arabs (*fellahs*), and they work hard. In close and curious contrast to these simple carriers, the Titanic engines toil and puff as they drag their ponderous claws along through this vast ditch. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world, is the contrast between steam and man power more vividly presented than on this great work.

SUEZ.—Suez, situated at the head of the gulf of the same name, which is a prolongation of the Red Sea, and scripturally famous as the scene of the journey of the Israelitish hosts, has come prominently into notice of late years in connection with the overland route to India and China, and more recently as the southern terminus of the ship-canal. It is likewise the place of embarkation for the Mohammedan pilgrims from Egypt, and the countries of Northern Africa, on their way to the holy cities. The town is built on a low, sandy tract of land, and was formerly a most miserable-looking place. The canal-works here, as elsewhere, have already effected a wonderful revolution. The French may well exclaim, "*Nous avons changé tout cela!*" A magnificent dry-dock has been constructed, and the most extensive dredging and jetty-making operations are in progress. The dry-dock is upward of four hundred feet in length, and nearly one hundred feet broad, while commodious basins, for the secure anchorage of ships and steamers, are being formed in front of it. The new piers are being connected

with the railway to Cairo and with the town of Suez by branch-lines of railway. The Egyptian Government, shamed into activity by the gigantic works carried on by the canal company, is constructing piers and basins of its own at Suez, and, what was twelve years ago one of the filthiest and most indolent of Eastern cities, is now all life and energy.

PRACTICAL RESULTS.—In October, 1867, I came through the canal as far as Ismailia on the first steamer that had navigated it.

October 13th, of the present year, has been fixed as the day upon which it is to be formally opened to the world. It is announced that the Empress Eugénie, and perhaps the emperor himself, will be present, and that the *fêtes* and festivities, with which the day is to be celebrated, will be on a scale of magnitude and magnificence commensurate with the importance of the occasion. During 1868, 2,088 vessels, aggregating 674,048 tons burden, arrived at Port Saïd, and 270,000 tickets were issued by the Transit Service. According to the estimates of M. de Lesseps, this amount will be increased to three million tons per annum the first year after the completion of the canal, and that, during succeeding years, this amount will be doubled. But these estimates are based upon the successful completion of the canal, and the navigation of it by steamers drawing from sixteen to twenty-two feet water. The full purpose of the ship-canal will not be attained until the largest vessels are able to pass through it, from end to end, so that steamers from Liverpool, London, Southampton, Marseilles, Trieste, or Brindisi, may proceed, without trans-shipment of cargo or delay in Egypt, through the Red Sea to Bombay, Point de Galle, Calcutta, Hong Kong, Shanghai, or Yokohama, as may be desired. Freights to Port Saïd from British or French ports are no higher than to Alexandria, but, if unloading is to be gone through with at the former port, the heavy tolls through the canal, and the reshipment at Suez for the East, will outweigh the cost of transport by the present route round the Cape, and practically render the canal a financial failure. Whether it will ever pay its constructors as a commercial speculation, when fully dug out for the passage of large vessels, remains to be seen. M. de Lesseps and the French engineers, backed by French capital, have constructed the work. British commerce in the East must furnish the tolls and help to make it pay.



Chalet of the Viceroy, near Ismailia.



Engraved by RHODESWOOD

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A VIEW OF THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.



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MADAME DE POMPADOUR'S FAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

I.

IN 1756, when Louis XV., weary of the quarrels between the magistracy and the legislature, concerning the tax of two sous on a franc, or the tenth of all incomes, resolved to pass the edict, the members of Parliament resigned their offices.

Sixteen of these resignations were accepted, and the sixteen refractory gentlemen were immediately exiled.

"Could you see," asked Madame de Pompadour of one of the ministers, "could you see a handful of men resist the authority of a King of France, and look on calmly? Would you not have a poor opinion of him? Lay aside your robes of office, and you would see things as I do, M. le Président."

Not only did the exiles suffer from their insubordination, but their relatives and friends shared in their disgrace.

One of the king's amusements was the reading of other people's letters; to give himself this pleasure, he used to have his favorite read to him all that was of interest in the mail-bags, and,

under the pretext of performing for himself his own secret police service, he amused himself with the thousand and one intrigues which thus came under his observation; but whoever in the remotest degree was found to be connected with the leaders of the factious party was sure to be ruined. It is well known that Louis XV., with all sorts of weaknesses, had one strong point—that of being inexorable.

One evening, when he was seated before the fire, with his feet on the fender, and looking, as usual, very melancholy, the Marchioness de Pompadour, who was looking through a package of letters, shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"What now?" asked the king.

"I have just come across," said she, "a most nonsensical letter; but it is a touching production, and excites my sympathy."

"How is it signed?" asked the king.

"It has no signature. It is a love-letter."

"And how is it directed?"

"That is the joke. It is addressed to Mademoiselle d'Annebault, the niece of my good friend Madame d'Estades. It was apparently for the sake of my seeing it, that it was stuffed in with these papers."

"And what are its contents?" persisted the king.

"All love, as I tell you. Vauvert and Neauflette are also mentioned in it. Are there any noblemen in those counties? Does your majesty know the families there?"

The king pri-



ded himself on knowing France by heart—that is to say, the French nobility.

Court etiquette, of which he had made a study, was not more familiar to him than the coats-of-arms of the aristocracy—a knowledge easily acquired, since it went no further. But he was vain of his familiarity with the nobility, who were in his eyes like the marble staircase of his palace—something to be used by their master to help him to ascend still higher. After having reflected a few moments, he scowled, as if suddenly struck by an unpleasant memory; then, motioning to the marchioness to continue, he threw himself back in his easy-chair, saying, with a smile:

“Read on; the girl is pretty.”

Madame de Pompadour then, in playful mood, began to read a long letter full of love-sick passages.

“See,” said the writer, “how Fate persecutes me! Every thing seemed favorable, and you yourself, my sweetest friend, had bidden me hope for happiness. Now, suddenly I must lose all, and that for a fault not my own. Is it not an excess of cruelty to have had the heavens opened before me, only to be plunged into the abyss below?”

“When an unfortunate is doomed to death, would it not be a barbarous torture to set before his eyes all which would make him regret death and cling to life? Yet such is my fate. I have no other place of refuge, no other hope, but the grave; for, from the moment of my misfortunes, I dared no longer dream of possessing you. When fortune smiled upon me, my fondest hope was that you would be mine; now that I am poor, I should hate myself if I still wished you to share my fate, and, since I cannot make you happy, though I am dying of love for you, I forbid you to love me.”

The marchioness smiled at these last words.

“Madame,” said the king, “he is a fine fellow. But what prevents his marrying his lady-love?”

“Let me read on, sire:

“This crushing injustice surprises me as coming from the best of kings. You know that my father asked a place for me as cornet or ensign in the guards, and that on this depended my fate, since it would give me the right to offer myself to you. The Duke de Biron had proposed me; but the king rejected the application in a manner which is not very pleasant to remember. If my father has his own ideas of affairs—admitting that to be a fault—ought I to be punished for it? My devotion to the king is as profound and as sincere as my love for you. I would prove the truth of both these assertions, if I could do so, with my sword. It is discouraging enough to have my request refused; but that I should be so disgraced without any good reason is something so different from the usual and well-known kindness of the king—”

“Go on,” said the monarch, “it grows interesting.”

“If you knew how sad I am! Ah, my darling! this land of Neauflette, this garden of Vauvert, these groves—I walk through them all alone every day; I have forbidden the walks to be raked. The odious gardener yesterday came with his rake; he was just going to touch the sandy paths, where the impress of your light footsteps was yet remaining—the marks of your little feet and of your high-heeled shoes were still to be seen in the walk. They seemed to fly before me while I pursued your lovely form; and this phantom now and then seemed living, and rested on one of these fugitive footprints.

“It was there, in these long walks, that I learned to know you, to appreciate you—an admirable education, the mind of an angel, the dignity of a queen, with the grace of a nymph, thoughts worthy of Leibnitz clothed in the purest language, the bee of Plato on the lips of Diana—all these charms threw over me their magic, and I adored you. And during this time these well-beloved flowers blossomed about us. Listening to you, I inhaled their fragrance; their perfume was full of thoughts of you. But now they droop; they seem ready to die.”

“Bah!” said the king, “it is a poor imitation of Jean Jacques. Why do you read me such stuff?”

“Because your majesty requested me to, for the sake of Mademoiselle d’Annebault’s fine eyes.”

“True enough; she has beautiful eyes.”

“And when I return from these walks,” read the marchioness, “I find my father alone in the grand drawing-room, leaning his head wearily on a lounge in the middle of the faded gilding which covers our worm-eaten wainscoting. He sees me enter sorrowfully; my

trouble makes him forget his own—Athenais! In the lower part of this room, near the window, is the harpsichord which your charming fingers have touched—those fingers on which once only my lips have pressed a kiss, while you were singing so sweetly that your song seemed a seraph’s.

“How happy those composers are—Rameau, Lulli, Duni, and a host of others! Yes, you love their music; it lingers in your memory; its breath has passed over your lips. I seat myself near this harpsichord; I try to play one of the airs that you preferred. How cold and monotonous it seems! I let the sounds die away, and their echo loses itself in the arched roof. My father turns, and sees me unhappy; but what can he do? Idle gossip in the antechambers at court has imprisoned us in our château. He sees me young, ardent, full of life, asking only for a place of action in the world; he is my father, he adores me, and yet can do nothing.”

“One would think,” interrupted the king, “that this boy was just going into the chase, and that somebody had killed his falcon just as it was about to fly from his wrist. What ails the fellow?”

“It is true,” read on the marchioness, “that we are near neighbors and distant relatives of the Abbé de Chauvelin.”

“Ah! now we come to the root of the matter,” said Louis XV., gaping. “Another nephew of these malcontents. My Parliament imposes upon my clemency. They all have such large families.”

“But if this young man is only a distant relative?”

“No matter. This race is good for nothing. The Abbé de Chauvelin is a Jansenist. He is perhaps not bad at heart; but he has sent in his resignation. Throw the letter in the fire, and never let me hear of it again.”

II.

THESE last words pronounced by the king were not exactly a death-warrant, but they were almost a prohibition to live.

What could a young man do without fortune in 1756, if the king would not hear his name mentioned? Try to be a clerk, or to become a philosopher, or a poet? but without patronage, and in this case this last business would be but a poor one.

But literature was not the vocation of the young chevalier of Vauvert, who had written, with tearful eyes, the letter of which the king made a jest.

At this very time, alone with his father in the old château of Neauflette, he was pacing up and down the room with a countenance at once sad and furious.

“I am going to Versailles!” he exclaimed.

“And what can you do there?”

“I do not know, I am sure. But what can I do here?”

“You can be my companion. That is not, perhaps, a very attractive prospect for you, and I would not keep you here, if you could go elsewhere. But have you forgotten that your mother is dead, and that I am alone in the world?”

“No, my dear father, nor do I forget that I promised her to devote myself to your happiness. I shall return, but I must go away for a time. I cannot remain here any longer.”

“And why not?”

“Because I am in love—desperately in love with Mademoiselle D’Annebault.”

“You know that your love is hopeless. It is only in romances that marriages are made without fortune. Do you remember that I am in disgrace at court?”

“Ah, sir, I remember it but too well, but in due respect, may I not ask why you should be in disgrace? We are neither of us members of Parliament. We pay the tax, we do not levy it. If the Parliament haggles about the king’s revenues, that is their business, not ours. Why should the Abbé de Chauvelin involve us in his ruin?”

“The Abbé de Chauvelin acted like an honorable man. He refused to vote for the income-tax, because he is disgusted with the extravagances of the court. Nothing like it has been seen since the days of Madame de Chateaufoux. She was beautiful at least, and she did not cost the nation any thing, not even what she gave so generously. She was both mistress and sovereign, and she said she should be satisfied if the king did not send her into a dungeon, when he was tired of her. But this woman, this Le Normand, this insatiable monster!”

“What is it to us?”

"What is it to us, do you ask? More than you think. Do you know that while the king devours our substance, the fortune of his *grisette* is incalculable? She made him give her at first one hundred and eighty thousand francs of income, but that was a mere nothing—it does not count at all now—you have no idea of the frightful sums she makes the king give her. There are not three months in the year, in which she does not cajole him out of five or six hundred thousand francs—now a tax on salt, now out of an increase on the perquisites of the superintendent of the stables. Besides the quarters which she occupies in all the royal residences, she buys La Selle, Cressy, Aulnay, Brinborion, Marigny, St. Remi, Bellevue, and a host of other landed estates, houses in Paris, Fontainebleau, Versailles, Compiègne, without mentioning large sums of money secretly placed in banking-houses in every country in Europe, in case of losing the king's favor, or of his death. And who pays for all this, if you please?"

"I do not know, but I am sure I don't."

"Indeed you do—pay your part—as does every man in France. The poor people pay for this, sweating blood and in tears—they cry out against her—they insult the statue of the king. And the Parliament are tired of all this, they are resolved to resist any new taxes. When money was needed for carrying on war, we were all ready with our last sou; then, no one thought of refusing to pay. The king, when he triumphed over his enemies, saw that his subjects adored him, and, when he was ill and nearly dying, he saw more clearly still that he had the hearts of his people. All faction, all party, all differences of opinion were forgotten. France fell on her knees by the king's bedside and prayed for him. But if we did pay without hesitation his soldiers and his doctors, we do not wish to pay his mistresses, and we have something else to do with our money than to keep Madame de Pompadour."

"I do not defend her, father. I cannot say whether she is right or wrong. I have never seen her."

"And, without doubt, you would like to see her, that you may form an opinion of her. At your age, the brain is influenced by the eyes. Try, then, if you choose; but this 'pleasure will be refused you.'"

"Why, sir?"

"Because it is vain to wish it. Because this marchioness is as invisible in her boudoir of Brinborion as the Grand Turk in his seraglio. Because you will find the doors shut in your face. What do you want to do? Attempt impossibilities? Seek your fortune like an adventurer?"

"No, like a lover. I do not intend to ask favors, but I will protest against injustice. I had well-founded hopes—almost a promise from Monsieur de Biron. I was on the eve of possessing the woman I love, and this love was a worthy one. You yourself approved of it. Let me, then, at least try to plead my own cause. Whether I shall do so before the king or Madame de Pompadour, I do not know, but I am going to court."

"You know nothing of the court, and yet you wish to go there!"

"Perhaps I shall be the more readily received there, for the very reason that I am unknown."

"You unknown! With your name and lineage! We are of the old nobility—we can never be unknown!"

"Very well, then the king will at least listen to my complaints."

"He will not even hear you speak one word. You think you will reach Versailles, when your postilion arrives there. Let me tell you, when you have passed the antechambers, the galleries, and are separated from the king simply by one door, that door will be an abyss. You cannot pass it. You will discover this, you will seek influence, protection, but you will not find it. We are relatives of Monsieur de Chauvelin, and how do you think the king will revenge himself for the abbé's contumacy? Exile for him as for the other members of Parliament, and for us a scornful word, or, worse, utter silence. Do you know what that is, the silence of the king, when with a disdainful glance, instead of speaking, he passes by you and annihilates you? Besides the Bastille and the scaffold, there is another sort of punishment which, less cruel in appearance, is equally fatal. The sentenced man, it is true, remains at liberty, but it is folly for him to dream of marriage, of a place at court, or in society, in camp, or in the church. Every avenue to place or preferment is closed before him, and he walks about apparently free, but really in

an invisible prison. This is what comes from losing the favor of the king."

"I will make such efforts that I will regain it."

"You will not succeed. The son of Monsieur de Meynières was as innocent as you are. He had, like you, promises and well-founded hopes of future success. His father, a loyal subject of the king, one of the best men in the kingdom, frowned upon by his majesty, went, the old gray-headed nobleman, not to beg, but to try to persuade the *grisette* to plead for him. Do you know what she said to him? There are her own words, which Monsieur de Meynières has sent me in this letter: 'The king's master. He does not think best to visit his displeasure on you personally; he prefers to make you feel it, by depriving your son of any position. To punish you in any other way would involve publicity, which he does not wish. His will must be respected. I pity you, certainly. I can enter into your feelings. I have been a mother, and I know what it must cost you to see your son deprived of all opportunity to distinguish himself.' This is the style of that creature, and yet you would throw yourself at her feet."

"They say that her feet are charming ones, father."

"Zounds! yes. She is not pretty, and people say that the king does not love her. Yet he yields to her, he succumbs to this woman. To maintain her strange power, it must be that she depends on something besides her plain face."

"They say that she has a great deal of intellect."

"And no heart—a fine combination."

"No heart, when she can declaim with so much feeling the poetry of Voltaire, and sing with such expression the music of Rousseau! She, heartless, who can play 'Alzire' and 'Colette'! It is impossible; I will not believe it."

"Go, then, and see for yourself, if you choose. I do not prohibit your going, I only advise you; but, I tell you, your journey will be in vain. Do you love this Mademoiselle d'Annebault so very much?"

"More than my life."

"Then go, my son."

III.

It has been said that travelling weakens love, because of the new interests offered to the lover. It has been said also that travelling increases love, because of the opportunities it affords for reveries about the loved one. Our hero was too young to make such learned distinctions. Tired of the carriage, he exchanged it about half-way for a post-horse, and arrived, about five o'clock in the afternoon, at the Inn of the Sun, a name rather out of fashion since the days of Louis XIV.

There was, in Versailles, an old priest, who had once been a curate at Neauflette; the chevalier knew and loved him. This curate, quiet and poor, had a nephew, a favorite abbé at court, who might be useful to him. The chevalier went, therefore, to call upon the nephew, who, though a man conscious of his own importance, and in full clerical costume, nevertheless received the new-comer very kindly, and did not disdain to listen to what he had to ask.

"Luckily," said he, "you have come just at the right time. This evening there is a festival at the court, a sort of opera, or something, I hardly know what. I am not going, because I am *poor* with the marchioness just now, in order to make her do something I want her to; but here is a ticket from the Duc d'Aumont, which I asked him to give me for somebody, I really have forgotten who. Never mind, you shall use it. You have not yet been presented, it is true, but, for a play, that is not necessary. Try to put yourself in the way of the king when he goes into the green-room. One favorable look from him, and your fortune is made."

The chevalier thanked the abbé, and, tired by his sleepless night and his horseback ride, he made a hasty toilet, such as suits people in love well enough. A servant, not particularly accustomed to such services, assisted him to dress as well as he could, and covered his spangled coat with powder in his zeal. He set out thus equipped to seek his fortune. He was only twenty years old, you see.

It was nightfall when he reached the palace. He went timidly toward the entrance, and asked the way of a sentinel. He showed him the grand staircase; there he learned, from the doorkeeper, that the opera had just commenced, and that the king, and of course everybody else, was in the grand saloon.

"If the marquis wishes to cross the court," added the servant, giving him this brevet title for want of a genuine one, "he will find

himself at the play in a moment. But perhaps the marquis prefers to go through the apartments."

The chevalier knew nothing of the palace, but curiosity led him to reply that he would go through the apartments; then, as a lackey approached to show him the way, an impulse of vanity made him add, that he did not need a guide. He went on, therefore, alone, but not without some palpitation of the heart.

Versailles was all ablaze with light. From the lower story to the uppermost one, the chandeliers, the girandoles, the gilded furniture, and the marble ornaments sparkled.

Throughout the palace, every door stood open, except those of the queen's private apartments. As the young man proceeded, he was struck with a wonder and admiration not easy to describe; for what made the spectacle most of all astonishing to him, was not merely its beauty and splendor, but the complete solitude in which he found himself. He seemed to be in an enchanted desert.

To be alone in a vast and grand building, whether it be a temple, cloister, or palace, does produce a strange and, I may say, a mysterious effect upon man. The edifice seems to weigh one down; the walls stare at him; the echoes listen to him; the noise of his footsteps seems an intrusive disturbance of the solemn silence, so that one feels a half-involuntary fear, and tries to walk noiselessly.

So our hero was at first impressed and subdued, but soon his curiosity gained the ascendancy, and banished all other emotions. The candelabras of the room of the mirrors shone with redoubled lustre. Thousands of loves, nymphs, and shepherdesses disported themselves on the ceiling, twining about the wainscoting, and wreathing themselves in one long garland about the entire palace.

Here were vast rooms decorated with hangings of velvet-and-gold, furnished in the stiff but elegant style of Louis XIV. There were ottomans and lounging-chairs scattered in disorder around gaming-tables; an infinite series of apartments entirely empty, but whose magnificence seemed the greater from the fact of their desertion. From time to time he came upon secret doors opening into silent corridors; a thousand staircases, a thousand passages, formed a seeming labyrinth; now he found himself among columns and platforms made for giants; now he passed into little boudoirs fit only for children's games of hide-and-seek; in one room he saw magnificent pictures of Van Loo hung near porphyry mantel-pieces, and, in another, articles of the toilet, puff-boxes, and the like, left carelessly in the keeping of fantastic Chinese images. It was a medley of solemn grandeur and of effeminate luxury, and everywhere, through all the splendor and the prodigal display, floated an atmosphere intoxicating and sweet, made up, as it seemed, of a thousand different odors, among which he fancied the perfumes of tropical plants and the sweet breath of women could be distinguished.

To be in such a place alone, in the midst of such marvels, at twenty years of age, was enough to bewilder any young fellow. The chevalier went on he knew not whither, as if in a dream. It seemed to him that one of the fairy tales of his boyhood, where some wandering prince finds an enchanted castle, was suddenly becoming real to him.

Could it be that mortals lived in this wonderful palace? Had actual women been seated in these arm-chairs, whose soft cushions yet retained the impress of the graceful forms which had leaned against them? Perhaps behind these thick curtains, or at the end of some long corridor, some princess might be found who had been sleeping for a hundred years, some fairy or some Armida might be hidden, or some hamadryad of the court might even slip away from the gilded ceiling or emerge from some marble column. Who could tell? Absorbed in spite of himself by these fancies, the chevalier sank upon a sofa to indulge himself in these dreams, and he might, perhaps, have forgotten himself entirely if it had not occurred to him very luckily that he was in love.

What was his lovely Mademoiselle d'Annebault doing, shut up in an old château all this time?

"My darling Athenais!" cried he, "why am I wasting the hours thus? Have I lost my reason? What strange spell has fallen upon me?"

He rose and proceeded across this new labyrinth, in which, it is hardly necessary to say, he soon lost himself.

He saw two or three servants talking together in a low voice at the end of a passage; he approached them, and asked the way to the theatre

"If the marquis," said one, using the same title as the former servant had given him, "if the marquis will be so kind as to go down this staircase and take the first gallery at his right, he will find at the end of it three stairs which he must ascend; he must then turn to the left, and after crossing the Saloon of Diana, that of Apollo, the Muses, and that of Spring, he must go down again six stairs, and, leaving the guard-chamber on his right, go toward the staircase of the ministers, and he will meet there some guards who will show him the rest of the way.

"Much obliged," said the young man, "and with such plain directions it will be my own fault if I don't find my way."

He went on courageously, stopping once in a while involuntarily to look about him; at length, after a full quarter of an hour, as he had been told, he found more servants, and, on asking for fresh directions, was told—

"The marquis has made a mistake. He should have gone through the other wing of the palace; but it is very easy to retrace his steps; only go down this staircase again, go through the Saloon of the Nymphs, then pass the room of Summer, and—"

"I thank you," interrupted the young man. "I am a fool," he said to himself, "to be asking my way of every one I meet, like a booby. I gain nothing by it, for if they are not making game of me, which I half suspect, their pompous names of rooms and long-winded directions do not help me any."

He resolved, therefore, to go straight ahead, as far as he could, "for after all," said he, to himself, "fine, and grand and large as this palace is, it is not without limits, and, if it is three times as long as our hunting-park, I shall get to the end of it at last."

But it is not easy at Versailles to go for a long time straight ahead, and perhaps this rustic comparison of the royal residence displeased the guardian nymphs, for they began to puzzle our poor lover, and doubtless, in order to punish him, made him turn and twist so as always to retrace his own steps, and find himself every now and then in the same place; they utterly bewildered him in their labyrinth of marble and gold, till he felt like a rustic lost in a thicket.

In the Antiquities of Rome, there is a series of engravings by Piranesi, which the artist calls his dreams, and which are an attempt to describe his own visions during the delirium of a fever.

These engravings represent vast gothic halls. On the floors are all sorts of machines and engines, wheels, cables, levers, pulleys, catapults, etc., to express enormous power set in motion, and also formidable resistance. Beside the wall you see a staircase, and on this staircase climbing not without difficulty is Piranesi himself. Go up the stairway a little farther, and they stop short before a fearful chasm. Whatever may have been the fate of poor Piranesi, you fancy at least that his labors are at an end, but lift your eyes and you see a second staircase which lifts itself into the air, and up which poor Piranesi is still climbing, toward the brink of a second precipice. Look a little higher, and you will see still another staircase, up which poor Piranesi makes his eternal ascension, which again repeats itself till stairway and Piranesi are lost to sight in the clouds that form the border of the engraving.

This feverish allegory represents very distinctly the weariness of a useless toil, and the species of vertigo that such fruitless attempts cause. Our hero after repeated journeys from room to room, and from gallery to gallery, at last became enraged.

"Parbleu!" cried he, "this is unbearable, after being so charmed and so enthusiastic, to find myself alone in this cursed palace (it was no longer a glimpse into fairy-land), I find I cannot get out of it. Plague on the folly that induced me to enter here like Prince Charmian with his magic boots of gold, instead of asking the first lackey I met to take me to the theatre!"

While giving vent to these tardy regrets, the chevalier was like Piranesi, half-way up a staircase on a broad landing where three doors opened.

Behind the middle one he heard a murmur so light and so pleasant that he paused to listen; at the instant that he stopped the folding-doors were thrown wide open; a puff of perfumed air, and a flood of light burst upon him, and so surprised him that he started back.

"Will the marquis go in?" asked the servant who had opened the door.

"I should like to go to the play," said the young man.

"It is just over, my lord."

At this moment many beautiful women, painted delicately in white

and red, and giving not their arm, not even their hand, but simply the tips of their fingers to their escorts, old or young gentlemen, began to come out of the theatre, taking great care to march sideways in order not to spoil their *paniers*. All this brilliant assemblage spoke in a low tone—merrily, to be sure, but with a sort of restraint.

"What is all this?" asked the chevalier, half divining what was about to happen.

"The king is about to pass," said the guardsman.

There is a certain sort of courage which is never shaken; it is the courage of ignorant people. Our young provincial, although ordinarily brave enough, did not possess this species of intrepidity; at the words "The king is coming," he stood motionless, almost helpless from excitement.

The King, Louis XV., who made nothing of riding on horseback a dozen leagues or more at one time, was, as every one knows, royally imperturbable. He boasted, not without reason, that he was the first gentleman in Europe, and his favorites said also, with truth, that he was the best-made and most elegant man of his time. Only to see him rise from his throne and walk a few steps, was a thing to be remembered. As he walked past his courtiers, with his arm resting on the shoulder of D'Argenson, while his red heels glided over the floor, a fashion of walking which he had introduced, all whispers ceased; the courtiers bowed their heads, hardly daring to salute their king, and the ladies, bending to the ground from the midst of their furbelows, made that coquettish obeisance which our grandmothers called "a reverence," but which has now been crowded out of fashion by the brutal "shake hands" of the English nation. But the king cared for nobody, and looked at only those whom it pleased him to notice.

Alfieri was perhaps present on this occasion; at any rate, in his memoirs, he gives this account of his presentation at Versailles:

"I knew that the king never spoke to foreigners unless they were very remarkable persons, but I was not prepared for the impassible and supercilious air of Louis XV. He surveyed a man from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and yet had the appearance of seeing nothing at all."

Yet it seems to me, if one said to a giant, "Here is an ant that I present to you," he would be likely to smile, or to say at least, "poor little insect!"

The taciturn monarch moved on amid flowers, beautiful women, and all his assembled court, preserving his solitude amid all that crowd. It did not take long for our young hero to understand that he had nothing to hope for from the king, and that the recital of his love-affairs would be utterly useless.

"I am an unhappy wretch!" he said to himself. "My father was right when he told me that at two steps from the king, I should yet find an abyss between him and me. If I should even venture to ask an audience of him, who would protect me? Who would present me. Behold him, the absolute monarch who with one word could change my destiny, secure me a fortune, give me all I most desire in life! Here he is, so near me that by stretching out my hand I could touch his garments, and yet, I feel farther from him than when I was at home in my native province. How could I approach him? How venture to speak to him?"

While the chevalier was absorbed in these sad reflections, he saw a young lady come in, whose beauty, grace, and archness attracted him in spite of himself. She was very simply dressed in white, without diamonds or laces, her only ornament being a natural rose in her hair. She was escorted by a gentleman perfumed and foppish as any court gallant could well be, and she talked with him in whispers behind her fan. Now as chance would have it, while talking, laughing, and gesticulating, this fan slipped from her hand, and fell under a chair exactly in front of our young chevalier; he sprang forward to pick it up, and, as, in getting it, he had been obliged to kneel, the young lady appeared so charming to him, that he presented it to her, still kneeling.

She paused, smiled, and passed on, thanking him only by a slight bow; but, at the glance she cast upon him, our poor youth felt his heart beat. And no wonder, for this young lady was no other than the "little nobody," as her discontented rivals called her, while others, speaking of Madame de Pompadour, called her "the marchioness," as one might say, "the queen."

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

IDLING IN THE ORIENT.*

THE "Sentimental Idler" is a graceful writer and an agreeable companion. His pictures of the Orient have every character of an observing, philosophic, and dreamy wanderer. He would fain elevate the Idlers into an order, and he sets down rules for admission, that if always applied would certainly make his set the most agreeable of men. The Idler must be a gentleman, a man of education, a poet, and an artist; he must have good looks, gentle manners, and yet possess a Bohemian's love of vagrancy. "The winds in soft confidence whisper to us their secret pain; the landscapes show us their richest colors; the streams sing their sweetest music; the very flowers employ a rare speech, while the lowly among men disclose to our order their unappreciated but lovely lives. Beauty reveals herself in a thousand entrancing ways, and leads us step by step within the most sacred portals of Nature, by paths untrodden by less daring men."

An idle life in the Orient is one full of charms; it has every element of the picturesque, and if we glance through the pages of our traveller's narrative we shall find many a quaint experience, or strange adventure, or graphic description of places and people. The first portion of his narrative is of Constantinople, and he gives us this picture of

TURKISH LIFE.

In a Mohammedan household all the luxury is reserved for the harem. In the odisk are kept the soft carpets, the brilliant rugs, the silken embroideries, the mirrors, the fountains, the polished woods; for here is lived the life of intimacy and secrecy into which not even a friend or relative can enter. Turkish life is sealed so completely, that it is not only difficult but nearly impossible to know what passes behind the finely-trellised windows, and for this reason and the absolute government of the Turks in their houses, I can readily believe those stories of terrible cruelties and crimes committed by the barbarous masters on wives and slaves; in fact, as an active criminal agent, poison is in frequent use, and I have heard Turks talk of the *strong coffee* with a cool and terrible emphasis. Talking to a Turk of his wife or the female members of his family is to commit the most gross impoliteness, and banished from the subject of social conversation are all those polite inquiries of "How is your wife's health?" etc. In fact, the wife of one of our ambassadors, in presenting some beautiful presents to one of the pachas, which of course were intended for the lady-members of his household, used words such as "Here are the stuffs which you know better than any one how to employ!" Therefore, it is one of the incongruities of this strange people, that, being the most barbarous, gross, and selfish, they yet can have their susceptibilities wounded more quickly than any other people in the world.

LOVE-INTRIGUES IN EGYPT.

An Egyptian girl or woman, concealed behind her *shu-bak* (window), sees pass a man who pleases her fancy. She calls, and, as the head of the unknown is raised, a flower, a note, or a handkerchief, is dropped at his feet. This is not yet a rendezvous, but an invitation to come again near the same place. At the moment the favored one leaves the spot, the door opens, and a eunuch or negress follows him. This servant is charged to know who he is, where he rests, what is his name, and condition in life.

The day after, in passing by the same house, if a flower, or other token, again falls from the same window, the lover knows that the report of the servant is made, and that his suit is favorably received.

"Now," adds Mahmoud (I translating into fairer English his odd expressions), "is the dangerous time. Sometimes at the café, sometimes in the street, you are met by an old woman, who tells you that such and such a man has a beautiful daughter, who wants to be married. She has the beauty of a princess, and all the charms that can tempt the imagination."

* Letters of a Sentimental Idler, from Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and the Holy Land. By Harry Harewood Leech. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"I wish to see her!" says the lover.

"Impossible," replies the old dame. "Gaze upon the beauty of a child of the faithful before marriage—Mohammed forbid!"

"I wish to see her," repeats the lover, unmoved, and he slips a piece of gold into the woman's hand.

"You shall behold the glory of her eyes," replies the woman, softened.

"No,—more," repeats the lover, and another backshish is pressed on the woman.

"You shall behold her rosy mouth, filled with teeth beautiful as the pearls on the sultana's neck."

"More!"

And, at the third gold-piece, the woman leaves the lover, saying, "You are a prince, and I am your slave!"

From that moment the interview is determined on.

The best occasion is generally that of the mosque or the baths. In the shadows of the former, at a proper moment, the girl will remove her veil, even so far as to expose her neck and shoulders, that is, if some jealous eunuch is far enough away. As to the bath—this is a thing more full of danger and coquetry. The master of the bath is nearly always in the intrigue. He has two *backshishes* to gain: one on the part of the woman, another from the lover. The eunuchs, or slaves, rest at the door of the bath. These immense halls have a cupola on high, pierced with a thousand little holes, each of which is supposed to be covered with glass; but the lover discovers that some are not thus closed, when he is led by the master to the roof of the building, where, if he be wise, he will be able to judge of the beauty of the woman he loves, as she rests in all the charming *négligé* of the bath-toilet.

FATTENING THE BRIDE.

I must not forget to note a curious preparatory operation. One month, often before the marriage, they commence to fatten the bride. This is done by farina, cooked almonds, fruits, butter-and-sugar confections, and every substance conducing to obesity: the standard of Arab beauty is contained in one word, *fat*. Pending this time, the poor brides are given but little to drink, some drops of sugared water only being allowed, each day, by their hired fatteners. Among the poor, this operation is only followed for eight or nine days—it is expensive; and the bridegroom must be content with a more meagre wife.

A VILLAGE ON THE NILE.

I have just come aboard from a wilderness of crumbling mud huts almost buried amongst the palms—miserable hovels, with rude holes for doors, and twisted palm-mats for roofs; inside and out sit groups of women, whose faces though unveiled are tattooed with blue figures, and are horrible to look upon. In Egypt, as in more cultivated lands, you may take it as a rule that those who are most anxious to cover their faces are the old hags; and indeed the lot of woman is a lamentable one here, for while obliged to share the affections of her husband with others in this world, she is supposed to be put aside for the *houris* in the next. Indeed, many ulémas claim that women have no souls, and that their only chance of immortality rests on the tradition of Mohammed's conversation with the old woman who imported him for a place in Paradise.

"Vex me not," said the husband of Cadijah, "there can be no old women in Paradise—"

But when the ancient wife sent forth her lamentations, the diplomatic prophet added, "because the old will be all made young again!"

But I must not wander from descriptions of the village. Naked little children, almost all of them hopelessly afflicted with the ophthalmic curse, lay in dust-heaps in front of their cabins; the larger ones were playing at *koora* with stones and crooked sticks, but they soon left this sport to join the old men who followed us with whines and prayers for backshish. The Traveller coolly shot his pigeons from the family stock in the centre of the town, which raised a clamor among the women, only to be allayed by a few copper piasters. In a line along one of the less crooked avenues were people sitting in the dirt, exhibiting for sale eggs, brass and copper trinkets, gaudy handkerchiefs, beads, bread, and rice, and making a noise, in bargaining and selling, like unto twenty flocks of geese. Proud-looking Bedouins, mounted on sleek mares, rode through the town, brandishing, with a sort of warrior air, their long spears. Women, probably the dancers or *almées* of the town, sat with fierce-looking men in front of the

cafés; they were dressed in scant blue-cotton gowns, but with legs and breasts bare; they wore head-dresses, arm, breast, and leg ornaments of silver and gold coins; generally they were tattooed, but their large, velvety eyes were gentle as those of animals, and soft and tender as the gazelle's.

AN EGYPTIAN DANCE ON THE NILE.

When the girls arose, the grace of their forms was visible; they had on their professional dress worn in the village, which consisted of a short embroidered jacket, fitting close, but open in front, exposing their bosoms, on which hung strings of glittering ornaments; long loose trousers of transparent silk, a thin sash of cashmere twisted around the loins, rather than the waist, and slippers of red morocco with upturned points, completed the costume. Their hair hung in long braids down their backs, and hundreds of small gold coins were twisted in it, and sparkled as well in glittering circlets over brows, as around necks and arms. Their eyelids were delicately painted with *kohl* so as to make them almond-shaped and—languishing; and they advanced to the centre of the boat with a certain symmetry that was in harmony with the music. As they took their places, they threw off their slippers and commenced the movement, keeping time to the notes of the reed-pipe, and accompanying it with the clapping of castanets which were fastened to the thumb and fore-finger of each hand. There were three of them young and beautiful; the others were hideous, with rat's eyes, flaccid cheeks, and tattooed chins, so I contented myself with watching the most agreeable. They danced in groups of two or four, and then agitating their copper cymbals around and above their heads, they advanced right and left, circling, curving, and retreating, until a sort of prelude was finished, when joining the orchestra, who set up a dismal, melancholy song, they began a movement of the body almost impossible to describe. Their limbs seemed to be seized with a trembling, but they moved not from their position, while the upper parts of the bodyswayed and turned in a sort of dancing trepidation, becoming more and more agitated in time to the music and wild singing; and their breasts feigned with immodesty the most sensual physical emotions, until they seemed almost to exhaust themselves in an audacious ecstasy.

The delight of following the Idler through the lands where boundless fertility and eternal sunshine or starlight invite to indolence and repose is only second to his own. Then we escape the beggars and the Arabs and the fleas, which he did not escape, and we discover with him that in the idliest travel there is much to see and to know. Peculiarly is this so as we are propelled by sails and oars up the Nile, which is sometimes a calm lake, and again a rushing torrent; and where the slaves of to-day toil, as did Israel in their bondage, beneath the shadows of those grand temples which, perhaps, the children of Israel helped to build. Finally, the oars and the sails carry the Idler and his companions beyond the fertile valley which is yearly baptized by the soil-laden torrents from the lakes of the Mountains of the Moon, and they glide between the sandy deserts and the palms where once the kingdom of Nubia formed a part of Egypt's double crown. At last Egypt recedes from view, and they are nearing Ethiopia.

THE FIRST CATARACT.

The river narrowed between the black crags, and the water boiled in the curving channels. Sometimes a rocky pyramid uprose from the shining desert plain; sometimes our sight was shut out from the barren hills by some spot of vivid verdure, shadowed by acacias, palms, or sycamores; at other moments the sloping, sandy hollows were of deep gold, and seemed to be held in the crucible of rocks, whose volcanic origin caused the latter to shine like polished copper in the sun; sometimes the wastes of sand were white, and looked like snowy tracts lying under the moon. Past all these kaleidoscopic changes, we entered upon the seething waters, and, resting at the foot of the first fall, which the natives call the "Little Door," we beheld a sight so strange that my pen can but imperfectly depict it to you.

As far as the eye could reach, on every brown jagged rock, amid the boiling waters, and along the distant winding shore, uprose, as if by magic, hundreds of naked natives, of all ages and sizes, who, having evidently waited for our appearance, now joined in the work of fastening strong hawsers to our dahabééh, accompanying their labor

by songs, shouts, and curses, and making a confusion which he only who has travelled in the Orient can understand. Scores of men and boys dashed into the foaming torrent, some on little round logs, and some without, all beating the waves with their feeble arms. They somehow contrived to steer themselves through the foamy cataract and reach our boat, on which they clambered, dripping, grinning, and naked, shouting "Backshish! backshish!"

I beheld, with amazement, one after another of these Nubians spring into the flood, shoot down the rapids as if it was only sport to them, and, paddling with either hand, reach any given rock. Many trust themselves without their log, and they apparently stand upright in the waters which whirl them past as on the back of some mad foaming charger; these fellows fasten their only garment (the waist-band or girdle) on their heads, in the form of a turban, when they go into "*El-Bab*," or the smaller cataracts, and then they seemed to me like great black painted idols, which, in the crash of the world's millennium, were being hurried on by some Scamander to join the Sphinxes in a strange inferno. What forms they had! As they came on deck dripping with water, and their skins shining like some dark polished metal, each would have been a worthy model for the sculptor. But I had no time to notice further these strange beings, for our good *Bund* had recoiled at the foot of a fall, and the ropes were brought in play to pull her up and over it; the foam was flung over her bows as she was dragged through the waters, and if, for an instant, the ropes had given way, we would have been dashed into splinters against the rocks in the flood. "*Wallah! wallah!*" "*Fallough, fallough!*" shouted the chiefs on the tops of the rocks, and the dark surging masses of Nubians, on each side, answered in chorus, "*Haylee sâh!*" (God help!) Now we were below a ridge, over which it seemed impossible to drag our large boat; the waters were heaped up over it, as upon a cataract's brink, for a final plunge, and our craft trembled, but moved not over it: every nerve was strained; the hawsers were twisted around the rocks ahead of us, but we gained not an inch; the shouts of the unearthly figures around us, the wild motions and shrieks of the two réis' of the cataracts, with the roar of the waters, made up a scene of savage strangeness impossible to depict. Just at this critical juncture, and at a point where a dahabééh had been wrecked two years before, our left bow-hawser gave way from the rocks (having been too quickly and insecurely fastened by the men), and, like a shot, we veered round, the waters dashed over our deck, and we only hung trembling by our *one* rope: if that had gone, we should have been precipitated against the rocks. The shouts of the natives were deafening; the gestures of the chiefs frantic—fifty athletes dashed into the cataract and swam for the missing rope, and finally, one old man brought forth the end in his teeth like a great grizzly dog—it was soon again fastened, and we were safe. Another pull, "*Haylee sâh, haylee sâh!*" and we felt ourselves slowly ascending the steep, though sights and sounds were overwhelmed by the rush of waters which sparkled over and thundered around us. One minute more—painful suspense—sustained struggle—and we were over, and tied to the rocks in the minor falls.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*

OR,

BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK II.—GWYNPLAINE AND DEA.

I.

A SIGHT OF THE MAN'S FACE, WHOSE ACTIONS ONLY HAVE BEEN SEEN HITHERTO.

NATURE had been prodigal in her gifts to Gwynplaine. She had given him a mouth stretching from ear to ear, ears coming forward upon his eyes, a shapeless nose adjusted for balancing the spectacles of a grimace-maker, and a countenance that you could not look at without laughing.

We have said that Nature had showered her gifts upon Gwynplaine. But was it Nature?

Had she not been aided?

A pair of eyes shining apparently with a borrowed light, a vacuum for a mouth, a snubbed protuberance with two holes that were nostrils, a squashed mass by way of face, and all this producing a joyous effect—it is certain that Nature, of herself, cannot produce such masterpieces.

Only, are laughing and joy synonymous?

If, in presence of this buffoon—for a buffoon he was—you let your first hilarious impression pass off, and observed the man closely, you would recognize in him the trace of art. Such a phiz is not accidental, but designed. It is not in Nature to be perfect to this point. Man can add nothing to his beauty, but every thing to his ugliness. You can't make a Roman profile, out of a Hottentot profile; but out of a Greek nose you can make a Calmuck nose. It was not unadvisedly that the low Latin of the middle ages invented the verb *denasare*. In Gwynplaine's childhood, had he been an object of so much attention, that some one was interested in him to the extent of modifying his visage? Why not, were it only for purposes of exhibition and speculation? According to all appearance, certain laborious handlers of children had been working upon his countenance. It seemed evident that a mysterious and probably hidden science, which bore to surgery the relations of alchemy to chemistry, had chiselled this flesh, certainly at a very early age, and made up, with premeditation, this physiognomy. This science—skilled in quarterings, in obfuscations, and in ligatures—had slit the mouth, sundered the lips, laid bare the gums, distended the ears, jumbled together the cartilages, misshaped the eyebrows and the cheeks, enlarged the zygomatic muscle, smoothed over (as with a stomp in drawing) the seams and scars, brought back the skin over the lesions, while keeping the surface agape—and, from this valid and deep sculpturing, had come forth the mask, Gwynplaine.

No one is born thus.

At any rate, Gwynplaine was a perfect success. Gwynplaine was a boon conferred by Providence upon the sadness of man. By what Providence? Is there a Demon Providence, as there is a God Providence? We suggest the question, but do not attempt to answer it.

Gwynplaine was a mountebank. He exhibited himself in public. None other could approach him, for effect. He cured hypochondriacs by simply showing himself. People in mourning kept out of his way, discomposed as they were and forced into indecent laughter, if they caught sight of him. One day, the executioner came, and Gwynplaine made him laugh. You saw Gwynplaine, and you held your sides; he spoke, and you held your sides; he spoke again, and you fell down in a fit of laughter. He was the antipodes of chagrin. Spleen was one extreme; Gwynplaine the other.

Thus, at fairs and in public places, he had rapidly achieved the very desirable renown of a man-monster.

It was in laughing that Gwynplaine made others laugh. And, nevertheless, he did not laugh himself. His face laughed—not his fancy. The exceptional sort of visage, that chance or a quaintly special calling had fashioned, was all that laughed. Gwynplaine had nothing to do with it. What was without was not dependent on what was within. This laugh—that he had not himself imprinted on his forehead, on his cheeks, on his eyebrows, on his mouth—he could not remove from them. An everlasting laugh had been stamped upon his countenance. It was a compulsory laugh, and so much the more irresistible, that it was petrified. No one could sneak away from this grin. Two movements of the mouth are catching—the laugh and the yawn. By virtue of the mysterious operation, probably undergone by Gwynplaine in childhood, every portion of his face contributed to this grin; all his physiognomy tended thitherward, as the spokes of a wheel toward the hub; all his emotions, of whatever kind, augmented—or, we should better say, aggravated—this uncouth semblance of gayety. A surprise coming upon him, a pain felt by him, anger taking hold

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

of him, a sense of pity that he might have experienced, would but have increased this hilarity of the muscles. If he had cried, he would have laughed; and whatsoever Gwynplaine did, whatsoever he desired, whatsoever he thought, so soon as he raised his head, the crowd, if crowd there were, had before its eyes this apparition—a convulsive burst of laughing.

Figure to yourself a Medusa's head—jocund!

All that might be on the mind was put to rout by this unexpected air; you must needs laugh.

Ancient art was wont to display, upon the front of theatres, a face in brass, joyous. This face was called Comedy! The bronze seemed to laugh, and provoked laughter, and was pensive. All the caricature that leads up to madness, all the irony that leads up to wisdom, were condensed and amalgamated in this visage. The aggregate of cares, of disillusionings, of disgusts, and of sorrows, stamped itself upon the impassible forehead, and gave forth that lugubrious total—mirth. One corner of the mouth was drawn up, on the human side, by mockery; the other corner, on the divine side, by blasphemy. Men confronted, in this model of ideal sarcasm, the ironical mirror that every one has within himself; and the crowd, renewed unceasingly around this persistent laugh, was charmed with the sepulchral immobility of the giggle. Of this sombre dead mask of antique comedy, adjusted to a living man, it might almost be said that it was Gwynplaine. On his neck he bore the same infernal head of un pitying hilarity.—An eternal laugh—what a burden for the shoulders of a man!

An eternal laugh! Let us understand each other, and explain. According to the Manichæans, the absolute yields at intervals, and Divinity itself is not without intermission. Let us be explicit, also, touching the will. We do not admit that it can ever be entirely powerless. All existence resembles a letter, which the postscript modifies. For Gwynplaine the postscript was herein: by force of will, and in concentrating all his mind, and on condition that no emotion intervened to distract him and unbend the fixity of his effort, he could succeed in suspending the eternal grin upon his face, and in throwing over it a sort of tragic veil. Then there was no more laughing before him; men shuddered.

Let us add that Gwynplaine scarcely ever made this effort, for the fatigue of it was painful and the tension hard to bear. Besides, it was sufficient that there should be the least distraction or the least emotion, for the laugh—chased away for a moment—to reappear, irresistible as the tidal reflux, upon his face; and so much the more intense was it, as the emotion had been powerful, be it what it might.

With this restriction, Gwynplaine's laugh was eternal.

People saw Gwynplaine; they laughed. When they had laughed, they turned away their heads. The women, above all, were horror-struck. The man was frightful. The jocose convulsion was, as it were, a tribute paid; it was joyously undergone, but almost mechanically. After which—the laugh once chilled—it was intolerable for a woman to see Gwynplaine, impossible to study him.

Beyond this, he was tall, well made, agile, and in no way deformed save in countenance. This was an indication, furthermore added to the presumption that there was to be seen, in Gwynplaine, rather a creation of art than a work of Nature. Gwynplaine, handsome in figure, had probably been handsome in face. At birth, he must have been like any other baby. They had kept the body intact, and had only touched up the face.

Such, at least, was the probability of the case.

They had left him his teeth. The teeth are requisite in laughing. The death's-head keeps them.

The operation performed upon him must have been fearful. He had no recollection of it, which was no proof that he had not undergone it. This surgical sculpture could only succeed upon a child very young, and, in consequence, having little cognizance of what happened to it, and easily capable of mis-

taking a wound for a sore. Besides, in those days, be it remembered, means for putting the patient to sleep, and for suppressing pain, were known. Only, at that period, they were called magic. Nowadays they are called *anæsthesia*.

In addition to this physiognomy, those who brought him up had provided him with the accomplishments of the gymnast and the athlete. His joints, usefully dislocated, and adapted for bendings backward, had received the clown's training, and could, like the hinges of a door, move themselves in either direction. In fitting him for the mountebank's trade, nothing had been neglected.

His hair had been dyed with ochre, once for all—a secret rediscovered in our own day. Pretty women use it now; what disfigured in former times is now thought to embellish. Gwynplaine had yellow hair. This hair-dye, corrosive, apparently, had left it woolly and awry. These tawny bristles, more like a mane than a head of hair, covered and hid a lofty skull, made for purposes of thought. The operation, such as it was, that had taken away all harmony from the countenance, and thrown all this flesh into disorder, had laid no hold upon the bony lid. Gwynplaine's facial angle was surprisingly marked with power. Behind the laugh there was a soul, that dreamed, as we all dream.

For the rest, this laugh was, for Gwynplaine, a definite talent. He could not control it at all; but he derived advantage from it. By means of this laugh he gained his livelihood.

Gwynplaine—as you have, without doubt, already perceived—was that child abandoned, one winter's evening, upon the coast of Portland, and sheltered at Weymouth, in a poor hut upon wheels.

II.

DEA.

THE child was now a man. Fifteen years had slipped away. It was 1705. Gwynplaine was twenty-five.

Ursus had kept with him the two children. This had constituted a nomad group.

Ursus and Homo had grown old. Ursus had become entirely bald. The wolf had become gray. The age of wolves is not determined like that of dogs. According to Molin, there are wolves that live eighty years: among others, the small *Koupara, cavia vorax*, and the strong-smelling wolf, *canis nubilus* of Say.

The little girl found upon the dead woman was now a tall personage of sixteen, pale, with brown hair, slight, frail, almost tremulous by reason of delicateness, and causing fear lest one should dismember her, beautiful exceedingly, with eyes full of light, blind.

The fatal winter's night, that had cast down upon the snow the beggar-woman and her child, had dealt a double stroke. It had killed the mother and blinded the daughter.

Amaurosis had forever paralyzed the eyeballs of this girl, in her turn become a woman. In her countenance, across which the light reached her not, the corners of the lips sorrowfully turned downward were expressive of this bitter disappointment. Her eyes, large and clear, were strange in this respect—quenched for herself, they were brilliant for others. Mysterious torches, illuminating only what was without. She gave forth light, she who had it not. Those eyes, effaced, were resplendent. Captive of darkness, she whitened the gloomy circle around her. From the depth of her incurable eclipse, from behind the black wall that we term blindness, she jetted forth radiance. She saw not the sun outside of her; and you could see, in her, her soul.

Her dead look had a celestial intensity, that is indescribable.

She was the night; and, from this remediless shade amalgamated with herself, she came out, a star.

Ursus, crazy about Latin names, had christened her *Dea*. He had in some degree consulted his wolf. He had said to Homo—You represent man: I represent the beast. We are the

world below; this little one shall represent the world on high. Such weakness is omnipotence. In this fashion, the universe complete, humanity, bestiality, divinity, will be in our hut.—The wolf had made no objection.

And thus it was that the foundling was called Dea.

As for Gwynplaine, Ursus had no trouble in inventing a name for him. On the very morning of the day, when he had ascertained the little boy's disfigurement and the little girl's blindness, he had asked:—Boy, what's your name? And the lad had replied,—They call me Gwynplaine.

—Gwynplaine let it be! Ursus had said.

Dea assisted Gwynplaine in his exercises.

If human misery could be summed up, it might have been in Gwynplaine and Dea. They seemed to have been born, each in a compartment of the sepulchre; Gwynplaine in the horrible, Dea in the obscure. There was for Gwynplaine, who could see, a harrowing possibility, that had no existence for Dea, being blind: that of comparing himself with other men. Now, in a position like that of Gwynplaine—admitting that he sought to take account of it—to compare himself was no longer to understand himself. To have, like Dea, a void look, whence the world is absent, is a supreme affliction; less, however, than this: to be an enigma to one's own self; to feel also that something is absent, which is one's self; to see the universe, and not to see one's self. Dea had a veil—the darkness; Gwynplaine had a mask—his face. Circumstance unspeakable: it was with his own flesh that Gwynplaine was masked! What his countenance was, he knew not. His face was in a swoon. They had put upon him his mock self. For visage, he had a spiriting-away. The head lived, and the visage was dead. He did not remember to have seen it. The human race, for Dea as for Gwynplaine, was a fact out of themselves; they were far from it. She was alone, he was alone; the isolation of Dea was funereal—she saw nothing; the isolation of Gwynplaine was sinister—he saw every thing. For Dea, creation passed not the bounds of hearing and touch; her real was narrow, limited, short, lost all at once; her only infinite was darkness. For Gwynplaine, to live was to have the crowd forever before him, and forever beyond his reach. Dea was proscribed from light; Gwynplaine was banished from life. The two, unquestionably, might abandon themselves over to despair. The depth of possible calamity was touched. They were in it, head and she alike. An observer, who had seen them, might have felt his musing resolve itself into measureless pity. What must they not suffer? A decree of ill weighed visibly upon these two human creatures; and never had fatality better laid out a destiny of torture and a life of hell, for two beings who had nothing done.

They were in a paradise.

They loved each other.

Gwynplaine adored Dea. Dea idolized Gwynplaine.

—You are so handsome! said she to him.

III.

“OCCULOS NON HABET, ET VIDET.”

ONE single woman upon earth saw Gwynplaine. It was this blind one.

What Gwynplaine had been for her, she knew from Ursus, to whom Gwynplaine had told the story of his rude march from Portland to Weymouth, and of the agonies mixed up with his abandonment. She knew that, when quite a little baby, dying upon a dead mother, sucking at a corpse, a being, only somewhat less small than herself, had picked her up; that this being, stricken out, and, as it were, buried under the gloom of universal rejection, had heard her cry; that, all being deaf for him, he had not been deaf for her; that this child, isolated, feeble, cast out, with nothing to lean upon, dragging himself through the desert, worn out with fatigue, broken down, had accepted from the hands of night the burden of another child; that he, who had nothing to expect in the dubious distribu-

tion that is termed fate, had charged himself with a destiny; that, in destitution, in agony, in distress, he had constituted himself a providence; that, Heaven closing itself, he had opened his heart; that, being lost, he had saved; that, having no roof nor shelter, he had been a refuge; that he had made himself mother and nurse; that he, himself alone in the world, had replied to abandonment by an adoption; that in darkness he had set this example; that, not finding himself sufficiently weighed down, he had not objected to another's misery in addition; that upon this earth, whereon it seemed that there was nothing for him, he had fallen upon an object of duty; that there, where all might have hesitated, he had gone forward; that there, where all would have recoiled, he had consented; that he had put his hand into the sepulchre's mouth, and had drawn out her, Dea; that, half naked, he had given his rags, because she was cold; that, hungry, he had thought of making her drink and eat; that, for her so little, he, the little one, had combated death; that he had combated it under every form, under the form of winter and snow, under the form of solitude, under the form of terror, under the form of cold and hunger and thirst, under the form of tempest; that for her, Dea, this Titan of ten years had waged battle with the immensity of night. She knew that he had done this, being a child, and that now, being a man, he was her strength for her who was weak, her wealth for her who was poor, her cure for her who was sick, her eye for her who was blind. Through the dense unknown, by which she felt herself held at distance, she distinguished clearly this devotion, this self-sacrifice, this courage. Heroism, in the region of the immaterial, has a form. She caught this form sublime. She perceived the mysterious outlines of Virtue, within that inexpressible abstraction where dwells the mind unilluminated by the sun. Amid the surroundings of obscure objects set in motion, which was the only impression made upon her by reality—in that unquiet stagnation of the passive creature ever watchful against possible peril—in that sensation of being therein without defence, which is all the existence of the blind—she made out Gwynplaine above her, Gwynplaine never chilled, never absent, never eclipsed; Gwynplaine tender, helpful, gentle. Dea thrilled with this certainty and with gratitude. Her anxiety, reassured, tended to ecstasy; and, from her eyes surcharged with shadows, she contemplated at the zenith of her abyss this goodness, as it were immeasurable light.

In the ideal, goodness is the sun; and Gwynplaine dazzled Dea.

For the crowd—which has too many heads to have a thought, and too many eyes to have a look—for the crowd—which itself a surface, stops short at surfaces—Gwynplaine was a clown, a buffoon, a mountebank, a grotesque creature, a little more and a little less than an animal. The crowd knew nothing but his face.

For Dea, Gwynplaine was the saviour who had picked her up in the tomb, and brought her out thence, the consoler who had made existence possible for her, the liberator whose hand she felt in her own amid the labyrinth of darkness. Gwynplaine was the brother, the friend, the guide, the support, the semblance of one from above, the winged and radiant spouse. There, where the multitude saw a monster, she saw an angel.

The fact was, Dea, being blind, perceived his soul.

IV.

THE LOVERS PAIRED.

URSUS, philosopher, understood it. He approved of Dea's fascination.

He said:

—The blind one sees the invisible.

He said:

—Conscience is sight.

He looked at Gwynplaine, and muttered to himself:

— Half monster, but half god.

Gwynplaine, on his part, was infatuated with Dea. There is the invisible eye, the mind; and there is the visible eye, the eyeball. It was with the visible eye that he saw her. Dea was dazzled through the ideal; Gwynplaine, through the real. Gwynplaine was not ugly—he was hideous; he had before him his contrast. By as much as he was terrible, by so much was Dea charming. He was horror; she was grace. There was something of fancy in Dea. She seemed to be a dream partially embodied. There was in all her person, in her Æolian cast, in her delicate and supple figure, tremulous as a reed, in her shoulders perchance invisibly winged, in the discreet rounding of the forms that indicated her sex—though rather to the spirit than to the senses—in her pallor which was almost a transparency, in the solemn and serene introspection of her look divinely closed against earth, in the hallowed innocence of her smile—an exquisite approach to the angelic, while she was none the less sufficiently a woman.

Gwynplaine, as we have said, made comparisons, as regarded himself, and as regarded Dea. His existence, such as it was, was the result of a double and unwonted adoption. It was the intersecting point of two rays, one from below and one from above, one black, the other white. The same crumb perhaps, pecked at simultaneously by the respective beaks of good and evil, the one bringing with it a bite, the other a kiss. Gwynplaine was this crumb, an atom bruised and caressed. Gwynplaine was the issue of a fatality mixed up with a providence. Misfortune had laid a finger on him, and good fortune also. Two widely sundered destinies had made up his wayward lot. Anathema and benediction were upon him. He was the accursed and the elect. Who was he? He knew not. Looking at himself, he saw a stranger. But the stranger was a monstrosity. Gwynplaine lived in a state of decapitation, having a countenance that was not himself. This countenance was horrible, so horrible as to be amusing. It gave rise to so much fear, that it made one laugh. It was infernally ludicrous. It was the wreck of the human face in a bestial mask. Never had been seen upon the human visage a more total eclipse of man; never had parody been more perfect; never had outline more squalid sneered in a nightmare; never had all that could be repulsive to a woman been more hideously amalgamated in a man. The wretched heart, masked and calumniated by the face, seemed forever doomed to solitude beneath the visage, as beneath the lid of a tomb. And yet, not so! There, where some mysterious malice had exhausted itself, invisible beneficence in its turn had been lavish. In this poor down-fallen one, suddenly raised up, it inspired what is attractive, side by side with all that repels; amid dangers it planted a loving nature; it winged the flight of a soul toward the forsaken; it charged the dove to console the thunder-stricken; it caused deformity to be adored by beauty.

For this to be possible, need was that the fair one saw not the disfigured one. For this blessing, this misfortune was requisite. Providence had made Dea blind.

Vaguely did Gwynplaine perceive that he was the object of a redemption. Wherefore the persecution? He knew not. Wherefore the ransom? He knew not. A halo of glory had come and settled itself over the blight that was on him; this was all he knew. Ursus, when Gwynplaine was old enough to understand it, had read and explained to him the text of Doctor Conquest *De Denasatis*, and in another folio, *Hugo Plagon*,* the passage *nares habens mutilas*; but Ursus had prudently abstained from conjectures, and had specially guarded himself against conclusions of any sort. Suppositions were possible; the probability of violence having been done to Gwynplaine's infancy was glanced at; but, for Gwynplaine, there was only one thing in evidence, the result. His fate, it was to live under a brand imprinted. Why this brand? There was no

answer. Silence and solitude around Gwynplaine. All was shifting, in the conjectures that could be brought to bear upon this tragic reality; and nothing, save the terrible fact, was certain. In this extremity, Dea intervened; a sort of heavenly interposition between Gwynplaine and despair. Touched, and as it were rewarmed, he noted how the sweetness of this exquisite girl leaned toward his hideousness. A paradisiacal astonishment softened his Draconian face. Formed to appal, there was for him the marvellous exception of being admired and worshipped by light in its ideal; and, monster himself, he felt that a star was contemplating him.

Gwynplaine and Dea, they were a pair; and these two pathetic hearts adored each other. One nest, and two birds; there is their story. They had reentered into the universal law, which is to love, to seek, and to find.

In such manner, that hate had made a mistake. The persecutors of Gwynplaine, whoever they were—the enigmatical implacableness, come whence it might—had missed their aim. They had desired to make a man abandoned to despair; they had made one enraptured. They had affianced him in advance, to a grievous wound; they had predestined him to be consoled by an affliction. The executioner's pincers had been softly transformed into a woman's hand. Gwynplaine was horrible, artificially horrible, horrible by the hand of man. They had hoped to isolate him forever—from his family in the first place, if he had relations, and from humanity thereafter. A child, they had made of him a ruin; but Nature had reclaimed this ruin, as she reclaims all ruins; Nature had consoled this solitude, as she consoles all solitudes. Nature comes to the rescue of all that is renounced. There, where all is wanting, she rebestows herself in whole; she reflowers and covers again with verdure all that has fallen down; she has ivy for stones, and love for men.

Profound munificence of the shadowy!

V.

THE BLUE IN THE BLACK.

Thus, one by aid of the other, lived these hapless ones; Dea supported, Gwynplaine accepted.

This orphan woman had this orphan man. This fragile one had this deformed one.

These widowhoods espoused each other.

An ineffable thanksgiving grew out of these two afflictions. They thanked.

Whom?

The darksome Infinitude.

The mere act of acknowledgment suffices. Thanksgiving has wings, and penetrates where it ought to penetrate. Your prayer goes further lengths than you go.

How many men have thought that they were praying to Jupiter, and have prayed to Jehovah! How many believers in amulets have been heard by the Infinite! How many atheists fail to perceive that, by the sole fact of being good and sorrowful, they are praying to God!

Gwynplaine and Dea were grateful.

Deformity is expulsion. Blindness is a precipice. The expulsion was adopted; the precipice was habitable.

Gwynplaine saw coming down to him in full light—in an ordering of destiny that resembled the setting forth of a dream—a white cloud of beauty in woman's form, a radiant vision wherein was a heart; and this apparition, half cloud and woman notwithstanding, clasped him, and this vision embraced him, and this heart favored him. Gwynplaine, being loved, was no longer deformed. A rose asked a caterpillar in marriage, perceiving in this caterpillar the paragon butterfly. Gwynplaine, the rejected one, was chosen.

To have what is essential—that is every thing. Gwynplaine had his; Dea had hers. The abjectness of the disfigured one, alleviated and as it were made sublime, dilated itself in exal-

* Versio Gallica, Will. Tyrus, lib. 2, chap. 23.

tation, in ecstasy, in faith. The sombre hesitation of the blind one in her darkness was met by an outstretched hand.

It was the entry of two miseries into the ideal, this one absorbing that one. Two excluded ones gave each other admission. Two voids combined to fill each other up. They laid hold of that which was wanting. Where one was poor, therein the other was rich. The misfortune of one made the other's treasure. If Dea had not been blind, would she have chosen Gwynplaine? If Gwynplaine had not been disfigured, would he have preferred Dea? She would probably have liked deformity no better than he would have liked infirmity. What happiness for Dea, that Gwynplaine was hideous! What luck for Gwynplaine, that Dea was blind! Outside of their providential watching each other, there was impossibility between them. A prodigious need, one of the other, was the basis of their love. Gwynplaine saved Dea; Dea saved Gwynplaine. A meeting of afflictions, resulting in adherence! The embrace of the engulfed in the abyss! Nothing more contracted, nothing more desperate, nothing more exquisite!

Gwynplaine had one thought:

—What should I be, without her?

Dea had one thought:

—What should I be, without him?

These two banishments led up to one country; these two incurable fatalities—the brand upon Gwynplaine, and Dea's blindness—effected their junction in contentment. They were all in all to each other; they imagined nothing beyond themselves. To converse together was a delight; to draw near each other was bliss. By force of mutual intuition, they had reached a unity of ideas; they two thought the same thought. When Gwynplaine walked, Dea imagined that she heard a step in an apotheosis. They leaned one against the other in a sort of sidereal twilight, full of perfume, of glimmerings, of music, of luminous architecture, of dreams. They belonged each to the other. They felt that they were united forever, in the same joy and in the same rapture. Nothing so strange as this construction of an Eden by two of the condemned.

They were inexpressibly happy.

Out of their hell they had made a heaven. Such, O Love, is thy power!

Dea heard Gwynplaine laugh; and Gwynplaine saw Dea smile.

Thus an ideal felicity was found; the perfect joy of life was realized; the vague problem of happiness was solved. And by whom? By two poor wretches.

For Gwynplaine, Dea was the "splendor." For Dea, Gwynplaine was the "presence."

The presence, profound mystery, which makes the invisible divine, and whence results that other mystery, faith. In religions, there is this only of irreducible. But this irreducible suffices. One sees not the great being essential to our existence; one feels it.

Gwynplaine was Dea's religion.

Sometimes, distracted with love, she threw herself on her knees before him, as it were a fair priestess adoring the full-blown gnome of a pagoda.

Picture to yourself the bottomless pit, and in the midst of it an oasis of brilliancy, and in this oasis these two beings, beyond this life, bedazzling each other.

No purity comparable to that of these love-passages. Dea knew not what a kiss was, albeit perhaps she desired it, for blindness, especially in a woman, has its fancies, and, though trembling at the approaches of the unknown, does not shrink from them all. As for Gwynplaine, the emotions of youth made him pensive. The more he felt himself fascinated, the more timid was he. He might have ventured to any lengths with this companion of his early years; with her who was as unfamiliar with sin as with light; but he would have thought himself to be stealing what she might have given. He resigned himself, with complacent melancholy, to loving in angelic

fashion, and the sense of his deformity resolved itself into dignified bashfulness.

Such was this idyl, growing out of a tragedy.

VI.

URSUS TUTOR, AND URSUS GUARDIAN.

URSUS had been, for Gwynplaine and Dea, almost a father and a mother. Murmuring all the time, he had reared them; scolding all the time, he had nourished them. This adoption having made the hut upon wheels heavier, he had been obliged to harness himself more frequently with Homo, to drag it.

Let us add that, after the first few years, when Gwynplaine was almost grown up and Ursus was quite old, it had been Gwynplaine's turn to drag Ursus.

Ursus, seeing Gwynplaine grow bigger, had cast the horoscope of his deformity.—They have made your fortune! was his remark.

This family, of an old man, two children, and a wolf, had become—with all their prowling about—a group more and more closely bound together.

The wandering life had not prevented education. To wander is to thrive, said Ursus. Gwynplaine was evidently made to be exhibited at fairs. Ursus had cultivated in him the mountebank; and in this mountebank, to the best of his ability, he had incrustated learning and wisdom. Ursus, arrested before the dumb-foundering mask of Gwynplaine, muttered: "A good beginning has been made of him." That is why he had finished him off with all the ornaments of philosophy and knowledge.

Often did he repeat to Gwynplaine—Be a philosopher! To be wise is to be invulnerable. Such as you see me, I have never wept. Strength of my wisdom. Do you think, if I had desired to weep, that I should have lacked an occasion?

Ursus, in his monologues, whereto the wolf was a listener, remarked:—I have taught Gwynplaine every thing, Latin included, and Dea nothing, including music. He had taught them both to sing. He had himself a pretty talent upon the wheaten pipe, a tiny flute of that day. He played it agreeably enough, as also the *chiffonie*, a mendicant's hurdy-gurdy, which the chronicle of Bertrand Duguesclin terms, "instrument Fuand," and which is the starting-point of symphony. This music attracted the populace. Ursus showed the *chiffonie* to the crowd, and said:—In Latin, *organistrum*.

He had taught Dea and Gwynplaine singing, according to the method of Orpheus and of Egide Binchois. It occurred more than once that he cut short his lessons, with this cry of enthusiasm: Orpheus, musician of Greece! Binchois, musician of Picardy!

These complications of a careful education had not so far occupied the two children as to hinder them from adoring each other. They had grown up, commingling their hearts, just as two saplings planted near together, in becoming trees, mingle their branches.

—It's all the same, murmured Ursus; I'll marry them.

And he grumbled aside:

—They bore me with their love.

The past—the small portion that was theirs at least—had no existence for Gwynplaine and Dea. They knew, concerning it, just what Ursus had told them. They called Ursus, "Father."

Gwynplaine had no remembrance of his childhood, but as of the passing of demons over his cradle. He had an impression of it, as of having been stamped upon, in darkness, by deformed feet. Was this done purposely, or involuntarily? He did not know. What he recalled clearly, and in its every detail, was the tragic adventure of his abandonment. The godsend of Dea made for him, out of that terrible night, a radiant point of time.

Dea's recollections were still more obscure than Gwynplaine's. Having been so young, all had passed away. She recalled her mother as something cold. Had she ever seen

the sun? Perhaps. She tried hard to replunge her mind into the swoon that was behind her. The sun? What was it? She remembered an indescribable something, luminous and warm, that had been replaced by Gwynplaine.

They conversed in low tones. Certain is it that to coo is the most important thing in the world. Dea said to Gwynplaine:—The light, it is when you are speaking.

VII.

BLINDNESS GIVES LESSONS IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

At times, Gwynplaine reproached himself. He made of his happiness an affair of conscience. He fancied that to let himself be loved by this woman, who could not see him, was to deceive her. What would she say, if her eyes were suddenly opened? How would she be repelled, by what now attracts her! How would she recoil before so horrible a lover! What a shriek! What hands covering her face! What a plight! A harassing scruple tormented him. He said to himself that he, a monster, had no right to appropriate love. Hydra, worshipped by a star, it was his duty to enlighten this blinded luminary.

Once he said to Dea:

—You know that I am very ugly?

—I know that you are sublime, was her reply.

He continued:

—When you hear everybody laughing, it is at me that they laugh, and because I am a horrible object.

—I love you, said Dea.

After a pause, she added:

—I was in death; you brought me back into life. With you there, heaven is at my side. Give me your hand, that I may touch Divinity.

Their hands sought and clasped each other; and they said never more a word, rendered silent by the plenitude of loving.

The crabbed Ursus had overheard them. The next day, when they were all three together, he said:

—Besides, Dea is ugly also.

The words failed in their effect. Dea and Gwynplaine were not listening. Absorbed in each other, they seldom paid attention to Ursus's apothegms. Ursus was profound, and at a dead loss.

This time, however, the warning of Ursus, "Dea is ugly also," indicated in that learned man a certain knowledge of woman. Gwynplaine, without doubt, had committed, in all loyalty, an act of imprudence. Said to a very different woman, and to a very different blind person from Dea, the expression "I am ugly," might have been dangerous. To be blind, and to be in love, is to be doubly blind. In that situation, one dreams. Illusion is the nourishment of dreams; to deprive love of illusion is to take away the food on which it lives. All enthusiasm enters, usefully, into its formation; physical, no less than moral, admiration. Furthermore, one should never, with a woman, use an expression difficult to understand. She dreams over it; and often she dreams ill. An enigma in a dream makes havoc. The percussion of a word, that is let fall, disintegrates what adheres. It happens sometimes that, one knows not how, because it has received the chance-shock of a casual word, a heart becomes void insensibly. The being, who loves, is conscious of a diminution in his bliss. Nothing is to be feared so much as this slow trickling out from a cracked vase.

Fortunately, Dea was not of this clay. The stuff for making womankind in general had not served for her. A rare nature was Dea. The body was fragile; the heart not. What was at the very root of her being, was a divine perseverance in love.

All the mischief, wrought upon her by Gwynplaine's expression, led to making her say to him, one day, these words:

—To be ugly, what is that? It is to do evil. Gwynplaine does nothing but good. He is handsome.

Then, always under that form of interrogation familiar to childhood and blind people, she went on:

—To see? What do you call seeing, you others? I do not see, I; I know. It seems that to see means to conceal.

—How do you mean? asked Gwynplaine.

Dea answered:

—To see is something that hides the truth.

—No! said Gwynplaine.

—Yes, I tell you, replied Dea, since you tell me that you are ugly!

She thought a moment, and added: Liar!

And Gwynplaine had the dear delight of having avowed, and of not being believed. His conscience was at ease; his love also.

Thus had they reached, she sixteen years, he twenty-five.

They were not, as one would say now, more advanced than in the first day.

Their caresses went not much beyond hands pressed.

Twenty-five years, and sixteen! This brought it about that, one morning, Ursus, not losing sight of his "bad turn," said to them:

—One of these days you will choose a religion.

—For what purpose? asked Gwynplaine.

—To be married by.

—But that's done, replied Dea.

Dea did not understand how they could be husband and wife, more than they were.

In the main, this chimerical and virginal contentedness, this ingenuous satiating of soul by soul, this celibacy, taken for marriage, was not displeasing to Ursus. What he said of it was said, because he was bound to say something. But the physician within him found Dea, if not too young, at least too delicate and too frail for what he termed "hymen in the flesh and bone."

That would always come soon enough.

Besides, were they not married? If the indissoluble existed anywhere, was it not in this cohesion, Gwynplaine and Dea? Rare circumstance, they were adorably cast into each other's arms by misfortune! And as though this first bond were not sufficient, love had come to attach itself to misfortune, to be enveloped in it, to be closely bound to it. What force could ever break the iron chain, made firmer by the knot of flowers?

There, in truth, must be the inseparables.

Dea had beauty, Gwynplaine had sight. Each brought a dowry; and they made more than a couple—they made a pair, kept apart only by innocence; a sacred interposition.

Nevertheless, it was in vain that Gwynplaine went on dreaming, and absorbed himself so far as he could in contemplation of Dea, and in the spiritual tribunal of his love; he was man. There is no eluding the laws of fatality. He underwent, as does Nature throughout all her immensity, the secret workings ordained by the Creator. This, at times when he appeared in public, made him eye the women who were in the crowd; but he turned away immediately this untoward look, and hastened to reënter, repentant, into his inner self.

Let it be added, that encouragement was wanting upon the countenances of all the women at whom he looked; he saw aversion, antipathy, repugnance, rejection. It was clear that, for him, none other but Dea was possible. This aided him in his repentance.

VIII.

NOT HAPPINESS ONLY, BUT PROSPERITY.

How much truth there is in fables! Remorse for an evil thought is the searching touch of an invisible devil.

In Gwynplaine's case, the evil thought was not yet hatched, and he never felt remorse. But, occasionally, he felt regret.

Vague film of conscience!

What was there in it? Nothing.

Their good fortune was complete. So complete, that they were no longer even poor.

Between 1689 and 1704, a great change had taken place.

It happened sometimes, in this year 1704, that, at nightfall,

a large and heavy caravan, drawn by two strong horses, made its entry into such or such small sea-coast town. It was like the hull of a vessel turned upside-down, the keel for roof, the deck for floor, and set upon four wheels. The wheels were all of the same size, and no higher than those of stone-carts. Wheels, pole, and body—all was painted in green, with a rhythmical gradation of shades, varying, from bottle-green on the wheels, to apple-green on the roofing. This green color had ended by setting a mark upon the vehicle; and it became well known wherever fairs were held. They called it the Green-Box. This Green-Box had only two windows, one at each end, and a door behind, with steps. Above the roof, from a funnel painted green like the rest, issued the smoke. This peripatetic house was always newly varnished and freshly washed. In front, upon a bracket-seat attached to the vehicle, and with access to it through the window, above the horses' hind-quarters and by the side of an old man who held the reins and managed the team, two trolloping women of the gypsy tribe, costumed as goddesses, sounded the trumpet. The wonder-stricken citizens stared at and commented upon this machine, as it rudely jolted about.

It was the old establishment of Ursus, amplified by success, and promoted from a mountebank's stage to a theatre.

An animal, something between dog and wolf, was chained under the caravan. This was Homo.

The old whip, driving the hacks, was the philosopher himself in person.

Whence came this expansion of the miserable hut into an Olympian car?

From this fact: Gwynplaine was a celebrity.

It was with a sagacious foresight of that which is success among men, that Ursus had said to Gwynplaine:—They have made your fortune!

Ursus, it will be remembered, had made Gwynplaine his pupil. Unknown persons had worked upon the visage. He himself had worked upon the intelligence; and, behind the mask so successfully wrought, had inserted all that he could of thought. So soon as the child, grown bigger, seemed to him worthy of it, Ursus had brought him upon the stage, that is to say, upon the front board of the hut. The effect of this appearance had been extraordinary. All in a moment, the passers-by had admired. Nothing comparable to this surprising mimic laugh had ever been seen. No one knew how the miracle of communicable hilarity had been obtained. Some thought it natural, some artificial; and, conjecture being added to reality, everywhere, in the public places, in the markets, in the various stations of fair and fête, the crowd flung itself upon Gwynplaine. Thanks to this "great attraction," a shower had fallen into the poor money-box of the wandering group—first of farthings, then of pennies, and finally of shillings. One field for curiosity exhausted, they passed on to another. The rolling stone does not grow rich, but the rolling hut does: and thus from year to year, from town to town, with the growth of Gwynplaine's figure and of his ugliness, the fortune came that Ursus had predicted.

—What a service they rendered you there, my boy! said Ursus.

This "fortune" had allowed Ursus, the administrator of Gwynplaine's success, to have the vehicle of his dreams constructed; that is to say, a caravan large enough to carry a theatre and sow science and art in the public squares. Further still, Ursus had been enabled to add to the group composed of himself, of Homo, of Gwynplaine, Dea, two horses and two women, the latter of whom were goddesses in the troop, as we have just remarked, and servants. A mythological frontispiece was useful in those days, to a mountebank's booth.—We are a wandering temple! said Ursus.

These two trolloping women, picked up by the philosopher in the nomadic pell-mell of towns and suburbs, were ugly and young, and were called, by decree of Ursus, the one Phoebe, and

the other Venus. Read: *Fibi* and *Vinos*, seeing that it is proper to conform to English pronunciation.

Phoebe did the cooking, and Venus scrubbed the temple.

Furthermore, on the days of performance, they dressed Dea.

Outside of what constitutes—for mountebanks as for princes—public life, Dea, like Fibi and Vinos, wore a Florentine skirt in flowered stuff, and a woman's hooded cape, which having no sleeves, left her arms free. Ursus and Gwynplaine wore men's hooded capes, and large shoulder-knots, like seamen in the navy. Gwynplaine had, in addition, for his exercises and exhibitions of strength, a leather pelerine round his neck and over his shoulders. He took care of the horses. Ursus and Homo took care of each other.

Dea, from being accustomed to the Green-Box, came and went in the interior of that rolling house, quite at her ease, and as though she could see.

An eye that could have penetrated into the recesses, and noted the arrangements of this travelling abode, might have perceived in one corner—fastened to the wooden sides and immovable upon its four wheels—the old hut of Ursus, put upon the retired list, having permission to rust, and henceforth exempted from rolling, as Homo from dragging.

This hut, set up in the back corner on right of the door, served as chamber and dressing-room for Ursus and Gwynplaine. It contained, now, two beds. In the opposite corner was the kitchen.

The arrangement on shipboard is not more compressed and precise than was the internal parcelling out of the Green-Box. Every thing therein was fixed, set in its place, provided for, designed.

The caravan was divided into three compartments, partitioned off. The compartments communicated by openings, without doors. A piece of stuff, let fall, closed them in a manner. The rear compartment was the men's lodging; the front compartment was the women's lodging; the middle compartment, separating the two sexes, was the theatre. The orchestral instruments and the accessories were in the kitchen. A loft under the arch of the roof contained the scenery; and, by opening a trap-door in the loft, lamps were unmasked that produced magical effects in lighting.

Ursus was the poet of these enchantments. He it was who got up the shows.

His were varied talents; he had special juggler's tricks of his own. Besides the voices that he made you hear, he brought out all sorts of unexpected things, abrupt transitions from light to darkness, spontaneous formations of ciphers or words at will upon the partition, lights and shadows mingled with the fading away of figures, and many another oddity, in the midst of all which, inattentive to the gaping crowd, he seemed to be meditating.

Gwynplaine had said to him one day:

—Father, you have the air of a magician.

And Ursus had replied:

—This comes, perhaps, from my being one.

The Green-Box, constructed according to a skilful diagram by Ursus, had one ingenious refinement. Between the two fore and hind wheels, the central left-hand panel worked upon a hinge by means of an adjustment of chains and pulleys, and could be lowered at will like a drawbridge. As it was lowered, it set at liberty three props, also on hinges, which, remaining vertical while the panel was down, set themselves upright upon the ground, like the legs of a table, and upheld above it, as it were, a stage, the panel converted into a platform. The theatre was at the same time disclosed, enlarged by the platform which made the front of its stage. This opening—according to the out-of-doors Puritan preachers, who turned away from it with horror—absolutely resembled a mouth of hell. Probably it was for an impious invention of this kind that Solon had Thespis cudgelled.

Thespis, moreover, has lasted longer than is believed. The

theatre on wheels still exists. It was upon movable boards of this sort that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they represented, in England, the ballets and the ballads of Amner and of Pilkington; in France, the pastorals of Gilbert Colin; in Flanders, at the fairs, the double choruses of Clement, called Non-Papa; in Germany, the Adam and Eve of Thailes; and in Italy, the Venetian shows of Animuccia and of Ca-Fossia, the Sylva of Gesualdo, Prince of Venousa, Laura Guidiccioni's "Satyr," the Despair of Philenus, "Ugolino's Death," by Vincent Galileo, father of the astronomer, the which Vincent Galileo sang his own music, accompanying himself on the viol di gamba, together with all those first attempts at Italian opera, which, after 1580, substituted free inspiration for the madrigal style.

The caravan, in its color emblematic of Hope, that bore Ursus and Gwynplaine and their fortunes, and at the head of which Fibi and Vinos trumpeted like a brace of Fames, was a link in all this grand chain, Bohemian and literary. Thespis would no more have disavowed Ursus, than Congris would have disavowed Gwynplaine.

On their arrival upon the public places in town or village, and in the intervals of Vinos and Fibi's flourishes, Ursus commented upon the trumpets, with instructive revelations.

—That symphony is Gregorian, he cried. Fellow-citizens, the Gregorian sacramental rite—that grand advance—has run a tilt in Italy against the Ambrosian rite and in Spain against the Mozarabic rite, and has only triumphed over them with difficulty.

After which, the Green-Box came to a halt on some spot of Ursus' choosing; and in the evening, the panel stage-front was lowered down, and the performance began.

The theatre of the Green-Box represented a landscape, painted by Ursus, who didn't know how to paint; by reason of which, when required, the landscape could do duty as a subterranean vault.

The screen, that which we call the curtain, was a blind made of silk with variegated squares.

The public was outside, in the street, in the open place, grouped in a semicircle around the show, under sunlight, or under sudden showers, an arrangement that made rain less desirable for theatres of that time, than for those of to-day. As often as they could, they gave representations in the court-yard of an inn. Hereby, they had as many tiers of boxes as there were rows of windows; and thus also, the more cramped the theatre, the larger the paying public.

Ursus figured everywhere in the piece, in the troupe, in the kitchen, in the orchestra. Vinos beat the kettle-drum, the sticks of which she handled marvellously; and Fibi thrummed the *morache*, a sort of gittern. The wolf had been promoted to be "utility man." He was decidedly a member of the company, and played occasionally the odds-and-ends of a part. Often, when they appeared side by side upon the stage, Ursus and Homo, Ursus in his bear-skin lightly laced, Homo in his wolf-skin better adjusted still, one could not make out which was the beast. This flattered Ursus.

HOW WE DROWN AND ARE RESUSCITATED.

BY DR. CHARLES LANCASTER.

TO the unlearned my caption may seem to involve a solecism, because it is generally considered that, when a man has been submerged in water for any indefinite time—from two minutes to half an hour, or for a time longer than a person can ordinarily hold his breath—he must necessarily be drowned and dead, and resuscitation is hopeless. This is not, however, the case.

My object in this article is briefly to explain the cause and the process of drowning, whether partial or complete, and also to add a few sensible as well as scientific hints, as to the best mode of restoring the patient. It is to be observed, at the outset, that the human lungs, like the lungs of all terrestrial and air-breathing animals, are the or-

gans by means of which the blood is purified of its carbon and other deleterious substances, and preserved in a condition fit for free and easy circulation throughout the system. This circulation is necessary for the purposes of nutrition, and, with its coördinate function of respiration, is indispensable for the maintenance of life.

Now, the lungs, under ordinary conditions, are never, during life, wholly exhausted of atmospheric air. We will suppose that, with each expiration or expulsion of the air from the lungs, almost two-thirds of the whole volume inspired, or taken in, are expelled, the remaining one-third being retained, to be exchanged, in the next inhalation, for its equivalent of fresh air. This provision possesses the twofold merit of providing a ready means of expelling any foreign body which, by accident, may temporarily obstruct the passage of the trachea or wind-pipe (as when one swallows a substance "the wrong way"), and of keeping constantly in store a supply of air sufficient for the decarbonization of so much blood as shall pass through the lungs under a retarded circulation, caused by a temporary deprivation of fresh air.

It will now be easily comprehended that, if, in the ordinary healthy condition, as much as two ounces of blood pass through the lungs from the heart at every pulsation, and if about one inspiration of fresh air suffices for the purification of as much blood as passes the lungs in four pulsations, in the same ratio will a less quantity of air complete the decarbonization of a less quantity of blood under the retarded circulation which is inseparable from the condition of a drowning person. I have already hinted at the cause; now let us examine the process of drowning.

By a wise and beneficent provision of Nature, at the moment of submergence in water, and consequent exclusion of air from the lungs, the circulation of the blood is checked or retarded; and here comes the point of special interest. The sudden plunge into cold water is invariably accompanied by a gasp for breath. By this act the lungs are well filled with fresh air. The head is now submerged, and the breathing stopped. But there is an ample supply of air for the new condition, provided it be not too prolonged. And the time which this condition may safely be endured depends solely upon the quantity of air the submerged person carried down with him. The demand is reduced in exact ratio with the supply, and the difficulty is to know precisely at what point the supply shall fail; for, of course, the moment the last available cell of the lungs has given up its oxygen for the combustion of the carbon presented to the lungs, Death seals the victim for his own; because the carbon and other waste matter accumulates so rapidly in this little laboratory of life, and requires so constantly to be discharged, that, the moment the air is wholly exhausted, the blood loses its stimulating power, the diaphragm ceases to contract, respiration is impossible, and life is extinct.

By one other curious means, a similar condition of the person about to plunge under water may be secured, so that, in lieu of the *gasp* which fills the lungs with fresh air at the moment he so much needs it, both the circulation and respiration are instantly checked and reduced to their minimum of movement. I refer now to a blow on the top of the head at the moment of submergence. By this concussion of the brain a paralyzing effect is distributed throughout the nervous system, involving, of course, the nerves of all the muscles and tissues concerned in the acts of respiration and circulation. In this case, as in the former, the unlucky diver is reduced to a state analogous to that of the hibernating animal during his long and solitary winter repose, the only real difference being that the latter still breathes, which the former does not.

Now, the common theory of drowning is at fault in the two following particulars: First, it supposes that, because one has been under water for some time, he must necessarily be filled with water, and that this causes death, when the fact is that, the moment access to air is denied, the little guard called the epiglottis closes over the orifice of the larynx and prevents the entrance of the water; just as it does in the act of swallowing, to prevent the food from going down the "wrong way." Place a live chicken in a jar of carbonic acid gas, and you will have a good illustration of a drowning person. Again it is erroneously supposed that, because one has been under water for a considerable time, and there are no outward manifestations of life, vitality must be extinct. On the contrary, persons have been restored to life after submersions of three-quarters of an hour.

There can be little doubt that numerous persons who have died have been rescued from the water in ample time to have been

resuscitated if the proper means had been employed, and there is no period short of that which causes the muscles to give up their great vital principles of irritability and contractibility, where any hesitancy should be allowed in applying the best remedies at hand. When these functions of the muscles are once lost, the case, of course, is hopeless.

Now, as to the best method of resuscitation. If the drowned person is not filled with water, it is evident there can be little advantage in holding him up by the heels as is too commonly done; indeed, this treatment must be attended with considerable peril to the patient, supposing there is remaining any movement of the blood at all. Necessarily that position forces the blood to the head, thereby increasing the congestion of the brain, already present as the result of the suspension of the breath.

Another interesting, perhaps, but not very philosophical mode of treatment is to roll the patient over a barrel, as if he were drowned only in the bowels, and it was expected that, by dialodging the enemy at that point, the citadel of life would soon be recovered. Doubtless the most salutary treatment of a drowned person consists in placing him on his back in a half-reclining position, and keeping up a lively friction of the extremities with warm flannels, at the same time turning him gently and constantly from side to side, in order to put in motion the resident air in the lungs, for if this can be accomplished the diaphragm will contract, an inhalation may be looked for, and life saved. If these means fail, tickle the nose with a feather, or inject a little snuff into the nose, and follow this with the inflation of the lungs by the use of the bellows. Take a new or clean common hand-bellows, insert the nozzle into one orifice of the nose, close the other, close the mouth with the hand, and now slowly and carefully force the air from the bellows into the lungs, and immediately expel it again by a gentle pressure of the hand on the breast. If, after a repetition of this experiment a few times, there is no sign of life, you may consider the case hopeless.

MAGNOLIAS.

THE magnolia-tree, so beautiful for its leaves and flowers, so valuable for the wood of many of its varieties, is much less known and appreciated than many others not nearly so ornamental or so useful. To Pierre Magnol, who was prefect of the Montpellier Botanic Garden from 1688 to 1715, belongs the honor of giving his name to the genus. It embraces some ten distinct species, of which the magnolia proper, with its wax-like flowers, and the tulip-tree, with its buds streaked with green and pink, are the most conspicuous in North America. Many Americans, however, are more acquainted with the dwarfed varieties which come to us from China and Japan, than with the pride and glory of our own forests. The tulip-tree flourishes in the North, but the grand magnolia is peculiar to the South, growing in South Carolina and Georgia, and reaching its perfection in the fertile soil of Mississippi and Louisiana. But we will first describe the more humble varieties. The glaucous-magnolia is certainly one of the loveliest shrubs of North America. It is at home anywhere from Cape Ann, in Massachusetts, to Florida and Louisiana, and generally cared for under its common name—sweet-bay. In sheltered situations it is a little tree, about twenty feet high, but usually in the North it is a small shrub, with many stems growing from the same root. In the low country of South Carolina, it sometimes grows forty and fifty feet high. The small stems are erect, smooth, and of a bright-green color when young. The leaves are a shining, dark green, and fall in autumn. The flowers are at the extremities of the branches, and, from May to August, contrast richly with the crisp and abundant foliage. The blossoms do not appear so early in the North, where they may not be looked for before July. There are from eight to fourteen petals to the flower, which is of a creamy white, very fragrant, turning yellowish on fading. The bud-enclosure has three leaves. The fruit is a cone, consisting of numerous cells, which open for the escape of bright scarlet seeds, each suspended by a thread.

These cone-shaped seed-cases, in another species, give the

name to the cucumber-magnolia, in which the fruit exactly resembles the little green cucumber used in pickling. This variety is a tree, sometimes exceeding eighty feet in height, and measuring four feet in diameter, at a yard from the ground. The leaves are six or seven inches long, and half as broad. The flowers are five and six inches in diameter, slightly fragrant, the petals expanding but little, and yellowish white, with a bluish tinge on the outside. This tree is majestic, and of perfect symmetry in form. Its much-prized wood is fine-grained, and takes a high polish. It is more durable than the yellow pine.

A more beautiful tree is the auricle-leaved magnolia, which grows from thirty to forty feet high. Its leaves are from eight to twelve inches long, and its white flowers from three to four inches in diameter, with a pleasant odor. The wood is light and spongy, and not now used. It may, at some period, prove a poor substitute for cork.

The brown-flowered magnolia is merely a shrub, three or four feet high, with evergreen leaves of an elliptical, oblong shape. The flowers are small, very fragrant, and of a dull-purple color. It is a native of China, but with us it is a greenhouse plant, and the companion of the camellia.

There are three varieties of the Japan shrub, marked by red-purple, purple-white, and pure-white flowers.

The species which grows on the island of Nippon, reaches the height of ten feet, and its rough bark smells like camphor.

The umbrella-magnolia is remarkable for its great leaves. It grows to the height of thirty and forty feet, and trunk and branches are covered with a white bark. The leaves grow from the ends of the delicate branches, and are three feet long, and seven or eight inches broad. Growing pendent in tufts of three and four, they are an excellent sun-shade. The flowers, when fully expanded, are eight to ten inches in diameter, white, with a purple spot inside. A variety of this, only less wonderful for the size of its leaves and flowers, is found in the Atlantic and Middle States. The lofty-magnolia (*Magnolia excelsa*) is a native of Nepal, where it grows from fifty to eighty feet high. It is the fine yellow wood called *champ* in joinery.

The Yulan-magnolia, of China, is remarkable for the number and the delicious perfume of its blossoms. It reaches a height of eight or ten feet, and blooms about the middle of April, the flowers appearing before the leaves, and completely covering the tree. A specimen mentioned in Downing's "Rural Essays," was grafted upon an American species. In 1850 it was fourteen years old, and twenty feet high, and at one time there were three thousand blossoms at once upon its branches.

But the stateliest of all is the Southern species, or *Magnolia grandiflora*. It is the most remarkable of all the trees of North America for the majesty of its form, magnificence of foliage, and beauty and fragrance of its flowers. It often rises to the height of seventy and eighty feet, even more, with a naked, smooth, columnar stem. If its head or crown of green has not been injured by tempest, it is always regularly pyramidal, or semi-elliptical. From May until August it is covered with its brilliant white flowers, terminating the younger branches. Its leaves are entire, oval, evergreen, and very brilliant on their upper surfaces. The flowers are often seven or eight inches broad, and their pure white, like delicate wax, forms a most charming contrast with the bright-emerald background. It is often called the big laurel, and its seeds are a vivid red, three or four, longitudinally arranged in cells. It grows from seeds, or from shoots or layers, which require two years to make roots capable of transplanting. It will not thrive north of New York, on account of the cold, but is now cultivated in England, France, and Italy. Its most remarkable characteristic is its perfume, which is the same as that of the yulan and the sweet-bay. The nearest earthly approach to what we suppose Paradise was, is in riding along a dusty road in Mississippi or Louisiana, to suddenly plunge into the cool depths of a magnolia forest. They are rare, for the planter has coveted the deep mellow soil which alone can feed the great bitter roots,

and the axe has killed them to make way for cotton. The saw-mill, too, is their foe. They still exist, however, interlacing their green pyramids so as to defy the sun, and forming a cool,

the delicate cane-reeds, while the dwarf-magnolia bends its flower-laden boughs almost to the reach of the hand, and the *grandiflora* lifts its verdant pyramids on the gentle slopes. That



Gathering Magnolia-blossoms in the South.

damp shade, such as Lebanon may have known in its glory. But Lebanon must have wooed and won a rose of Sharon to bloom on each drooping spray, before it could equal this forest, shining as the sunbeams glance through the polished leaves—blossoming like a great garden with flowers delicate as camellias and larger than roses—while the warm summer air is voluptuous with the sweetest of earthly perfumes.

Another point from which to see this prince of trees to advantage, is from the numerous lagoons and bayous which vein the maps of Mississippi and Louisiana. The boat glides over the glassy water to the beach, and the foreground is fringed by

silent perfumed air, cooled by the breath of the water, seems the very atmosphere of love.

ON THE INVOLUNTARY MOVEMENTS OF ANIMALS.

BY DR. MICHAEL FOSTER, OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

II.

USES OF THE VIBRATORY CILIA.

OBSCURE as may be the efficient cause of ciliary action, its final cause, its purpose is, in most cases, obvious and clear. You have

seen that, on the pieces of frog's throat, the cork invariably travels in one direction. In the natural position of the membrane that direction is toward the frog's stomach. The air-tubes of our own lungs are lined by a similar ciliated membrane, and in them the direction of the movement is also uniform, viz., upward toward the throat. In this way the mucus which is continually being secreted by the air-tubes, is as constantly being carried upward out of the lungs. But for this, a mere cold would be sufficient to choke any one of us, through the accumulation of mucus in the lungs. Allow me here to call your attention to the beautiful and mysterious harmony in which these little cilia work together. The tiny stroke of a little hair, one-four-thousandth of an inch in length, could of itself effect but little. It is because there are so many of them, and because they all work together, that they are able to produce such bold, visible effects as the movements of pieces of cork or of mucus. We have reason to think, as we have seen, that the movements of the cilia of any given cell are not only produced, but ordered in and by the cell itself. In an isolated cell we may see the cilia not only at work, but working in harmony and rhythm. It is only when the cell grows faint at death that the individual cilia work irregularly, some being at rest, others in action; some working one way, some another. So long as the cell is strong and sound, so long do all the cilia work, and work together. On the surface of each cell there are generally several rows of cilia. The cilia of each row strike in unison, but the stroke of any one row is, in point of time, a little before that of the one, and a little behind that of the other, of its two immediate neighbors, so that the stroke passes in a wave across the cell, like a wave of the wind passing over a field of corn—passes over, too, in one direction only, that direction being determined by the necessities of the part, or of the animal, of which the cell is a microscopic member. If I were to scrape, for instance, the surface of one of these frog's throats, and to put the drop of mucus I carried away with the point of a knife under the microscope, I should, on examination, be a witness of the ciliary action of many isolated cells, and, in most cases, I should be able to declare, concerning each cell, which was the side nearest the mouth, and which the side nearest the stomach, because I could see the direction of the ciliary stroke, and that stroke I know to be from the mouth to the stomach. In each isolated cell the cilia work in harmony, but two cells whose natural bond has been severed may be working at different times, though working close together and almost touching each other. In the body, however, cell touches cell with a living touch, and the rhythm of the beat of each cell is pitched to harmonize with all its fellow-cells. Were it not so, did each cell follow out its own devices, the result would be a mass of eddies, a whirl of confused currents. You have seen that, even in the separated membrane, the ciliary stroke, as betokened by the cork which moves so steadily, is grandly uniform. And that uniformity, be it observed, is carried on without, as far as we know, any coördinating mechanism. No one has ever discovered any nervous apparatus to regulate the multitudinous cilia of any membrane. It would seem as if each cell just felt, by its primeval protoplasmic sensibility, the throb of its neighbor-cells, and as if that throb were the key-note by which all its own molecular processes were pitched.

I have spoken so far only of the cilia of the frog's throat, and of our own air-tubes, where the labor of the cilia is at best but an ignominious task. In many animals, however, their office is an honorable one, and their importance supreme. Time would fail me were I to attempt to give even a mere sketch of the manifold purposes wrought out by cilia in the economy of animal nature. To many, to very many creatures, it is the chief, to some the only, means of respiration. The lashing cilia constantly renew the water in contact with the general surface of the body, or circulate it through internal cavities, or pass it in due order among and between special organs, as, for instance, through the curiously-constructed gills of the oyster. Many animals live solely on the food brought to them by the whirl of ciliary currents, having no organs of prehension at all, and very many, though able otherwise to eat, gain a supplement of food in the same way. Other animals, again, have no other organs of locomotion but cilia; all the waters of the globe, from the great sea down to the roadside puddle, are full of wee creatures, which row themselves about by the rhythmic sweep of these tiny oars. And a still larger number of animals, in whose adult life ciliary action has but a feeble share, are found in their earliest days to be dependent on cilia for their power to move from place to place. In the grown-up frog the cilia are almost entirely confined to its mucous membrane; but the young

tadpole is clothed with ciliate cells from head to tail, and, before it has grown its long lashing tail, cilia, and cilia alone, form at once its means of breathing, moving, and feeding.

Were I to discuss all these multifarious instances of ciliary action with the fulness of detail that I have spent upon the frog's throat, I should be telling very nearly the same tale over again. In all cases, the work, the structure, the life-history, would be very nearly the same. In all we should see the same spontaneous rhythmic labor springing mysteriously out of the inner working of some transparent structureless tissue, either gathered into individual masses called cells, or spread in an unbroken layer over the surface of the body. In all we should see the movement exactly adapted to some special purpose, the position and form of the cilium, the direction, the force, the character, the time of the stroke, all bearing toward the one end. In all we should find the movement, though thus the result of hidden, deep-seated molecular motions, with its features ordained and fixed for a settled purpose, subject nevertheless to many influences, capable of being quickened, retarded, or suspended, by this or that change in outward circumstances. All this we might see and learn, and yet not be able, even with the highest powers of the most modern microscope, to catch so much as a glimpse of any structural machinery by which we might think ourselves able to explain the facts.

THE LIVING CREATURES IN OUR BLOOD.

And now let me direct your attention for a little while to an animal movement of another kind, but still of an involuntary nature.

If you examine under the microscope a drop of recently-drawn blood, you will see scattered among the many red corpuscles a few colorless, transparent bodies, called white corpuscles. These possess no very particular structure. They are pale, transparent, dotted over with refractive granules of various sizes, and in the centre of each is hidden a more solid round kernel, or *nucleus*. Not much else can be seen in them. Examined when the blood is first shed, they appear spherical; but, if you watch one of them attentively for a few minutes, you will see that a bulging or protuberance makes its appearance at one point of the circumference, and gradually increases up to a certain limit. The appearance is not due to any bursting of the sphere; the continuity of outline is perfectly maintained. The impression on the mind is as if the mass of the corpuscle were semifluid or viscid, and had flowed out in that particular direction; and one can easily satisfy one's self that what is gained at the point of bulging is lost elsewhere. The phenomenon is merely a change of form.

The movement thus first witnessed is slowly succeeded by other similar bulgings. The corpuscle, from being spherical, becomes, perhaps, pear-shaped; then, it may be elliptical; a little later on, quadrangular; after that, star-shaped, and so on. In fact, so long as the corpuscle can be kept alive, so long will it continue, minute after minute, to shift its form by flowing out, now in this direction, now in that. Not only does it thus shift its outline, but the very change in form readily becomes a change of place. If a bulging flows out to the right, say, and the whole body follows the protuberance, the result is a locomotion—a sidling to the right. And, by repeated manoeuvres of this kind, the little organism travels through appreciable distances.

This particular kind of movement has received the name of *amoeboid*, because it is exhibited on a much larger scale, and may be witnessed with much greater ease, in that interesting class of animals—lower down, as is said, in the scale of creation—of which the common amoeba is a well-known instance. In these creatures we are forced to admit the essentially vital character of the movement. At first sight, it seems strange that such things as blood-corpuscles—mere fragments of the body of an animal—should possess the power of independent movement and locomotion; and one is naturally led to think that the changes of form and place witnessed in a drop of shed blood are due to mere physical causes, are simply the result of changes of density or other inorganic processes going on in the fluid part of the blood. All attempts, however, to explain the phenomena in this way, though they have repeatedly been made, have, as yet at least, signally failed. Moreover, the amoeboid movements are influenced by circumstances very much in the same way as are ciliary and ordinary muscular movements. They last only so long as the animal, or the part which manifests them, continues to live. They are quickened by warmth, and retarded by cold. They are possible only within certain limits of temperature. They are subject to suffocation, to the action of anesthetics, of chemical agents, and of poisons. They are

influenced by electricity. In fact, they are so like in their history to ciliary action on the one hand, and to muscular contraction on the other, that one can hardly resist the conviction that all these are but members of one class, bound together by the common possession of some fundamental vital quality. Should it seem bold to speak of the kinship of the projection of an amoeboid protuberance, which perhaps takes minutes in the making, with the sharp, swift bend of a cilium, which is over and gone in a fraction of a second, allow me to remind you that time, like size, has but little differential value to a physiologist. Should it, on the other hand, seem too great a stretch to consider the undefined creeping of unformed protoplasm as of like nature with the smart, well-ordered action of curiously-constructed muscle, let me briefly put before you the essentials of the one and of the other.

HOW THESE LIVING CREATURES MOVE.

If we examine under the microscope one of the large amoebae of our fresh-water pools, we find that it is not homogeneous, but composed of an inner court and an outer zone. The inner court is somewhat fluid, and is crowded with granules; the outer court, though semi-fluid, has more solidity, is perfectly transparent, apparently perfectly homogeneous, with hardly a speck on the surface or in its substance; looking, in fact, for all the world like a band of molten glass. It is in the outer zone that the movements begin and are executed; the inner court of granules does but passively follow where the outer zone leads. And, looking attentively at the outer zone, one cannot help feeling convinced that its material is plastic in nature, like, as I said just now, molten glass; and that, in obedience to some inner working, it rises and falls in waves, now in this direction, now in that. These waves we call its movements.

And now let me ask you what takes place when a muscle contracts. It shortens, but also widens, at the same time and to the same degree. And what is true of the muscle is also true of each of the constituent elementary fibres. Each fibre widens as it shortens. When we examine under the microscope a single fibre engaged in the act of contraction, the widening is more easily seen than the shortening. The widening, in fact, seems to run along the fibre; or, in other words, a wave of, so to speak, lateral bulging sweeps through its length. In the ordinary contraction of a vigorous muscle, these muscular waves flow with amazing rapidity, but exhaustion and coming death diminish their velocity; and sometimes, in exhausted, ill-nourished, or dying muscles, the progress of the wave is so impeded, that, under particular treatment, the wave will last for many seconds, and is visible to the eye in the form of a weal, known under the technical name of the *Idio-muscular contraction*.

Amoeboid movements and muscular contractions are, then, but waves of an irritable plastic material, and, so far, are alike; but they differ in two fundamental points: amoeboid waves are slow, muscular waves are quick; in this respect, muscle has the advantage over protoplasm. But there is a compensation—the amoeboid wave moves in all directions of space; the muscular wave is limited to one. Protoplasm is all-sided; muscle can do no more than bring its two ends together. What is gained in force and time is lost in character—the old tale, written large and often in the book of animal life.

If, then, we may regard amoeboid movements as essentially muscular in character, there comes to us in reference to them, as it did in reference to cilia, the question, What and where is the irregular stimulus which sets these movements going? To this we can only bring the same indefinite answer as before. The stimulus of the amoeba and of the white blood-corpuscle is, in most of the movements we witness, not from without, but from within; internal changes are the chief causes which disturb the equilibrium of rest.

Certainly, at least the equilibrium, the spherical-balanced state of the white corpuscles which circle in the blood-currents of our bodies, can be disturbed by no direct stimulus proceeding from our wills. They are independent, indeed, of the nervous system altogether.

But it would be hazardous to assert that all amoeboid movements are outside the grasp of nervous action. White blood-corpuscles are not the only elements of even our bodies which enjoy this protoplasmic power. As to what extent similar amoeboid movements go on, and what share they hold in the production of the total life of the economy, one cannot speak at the present moment with decision or authority; for the matter is a new one, and just now undergoing careful examination. But, most probably, inquiry will result in enlarging rather than in diminishing our present views of the importance of

these movements; and it is very likely that investigation will bring out many instances of their at least indirect control by the nervous system, and thus possibly by the will.

REMARKABLE CUTANEOUS CHANGES.

One such instance we may already claim. Frogs, as you are possibly aware, like chameleons, vary in color from time to time, being at one period, perhaps, of a light-yellowish green; and at another, of almost a coal-black, or of some shade intermediate between the two. This change is brought about by means of certain pigment-cells (cells filled with black granules), scattered over the skin. Each pigment-cell is capable of changing its form. It may exist either as a little round black dot, with the black granules gathered up into a heap, or as a straggling many-branched star, with the granules strewn through all the branches, or in any possible shape intermediate between these two. The transition from one form to another we may look upon as an amoeboid movement, though it differs somewhat from the manifestations of a white blood-corpuscle, since, as it is probable, the cell itself does not so much change in form, as the granules change their position in the cell, running to and from the centre, from and into the various branching paths. When the granules are gathered in the centre, we see only a small round dot; when most of the granules are away in the branches, we see a straggling blackish patch.

But, whatever be the exact nature of the change, this at least is evident, that when the black granules are concentrated into heaps, we see more of the natural abiding green or yellow-green color of the skin, and we say that the frog is pale. When, however, the granules are scattered in broad ramified patches, they hide much more of the natural permanent color, and the frog appears to us dark or black, and so with intermediate stages.

Now the point to which I wish to draw your attention is this, that the condition of these pigment-cells, whether they are to be dots or broad patches, concentrated or diffuse, is determined (whether directly or indirectly I do not venture to decide) by the action of the nervous system. By operations upon the spinal cord and other parts of the nervous system, we can to a certain extent make the whole or a part of a frog dark or pale as we please; we can concentrate or diffuse its pigment-cells by nervous action. Nay, more, this color of the skin is intimately connected with one particular part of the nervous system. The frog, like the chameleon, though to a more limited extent, wears its colors according to the sky. He is black when it is dull or dark, pale when it is bright. The color of his skin is affected by the quantity of light. And the light works chiefly, perhaps wholly, not by acting directly on the skin, but by an indirect influence through the medium of the optic nerve. Destroy the sight of a frog, and he becomes forthwith coal-black, unless some other exciting causes intervene. Thus between the pigment-granules of the web, say, of the frog's foot, and the light coming from the sun, there is in constant operation a line of communication, the links of which are the retina, the optic nerve, the spinal cord, and certain nerves of the leg.

Time will not allow me to pursue this subject further. I will only remind you of the common experience of grooms, that blind horses do not wear their coats as do horses which can see (so striking is the difference that many men will know a blind horse at the first glance a long way off), and I think you will agree with me that there are probably many ties in living beings yet to be revealed by physiology, and that in these amoeboid movements of protoplasm there may lie solutions of problems with which at present they seem to have nothing whatever to do. I might put before you, perhaps, the yet larger reflection that the "too, too solid flesh" over which Hamlet lamented, is forever quivering and vibrating with perpetual movements. I think I may venture to suppose that few of you, looking at these pieces of seemingly dead skin, would think that they contained within them springs of continual motion, such as those of which the pieces of cork have made us aware. The microcosm of the animal body is like the macrocosm.

The heavens, at first gaze, seem full of the intensest quiet and rest; yet we know that they overflow with perpetual motion and toil. So, to the diligent observer, pieces of seeming dead membrane, bits of skin, drops of blood, all fragments almost of living bodies, come to be seen as spheres of unrest and labor. We may see, if we do but look, the shuttle of life flying to and fro in the tiniest morsel of living stuff.

SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE IN BOSTON.

No. VI.

HOW THEY REGULATED TRADE IN BOSTON.

TRADE, for the most part, thrives best when it is left to regulate itself. The *maximum* of prosperity is secured by the *minimum* of legislation. To undertake to settle by law how long a man shall work, and how much he shall work for; to determine what percentage of profit a trader may take, and to foster by protection one class of interests at the expense of another, is to violate the fundamental principles of sound political economy.

Now we will see how our early friends in Boston tried to manage their financial affairs.

In August, 1630, the wages of a master carpenter were fixed at sixteen pence per day, if meat and drink were also provided; "of the second sort of workmen," at twelve pence per day; and a fine of ten shillings was imposed upon both giver and receiver, if any thing above this was paid. Common laborers were forbidden to take above twelve pence per day, or six pence with food.

The next year these orders were rescinded, the presumption being that the good gentlemen who passed the law had now got their houses built, and ceased to have any personal interest in the matter.

But, after the lapse of one more year, the restriction upon wages was renewed, it being considered that the rates of compensation, which had risen to three shillings a day for carpenters, and two shillings and sixpence for laborers, had become excessive. It was urged that, with such pay as this, men could earn enough in four days to support them through the week; and, of course, it might be expected that the other two days would be passed in idleness and indulging in the use of tobacco and liquor, "which was a great waste to the Commonwealth."

It must have been somewhat hard upon mechanics, not only to have their wages cut down, but also to be liable to be disposed of after the manner indicated in the following enactment: "Whereas, Mr. Cullimar, servant to Mr. A. Mellowe, is employed in public service in making carriages, ordered, that John Humfry and John Endicott shall have power to *press any other carpenter* to supply the need of Mr. Mellowe, in lieu of his said servant."

For some reason, of which we are not informed, it was determined to withdraw brass farthings from circulation, and introduce something else in their place; whereupon it was "ordered that *musket-bullets* of a certain bore pass currently for farthings a piece, provided that no man is obliged to take above twelve pence at one time." We should hope not; forty-eight good-sized old-fashioned bullets would be about as much small change as a man would wish to carry in his pockets.

A unique kind of legislation is seen in the case of Mr. John Eales, who is "ordered to be placed in some convenient place for bee-hive making; the town to make up what his work wanteth of defraying the charge of his livelihood." A great many people would be glad to practise their trade on like conditions.

During the first four years, from the settlement of Boston, there were no shops for the sale of goods; but, if it was known that a citizen had in his possession a superfluity of any articles, over and above what he needed for the use of his own family, he would be called upon at his residence, and an offer made for the purchase of the same.

Neither was there any separate inn or ordinary, until the year 1634, when a tavern was opened by Samuel Cole, and John Coggan established a shop. At the same time the court passed an order for the "erection of a *marcate*."

A very unwise restriction upon trade is seen in a law prohibiting the purchase of any commodity from vessels arriving

at Boston, without express permission from the governor and some one of the assistants. Under such circumstances, it must have been all-important for retailers to be on good terms with the authorities; and, if human nature was the same then as it is now, it would not be strange if a pound of tea or a dozen of Malaga occasionally found their way to the gubernatorial mansion, as a kind remembrance from the grocery.

We are sometimes a little perplexed by the various schemes proposed in and outside of Congress for increasing our national revenue—one man declaring that the larger our debt the richer we are, because it is due to our own people; another man asserting that we have only to change our "promises to pay" into promises *not* to pay, with the general understanding that the latter shall be regarded as legal tender just as much as the former, and then we cease to have any debt at all; and *most* men seeming to think that the particular branch of business in which they happen to be engaged is the one which the public good demands should be free from onerous taxation.

On a small scale, we find indications of the same sort of financial sagacity in the times of our fathers.

In the year 1640, all people were forbidden to make any wheaten bread, either to sell, or for consumption in their families, it being hoped that, by reserving all the wheat raised in the colony for exportation, a large addition would be made to their wealth. The experiment worked so badly, that another law was soon passed, not only repealing the former, but forbidding the exportation of wheat altogether.

In this connection we cite another statute of a very singular character: it is "ordered that no man shall give his hogs any corn, but such as, being viewed by two or three neighbors, shall be judged unfit for man's meat; and that every plantation shall agree how many swine every person may keep, winter and summer." The intention of this statute was, to induce the people to feed their hogs with acorns, and reserve the corn for the use of human beings.

In 1643, we find the first intimation of an attempt to manufacture domestic goods, when a store of *cotton* was imported from Barbadoes; and the hum of the spinning-wheel and the rattle of the loom began to be heard in the habitations of the people.

This style of music has long since ceased; but, in its place, we hear the thunder of Lowell and Lawrence.

In 1652, it was determined to establish a mint in Boston, for the coinage of money—a step which the court had no legal right to take, and which no other colony in America ever dared to imitate. The government at home, however, having more important matters in hand, and being just then in a somewhat precarious condition, did not interfere at the time; and, in later days, this coinage proved to be such a convenience and benefit to the community, that, illegal as it was, no steps were ever taken to arrest the circulation of Massachusetts money. Mr. Hall, the first mint-master, appears to have made a profitable contract with the government, as he bargained to receive fifteen pence out of every twenty shillings, and soon amassed what was in those days a princely fortune.

Upon the whole, we have reason to doubt whether the general policy pursued by the authorities of Boston tended to the advancement of trade and the prosperity of the community. There were resources at command, which, if they had been handled with enterprise and skill, and without any undue restrictions on the part of the government, would soon have brought great wealth to the colony. A traveller from England, writing in 1663, says of the region: "Between the mountains are many ample, rich, and pregnant valleys as ever eye beheld, beset on each side with variety of goodly trees, the *grass man-high*, unmowed, uneaten, and uselessly withering; within these valleys are spacious lakes and ponds, well stored with fish and beavers." Grass growing *man-high* would be something of a curiosity in that vicinity now; but it must be remembered that, when this

man visited Massachusetts, the soil had never been exhausted by the removal of its products, and retained its virgin fertility. He goes on to speak of slate, as abounding in this quarter, "that could be split into pieces an inch thick, long enough for a dozen men to sit upon;" and of precious stones and metals as being found there, as lead, silver, copper, and tin. The reason, he adds, why so little is said about all this, is, lest these treasures should be claimed by the crown. There must have been another reason, more potent, and that was the non-existence of these valuable treasures.

Making due allowance for such exaggerated statements, it is undoubtedly true that the soil was much more productive than it is at present, and the fisheries and hunting-grounds could not have failed to yield a rich return, if their resources had been developed with industry and energy, and the government had been willing to let men alone in the prosecution of their private affairs.

It is from the time when they ceased to prescribe the rate of wages, the percentage of profits, and the conditions under which goods were to be purchased, that the financial prosperity and the rapid growth of Boston take their date. Then the sails begin to whiten her beautiful harbor, and her streets to resound with traffic. Then she began to be a *power in the land*, out-distancing for a time New York in her commerce, and rising to the highest place, among all the towns and colonies of America, in education and refinement. Then she began to bring forth a race of *real statesmen*, who, when the bell tolled the hour of our liberation from a foreign yoke, showed themselves competent to inaugurate the reign of a new republic among the nations of the earth.

WHAT SHOULD WOMEN STUDY?

By J. SCOTT RUSSELL.

HOME is an English word, an English thought; it is the place of the family; the fireside and the scene of family life, of family birth, growth, culture. English life grows and shines hidden, in the bosom of the family.

When, therefore, I speak of the occupation of a woman, I speak of her occupation in her sphere of "home administration." Man does his work abroad, without, in the world, in the crowd; woman's work is to organize, regulate, animate, illuminate home. There is her sphere, and in it she has work, duty, labor to do; industry, art, skill to exercise; intelligence, knowledge, to develop. Education is required, special in its object; training in arduous work, method in execution, technical education.

Woman's technical work is the organization and fulfilment of the duties of home life; and we must first examine the nature of these duties, before we can talk of the education and training they require.

The foundation of the home is marriage; the husband founds or finds the home; he brings his wife "home." He provides there shelter and comfort; and happiness is what he hopes always to find there. She has to make *that*. Henceforth his duties lie out of doors; hers lie indoors. He earns or gains their living abroad. He brings his earnings home weekly, monthly, yearly; that is his business. His wife's is, to spend that money—well, or ill?

The programme then of a woman's technical duty is simply this: How shall I spend my husband's earnings in our joint home, so as to make it yield him and us the best fruit? How shall I turn these hard-won earnings to best account?

"How to administer given earnings in the wisest, homely, household way"—that is a technical question, wanting some knowledge, teaching, training, education.

The money of a home has to provide for health, amusement, instruction. It has to provide fire, clothes, food, drink, music, reading, comeliness, knowledge, training, refinement.

Ought an English wife to know any thing about fuel or not? Should she know that there is good and bad coal?—that what is sold to her as best coal is oftener bad coal than good?—that bad coal produces smoke and flame and not heat, and that one wastes money

and the other uses it? Ought a woman to know this knowledge, or is it beneath her.

I must answer once for all, that I do not think any household knowledge of this sort is beneath any well-bred, well-born woman. When of two things you have to choose, whether you will do the better or the worse, it seems to me you have a grave responsibility. It seems to me, if you choose the worse, or don't choose, you are to blame. It seems to me, then, that a woman should know good coal from bad, or she may waste her husband's earnings. But next, if she buys only the best coal, comes the question: Is there a right way of using the coal and a wrong?

Ought an English wife to know how to use good coal; to use it to the purpose for which it is bought; to use it for light, cheerfulness, ventilation, warmth, cookery, cleanliness; or to use it to waste, smoke, discomfort? Is any knowledge necessary for that? Cannot anybody make a good fire?—keep a good fire, prevent smoke, maintain cheerful heat, warmth without waste?

Verily, there are few women who know this: the art to make, to maintain a good fire without excess, without waste, without smoke. Much science goes to understand a fire. 1. What is fuel made of? 2. What feeds the fire? 3. What wastes the fire? 4. What regulates the fire? 5. What makes flame? 6. What wastes heat? 7. What preserves and maintains heat? 8. What spreads it equally round a room? 9. What creates smoke, draughts, rheumatism, and colds?

It is not the work of a moment to understand and answer all these questions. A wise housekeeper should have asked them all, and got a good answer to each; that is one element of English home, health and comfort. Can every English housekeeper solve all this?

To feed her household well, agreeably, wholesomely, without stint, without waste—there is a technical problem of home life. What does each kind of food cost? What parts of food are the more wholesome, the more nutritious? What kinds of food do harm?—to the young, the middle-aged, the old? What quantity should be cooked, so as to give plenty without waste? What is the real value of each kind of food compared to its price? What is the price of food bought wholesale and bought at retail? What is the true weight of good kinds of food? How do I know good food from bad? How can I tell adulterated food from pure and wholesome food?

What are the wholesome ways of cookery? What kinds of cooking render wholesome food more or less nutritious, palatable? What dishes are comely, elegant, clumsy, gross, vulgar? How can I use the least sum of my husband's earnings in housekeeping, and yet never make him feel in want of any thing?

Shall I be told that all these things come by intuition, by experience, by practice? That they are for the servants to study, not for the mistress? That in every English household they are already perfectly well done? If I am assured that this is already known and done, I have only to admit, that no technical education in housekeeping is required by Englishwomen.

But I fear the truth is less pleasing; that many an Englishwoman sorely feels that that part of her education is at least not perfect. But I fear that many more Englishwomen and Englishmen do not know the truth about cookery and food. English food is often of the best materials in the world. English fuel is also of the best. English cookery, as a whole, is wasteful in the extreme, both of food and fuel. It is the fault of the Englishwoman; her want of technical education. She neither knows what is right, what is wrong, nor can she teach her servants what she herself is so ignorant of—the art of nutritious, wholesome, elegant, economical cookery.

Should the mother of a family know any thing about her own clothes—her husband's—her family's? What sort, quality, price of stuff, they should be made of? What stuffs wear well? what wash well? what wash out? Which parts wear out first? How to make these parts last the longest? What sewing holds? How many yards of stuff go to each piece of dress?—how much for lining, how much for trimming, how much for shaping, how much for sewing?

Should the head of a household know how to make any thing with her own hands—out of her own head? to cut out, to shape and fashion, to use a sewing-machine; to sew, embroider, mend? Should she know all about children's clothes, or nothing? Perhaps the Englishwoman we speak of may never want any of these knowledges; she is born above all these things. But may I ask: Is it of no use to

know thoroughly the things our servants have to do, or our shopkeepers? Should we not know when we are well served? when we are ill served? to distinguish between those who do well, and those who do ill; teach our inferiors, if they don't know; criticise their blunders, detect and correct their faults? Is it beneath the head of a household, to add to the pride of birth and the power of wealth, the excellence of superior intelligence and knowledge? Would it diminish your respect for a stately dame of a noble house, to know that she spared her husband's purse, and looked carefully after her own household? I know of a queen of ancient race, who taught her daughters to wash their own lace; for as she wisely said, "My dears, you never know what you may come to!" Was she a foolish or a wise mother?

All about clothes I think woman's work and woman's duty: price, stuff, shaping, sewing, durability, washing, ironing, and mending. A woman who cannot do all these things, and teach them to servants and daughters by example and precept, has not to my mind got a good technical education.

There is no such physician as a wise wife or mother. Not to cure disease: that is a doctor's work: but to prevent disease, or to stop it at starting. What are our gravest illnesses?—neglected colds, indigestions, headaches. Who first finds out that we are ill? Who knows what has caused our illness? Who first takes alarm? Why should not every wife know the early symptoms of disease, the cause, the cure? There—not by the sick-bed, or in the hospital, but there, by the family fireside, the kindly mother should wisely watch the first symptoms of disease, wisely give the early warning, wisely apply the simple cure. Which is better in the house, a wise wife, or a perpetual physician? There is no technical training so valuable to a woman as that which shall enable her both to keep the doctor out of the house, and to send for him the moment he is wanted.

The most important part of the Englishwoman's home duty is still to come. The character of the next generation of Englishmen and Englishwomen is to be of their mothers' forming. Nearly all the education that forms character is mother's teaching—home education, family training. School may modify, but cannot supersede this first apprenticeship to human life. The world may cover and obscure the marks of mother's breeding: that early growth can never be uprooted!

If, then, the mother's teaching founds the future character, sows the early seeds of feeling, plants the first roots of principle, settles the tendencies and aims of life, grounds habits, prunes error, weeds out follies, checks faults, develops hidden talent, encourages native energy to steady application, and makes good the weak places of the young human creature—what after-thought, and pains, and toil, and painful undoing and still more painful regret, may not a wise mother spare her children's lives! What glorious privileges may she not confer on these young human souls, making of them treasures for their friends, their home, their country, and their God?

All nature is a book—a child's book. Its mother is nature's best interpreter, if only she first knew!

A mother's teaching, home education, family training—what a wide field of mother's work—all a child should know, all *that* its mother should be able to teach!

I have spoken only of infancy, of the first six or seven years, when as yet the school is not, and the pedagogue has not entered on the scene. If the mother's work must now cease, how glad will she be if she has done it well, and how grateful her children ever after! But must it now cease? Can a mother after seven be of no more help to her boys or girls—teach them no more? Let the mother herself say: can she help her boys in the evening, or in the early morning, with their figures, their reading, their exercises?

For my part, I doubt much if girls blessed with such a mother need ever go to school, or could ever better themselves by it. I am quite sure that a man would far rather marry such a mother's girl than the best boarding-school miss of the most fashionable girls' school.

But even if mothers do not or cannot teach all their children all they should know, of how great advantage to initiate, to choose, to watch the education! What teachers would grow up under the inspection of well-taught mothers for the education of their well-prepared children! Thus every knowledge of the mother proves a treasure to her child.

FRENCH MORALS AND MANNERS.

BY A ROVING AMERICAN.

No. III.

WE were talking last week about the comparative intimacy of young girls with their male unmarried friends in America and in France, and were proceeding to state that, even at Paris, where the largest liberty is allowed to the stranger within its gates, our intrepid American girls may be as "fast" as they were on this side; but Americans and English constitute separate societies from the French people, and the few who gain admission into French circles are, perforce, compelled to conform to the usages which regulate it, and therefore pronounce it "slow," or "horribly stupid." Just fancy the feelings of Miss Flora McFlimsy when debarred from "flirting" with half a dozen men for a whole evening, and compelled, actually, to act the part of a modest and sensitive girl, capable of blushing!—at the same time seeing "old married women" of twenty-five monopolizing the most agreeable men! Would she not have good cause to be even more disgusted, than on the occasion when she dissolves in tears at having "nothing to wear" at the Stuckups' ball? If Miss Flora be a fair specimen of a large class of New York women, is it not a proof that our system is not so perfect as to allow us to sneer at our French neighbors?—for there can be no Flora McFlimsy under their system. The French girl cheerfully foregoes all these preliminary skirmishes, contenting herself with the loss of the short-lived gratification of "flirtation" with a dozen different men while single, to be followed by total neglect and oblivion a year after she is married. Her life only opens with marriage—does not close as far as society is concerned: nor does matrimony, for her, bear inscribed over its threshold the warning which Dante places over the gate of hell:

"Lasciate ogni speranza
Che voi entrate!"

To her it is the beginning, not the end of her social triumphs; for the woman who is most captivating abroad is apt to be the most charming at home; the sunshine of her inner life reflecting on her outer one. "But," says the American critic of French morals and manners, "if the French girl does not flirt, and is as demure as a nun *before* marriage, she takes it out afterward. She don't act well as a wife, sir—in fact," says our friend General Andrew Jackson Jenkins, growing red in the face, "we all know what an immoral people the French are; and how little they respect their marriage-vows! Heaven forbid we should ever introduce French morals and manners into our free country!" and the general proudly glances at his virtuous spouse, arrayed in the spoils of French milliners, and evidently uneasy in them, watching with a weary air the crowd in the court of the Grand Hotel, while the Misses Anna Maria and Eliza Jane Jenkins are flirting furiously with two fiercely-mustached foreigners, who claim to be Polish princes, but whose principalities are in dream-land, with two wives each already, in different cities—now very devoted to the young Americans, or their "*dots*."

The young ladies also share in the opinions of their parent, and believe that, in France, only young girls are watched, and marriage is a charter of license—the *convenances* only being observed as far as public scandal is concerned; the *politesse* of *mon-sieur* being cheerfully extended to the peccadilloes of *madame*. But this is also a great mistake: since the French wife is the most circumspect, and even prudish, of women, from the English or American point of view, and does not allow herself a tithe of the privileges claimed by her freer Anglo-Saxon sisters. I speak, of course, of the mass, not of exceptional instances in the court circle, or among the butterflies of fashion, whose hearts are as empty as their heads. The average French woman has a nervous terror of doing or saying aught which

might "compromise" her—a shuddering sensitiveness at being talked about—which makes her *very cautious* of giving any pretext to the tongue of scandal—quite as much so as in her guarded girlhood.

The Frenchwoman receives her husband's male friends, or her own, chiefly in public: at her box at the opera; at the public promenades of the Bois de Boulogne, or open-air concerts, or at her receptions; and one must be a friend of long date, or exceptionally lucky, to gain the *entrée* familiarly to her house. It is long before you cross the threshold, except on formal reception-days, when all the world she knows crowd her *salons*, if she be pretty, popular, or the fashion. Gentlemen calling on other days will not be received; and, for the rest of the week, she devotes herself to her domestic duties, never interrupted by those casual callers, who fritter away so much of a woman's time in other countries. She is a busy bee, an indefatigable worker.

The *flâneurs*, or idlers, of Paris, are all male. French hospitality does not take the form of heavy feeding, dinner-giving not being a general habit in private circles; and the frugal way most French families habitually live does not admit of that form of entertaining. The practical economy of a French *ménage* is very great, and the quantity and quality of food which constitute the daily dinner would not satisfy the stomachs of the heavy feeders of Albion and America. But, contrary to popular prejudice, the Frenchman *does* dine at home every day, and the patrons of the restaurant are not Parisians, but provincials, or strangers. "But," asks a wondering damsel, "if neither flirtation, nor courtship, nor even the unrestricted intercourse of young people, be permitted, how do the girls contrive to get married? Women must be as regularly sold there as in the Eastern slave-markets." The question is a natural one, and the "*marriage de convenance*," so customary in France, is the one part of that social system against which the writer confesses his own prejudice: believing some love-making and intimacy in advance to be indispensable to a correct choice, and to the chance of happiness afterward. Yet they certainly dispense with these in France, and the young people have the pathway to their future union carefully smoothed and prepared for them by their relatives, often before they have had the pleasure even of knowing each other. These relatives make all the arrangements as to the bride's *dot* and the groom's settlements, in the most business-like way, and the union of the two hearts and hands is treated as any other civil contract would be. That the result of these marriages, thus contracted, is usually fortunate, I believe.

That they lead to general matrimonial infidelity, I know to be untrue. But to urge that it is the surest way to secure a congenial companion "for better or for worse," would be to admit that marriage is, at best, a lottery—a lowering of our high ideal of what it ought always to be—a perfect union of hearts and hands.

But the Frenchman and Frenchwoman, it must be admitted, though overflowing with expressions of sentiment, have at heart really very little of it. They are eminently practical, and hard common-sense is their most striking characteristic. This matrimonial brokerage, therefore, suits them. It would not suit some of us, though, I fear, it is becoming much more common in practice than in the earlier days of our republic, when the golden calf was not so universally worshipped by men and women as now, and when some things in life were regarded as superior to money. Our young ladies dispense with the services of the matrimonial broker, but do a thriving business of this kind on their own account. The phrase, "What is he worth?" is not a French one, nor are the two words synonymous in any other language than our own. Yet that inquiry is often made by soft lips here, and a *good match* means a good speculation, in our vernacular—that is, "one that pays." Let us not, then, play the Pharisee with our French neighbors, thanking God that matrimony, with us, cannot be defined as a mat-

ter of money, nor Cupid give place to his cousin Cupidity in our court of Hymen.

When the mutual friends have arranged every thing, and the young people have found each other agreeable, and have plighted their troth, the engagement is announced, and marriage shortly follows.

More liberty of choice, however, is given than is usually supposed, although the first selection of the future spouse is generally made by the parents.

The man does not entirely drop his club or his bachelor friends, but does not present many of them to his wife, nor entertain them much at his new home. She, on her part, rapidly develops from the chrysalis into the butterfly, her real life commencing with her marriage; and she now enters society to enjoy herself, and take the position she can win in it. The shy, silent girl expands, as though by magic, into the graceful, sprightly woman, and the marriage-ring seems to have wrought on her the marvels of Aladdin's lamp. Nor does this seem merely the dropping of a mask, but the result of previous training and education; so that, instead of being a galling yoke—a surrender of her freedom of thought and action—within proper bounds, marriage is to her the charter of her liberation from those restraints which maidenly modesty and the custom of the country imposed upon her. That the Frenchwoman abuses these privileges, as is commonly believed in English and American circles, after long and careful observation I am disposed not only to doubt, but positively to deny. It is a slander upon them, which has its foundation only in the depraved imagination of dissolute romance-writers, and of credulous foreigners who adopt their fictions as facts, acting the part of "prurient prudes" as well as Pharisees, imagining immorality where none exists, and judging evil out of pure prejudice. For the education of the French girl usually blends religious with secular instruction. The best schools are the convents, such as the *Sacré Cœur* at Paris, where the morals and manners, as well as the minds of the young girls committed to their care, are faithfully attended to by the accomplished women who compose the sisterhood. The semi-conventual discipline of these institutions, where the parental supervision is always permitted within certain bounds, keeps the hearts and minds of these young creatures free from the evil associations and dangerous intimacies with unfit companions, so perilous under any common-school system, and unavoidable even at more select private establishments. The French girls are taught to reverence religion and practise its precepts, to obey their parents, and to respect their elders, as well as crammed with the "ologies" and "onomies" which occupy our "young ladies," and the "accomplishments" which make our Flora McFlimsys and strong-minded women: converting the finished school-girl either into an affected flirt, or a man in every thing save in beard and breeches. As far as the preparation for making a good wife and a feminine woman may go, the French system is the best. For the creation of politicians in petticoats, the American system "beats all creation;" for what other people, ancient or modern, can boast such epicene women as we, in this land of liberty, have seen in these latter days?—women who have taken *au sérieux* Lady Macbeth's aspiration, and have really "unsexed" themselves!

The French girl, on her marriage, enters society by the "ivory gate," not having lost all her illusions, nor withered the fresh flowers of her virginal spring in the heated atmosphere of flirtation, which has been the breath of life, since early girlhood, to her Anglo-Saxon neighbors. In one of his later novels, Lord Lytton (who is not now so young as he once was) breaks into a most glowing apostrophe to "Youth!" for the loss of which even fame, world-wide as his, cannot compensate him. But, a thing more unlovely and lamentable than its natural flight by the lapse of years is, the loss of it prematurely by the forcing system of modern society, which sows the wrinkles and the weariness of old age on the brow and heart of youth, with-

ering and blighting the bud ere it has had time to develop into the ripened fruit. From this evil, at least, of bearing old heads upon young shoulders, the French system saves its young mothers of the coming generation, who are not *blasé* and *fané* before reaching womanhood, through flirtation.

THE THEORY OF SLEEP.

By H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.D., F.R.S., OF THE LONDON MEDICAL UNIVERSITY.

WHAT PART IS IT THAT SLEEPS?

FOR the developed consciousness of a highly-organized animal, there is no rest in the waking state. Impressions are continually pouring in through one or other sense-avenue, which stimulate and keep up trains of thought. So that, if occasional periods of rest are desirable for all organs, it would only seem possible to bring this about, in the case of the brain, by some mechanism which should practically deaden the sensibility of the sensorium, or nerve-centres, upon which stimuli, acting through the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, or touch, impinge. In this way consciousness would be for a time blotted out, and the function of thought held in abeyance. This, as I shall now attempt to show, is the object and nature of the state of sleep. It is a condition due to the temporary and periodical inactivity of the most specialized portion of the nervous system, the brain; and the slumbering insensibility of this highest organ of animal life involves, as a consequence, a similar state of inactivity for the other organs of relation, while the functions of mere vegetative life are carried on in the usual way; the heart beats, the lungs perform their accustomed functions, and most of the glandular organs elaborate their secretions, as in the waking state. Thus, although it is usual to speak of the individual as sleeping, it is really only his or her brain and its immediate dependencies, the sense-organs, which sleep. It is for the brain alone that this special provision requires to be brought about, on account of the delicacy of its organization, and the subtle and peculiar nature of the functions which it performs. Consciousness itself must be deadened, if the organ of consciousness and thought is to obtain that rest which is necessary for the continuance of its functional activity. We do not mean to say that other parts of the body do not also share in the advantages which are to be derived from periodical sleep. The voluntary muscles, for instance, must benefit by this period of rest, when nutritive repair may take place more effectually in those which have been especially called into action during the previous day. But the various muscles, even during our waking state, have also their periods of rest; we are not always engaged in muscular exertions, and, when so employed, alternate demands are made upon different sets of muscles—so that periods of sleep are not so necessary for the restoration of vigor to our voluntary muscular system. And even those purely organic functions, the continuance of which, depending upon the action of involuntary muscles, is necessary for the well-being of the individual, are intermitting rather than strictly continuous. Thus, the pulsations of the heart, and the movements of respiration seem continuous, but still there is even with them a periodicity which is able to include, between the successive actions of these organs, distinct periods of rest. It can be easily computed that the diurnal aggregate of these periods of rest for the heart would amount to no less than six hours, and, for the muscles concerned in respiration, even a still longer period. Glands, also, have their periods of rest and activity in the waking state; while for the brain, as we have before shown, the only possibility of repose, and any thing like complete rest, is to be found during sleep, when consciousness and thought are in abeyance.

THE CONDITIONS OF ACTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS.

How, then, is this state of unconsciousness induced? To enable the reader to understand the reply which is to be given, a few other fundamental facts in physiology must be briefly alluded to.

The action, or what is called the functional activity, of an organ depends upon its being maintained in a due state of nutrition; for, if the structure of an organ is defective, or spoiled, by virtue of a faulty nutrition, we can no more expect it to act in a proper manner than we can expect a watch to keep accurate time when its mechanical adjustments are either broken or out of gear. Or, to take an il-

lustration which elucidates our present meaning better: just as no one would expect a steam-engine to continue in activity after the supply of coal had been stopped, the combustion of which furnishes its motive power, so it could not be expected that any organ of the body would continue to perform its accustomed actions or functions after that which supplies its motive power has been cut off. Now, in the case of animal organs, the blood supplies the pabulum, which serves as fuel in enabling them to continue their functions—under the special guidance and control of one of them—the central nervous system. For, as we have before said, every action taking place in a living being is possible only by the death and molecular resolution of those portions of tissue-elements which occasion the vital manifestation; and this great law of life involves the further necessity of constant and molecular nutritive repair, if the functional and structural integrity of the organs is to be maintained. The material for this repair is supplied by the blood, which is impelled, by the contractions of the heart, through a system of closed tubes lying among the elements of almost every tissue of the body. These blood-vessels have muscular and contractile walls, and gradually diminish in size till they terminate in a dense network of capillary canals, having thin membranous walls, through which the nutritive juices are enabled to exude, so that they may be taken up by the tissue-elements among which the capillaries lie. It is now well known, also, that one of the most obvious duties of the great sympathetic system of nerves and ganglia (the nervous system of organic life) is to regulate the calibre of these contractile tubes, through which blood is conveyed to the various organs of the body. By the stimulation of certain parts of this nervous system of vegetative or organic life, the vessels which receive their nerves from the parts stimulated may be seen to contract and notably diminish in size; while if the ganglionic nervous influence is cut off from these vessels, by section of the nervous trunks going to them, then, on the contrary, the same vessels are seen to dilate to a diameter even beyond that which is natural to them. By a mechanism such as this, therefore, great differences may be brought about in the amount of blood sent to an organ, according to its varying degrees of functional activity at different times, and its corresponding need of a greater or less supply of nutritive fluid to compensate for the molecular waste which it is undergoing. And it may be laid down, indeed, as a general rule, that the more active the organ, the greater is the supply of blood which is sent to it, the quantity actually sent being regulated to a nicety by a most complex but marvellously-adapted nervous mechanism.

THE CAUSE OF SLEEP.

Now, the state of sleep, as we have before specified, is one which is essentially characterized and produced by a more or less complete arrest of the functions of the brain, the organ presiding over the functions of animal life. How, then, is this arrest of function brought about? The answer most likely to suggest itself to any reader of this paper would probably be, by a diminution in the amount of blood sent to the organ. But, curiously enough, it is only within the last ten years or so that physiologists have begun to entertain this view. It was formerly thought that the state of sleep depended upon a congested condition of the vessels of the brain; that is, upon their being more or less distended with blood, moving, however, with less rapidity than natural. This distention, with slow movement of the blood, would, it is true, be unfavorable to the functional activity of the organ; and then, in addition, it was maintained that the pressure on the delicate brain-tissue produced by the distended vessels was in itself an even more powerful cause of sleep. On this theory it was difficult and almost impossible to account for the production of the congestion, and there is reason to believe that the efficaciousness of pressure upon the brain-pulp, in bringing about sleep, was maintained principally under the influences of a false but supposed analogy existing between this normal physiological condition and certain states of disease which are especially characterized by the most profound unconsciousness. These states are known by the names of stupor and coma, and it is perfectly true that they may be induced by undue pressure upon the brain, occasioned by portions of depressed and fractured skull, for instance; while it is also true that in other cases such states are accompanied by a very full and distended condition of the vessels of the brain, with dark-colored and more or less impure blood. But the fact that sleep is produced in quite a different way rests principally upon the results of observation and experiment. Even Blumenbach, in the end of the last century, advocated the view that the proximate cause

of sleep was a diminished flow of blood to the head; a view which he was led to entertain from observations made upon a young man who had fractured his skull. Dendy, also, states that in 1821 there was a woman at Montpellier, who had lost part of her skull, so that the brain and its membranes were partly laid bare. "When she was in deep sleep," it is said, "the brain remained motionless beneath the crest of the cranial bones; when she was dreaming, it became somewhat elevated; and, when she was awake, it was protruded through the fissure in the skull." But, in 1860, Mr. Durham proved experimentally that in certain animals during the state of sleep the vessels on the surface of the brain were notably smaller, and contained less blood, than when the same animals were awake. Dr. Hammond, of New York, also, shortly afterward, by somewhat similar experimental researches, was enabled to corroborate the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Durham. And now, these observations, together with others of a somewhat similar nature, having gone so far to show that the brain contains notably less blood in its vessels during sleep, the doctrine may be said to be fairly established that a comparatively anæmic or bloodless state of the brain is the principal determining cause of sleep, we are thus left free to inquire, What is the actual cause of that diminution in the blood-supply which induces this state?

PHYSIOLOGY OF GOING TO SLEEP.

AN interesting little book has recently been published by Mr. C. H. Moore ("On Going to Sleep"), in which he endeavors more especially to answer this last question. He insists, as we think, very properly, upon the fact that the transition from a condition of wakefulness to one of sleep is really at the last an *abrupt change of state*, and therefore one which cannot be adequately accounted for by relying upon such general causes as weariness or fatigue of body and mind. All these, it is true, are powerful predisposing causes, but the immediate effective cause must be something more specific; and there are many reasons for believing that this is the discharge of a stimulating influence from certain ganglia of the sympathetic system in the neck along those nerves which are distributed upon and regulate the calibre of the arteries that supply the brain. The effect of this outgoing stimulus is to cause a diminution in the calibre of these arteries, so that they carry to the brain a smaller quantity of blood—a quantity inadequate to maintain the functional activity of the organ, and therefore leading to a state of unconsciousness, though perhaps sufficient to enable the nerve-elements to undergo that amount of nutritive molecular repair which shall fit them for the activity they may be called upon to display on the morrow. It seems probable that there is a kind of inverse relationship existing between the activities of those parts of the sympathetic nervous system which supply the cerebral arteries and the cerebrum or brain itself—a kind of antagonism between the nervous system of organic and that of animal life. And it is perfectly consistent with other known physiological phenomena for us to imagine that in general, so long as we are awake, and the brain is in a condition of functional activity, an influence emanates from it along those nerve-filaments by which it is in connection with the cervical sympathetic ganglia of a repressive, or, as physiologists would say, of an *inhibitory* nature. Although such a communication cannot be actually demonstrated, yet various reasons lead us to believe that it almost certainly exists through the intermediation of fibres passing through the upper part of that elongated continuation of the brain known as the spinal cord. So long as this inhibitory stimulus streams down from the active brain above, the action of the cervical sympathetic ganglia is restrained; but when, after the fatigues of a day spent in more or less bodily and mental exertion, the vigor of the brain is diminished (as the relaxed or wandering attention testifies), then there comes a moment of abstraction, when the action of the brain is so slight that the inhibitory influence proceeding from it is no longer capable of holding in check the sympathetic ganglia. These, set free from the cerebral influence, begin to discharge their accumulated force, so as to lead to a contraction of the cerebral arteries and a diminished supply of blood to the brain. This lowered supply of blood necessarily leads to a still further diminution of brain-energy, and thus the freedom of the cardiac ganglia from cerebral control is rendered more perfect, and the condition of sleep the more sound.

PHYSIOLOGY OF WAKING UP.

AFTER hours of repose, however, during which we must suppose nutritive repair has been taking place, the irritability of the nerve-cells

in the brain has been restored to its maximum condition, so that they are now rendered capable of responding to such slight impressions, through one or other of the sensory organs, as would have passed utterly unnoticed soon after sleep had been induced. Now, some slight impression, whether of sight, sound, or touch, is capable of arousing the consciousness, and completely putting an end to that state of sleep which had for some time previously been gradually growing less and less sound. The brain is again in activity, the sympathetic ganglia are once more subordinated, so that the cerebral arteries have redilated, and thus the supervention of the state of wakefulness is at the last more or less sudden and abrupt, just as we have seen that the final transition from the waking to the sleeping state was an abrupt one. The slight impression upon the reinvigorated sensorium must have exercised a paralyzing influence upon the cervical sympathetic ganglia sufficient to cause the redilation of the cerebral vessels, and its consequence a state of wakefulness.

Space will not permit of our going into details concerning the state of sleep itself and the phenomena of dreaming. We will only say that, from a consideration of many facts, it seems more than probable that certain parts of the brain may sleep while others are awake, and that great variations in this respect take place during the total period of sleep; all these tending to show that the branches of the cerebral arteries have separate and smaller nerve-centres (all in connection, however, with the great cervical ganglia), so that certain of the arterial branches may remain dilated, while others are in a state of contraction.

We can only allude, also, to the different requirements of different individuals as regards their amount of sleep—differences dependent upon age, mental activity, and other circumstances; and to the remarkable instances on record in which sleep has supervened in the most exceptional circumstances—even as in the case of Damien, in the midst of the most diabolical tortures on the rack. These anomalies are much more capable of explanation from a consideration of the theory of sleep which we have just been unfolding, than if we attempt to account for them by a reference to any of the views concerning this mysterious state which have hitherto been in vogue.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

WOULD love be love, without love's sigh?
Would rest be rest, were toil unshared?
Would joy be joy, if pain could die?
Or flight be flight, to wings unsnared?

Would home be home, were cares unknown?
Would light be light, were darkness dead?
Would wheat be wheat, were tares unsown?
Or hope be hope, if doubts were fled?

Would heights be grand, were ways less steep?
Would shores be blest, were seas untossed?
Would smiles be fair, did we not weep?
Our loved so dear, were hearts unlost?

Oh, calm is deep, though storms are loud;
And flowers are gay through winter's breath;
And stars more bright where looms the cloud:
Thank God for life, thank God for death!

MY WICKER-SEAT.

UNTIL I reached the age of thirty, it always puzzled me to understand why Horace, Virgil, Temple, Chateaubriand, Washington, and other "great intelligences," much preferred the country, with its grass and foliage, to the more imposing life of cities.

To-day, when I am past thirty—in fact, approaching forty—I think I understand. They had become philosophers; laugh-

at gandy triumphs; loved their ease; and doubtless had, as I have, a wicker-seat, under a tree, in which they mused and dreamed. It is a rustic, old affair, that would please a poet; the rain and snow fall on it, without harming it; all the day, I think, there is shade there; and the "Cane-bottomed chair" of good old Thackeray was nothing to it—that charming "Cane-bottomed chair," which I always thought the best exposition of the mingled humor and tenderness of that master.

In my wicker-chair, as he in his cane, I have many thoughts. In fact, I surrender myself, there, to the idlest and most agreeable reveries—to fits of musing, to my recollections, and to those day-dreams, which some great philosopher—blessed and honored be his name!—has declared to be the only realities.

But it is to my recollections that I give the most attention. When you are approaching forty, my dear reader—that is to say, the summit, which you ascend to from the plains of youth, and whence your steps go down into the vale of age—at forty, or, as you approach it, memory takes the strongest hold upon your musings, and you live far more in the bright past than in the present or the future. How you smile and sigh then, as you go back to the old days! how the present disappears, with all its ills and *tracasseries*, and the gay old years are the real present of your life!

I am musing, you see; but I stop on the threshold, and come back to the landscape before me, from which I have wandered. It is a charming world which lies before me here—which I gaze upon, from my old wicker-seat, while building my handsome castles and *châteaux en Espagne*. A long, blue range of mountains rises yonder, only a few miles away, and nearer I see ridges, shaggy with their rich evergreens, but smiling, too, in the fine sunlight of the imperial evening. The blue billows roll off to the south, lost in rosy mist; and not far from my rustic seat a stream steals away beneath the drooping boughs of sycamores, and through nodding water-flags. I turn my head; and still, in the west and southwest—mountains, mountains! which swim, in dreamy mist, rounding every outline, or rush to the sky like long waves of the ocean, tipped with foamy clouds.

As I muse to-day, the sun is setting in a blaze of splendor. What a spectacle! It is a great, golden shield, slowly sinking down behind the mountain; and the clouds which hang above resemble, you would say, the purple curtains which some dying emperor draws around him, as he passes from the scene of his glory, to the undiscovered realm of darkness. So—slowly and silently—the day goes, and the night comes. An influence, quiet, soothing, breathing immemorial happiness, descends upon the heart as you gaze at the grand spectacle: at this sky all gold and crimson, blue and pink and purple. The rainbows of a hundred summers seem to have been "worked up" into this fine picture, where the clouds are dazzling and take every shape—of hounds upon the traces of the deer; of mighty castles tipped with fire on battlement and casement, through which seem to rush the flames of some great conflagration; of mail-clad knights, with visor down and lance in rest; of beautiful princesses with slender waists and undulating forms, and shining hair, who sway, and bend, and smile, saluting me as I gaze upon them—me, their king!

That is fanciful, you perhaps say. Well, I have just been reading Tennyson, the prince of singers, and a long procession of bright scenes and figures has passed over the page—the bold Geraint, and Enid, Yniol's child; and Vivien, fair and false and frail; the great Lancelot, Queen Guinevere, and, sweeter than them all, Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat. What a world of fairy the great poets live in! Their very dreams seem dipped in the hues of sunlight—they float along in silken-sailed galleys, to aerial music, over glassy seas, or blue waves tipped with foam. I think Tennyson is the prince of all who are living to-day; but he is not a mere dreamer. In this book of Idyls he has shown his real strength. It is full of the huge muscle and sonorous music of the old giants of the language; and the soil

beneath the trampling feet of the chevaliers bursts into gorgeous flowers, such as grow nowhere else but in Milton and Shakespeare. It is not the violet or the daisy that springs here, but the great crimson "giant of battle" rose. And yet the sounds and sights are not deafening and dazzling. The sweetest cadences of song chime in, and white lilies peep up here and there between the clashing hoofs of the war-horses. The lance-thrusts and the thunder flush your pulses, but the sorrows of Elaine and Guinevere fill the throat with tears; for the master plays upon your heartstrings at his will!

Thinking of all those fine figures, I take up the volume beside me to resume my perusal, when, turning my eyes from the grand sunset, I perceive that I have laid my hand upon and opened—"Salmagundi!" What a descent! but what charming humor, if you must have humor, in place of the fine frenzy of the king of poets! I like the "minor works" of celebrated authors, often more than their more famous productions; and I am not certain that I do not prefer "Salmagundi" to "The Sketch-Book." What a mine of rich conceits it is!—what riotous, headlong, *insouciant*, grotesque humor it exhibits! It is better than the *Spectator*, or the *Tatler*, or the *Connoisseur*, or the *Town*, those once celebrated volumes depicting the humors of London. Irving and Paulding wrote this book in fraternal collaboration, and they expended upon it their best powers, skimming, I think, the cream of their minds for it. Think of Will Wizard, and Miss Charity Cockloft, and Uncle John, and the whole *dramatis personæ*—of the wit, the humor, the comedy, the sly irony—can any thing be imagined more delightful and Goldsmithian? I am old-fashioned, and like the old gentlemen, and old books, rather than those of to-day. I like Irving and Paulding—and am not sure that the latter is not as good as the former. Has he been adequately appreciated? His style is so pure, idiomatic, graceful, and finished, that the writers of this spasmodic epoch might study it, I think, with advantage. His humor is rich, unforced, and the *vis comica* everywhere breaks out as he writes. His pathos is true, unstrained, and fresh from the heart;—and, if all this be true of him, he is one of the *sidera majora*. The "Autumn Reflections" alone—that delicious specimen of the musical serenity and smiling grace of the old school, now nearly or quite forgotten—is itself sufficient to place Paulding among the most delightful authors of English literature.

He is gone, like Irving—and his books, too, are passing. A few years ago, and the old gentleman was tottering about his garden on the Hudson, and looking at the sunsets and smiling the smile of a philosopher. Doubtless, he had a wicker-seat, like myself. A few years and I, and the little I may have written, will be gone too—like Paulding and the sun yonder, which have both sunk beneath the horizon.

"The night comes when the day goes," says Victor Hugo.

TABLE-TALK.

IT is asserted that the influence of Ruskin in art is fast declining in England, and that with it is likely to disappear the pre-Raphaelite school of painting. Ruskin never obtained any conspicuous influence in art in this country, largely, no doubt, for the reason that many of those traditions of the academies which he so earnestly combated did not have so firm a hold in America as they did in Europe. A few of our painters have imitated the pre-Raphaelite methods, but not one of this school has obtained recognized rank. There are a few, indeed, who every year hang upon the walls of the Academy their strange and puzzling canvases, but these remain almost unheeded, save as objects of occasional wondering gaze. But why should there be a theory in art? Why should a painter study to a method? If systems have grown up in departure from the simplicity and truth of Nature, let the young student banish traditions, and simply set up his canvas under the skies

of heaven, and study to repeat what he finds around him. That Ruskin has done much good in awakening the young painter to this necessity of studying Nature in her naked truth, cannot be denied. But while the pre-Raphaelites, as the result of their theory, often give us purer, truer, and simpler forms, while they have banished conventionality from their studios—where in Nature, or in truth, do they get their ideas of perspective, of color, and of the relation of parts? The theories of pre-Raphaelitism may as well depart, but its influence, in many particulars, can favorably remain.

We all remember that terrible international atrocity perpetrated by the allied forces of England and France in the bombardment of Canton, in 1857. After a protracted diplomatic duel between Lord Elgin on the part of the allies and Governor Yeh, of Canton, on the part of the Chinese, in which the Chinaman beat the Englishman on every point, and beat him so badly that his government did not let the correspondence see the light till several years afterward, the worsted party brought to bear its final argument—the cannon of the fleet. "Yield to our demands," said Lord Elgin, "or we will attack the city." "We will not yield," said Governor Yeh; "for we are right, and you are wrong. But we are defenceless, and shall make no resistance." The attack was ordered, and for twenty-seven consecutive hours a mile of gunboats poured shot and shell into an unresisting city swarming with a million inhabitants.

An interesting incident is related to us by a gentleman who was there at the time, and which illustrates the respective qualities of the so-called civilized and barbarous parties in this memorable transaction:

At sunrise, after twenty-four hours of firing, and all the higher buildings adjacent were seen to be knocked into ruins, there appeared opposite one of the French gunboats a little low dwelling which had not been injured. While it was being observed, a door was opened, and one of the barbarians came out. He stood for a few moments, looking up and around unconcernedly, as if inspecting the weather and estimating the prospects of the day, and then returned and shut the door. "Well, there is impudence—the infernal heathen! Who ever saw the like?" ejaculated the beholders on the gunboat. Presently, the door again opened, and the Chinaman emerged for the second time, but now with a washing-bowl in his hand and a napkin upon his arm. Placing the basin upon a heap of brick *débris*, he deliberately proceeded with his morning ablutions. Having washed and wiped his face, and then, in accordance with the Chinese habit, wiped out his bowl, he coolly returned with it to his domicile. The inoffensive act was immediately interpreted as an insult, and the guns were at once ordered to be brought to bear upon the little dwelling, which was blown to atoms in a twinkling, and the wounded honor of the high-minded Europeans was duly avenged.

This immortal outrage had its fitting sequel. When the devastation was thought sufficient, the cannonading was stopped, and officers were sent to get Governor Yeh's submission. But he would yield nothing. "Then we take you prisoner of war; come along with us." But the governor did not move from his seat. The victorious warriors proceeded to lift the arm-chair containing the impassive governor, and carried them both on board a man-of-war. Governor Yeh was then sent to Calcutta, put in prison, and kept there till he died.

No doubt one of the most agreeable things in literature is a thoroughly good short story. At the same time it is one of the most difficult to obtain. We have few or no trained writers in this branch of composition. Our professional novelists rarely attempt the short story, and, when they do, are far from increasing their reputation thereby. Since the time of Poe there has been no one eminently successful in this branch—no one whose invention or art has been sufficient for great success.

A good short story should have one fresh, central incident, two or three well-conceived and sharply-drawn characters, a certain symmetrical unity in construction, a deep significance in the catastrophe or climax—not necessarily a moral, as ordinarily understood, but, as nothing should be purposeless, the short story should illustrate some defect or virtue in human character, or portray some special experience whereby the imagination of the reader may be gratified, his sympathies awakened, or his knowledge of the world increased. It is not easy to fix the limitations to the short story. Its construction is an art, far more so than is generally believed; it has its laws, and bears very nearly the same relation to the novel that the song does to poetry, which always properly possesses one definite idea thrown into a compact, symmetrical form. Writers of short stories cannot hope to attain success unless they make this form of composition a profound study; they must have brevity of expression, conception of character, keen feeling for unity and symmetry in art, and very decided dramatic perceptions. All these qualifications are necessary, but many of them can be acquired by study. There is no reason why we should not have a corps of men and women especially trained in this branch of art, and capable of producing a regular supply of highly-enjoyable novels in miniature.

We call attention to the admirable lecture of Professor Foster, before the Royal Institution, which will be found in our present issue. All who are interested in the disclosures which science is now rapidly making, in regard to the finer mechanism and subtler conditions of life, will find Professor Foster's statements to have a novel and startling interest. The lecture issued in last week's JOURNAL, and the one now printed, will prepare the reader for the study of that central phenomenon of animal life, pulsatile movement, or heart-action, which will be presented next week. That vividness of description and originality of illustration which have given Tyndall so enviable a pre-eminence in the department of physics, are equally exemplified by Professor Foster in treating the subject of Life.

Brief Notes.

DR. WM. F. CHANNING, of Providence, writes to the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, suggesting a new explanation of the escape of carbonic oxide gas through heated cast-iron stove-plates. He says:

"It is a familiar fact that iron, when heated with carbon in excess, absorbs it with avidity. It is an equally-familiar fact that carburized iron—cast iron, for instance—when heated in the presence of atmospheric air, gives up more or less of its carbon to the oxygen of the air. Now, the cast iron of every stove is subjected to both these reactions. Its inner surface is exposed, while heated, to carbon in excess, and its outer surface to atmospheric air. What happens? Carbon is absorbed within, and carbonic oxide, or carbonic acid, evolved without.

"When the cast-iron stove becomes incandescent—red hot—and the mass approaches a plastic state, is it not probable that a progressive interchange of elements takes place through the whole substance of the cast iron between the inner and outer surfaces, carbon being absorbed continuously within, and evolved, in connection with oxygen, without? This is analogous to the well-known phenomena of electrolysis in fluids, without, however, the determining presence of a galvanic circuit. I have not seen this view elsewhere, though it may have occurred to others. I offer it as the true explanation of the supposed permeability of cast iron to carbonic oxide gas.

"A correct theory in this case is not only of interest in itself, but may lead eventually to important practical results. We have good reason to believe that not only the cast-iron stove, patent in more senses than one in the poor man's house, but also the cast-iron cylinder and radiator, enclosed in the furnace of nine-tenths of our first-class houses, are poisoning, all winter long, the air which we breathe. Where is the remedy? First, ventilate every room; then, either substitute steam for the hot-air furnace, or use a hot-water jacket, or hot-water tubes, instead of incandescent iron, to heat the air. Who will invent a cheap and safe hot-water furnace for our houses, which even a Celt can manage? But who will invent any adequate substitute for the invaluable common cast-iron stove for anthracite? The nearest approach to

it now is certainly the sheet-iron cylinder-stove with fire-brick linings. Unfortunately, this cannot replace the universal cooking-stove."

A new contrivance for saving life at sea has been patented by M. C. J. Laurendeau, of Paris. It is composed of a quantity of thick cork, sufficient to float and sustain a person in the water, and is adapted to the abdomen and a part of the chest; a second supply of thinner cork is placed between the shoulders, and reaches to the nape of the neck. This arrangement is intended to produce perfect equilibrium, the part of the body unfurnished with cork acting as ballast. Should the bather desire to swim under water, the collar is removed, or the buoyant part turned from the side of the principal piece, being furnished with nippers for closing the nostrils, and a pipe or tube to breathe through, the end of which terminates in a funnel of cork, so as to float on the surface of the water. And, finally, a person may remain, and swim a considerable time under water, by making the principal piece of the apparatus both a means of buoying up the body and an air-reservoir, from which the bather expels and draws in air by means of a double tube, the reservoir being divided into two compartments by an elastic partition; but this apparatus is intended only for good swimmers, and it would be necessary to carry ballast.—*Scientific Opinion*.

Dr. I. I. Hayes, who last year received a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society of London, for having discovered and explored "the most northern land of the earth," has, this year, been awarded a similar honor by the Geographical Society of Paris, and has, at the same time, been created an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin. In relation to the Paris medal, the following letter has been made public:

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, PARIS, April 6, 1869.

DOCTOR: The Geographical Society of Paris, having examined the scientific results of your difficult and courageous exploration of the Arctic regions, have awarded you a gold medal. Notice has been given to the United States minister at Paris, who willingly will receive the medal in your name, and forward it to you. On the 30th of April, at the general and solemn assembly of the Geographical Society, on the report of the Hon. M. Malte-Brun, reporter of the Commission of Prizes, I am happy, doctor, to have been charged to notify you of this fact, and beg of you to accept, with the expression of my personal admiration for your inflexible tenacity, the assurance of my most distinguished sentiments.

C. MANNHEIM,

General Secretary of the Central Commission of the
Geographical Society of Paris.

DR. I. I. HAYES.

Our Transatlantic friends are talking and writing themselves into an excitement over the question as to why oyster-culture has been very successful in France and very unsuccessful in England. The *cacothyes scribendi* of Messrs. Pennell & Buckland has been awakened anew by the theme, and the London *Times* thunders on the subject of the pearly mollusks. The *Scientific Opinion* takes up the subject, and gives its opinion as follows: "There is much more to be learned respecting the oyster than that its young is a ciliated larva which soon becomes attached to foreign bodies; and, indeed, beyond these facts, our present knowledge hardly extends. When the rage for aquaria first seized on the English public, as little was known of the conditions required for the existence of marine animals. It was thought that, when animals and plants were placed together in a tank, all must go on well. The animals, said the *a priori* naturalists, will give off carbonic acid for the plants, and the plants will take up this and give out oxygen to the animals; thus there will be a perfect balance. But the influences of heat and light were altogether forgotten, and many a hapless actinia was sacrificed to ignorance of its mode of life. Soon, however, these conditions were studied, and dark-sided and sloping-bottomed aquaria provided more customary conditions for the 'common objects of the sea-shore.' We have not the least doubt that something of this kind is at the bottom of the failure of oyster-culture. We know not how far the salinity of the water in which the parents are fixed may be prejudicial or not to the life of the larvæ; and, as to the necessary light, pressure, food, action of currents, amount of organic matter present in water, nature of sea-bottom, and so forth, we are in almost Bœotian darkness."

Mr. Charles Dickens has been fêted in Liverpool at a public banquet, at which assembled a goodly number of distinguished people, and where the customary eulogistic speeches were made. It was even hinted that, under Earl Russell's new bill for creating life peerages, Mr. Dickens should, by the magic touch of her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria, be transformed into *Lord Dickens*. The extravagant praise that is sometimes bestowed upon Mr. Dickens, the London *Spectator* points out, is calculated to do this admirable author injury. "His greatest service to English literature," says the *Spectator*, "will, after all, be, not his high morality, which is altogether wanting in delicacy of insight, but in the complete harmlessness and purity of the immeasurable humor into which he moulds his enormous stores of acute observation. Almost

all creative humorists tend to the impure—like Swift and Smollett, even Fielding. On the other hand, there are plenty of pure humorists who are not creative, who take the humor out of themselves, and only apply it to what passes, like Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith. But Dickens uses his unlimited powers of observation to create for himself original fields of humor, and crowds grotesque and elaborate detail around the most happy conceptions, without ever being attracted for a moment toward any prurient or unhealthy field of laughter. Thus, as by far the most popular and amusing of all English writers, he provides almost unlimited food for a great people, without infusing any really dangerous poison into it. In this way, doubtless, he has done us a service which can scarcely be overestimated."

We must have the realistic in art, at all hazards, especially on the stage, where real streams, real cascades, real ships, and real accessories of other kinds are demanded by a curious and unimaginative public. The latest stretch of realism is that of a Munich theatrical manager, who has in preparation a grand spectacle, "in which the waters of the Rhine will be seen undulating around a rock, and will be crossed by a *swimming nymph*." Here is a fortune in store for enterprising New-York managers. Think of the effect of a bevy of "swimming nymphs" or a Coney-Island beach-scene, for instance, produced with every realistic aid—a real surf and real swimmers in coquettish bathing-attire, floundering and struggling and panting in the mimic brine!

"Tommy Try; or, What He Did in Science," is one of the most successful of recent attempts to render scientific subjects attractive and plain to juvenile readers. The departments of science to which it refers are principally botany and the habits of animals; but it has something to say about chemistry, entomology, electricity, and even extends its instructions beyond science—into the domain of the fine arts. The pages are enlivened with stories and anecdotes, and the style adopted for the narrative is singularly felicitous. We doubt whether our young friends could find more genuine enjoyment in any recent book than in this. It is liberally illustrated.

The missal which the Empress Eugenie uses, whenever she attends divine service at the chapel of the Tuilleries, is bound in a very curious style. In the cover are to be seen the three consecrated medals which were presented to the empress by Spanish peasants to whom she gave an audience in the year 1866. The empress is possessed of quite a number of similar amulets, most of which she has received from Spain.

The author of the American novels "Stormcliff" and "Hotspur," Mr. Walworth, will publish, this spring, a work entitled "Warwick; or, the Lost Nationalities of America." What the nature of this book is, we do not know, but suppose, from the title, that it is a political fiction, the "lost nationalities" meaning the overthrow of State sovereignty.

It is estimated that, in the course of the last two years, upward of five hundred thousand volumes and pamphlets of anti-Bonapartist writings, such as Rogeard's books, etc., have been clandestinely circulated in France. Three or four hundred pedlars, in all parts of the country, do a very profitable business in this kind of literature.

Of the making of verses there proves to be no end. A late number of the London *Athenæum* has reviews of twenty new volumes of poems—all by new candidates for Parnassus—the greater number of which the *Athenæum* considers worthless.

Messrs. Green and Brown, of the famous London publishing firm of Longmans, Green, Brown & Longman, died recently at a very advanced age, each leaving a large fortune. Mr. Brown was over ninety years of age. His fortune was £150,000, and he left legacies to all his old clerks.

In front of Lamartine's tomb stands a splendid marble statue of his wife, with an inscription composed by the poet himself, and saying, that those dear to the heart of gifted men are permitted to share their sorrows, and, therefore, happier than those to whom their glory belongs.

Queen Victoria, the King of Denmark, the Emperor Napoleon, and the Crown-Prince of Prussia, have model farms. That of Napoleon alone is very profitable. The others are losing concerns.

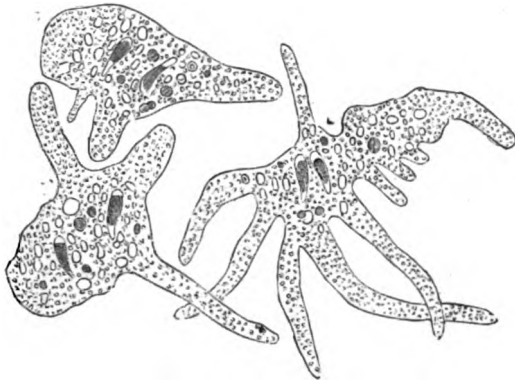
Alexandre Dumas, Jr., will publish, next fall, a work entitled "*La Femme Moderne*."

Max Ring's "John Milton and His Times" has been issued in an Italian translation at Milan.

General Prim intended to issue, in 1867, a work on the Spanish insurrection, but he was unable to find a publisher either in Paris or in Brussels.

The Museum.

THE Amoeba is a microscopic animal at the very bottom of the scale of living things. It is a minute, shapeless, structureless mass of semi-fluid jelly, or protoplasm, invested with a soft, transparent, and highly-contractile filmy coating. It is without organs of any kind, but has the marvellous power of extemporizing organs as it requires them. Thus, if it wishes to move, it shoots out a part of its body as a temporary foot, and retracts it when no longer wanted. If it desires to seize any thing, it protrudes a false arm for the purpose; and when it has in this way got possession of the needed nutriment, becoming all stomach, it wraps itself round its food, and absorbs or digests it.



The Common Amoeba.

Dr. Carpenter describes it as "changing itself into a greater variety of forms than the fabled Proteus, laying hold of its food without members, swallowing it without a mouth, digesting it without a stomach, appropriating its nutritious material without absorbent vessels or a circulating system, moving from place to place without muscles, feeling (if it has any power to do so) without nerves, multiplying itself without eggs, and not only this, but, in many instances, forming shelly coverings of a symmetry and complexity not surpassed by those of any testaceous animal."

These are certainly singular characters to be combined in one creature, but what shall we say to the statement of Professor Foster, in the lecture which we publish this week, that these odd beings, or some of their cousins, exist in our own blood?

The changes which may be rung upon a peal of bells are absolutely insignificant in comparison to the number of bodies which might be produced by the intercombination of the known chemical elements. An alchemist—one of the last of his race—after contemplating the multitude of created things, and the discoveries of his still-imperfect science, said: "I marvel not that God has created so many things, but rather that He did not, from the materials at His command, create an infinitely greater number."

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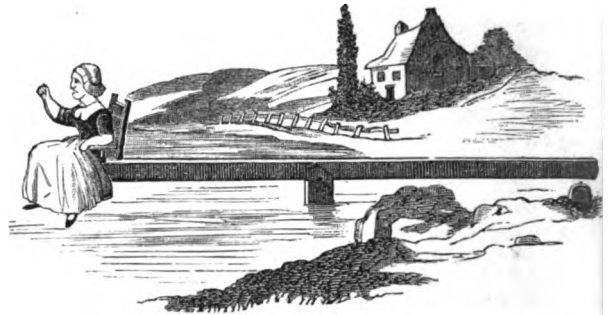


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Among the instrumentalities by which women in old times were taught the discipline of self-restraint, and gradually prepared for their impending emancipation, was the ducking-stool, which was in vogue about a hundred years ago. When a woman gave the scolding rein to her tongue, so as to become a neighborhood nuisance, the town duck-



Ducking-stool for Scolding Women.

ing-stool was wheeled up to her door, and left by way of admonition. If the warning proved insufficient, she was taken to the pond, tied in the chair, and ducked in the water—the number of sousing being roughly proportioned to the supposed desperateness of the case. The practice is reported to have been kept up till the present century: a woman in Liverpool having been dipped in this manner in 1808.

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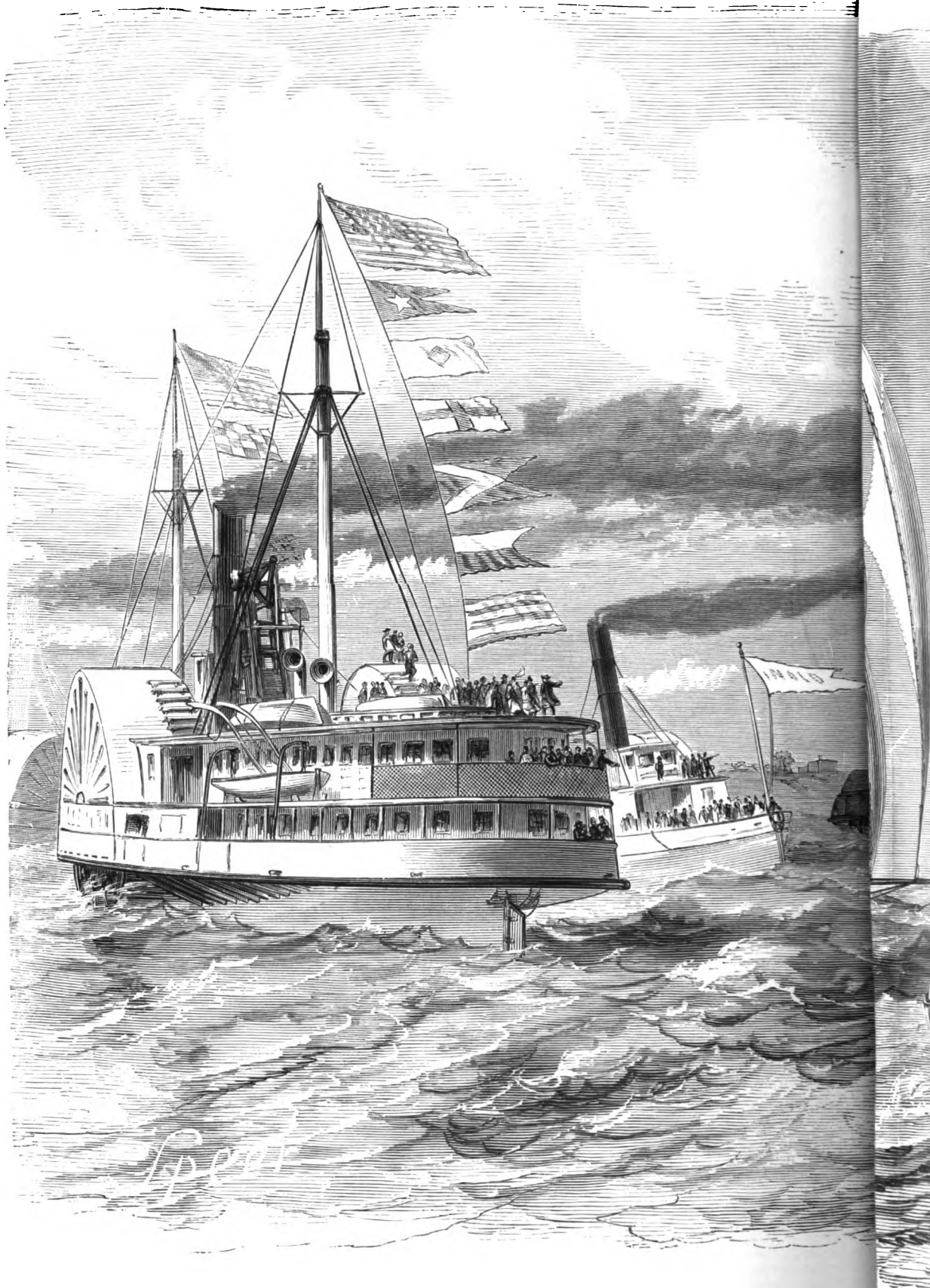
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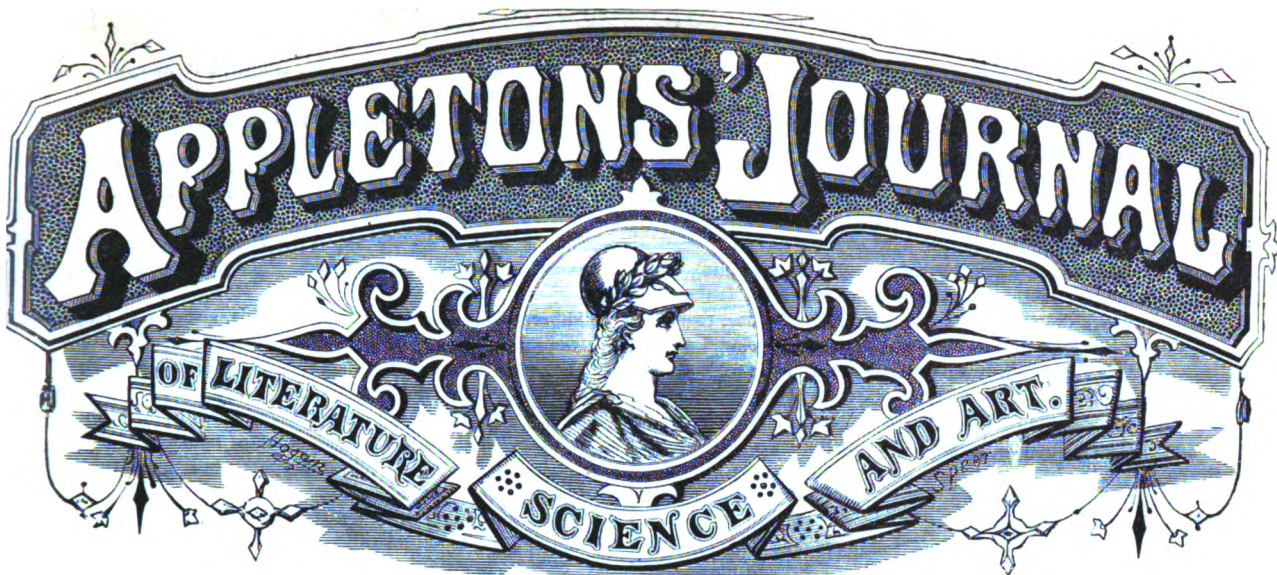
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O. 10.—WITH CARTOON.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

MADAME DE POMPADOUR'S FAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

[CONCLUSION.]

IV.

SHE will protect me! She will come to my rescue! Ah, the abbé was right when he said that one look would decide my fate. These eyes, so smiling, and so arch; this little mouth, delicious and merry; this little foot, buried under a rosette. This is my good try!"

Thus thought the chevalier as he went back to his inn.

Hence sprang his sudden hope? And his youth alone inspire it, had the eyes of the marchioness spoken to him?

But there was always the same difficulty in the way. If he saw the utter impossibility of being presented to the king, was it not equally difficult to be presented to the marchioness!

He spent the greater part of the night in writing a letter to Mlle. D'Anneault, in much the same style as the former one which Madame de Pompadour had read to the king.

To repeat this letter would be useless. Lovers

and madmen are the only two classes who continually say the same things, and find their repetitions interesting. At daybreak the chevalier went out and walked about the streets in a brown study. It did not occur to him that he might go to the abbé and ask his assistance, though that would have been the most natural thing to do. But a mixture of false pride and romantic feeling withheld him from this step. He imagined what the abbé would say to him if he went to see him: "You happened to be on the spot to pick up a fan which had fallen. Well, did you know how to make the most of your lucky opportunity? What did you say to the marchioness?"—"Nothing."—"But you should have spoken to her!"—"I was embarrassed. I lost my self-possession."—"That was very wrong. You should have made the most of your opportunity; however, we must do our best to repair your error. Would you like to be introduced to Mr. Such-a-One, he is one of my friends, or to Madame So-and-So, she is better still? She will present you to this lovely marchioness, who frightened you so much," etc.

Now, the chevalier did not wish any such things to be said. It seemed to this young simpleton that talking over his adventure would spoil it entirely. He said to himself that chance had done for him an unheard-of and incredible thing, which ought to remain a secret between him and Fortune; to confide this secret



to another would be, in his opinion, to show that he was utterly unworthy of Dame Fortune's favors.

"I went quite alone to Versailles, yesterday," thought he, "I will go alone to the Trianon to-day."

The Trianon was just then the residence of the favorite.

Such decisions may and do doubtless seem absurd to reasonable spirits, who neglect nothing to secure their ends, and leave nothing to chance. But the coldest people, if they have ever been young (which, alas! everybody has not been, even in the youthful days of life), can understand this strange sentiment, at once timid and bold, dangerous yet fascinating, which draws us on toward our fate. We feel that we are blind, but we like it; we do not know where we are going, but we walk forward. The charm lies in this recklessness, in this utter ignorance. This is the pleasure of the artist who dreams of his next work; of the lover who spends the night under the windows of his mistress; it is also the instinct of the soldier, and, more than all, the spell which holds the gamester.

The chevalier, he hardly knew why, soon found himself going toward the Trianon. Without being richly dressed, he had yet a certain air of elegance, and that subtle self-possession which would have prevented any servant's asking him where he was going. It was not difficult for him, after some inquiries about the route, to reach the entrance of the château, if that title may be justly applied to this play-house of marble, which has seen so much pleasure and so much sorrow within its walls. Unluckily the gateway was closed, and a fat lackey wrapped in a heavy overcoat, marched, with his hands behind his back, up and down the avenue, with the air of a person who is waiting for somebody.

"The king must be here," thought the chevalier, "or else the marchioness is not here. When the gates are shut and the servants march about, their masters are either engaged or gone out."

What should he do now? All the courage and hope that he had felt a moment since vanished, and in their place disappointment and anxiety took possession of him. The thought, "The king is here!" frightened him more than the few words, "The king is coming!" which he had heard the night before in the palace; for then he had not seen Louis XV., and now he knew that cold look, that majestic and indifferent manner.

"Heavens, what a fool I should make of myself were I to push in here, and find myself perhaps face to face with this proud monarch, taking his coffee perchance on some rustic seat."

Thoughts of the Bastille floated before him; instead of the pretty face of the marchioness, visions of prison walls, black bread, and even of torture, rose before him. He knew the story of Latude. The more he thought of his position, the more his hopes died out.

"And yet," thought he, "I am not doing any thing wrong. My conscience is clear. I have never even written a squib against anybody. I am here to ask justice, and I was so well received yesterday at the palace! all the servants were so polite! What am I afraid of? of making a fool of myself? I shall probably do that many times with less excuse for it."

He approached the gate, and touched it with his finger. It was not locked. He opened it and entered quietly. The lackey turned and spoke:

"What do you want? Where are you going?"

"To see Madame de Pompadour."

"Are you to have an audience?"

"Yes."

"Where is your letter?"

This was a new experience. Last evening every servant called him marquis, and he had a pass from the Duc d'Aumont. Now he was nobody, as it seemed, and liable to be cross-questioned.

The chevalier looked down, and saw that his white stockings and shoe-buckles were covered with dust. He had committed the unpardonable sin of coming on foot, in a place where nobody ever walked. The servant looked at him, not from head to foot, but from feet to head. The coat was well enough, the hat only passable, and the hair not powdered. After this brief examination, the lackey again spoke:

"You have no letter. What do you want?"

"I should like to speak to Madame de Pompadour!"

"Indeed! and you imagine that is all that is necessary to do it!"

"I know nothing about that. Is the king here?"

"Perhaps so. Go away, and leave me in peace."

The chevalier wished to keep his temper, but in spite of himself this insolence made his blood boil.

"I have sometimes told a lackey to be off, but never before had a lackey say it to me."

"Lackey, to me! lackey!" cried the servant, in a rage.

"Lackey, porter, guard, or valet—I care very little which—it's all about the same thing."

The porter made a step toward the chevalier, his face on fire with anger, and shaking his doubled fists. The young man quietly put his hand upon his sword.

"Be careful," said he; "I am a noble, and it will only cost me thirty-six francs to put a rustic like you under ground."

"If you are a noble, sir, I am in the service of the king. I am only doing my duty, and believe me—"

At this moment the sound of a trumpet was heard in the distance, and repeated by an echo from the wood of Satory. The young man let his half-drawn sword fall into the scabbard, and, forgetting all about the quarrel, cried:

"The king is just going out to the hunt! Why did you not tell me that before?"

"Because it was none of my business, nor yours either."

"Listen to me, my good man. The king is not here. I have no letter. I have no appointment. But here is some money for you—let me pass."

He drew some gold from his pocket: the servant looked at him with sovereign contempt.

"What do you mean?" said he, scornfully. "Do you think you can introduce yourself in this fashion into a royal residence? Instead of ordering you off, take care that I don't have you locked up in prison."

"You, scoundrel!" cried the young man, in a fury, and seizing his sword.

"Yes, I!" replied the fat man. But, during this conversation, in which the historian regrets that his hero does not appear to greater advantage, thick clouds had darkened the sky; a storm was brewing. A flash of lightning was followed by a loud peal of thunder, and the rain began to fall in torrents. The chevalier, who still had his gold in his hand, saw a drop of rain on his dusty shoe as large as a silver crown-piece.

"Peste!" cried he, "I must get under cover. I don't want to be drenched."

And he went into the cave of Cerberus, that is to say, the room of the *concierge*, and throwing himself unceremoniously into the arm-chair of this enraged porter—

"How tiresome you are," said he, "and how unlucky I am! You take me for a conspirator, and do not understand that I have a position in my pocket for the king. I am from the country, to be sure, but you are a fool!"

The servant's only reply was to go into a corner, and take his halberd, and remain there, standing, armed.

"When will you go out?" he cried, with the voice of a stentor.

The quarrel, which had been forgotten, seemed this time to be a serious matter, for the big hands of the porter trembled with passion as he grasped his pike. What would have happened I don't know. What *did*, was this: on suddenly turning his head, the chevalier cried out, "Who is this coming?"

A young page, mounted on a superb horse (not an English one—at that time thin legs were not in fashion), came toward the gate at a full gallop. The avenue was soaked with rain; the gateway only half open; he checked the horse; the servant advanced, and opened the gate; the page gave spurs to his horse again; the animal started suddenly; his feet slipped on the wet flagging, and he fell.

It is inconvenient, not to say dangerous, to try to lift up a horse that has fallen down; the gesticulations of the animal, who does the best he can to help himself, are extremely disagreeable, especially when one has one leg caught under the beast.

The chevalier, without pausing to reflect on these inconveniences, sprang to the rescue, and managed so adroitly, that soon the horse was on his feet again, and his rider free from danger of being crushed. But he was covered with mud, and could not walk without limping.

The chevalier assisted him into the room of the porter, and, when he was seated in the arm-chair, the page said:

"Sir, I am sure you are a gentleman. You have done me a great service, and you can do me another still greater. Here is a missive

from the king to the marchioness, and it is very pressing, as you may imagine, since my horse and I have nearly broken our necks in trying to deliver it speedily. You see that, in my condition, with this limping leg, I cannot carry this letter. To do that I should have to be carried myself. Will you take the note for me?"

At the same moment he drew from his pocket a large envelope, gilded with arabesque characters, and sealed with the royal seal.

"Most willingly, sir," replied our hero, taking the letter; and, light as a feather, he started, almost dancing on his tiptoes.

V.

WHEN the chevalier reached the château, a guard stood before the entrance.

"From the king," said the young man, who no longer feared guardsmen, and, showing his letter, he passed gayly through a crowd of servants. A tall hussar, standing in the middle of the vestibule, and seeing the order and the royal seal, bowed gravely like a poplar bent by the wind, then, with one of his bony fingers, he touched a corner of the carved wainscoting. A little door, hidden by tapestry, opened as if of itself: the bony man made a sign to our hero, the chevalier entered, and the tapestry closed softly behind him.

A silent footman led him then into a saloon, then into a corridor, into which two or three small cabinets opened, then into a second room, and begged him to wait here an instant.

"Am I still in the palace of Versailles?" said the chevalier to himself. "I seem to be engaged in the same game of hide-and-seek."

The Trianon was not at that time what it had been, nor what it now is. It has been said that Madame de Maintenon made an oratory of Versailles, and Madame de Pompadour transformed it into a boudoir. It has been said also of the Trianon that Madame de Montepan made a boudoir of this little château of porcelain. But, whatever may be said of these boudoirs, it may also be said that Louis XV. was at home there.

One of the galleries where his ancestor had walked in solitary grandeur, had been divided into numerous small apartments. They were furnished in all sorts of colors, and the king fluttered like a butterfly in these thickets of silk and velvet.

"Do you think my little boudoirs are furnished in good taste?" asked the king of the beautiful Countess de Seran.

"No," said she, "I prefer blue."

As blue was the king's color, the reply flattered him, and, at the second rendezvous, Madame de Seran found the room furnished in blue, as she had desired.

The room in which the chevalier found himself was neither blue, pink, nor white, but all mirrors. We all know how much a pretty woman who has a perfect figure gains from having her form reflected under so many aspects. She dazzles, she envelops, so to speak, the man whom she desires to please. Whichever way he turns he sees her—how can he escape her? He must either fly, or avow himself vanquished. The chevalier looked into the garden; there, behind the alleys and the labyrinths, the statues and vases of marble, began to peep out the pastoral taste which the marchioness was just bringing into fashion, and which, in later times, Madame du Barry and Marie Antoinette carried to such a high degree of perfection. Already rural fancies were crowding out ancient caprices. Already sturdy Tritons, grave goddesses, and learned nymphs and big-wigged busts, frozen with horror in their green niches, saw an English garden rising from the midst of astonished yews. Little lawns, little brooks, little bridges, already began to dethrone Olympus, to replace it by a dairy, strange parody of Nature which the English copy without understanding; true child's play becomes the pastime of an indolent sovereign, who did not know how to get rid of melancholy in Versailles itself. But the chevalier was too much charmed to find himself there, to indulge any such reflections. He was, on the contrary, ready to admire every thing, and he did admire in good earnest, turning his letter in his fingers, as a rustic does his hat, when a young girl opened a door and said gently, "Come, sir."

He followed her, and, after having passed through several more or less mysterious corridors, she led him into a large room, where the blinds were half-closed. There she paused, and seemed to listen.

"Still, hide-and-seek," said the chevalier to himself. In a few moments another door opened, and a second young girl, even prettier

than the first, repeated the same words in the same tone—"Come, sir."

If he had been moved and excited in Versailles, he was much more so here, for he felt that he was upon the threshold of the temple in which his divinity was enshrined. He advanced with a beating heart. A soft light, stealing through lace curtains, banished the darkness; a delicious and almost imperceptible perfume floated about him. The young girl lifted the corner of a silken curtain, and in a room truly elegant in its simplicity sat the lady of the fan, that is to say, the all-powerful marchioness.

She was alone, seated near a table, dressed in a morning wrapper; her head rested on her hand, and she seemed absorbed in thought. As the chevalier entered, she rose from her seat with a sudden and involuntary motion.

"You come from the king?"

The chevalier might have spoken, but he could find nothing better in the way of reply than a profound bow, as he gave to the marchioness the letter of which he was the bearer. She took it with extreme eagerness. Her hands trembled as she broke the seal. This letter, written by the hands of the king, was a long one. She devoured it, so to speak, with one glance; then she read it again carefully, with knitted brow and compressed lips. She was not beautiful at that moment, and no longer seemed the lovely vision of the court-ball. When she had read it all, she seemed to be thinking; little by little her color returned to her pale cheeks (at this early hour she was not yet rouged); not only did grace seem to return to her, but a flash of real beauty stole over her delicate features; her cheeks glowed like the heart of a rose; she sighed, let the letter fall on the table, and turned to the chevalier.

"I have kept you waiting," she said, with a charming smile; "but I had not risen, and, in fact, I am hardly up yet. That is why I have been obliged to make you come in such a roundabout way, for I am besieged here as much as if I were in my own residence. I would like to send back a reply. May I trouble you to carry my message?"

The chevalier saw that he must speak now; he had gained a little courage by this time. "Alas, madame," said he, sadly, "it is a great favor that you offer me, but unfortunately I cannot avail myself of it."

"Why not?"

"I have not the honor of being in the service of his majesty."

"How, then, did you get in here?"

"By chance. I met a page who fell headlong on the ground, and who begged me—"

"What! fell headlong?" exclaimed the marchioness, laughing; for she seemed so happy now that gayety was natural to her.

"Yes, madame; he fell from his horse at the gate. I happened to be there, luckily, so I helped him to get up, and, as his coat was spoiled, he begged me to deliver his message."

"And by what chance did you happen to be there?"

"Madame, I have a petition to present to his majesty."

"His majesty lives at Versailles."

"Yes, but you live here."

"Hum, hum—it seems, then, you wished to get me to do an errand."

"Madame, I beg you to believe—"

"Don't be troubled; you are not the first one. But why do you address yourself to me? I am only a woman, like any other."

As she said these words, the marchioness cast a glance of mocking triumph on the letter which she had just read.

"Madame," replied the chevalier, "I have always heard it said that men exercise power, but that women—"

"Rule the rulers—is it not what you would say, sir? Very well; there is a queen in France."

"I know it, madame, and that is why I happened to be here this morning."

The marchioness was more than accustomed to similar compliments, but, on this occasion, this seemed to please her very much.

"But how did you expect to get in here?" she asked. "On what grounds did you hope for success? for I do not suppose that you expected a horse to fall down for your especial benefit."

"Madame, I thought—I hoped—"

"What did you hope?"

"I hoped that chance—"

"Always chance—Dame Fortune seems to be one of your friends."

But I warn you that, if you have no others, you are in a sad case."

Perhaps Fortune, the malignant goddess, wished to revenge herself for this irreverence, for the chevalier, more and more embarrassed by this conversation, saw all at once on the table the very same fan that he had picked up the night before. He took it, and, kneeling, as he had done on the previous evening, he presented it to her, saying—

"This, madame, is the only friend that I have here."

The marchioness seemed, at first, surprised; she looked from the fan to the young man, hesitated a moment, then said—

"Ah! you are right; I remember you; I saw you last evening, after the play, with Monsieur de Richelieu; I dropped my fan, and you 'happened to be there,' as you say."

"Yes, madame."

"And very gallantly, like a true knight, you returned it to me. I did not thank you, sir; but I have always believed that he who knows how with grace to take up a lady's fan will know how also, when there is occasion for it, to pick up a gauntlet; and we women like that."

"And you are right, madame; for, before I got in here, I came near having a duel with the porter."

"Mercy on us!" cried the marchioness, bursting into a second fit of laughter, "a duel with the porter! and for what?"

"He would not let me in."

"That would have been a pity. But who are you? What do you want?"

"Madame, I am the Chevalier de Vauvert. Monsieur de Biron had asked a place in the guards for me—"

"Oh, I remember. You are from Neauflette; you are in love with Mademoiselle d'Annebault."

"Madame, who could have told you that?"

"Oh, I warn you that I am very much to be feared. When my memory fails me, I divine things. You are related to the Abbé de Chauvelin, and refused on his account—are you not? Where is your petition?"

"Here, madame; but, in truth, I cannot understand—"

"And of what use is it to understand? Rise, and put this paper on the table. I am going to reply to the king. You shall carry to him, at the same time, your petition and my letter."

"But, madame, I thought I had told you—"

"You shall go. You came in here with a message from the king; is it not so? Very well; you shall enter *there*, sent by Madame de Pompadour, lady of the palace to the queen."

The chevalier bowed, without a word, for he was bewildered. Everybody knew how many struggles, intrigues, and schemes the favorite had set in motion to obtain this title, "lady of the palace to the queen," which, after all, brought her only a cruel insult from the dauphin. For ten years she had desired it. She had persisted, and she had succeeded. M. de Vauvert, whose love-affairs she knew, though he was a stranger to her, pleased her as the bearer of good news.

Standing behind her, motionless, the chevalier watched the marchioness, as she wrote, at first, with all her heart in it, with fire; then she paused, reflected, put her delicate hand to her beautiful brow. She was restless; an observer annoyed her. At last she drew her pen through a word; however, it must be said, that this was only the first rough draft of her letter. On the other side of the table, opposite the chevalier, shone a beautiful Venetian mirror. The timid messenger dared scarcely lift his eyes; yet it was very difficult for him not to look into this mirror which reflected the restless but lovely face of the newly-appointed lady of the palace.

"How lovely she is!" thought he. "It is a pity I am in love with another; but Athenais is also pretty, and, besides, it would be such treason on my part—"

"What are you talking about?" said the marchioness; for the young man had thought aloud without knowing it. "What did you say?"

"Madame, I am only waiting."

"I have nearly finished," said the marchioness, taking another sheet of paper; but, as she moved to turn the note, her wrapper slipped off her shoulders.

Fashion is a strange thing. Our grandmothers thought it not at all odd to go to court with gorgeous dresses which left the bust uncovered; they saw no impropriety in that, but they carefully concealed

their backs, which the ladies of our time show at balls or at the opera.

It is a newly-discovered beauty. On the delicate white shoulder of Madame de Pompadour there was a little black spot which looked like a fly dropped into milk. The chevalier looked at this spot like a rattle-brained boy who tries to look serious, and the marchioness, holding her pen in the air, looked at him in the mirror. In this mirror a rapid glance was exchanged—a glance which all women understand, which said, on one side, "You are charming;" on the other, "I am not sorry that you find me so."

The marchioness rearranged her wrapper.

"You were looking at my mole, sir."

"I did not look, madame; I saw, and I admired."

"Here, take my letter; carry it with your petition to the king."

"But, madame—"

"What now?"

"His majesty is at the hunt. I heard the trumpets in the wood of Satory."

"True; I had forgotten it. Well, to-morrow, the day after, no matter when. No, go at once. Give this to Lebel. Adieu, and remember, sir, that this spot which you have seen no one else in the kingdom but his majesty has ever looked upon; and, as to your friend Chance, I beg of you to say to her that it is dangerous to think aloud, as she did a little while ago. Adieu, chevalier."

She touched a little bell; then, lifting a cloud of laces, extended her bare arm to the young man. He knelt again, and just touched with his lips the rosy finger-tips of the marchioness. She did not think him rude—far from that, only a little too modest.

Immediately the young attendants reappeared, and behind them, like a church-spire among a flock of lambs, the bony man who, always smiling, led the way out.

VI.

ALONE, seated in an old arm-chair in his little chamber at the end of the Sun, the chevalier waited the next day, and the day following, and still not a word from the court. "Singular woman—gentle and haughty, amiable and revengeful, the most frivolous and the most obstinate of human beings! She has forgotten me. Oh, misery! She was right—she can do any thing; I can do nothing."

He rose, and paced up and down his little chamber.

"No, I am nothing here. My father told me the truth. The marchioness has made a jest of me; it is plain enough. While I looked at her, it was her own beauty which pleased her. She liked to see in her mirror and in my eyes the reflection of her charms, which are truly incomparable. Yes, her eyes are small; but what expression! And Latour, before Diderot, took the dust from the wing of a butterfly to paint her portrait. She is not tall, but her figure is so fine—ah! Mademoiselle d'Annebault, my darling, how could I forget you as I am doing?"

Two or three light knocks on the door roused him from his reverie.

"Who is there? Come in!"

The long man dressed in black, with a fine pair of silk stockings which did their best to conceal the absence of calves to his legs, entered, and made a low bow.

"This evening, M. le chevalier, there is a masquerade ball at the court, and madame the marchioness has sent me to say that you are invited to be present."

"Very well, sir, and many thanks."

As soon as the bony man had gone, the chevalier rang his bell; the same servant who had three days previous assisted him to dress helped him now to put on the gold-laced coat, trying to brush it better still; after which the young man walked toward the palace, invited, this time, and more calm in appearance, yet, in reality, more timid and excited than when he first entered this court world, then all unknown to him.

VII.

BEWILDERED, nearly as much as the first time, by all the splendors of Versailles which, this evening, was by no means a desert, our hero walked through the long gallery, looking about on all sides, and trying to discover why he was there; but nobody took the slightest notice of him.

At the end of an hour, he became tired of this solitude, and was

about going away, when two masks, dressed exactly alike and seated on a lounge, rose and stopped him. One of them pointed her finger at him like a pistol; the other came to him, and addressed him.

"It seems, sir," said she, taking his arm familiarly, "that you are on very familiar terms with our famous marchioness."

"I beg your pardon, madame, but of whom are you speaking?"

"You know well enough."

"I have not the slightest idea!"

"Nonsense!"

"Indeed, I have not."

"All the court knows about it."

"But I am not one of the court."

"This is absurd. I tell you that every one knows all the story."

"That may be so, madame, but I am ignorant of what you mean."

"You are not ignorant of the fact that the day before yesterday a page fell from his horse at the gateway of the Trianon. Were you not there, by chance?"

"Yes, madame."

"Did you not aid him to rise?"

"Yes, madame."

"And did you not enter the château?"

"I did, madame."

"Did you not have a letter given you?"

"Yes, madame."

"Did you not carry it to the king?"

"Certainly I did."

"The king was not at the Trianon. He was hunting; the marchioness was alone, was she not?"

"Yes, madame."

"She had just risen; she was scarcely dressed; they say she had on only a wrapper."

"People who talk so much say any thing that comes into their heads."

"Very well; but they say that you and she exchanged glances which did not displease her."

"What do you mean by that, madame?"

"That she took a fancy to you."

"If so, I know nothing of it, and I should be sorry enough if the kindness she showed me, so great and so rare, which I had no reason to expect, and for which I am deeply grateful, should give rise to such baseless scandal."

"You take fire very quickly, chevalier; one would think you would like to challenge all the court, but you will never be able to kill so many people."

"But, madame, if this page did fall, and if I did carry in his message, be so kind as to tell me why I am cross-questioned in this way?"

The mask pressed his arm, and whispered, "Listen."

"As long as you like, madame."

"This is what we think, now. The king no longer loves the marchioness, and no one now believes that he ever did love her much. He has just committed an imprudence. She has incensed the Parliament with her tax of two sous, and now she has ventured to attack a still greater power, the Jesuits. She will be defeated; but she has weapons, and, before perishing, she will make use of them to defend herself."

"But, madame, what is this to me?"

"I will tell you. De Choiseul is half at variance with De Bernis; they are not either of them quite sure of what it is best to do. De Bernis must go, De Choiseul must take his place. One word from you can effect this."

"And how, I beg to know, madame?"

"By merely relating your visit the other day."

"What connection can there be between my visit, the Jesuits, and the Parliament?"

"Write a few words for me. The marchioness will be ruined, and assured that the warmest gratitude—"

"I beg your pardon, madame, but that is a cowardly act which you ask of me!"

"Is not all fair in politics?"

"I do not know about that. Madame de Pompadour dropped her fan near me. I picked it up and gave it to her. She thanked me, and permitted me, with that grace of which she is mistress, to thank her in return."

"All this is folly; time presses. I am the Countess d'Estrades. You love my niece, Mademoiselle d'Annebault. Do not deny it; it is useless. You wish an appointment in the guards. You shall have it to-morrow, and, if Athenais pleases you still, you shall soon be my nephew."

"Oh, madame, how kind you are!"

"But you must speak!"

"No, madame, never!"

"I was told that you loved my niece!"

"And I do, as much as a man can love; but, if ever my love is to be offered for her acceptance, my honor must be sustained also."

"You are very obstinate, chevalier. Is this your final decision?"

"It is my first, last, and only reply."

"You refuse to enter the guards? You refuse the hand of my niece?"

"Yes, madame, if this must be their price."

Madame d'Estrades looked at the young man with a piercing glance, which was also full of curiosity; but, seeing no sign of hesitation in his face, she went away slowly, and was soon lost in the crowd.

The chevalier, unable to understand all this, seated himself in a corner, to think over his singular adventure.

"What does this woman mean?" he asked himself. "She must be insane! she would change the ministry by means of a foolish calumny, and, that I may earn the hand of her niece, proposes to dishonor me! But Athenais would never accept me on such terms, or, if she would, I should despise her and would refuse her. What, try to defame this kind marchioness, to blacken, to ruin her! Never! never!"

Absorbed in his thoughts, the chevalier had forgotten where he was, when a little delicate hand touched him on the shoulder. He looked up and saw the same two masks who had stopped him a little while before.

"Will you not aid us a little?" asked one of them in a disguised voice. But, although the costumes were exactly alike, the chevalier was not deceived. It was not the same mask with whom he had been talking.

"What is your answer, sir?"

"No, madame."

"Will you not write a few words?"

"Never, madame."

"How obstinate you are! Good-night, lieutenant!"

"What did you say, madame?"

"Here is your commission and your marriage contract!" and she threw him her fan.

It was the same which the young man had twice picked up. Little Cupids were sporting on the silk in the midst of gilt and mother of pearl. There could be no mistake. It was Madame de Pompadour's fan.

"Heavens, marchioness, is it possible?"

"Very possible," said she, lifting her little black mask.

"I do not know what reply to make, madame."

"It is not necessary to say any thing. You are a fine young fellow, and we shall see each other often, for you will live at court. The king has put you into his own corps. Remember that, for a courtier, there is no more eloquent advocate than discreet silence sometimes."

"And pardon me," added her companion, "if, before giving you my niece, I wished to see of what stuff you were made," and smiling, as they bade him good-night, the pair vanished.

LUNCHEON IN A DIVING-BELL; WHAT WE GOT, AND HOW WE TOOK IT.

BY CHARLES PONTEZ.

A FEW months since, the newspapers reported how two poor fellows had lost their lives descending into the water in a diving-bell, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The cause of their deaths was singular, and probably, in their position, unprecedented; they were neither drowned nor suffocated from the lack of fresh air, but were poisoned by mephitic gas—sulphuretted hydrogen. The diving-bell used on this occasion was as primitive as that designed by Phipps, who made his fortune by recovering the treasure from a sunken Spanish vessel, and

founded the family of the Earl of Mulgrave. The bell was simply an oblong box of cast iron, open at its lower end, across which were stretched two chains upon which the men were enabled to stand while within the bell; it was lowered and raised by tackle, a flexible tube screwed into the top serving to supply air. A retaining wall of masonry had been constructed along the water-line in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, near Wallabout Bay, where a large sewer debouches. A number of stones had fallen into the water, which it was necessary to remove; and, in raising a large one embedded in the soil brought down by the sewer, a volume of noxious gas was disengaged, which instantly filled the bell. One man fell into the water, as if shot; the other had sufficient time to pull the signal to be hauled up, when he fell insensible across the chains, and was thus brought to the surface. The poison had mingled with his blood, and he died in a few days.

Another submarine accident fatal to life occurred a few years since, resulting in a series of terrible experiences, and nearly becoming a great catastrophe.

On this occasion, the bell, or rather, the submarine vessel, was a great improvement on the preceding, as it was quite capacious, and could be made to descend and ascend to the surface of the water by an arrangement within itself, unaided by hoisting-gear or extraneous appliances. The vessel was connected by a flexible tube with a large receiver, containing condensed air, which floated on the surface. A series of cells, or balance-chambers, between the outer and inner cases, gave buoyancy, or gravity, to the vessel, according as the air-cells were wholly or partly filled with water; while the equilibrium could be adjusted so nicely, that one man standing on the bottom might push the vast mass in any desired direction.

A wharf which had been constructed in the North River one night, shortly after its completion, disappeared as totally as Aladdin's palace. The mass of wood and stone had slid into water sixty feet deep, and sunk into the mud. A party of gentlemen proposed to explore for the lost wharf, in order to test the qualities of the new submarine vessel, intending to lunch on chicken-salad, and experience the exhilarating effects of champagne, imbibed under the inspiration of a double supply of oxygen of the condensed atmosphere. There entered the vessel a very merry party of ten, confidently anticipating neither danger nor trouble, as the vessel had often descended before, and the arrangements had worked most satisfactorily. When all were ready, it was discovered that the engineer was absent who always operated the arrangement of pipes and valves by which the gradual descent and ascent were managed. However, a person who professed to know all the details of the construction unhesitatingly volunteered to take charge.

In going down to a considerable depth, it is necessary to descend very slowly, in order that the human system may gradually accommodate itself to the dense atmosphere, and also to give the pumps enough time to charge the bell with air, so as to condense it sufficiently to resist the gradually-increasing press of water. In this instance, the latter operation was anticipated, as the reservoir of compressed air before alluded to had been already provided.

The circular entrance on the top was screwed down. Before commencing the descent, the champagne and lunch were produced, and the participators were just beginning to enjoy the viands, when their incipient joviality was suddenly squelched by an alarming occurrence. The man in charge, with a perfect confidence in his skill, suddenly opened to their fullest extent the cocks which confined the air within the balance-chambers. Instantly, the water rushed in, filling the spaces and increasing the specific gravity of the vessel so greatly that it descended with the celerity of a solid body. Down went the astonished inmates sixty feet, striking on the mud with a heavy thud. The sudden transition from the pressure of one atmosphere to that of three, or to forty-five pounds on every square inch of the body, acted on the system with tremendous force. The effect

on the ears may be compared to the intense deafening caused by standing over a heavy gun suddenly and unexpectedly fired. The air, seeking its equilibrium in the body, forces the blood to the brain; the blood-vessels pulsate and throb; the eyes protrude from their sockets; objects become enlarged; and one conceives the idea that he is growing into gigantic proportions, that he is swelling up and will burst. There is a ravenous thirst, probably owing to the paralysis of the tongue and glottis. Bewildered by these sensations, half blinded by tears and blood which welled out from eyes, nose, and ears, the ordeal became in its intensity an agony and bloody sweat. The sufferers were affrighted at each other's visages. These intense sensations, however, gradually subsided, and the company slowly began to recover from their confusion and gather their scattered senses.

Then succeeded a feeling of suffocation which slowly increased and became intensified. No words were spoken.

Gradually, the light flickered out, all was dark. The agonized prisoners could hear the spasmodic gasps for breath, and they clung and grappled with each other as drowning men. In their frenzy they imagined they could find relief in drawing the contaminated breath from each other's lips. Some were totally, others half, unconscious, the first to succumb being the man whose ignorant presumption had placed them in this horrible strait. In the confusion caused by the rapid descent, thinking he was bound to do something, he turned off the tap that permitted the supply of fresh air.

All the party except two were entirely unacquainted with the working arrangements, and these two, as professional men, possessed only a general knowledge. The lives of all would not have been worth five minutes' purchase, only that, suddenly, the cause of their distress and danger flashed on the mind of one of them. With senses fast failing, the almost-paralyzed hand sought the cock above, and, fortunately, grasped the right one. Turning it, the life-restoring stream of air flowed in on the almost moribund unfortunates. By degrees most of the party recovered their senses. After the lamp was relit, they anxiously looked for the means of ascending to the surface, but their troubles were not yet over.

With a vivid recollection of their sudden descent, they proceeded most carefully to guard against a violent flight to the surface. A small quantity of water was at first ejected from the balance-chambers by the aid of the condensed atmosphere; then gradually more, and still more. No movement of the vessel followed. The rush of air and the bubbling of the water, as it was forced out, could be heard. Tapping the iron, they could measure how much had been displaced.

They now became alarmed; all the water was forced out, the cells were empty, and the vessel should naturally float on the surface, half out of the water.

To their consternation they discovered they were fast as an embedded rock, they knew not how deep, by their violent descent in the viscid mass of black mud which firmly clutched the vessel. There was no way of communicating with those at the surface, and no connection but the tube which supplied the air. Then questions were put: How many hours shall we stay here before those above will become alarmed for our safety? Will they not think we are carrying out the programme, feasting on chicken-salad, and making merry on champagne? When convinced that something is wrong, how can they reach us to hoist us out? How long before they can bring sufficient power to do it? How can they grapple for us, buried in mud in sixty feet of water? After some hours, may they not, supposing us dead, stop the supply of air? With many misgivings, they lifted the circular plate in the floor of the vessel, and its weight then gradually caused to protrude into the interior a black mass of fetid mud, assuming by pressure the form and consistence of a gigantic cheese, such as might be produced in the devil's dairy, and sent up from the infernal regions beneath. They were sensible that the machine, from this cause, had sunk

somewhat deeper. How long before it would fill the interior, and all be enveloped in the loathsome mass? From within, what they now believed would be their living tomb, through the glass bull's-eyes in the top of the vessel, they could see the water changed in color, from a light green to a dark indigo blue, as the rays of light faintly struggled to the depths. Would they ever again see the blessed sunlight? Those of the number who still retained their faculties were fast abandoning themselves to the most gloomy forebodings, when a happy expedient was tried, which resulted in their liberation. One of the imprisoned, who had been in the navy, remembered that, when a boat was held in the mud, and would not float with the incoming tide, to free her from the suction of the mud, she was swayed from side to side. It was proposed, in like manner, to try to sway their prison. With an energy backed by despair, those who were capable set to work. For a long time no result followed; still they persevered. From side to side they rushed, battering themselves against the iron sides. Now a slight vibration follows their efforts; it becomes more perceptible; but the mud clings tenaciously as the polypus of Victor Hugo, unwilling to give up its prey. The oscillation increases. The water gurgles over that portion of the surface from which mud has been shaken loose; every instant she becomes more buoyant. Hurrah! she is free; and, before they have time to say the words, they are shooting upward as if from a catapult. If they went down like the stick, they, consistently, went up like the rocket; the empty balance-chambers and the expansive power of the condensed air increasing, as it got nearer the surface, impelled the vessel upward, in the same manner as the ignited combustible impels the rocket. The vessel reached the surface amid a mountain of foam, with an impetus which sent it, with its distracted inmates, nearly out of the water. Owing to the unballasted condition of the vessel, as she fell back into the water, they were in imminent danger of being upset; but this, the greatest danger of all, they luckily escaped.

The sudden transition from a dense to the ordinary atmosphere caused the same unpleasant sensation they endured in their descent, but, knowing they were now at the surface, the freedom from fear mitigated their suffering. The circular plate that covered the entrance to the vessel was unscrewed, and such of the party as could move made their exit with confused brains, throbbing temples, deafened ears, and flushed faces. Some were taken out insensible, others in a half-comatose state. All happily recovered after a short time, except the poor rash fellow who undertook to manage the descent. From the time he became unconscious, he never recovered, and probably died as much from fright as impure air.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*

OR,

BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

IX.

EXTRAVAGANCES THAT TASTELESS FOLKS CALL POETRY.

URSUS's plays were interludes, a style somewhat out of vogue in these days. One of these pieces, which has not come down to us, was entitled *Ursus Rursus*. It is probable that he himself played the principal part in it. A wrong exit, followed by a reëntrance, was probably its subject—a sober and praise-worthy one.

The title of Ursus's interludes was sometimes in Latin, as you perceive, and the verse sometimes in Spanish. The Spanish verses of Ursus were rhymed, like nearly all the Castilian sonnets of that period. That did not trouble the people.

Spanish was then a common tongue; and the English seamen spoke Castilian, just as the Roman soldiers spoke Carthaginian. Refer to Plautus. Besides, at the theatre, as at mass, the Latin or any other tongue, not understood by the audience, did not embarrass any one. They got out of any difficulty, by accompanying it gayly with well-known words. Our old Gallic France had this peculiar mode of being devout. At church, the faithful chanted *Liesse prendrai*, to an *Immolatus*; and *Baise-moi, ma mie*, to a *Sanctus*. A council of Trent was required to put a stop to these familiarities.

URSUS had composed one interlude for Gwynplaine, with which he was content. It was his masterpiece. He had laid himself thoroughly out in it. To gain his sum total in his product is the triumph of whoever creates. The female toad, conceiving a toad, makes a masterpiece. You doubt it? Try to do as much!

URSUS had licked this interlude over and over. The bear's whelp was entitled *Chaos Conquered*.

This is what it was:

An effect of night. At the moment when the blind was removed, the crowd, massed before the Green-Box, saw nothing but blackness. In this blackness, three confused forms were moving on the floor like reptiles—a wolf, a bear, and a man. The wolf was the wolf; Ursus was the bear; the man was Gwynplaine. The wolf and the bear represented the fierce forces of Nature—unconscious hunger, savage obscurity—and both threw themselves upon Gwynplaine; this was chaos combating with man. None of their faces could be distinguished. Gwynplaine did his fighting, covered with a sheet; and his face was hidden by his thick falling hair. Besides, all was in darkness. The bear growled; the wolf gnashed his teeth; the man shrieked. The man was underneath; the two beasts bore hard upon him. He shouted for help and relief; profound was his appeal to the unknown. He rattled in his throat. They were witnessing that agony of man in the rough, which is scarcely distinct from that of brutes. It was doleful; the crowd looked on, panting. A minute more, and the beasts would triumph; and chaos was about to reabsorb man. Struggles, cries, howls; and then, all at once, silence. A song in the shade; a breath had passed; they heard a voice. Mysterious music was floating round, accompanying this song of the invisible; and suddenly, one knew not how or whence, a whiteness grew up before them. This whiteness was light; this light was woman; this woman was mind. Dea, calm, pure, lovely, intimidating in her serenity and sweetness, appeared in the midst of a halo. Faint suggestion of brilliancy, at the dawn of day. The voice—it was she. Voice light-toned, but deep, ineffable. The invisible made apparent, in this day-dawn she was singing. You thought you heard an angel's song, or the hymn of a bird. At this apparition, the man, raising himself up with a start of dazzled wonderment, let fall his two closed fists upon the two brutes overpowered.

Then the vision, borne forward by a gliding movement difficult to make out, and for that reason all the more admired, sang these verses in Spanish sufficiently pure for the English sailors who were the listeners:

Ora! Lloral
De palabra
Nace razon
Da luz el son.*

Then she let her eyes fall below her, as though she might have been looking into a gulf, and continued:

Noche quitate de allí!
El alba canta hallelu.†

By degrees as she sang, the man raised himself more and more, and, from a recumbent posture, was now kneeling, his hands lifted toward the vision, and his two knees set upon the

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

* Pray! Weep! Reason is born of the word. Song creates light.
† Night! Go away! The dawn is singing the death-whoop.

two beasts, who were motionless and as it were thunderstricken. Turned toward him, she went on:

Es menester á cielos ir,
Y tu que llorabas reír.*

And approaching with starry majesty, she added:

Quiebra barzon.
Deja Dextra, monstruo,
A tu negro
Caparazon.†

And she placed her hand upon his brow.

Then another voice was lifted up, deeper, and consequently sweeter still, a voice, broken-hearted and ecstatic, of a gravity tender and wild; and this was the human chant, in response to the chant from the stars. Gwynplaine all the while kneeling in the darkness upon the vanquished bear and wolf, with his head under Dea's hand, then sang:

O ven! ama!
Eres alma,
Soy carazon.‡

And suddenly, in the darkness, a jet of light struck Gwynplaine full in the face.

The full-blown monster was made visible in the obscurity.

It would be impossible to describe the commotion in the crowd. A sun of laughter bursting out—such was the effect. Laughter is born of the unexpected; and nothing could be more unexpected than this winding-up. No shock comparable to this buffet of light upon this buffoonish and terrible mask. There was laughing round about this laughter; everywhere, above, below, in front, at the back; men, women, old bald-heads, rosy faces of children, the good, the bad. Gay folks, sad folks, all the world, and even passers-by in the street, those who saw not, hearing the laugh, laughed. And the laugh ended in clappings of hands and in stampings of feet. The blind let down, Gwynplaine was tumultuously recalled. Thence an enormous success. Have you seen *Chaos Conquered*? There was running after Gwynplaine. Carelessness came to laugh, melancholy came to laugh, evil consciences came to laugh. So irresistible was the laugh, that at moments it seemed as though it might be unwholesome. But if there be one pest that man shuns not, it is the contagion of mirth. For the rest, the success did not reach beyond the populace. A large crowd is a small audience. *Chaos Conquered* was seen for a penny. The fashionable world goes not where it can go for a penny.

Ursus did not think meanly of this work, which he had been a long time hatching.

—It is in the style of a fellow named Shakespeare, said he modestly.

Dea's contiguity heightened the inexpressible effect of Gwynplaine. This blanched figure, by the side of this gnome, was a symbol of superhuman astonishment. The people regarded Dea with an approach to mysterious apprehension. Hers was a something supreme and indescribable, made up of the virgin and the priestess, ignorant of man and familiar with the Deity. One saw that she was blind, and yet one felt that she was seeing. She seemed to stand upon the threshold of the supernatural. She appeared to be half within our own range of light, and half in the brightness of another sphere. She came to do her work upon earth, and to work as Heaven works with the dawn. She found a hydra, and made a soul. She had the air of a creative faculty, content yet astounded with her creation. You imagined upon her visage, adorably terrified, the will to act, and surprise at the result. You felt that she was in love with her monster. Did she recognize his monstrosity? Yes, because she came in contact with him. No, because she accepted him. All this night, all this day, intermingled, resolved itself in the spectator's mind into a dim medium, peopled with infinite vistas. How divinity cleaves to the rough draft, in

what guise the penetration of soul into matter is accomplished, how the solar ray constitutes an umbilical cord, how the disfigured is transfigured, how the shapeless becomes paradisiacal—glimpses of all these mysteries complicated, with an emotion almost comic, the convulsion of hilarity excited by Gwynplaine. Without going to the root of it, for the spectator likes not the trouble of deep probing, one comprehended something beyond what was seen; and this strange spectacle had in it the translucency of Avatar.

As for Dea, what she experienced transcends human words. She felt that she was in the midst of a crowd, and knew not what a crowd was. She heard a noise, and that was all. For her, a crowd was a breath; in reality, it is nothing more. Generations are puffs of breath, that pass away. Man respires, aspires, and expires. In this crowd Dea felt herself to be alone, and shivered as one might if suspended over a precipice. All at once, in this trouble of the innocent in distress, who is ready to accuse the unknown, in this misgiving as to a possible fall, Dea—serene, nevertheless, and superior to the vague anguish of peril, though internally quivering at her isolation—found again her certitude and her support. She seized again her guiding clew in the labyrinth of darkness. She laid her hand upon the potent head of Gwynplaine. Joy unheard of! She leaned her rosy fingers upon this forest of crispy hair. The touch of wool awakens an idea of something soft. Dea was touching a sheep, whom she knew to be a lion. All her heart grounded itself upon an ineffable love. She felt herself to be out of danger; she had found her saving genius. The public fancied that it saw the reverse. For the spectators, the being saved was Gwynplaine, and the being who saved was Dea.—What matter? thought Ursus, to whom Dea's heart was revealed.—And Dea—reassured, consoled, enchanted—worshipped the angel; while the people stared at the monster, and, themselves also fascinated, though in the inverse sense, kept up this immense Promethean laughter.

True love is not palled. Being all soul, it cannot become lukewarm. Embers may be put out with ashes; a star cannot be. These delicious impressions were renewed every evening for Dea; and she was ready to weep for very tenderness, while the rest were writhing in laughter. Around her they were given up to mirth; she—she was happy.

For the rest, this hilarious effect, due to Gwynplaine's unforeseen and stupendous grimace, was evidently not coveted by Ursus. He would have preferred more smiling and less laughing, and an admiration more literary in character. But triumph consoles. He reconciled himself, evening after evening, to his prodigious success, as he counted how many piles of farthings made up the shillings, and how many piles of shillings made up the pounds. And then he said to himself that, after all, when the laughing was over, *Chaos Conquered* would be found again in the popular heart, and that something of it would remain with them. Perhaps he did not altogether deceive himself; the settling-down of a work is dependent on the public. The truth is, this populace—attentive to this wolf, to this bear, to this man, then to this music, to these howls subdued by harmony, to this night dispelled by the dawn, to this song ushering in the light—accepted with a confused yet deep sympathy, and even with a certain tender respect, the drama-poem of *Chaos Conquered*, the victory of mind over matter, eventuating in human joy.

Such were the people's rude pleasures.

And they sufficed. The people had not the wherewithal for going to the "noble's match" of the gentry, and could not, like the lords and gentlemen, bet their thousand guineas on Helmsgail against Phelim-ghe-Madone.

X.

AN OUTSIDER'S SURVEY OF MEN AND THINGS.

MAN has one thought—to avenge himself for pleasure conferred upon him. Thence the contempt for actors.

* Thou must go to heaven and laugh, thou who wert weeping.

† Break the yoke! Leave, monster, thy black callipash!

‡ Oh, come, Love! Thou art soul; I am heart.

This being charms me, diverts me, distracts me, teaches me, enchants me, consoles me, distills for me the ideal, is agreeable and useful to me—what harm can I do him in return? Humiliation. Disdain is the slap-in-the-face from a distance. Let's slap his face! He pleases me; therefore he is vile. He serves me; therefore I detest him.—Where is there a stone that I can throw at him? Priest, give me yours! Philosopher, give me yours! Bossuet, excommunicate him! Rousseau, insult him! Orator, spit at him the pebbles from your mouth! Bear, heave at him your paving-stone! Let's throw stones at the tree, bruise the fruit, and eat it! Bravo! and down with him! Repeat poets' words! It's pestiferous! Stage-player! Away! Let's put him in the pillory in the midst of his success!—Let's wind up his triumph with a hoot! Let him gather a crowd, and create a solitude! Thus it is that the rich classes, called the high classes, have invented for the actor that form of isolation—applause.

The populace is less ferocious. It did not detest Gwynplaine. Neither did it despise him. Only, the lowest caulker, of the lowest crew, of the lowest carack, moored in the lowest of the English ports, considered himself immeasurably superior to that amuser of the rabble, and held that a caulker is as far above a mountebank, as a lord is above a caulker.

Gwynplaine, then, like all actors, was applauded and isolated. Besides, here below all success is crime, and must be expiated. Whoever has the medal has the reverse.

But, for Gwynplaine, there was no reverse—for the reason that his success was agreeable to him on both sides. He was satisfied with the applause, and content with the isolation. Through the applause, he was rich; through the isolation, he was happy.

To be rich, in these shallows, is to be no longer miserable. It is to have no more holes in one's clothes, no more chill in the hearth, no more void in the stomach. It is to eat when one is hungry, and drink when one is athirst. It is to have all that is necessary, including a penny for a poor man. Of this indigent wealth, sufficient to keep him free, Gwynplaine was possessed.

On the side of the soul, he was opulent. Love was his. What could he desire?

He desired nothing.

The removal of his deformity—you might imagine this an offer to be made him! How he would have repelled it! Lay down this mask, and take up again his own visage, becoming once more handsome and charming as he had perhaps been—assuredly, he would not have wished it! And by what means could he have supported Dea? What would have become of the poor and gentle blind one who loved him? Without this grin, that made of him a clown unparalleled, he would have been no more than any other mountebank, a mere equilibrist like the rest, a picker-up of farthings in the pavement crevices; and Dea perhaps would not have been sure of her every-day's bread. With profound and tender pride, he felt that he was the protector of this celestial weakness. Night, solitude, nakedness, impotence, ignorance, hunger, and thirst—the seven yawning mouths of misery—were threatening around her, and he was the St. George to fight this dragon. And he triumphed over the misery. How?—by his deformity! Through his deformity, he was useful, helpful, victorious, great. He had only to show himself, and money came. He was the master of crowds; he proclaimed himself the sovereign of the populace. He could do every thing for Dea. He provided for her wants. Within the limited range of wishes possible to the blind, he satisfied her desires, her cravings, her fantasies. Gwynplaine and Dea, as we have already shown, were a providence, one for the other. He felt himself borne up on her wings; she felt herself carried in his arms. To protect her who loves you, to confer competency upon her who confers the stars upon you—there is nothing sweeter. Gwynplaine enjoyed this supreme felicity. He owed it to his disfigurement. This disfigurement had made him

superior to every thing. By it, he gained his livelihood and the livelihood of others; by it, he acquired independence, liberty, celebrity, satisfaction within himself, pride. In this disfigurement he was inaccessible. The Fates could do nothing against him, beyond this stroke wherein they had exhausted themselves, and which he had converted into a triumph. This depth of ill had become an Elysian pinnacle. Gwynplaine was imprisoned in his deformity—but with Dea. This was, as we have remarked, to be in a dungeon of Paradise. Between them and the living world there was a wall. So much the better. This wall penned them in, but defended them. What could any one do against Dea, what could any one do against Gwynplaine, so shut out from the life around them? Take away success from him? Impossible; it would have been requisite to take away his face. Take away love from him? Impossible; Dea did not see him. Dea's blindness was divinely incurable. What inconvenience did his disfigurement cause to Gwynplaine? None. What advantages had it? All. He was loved in spite of this horror, and perhaps in consequence of it. Weakness and deformity were, by instinct, drawn together, and coupled. To be loved, is not this every thing? Gwynplaine did not think of his disfigurement, save with gratitude. The brand was for him a blessing. He felt with joy that it was ineradicable and eternal. What luck, that the boon should be remediless! So long as there were open places, fair-grounds, roads whereon to travel at one's will, a people below, and a heaven above, so long he would be sure of a livelihood; Dea would want for nothing; there would be love for them! Gwynplaine would not have changed faces with Apollo. To be monstrous was, for him, a form of bliss.

Thus did we say, at the beginning, that destiny had filled up his measure. This condemned one was in high favor.

He was so happy that he came to commiserate the men around him. He pitied them more than enough. It was furthermore his instinct to look somewhat outside of himself; for no man is all of one piece, nor is Nature an abstraction. He was charmed to be walled in; but, from time to time, he raised his head above the wall. It was only with so much the more delight that he fell back upon his isolation by Dea's side, after having made his comparisons.

What did he see around him? What were these living people, of whom his own roving life showed him all manner of specimens, each day replaced by others? Ever new crowds, and ever the same multitude. Ever new faces, and ever the same adversity. A promiscuousness of ruins. Every evening, all the social fatalities came and grouped themselves around his felicity.

The Green-Box was popular.

A low price appeals to a low class. They who came to him were the feeble, the poor, the little ones. They resorted to Gwynplaine, as one resorts to gin. They came to buy two half-pence worth of forgetfulness. From the elevation of his stage, Gwynplaine passed the unenlightened populace in review. His spirit drank in all these successive apparitions of uttermost wretchedness. The human physiognomy is compounded of conscience and of life, and is the result of many a mysterious delving. Not a pang, not a passion, not a shame, not a despair, whereof Gwynplaine did not witness the furrow. These children's mouths had not eaten food. That man was a father, that woman a mother; and behind them he divined families in perdition. Such a countenance was emerging from vice, and entering upon crime; and he comprehended the wherefore—ignorance and indigence. Such another offered the impress of early goodness, erased by social pressure, and replaced by hate. On this old woman's face he read famine; on that young girl's brow he read prostitution—the same fact, offering in the case of the young one a resource, and all the more mournful therein. In the crowd, there were arms, but no tools; the workmen were willing, but the work was lacking. Occasionally a soldier—it might be a disabled one—came and took his seat beside a

workman; and then Gwynplaine saw the spectre, war. Here Gwynplaine read cessation from labor, there labor with research, there servitude. On certain brows he made out an indescribable ebbing toward animal life, and that gradual return of man to beast, that is brought about, below, by the indefinite pressure of ponderous enjoyment above. In all this gloom, there was for Gwynplaine one relief. He and Dea derived happiness through a borrowed light. All the rest was perdition. Gwynplaine perceived above him the unconscionable prancing of the powerful, the opulent, the magnificent, the great, the elect of chance. Beneath him, he distinguished the pale-faced herd of the disinherited. He saw himself and Dea—with their happiness, limited but immense—placed between two worlds: above, the world that comes and goes, free, joyous, dancing, trampling under foot; above, the world that marches onward; below, the world over which it marches. Fatal fact, indicative of profound social ill, the light eclipses the shade! Gwynplaine verified this sorrow. What! a destiny so like a reptile's! Man dragging himself along thus! Such a clinging to dust and mire, such disgust, such abdication, such abjectness, that one longs to put the foot upon it! Of what butterfly, then, is this terrestrial life the caterpillar? What! in this crowd of the hungry and the ignorant, everywhere, before us, the point of interrogation of crime or of shame! Inflexibility of laws, productive of enervated consciences! Not a child, that grows not up to be humbled! Not a virgin, who grows not taller for the procuress! Not a rose, that buds not for the slime of the snail! His eyes, at times, curious with the curiosity of emotion, sought to pierce to the bottom of that obscurity, wherein so many abortive efforts were agonizing and so many wearinesses were struggling—families devoured by society, morals tortured by laws, sores gangrened by penalties, indigences gnawed by taxation, intelligences gone to wreck in the engulfment of ignorance, rafts in distress covered with the starving, wars, famines, rattlings in the throat, cries, disappearances. He felt himself vaguely seized upon by this poignant and universal anguish. He had a sight of all this spume of misfortune, cast over the sombre human pell-mell. For himself, he was in port, as he looked at the shipwreck all around him. Once in a while, he took his disfigured head between his hands, and mused.

What madness to be happy! How one dreams! Fancies came upon him. Absurd ideas passed across his brain. Because he had once succored a child, it occurred to him that he would like to aid the world. The mists of revery obscured at times his own identity. He so far lost the sense of proportion, as to say: "What can one do for these poor people?" Sometimes his absorption was such, that he said it aloud. Ursus then shrugged his shoulders, and looked steadily at him; and Gwynplaine went on: "Oh! if I were powerful, how I would help the wretched! But what am I? An atom. What can I do? Nothing."

He was mistaken. He could do much for the wretched. He made them laugh.

And, as we have remarked, to make any one laugh is to make him forget.

What a benefactor on earth is a distributor of forgetfulness!

XI.

GWYNPLAINE HAS JUSTICE ON HIS SIDE; URSUS HAS TRUTH.

A PHILOSOPHER is a spy. Ursus, observant of dreams, studied his pupil. Our monologues are vaguely reflected on our brows, as is distinctly apparent to the physiognomist. This is why what was passing in Gwynplaine did not escape Ursus. One day, when Gwynplaine was meditating, Ursus, pulling him by his hooded cape, exclaimed:

— You have the air of a star-gazer, you simpleton. Take care; this is no concern of yours. You have only one thing to do—to love Dea. You have two good reasons for being happy: The one, that the crowd sees your muzzle; the other,

that Dea doesn't see it. You have no right to this latter good luck. No woman, who could see your mouth, would accept your kiss. And the very mouth that makes your fortune, the face that brings you riches—they are not your own. You were never born with that countenance. You borrowed it from the grin, which lies in the depths of the infinite. You have robbed the devil of his mask. You are hideous; be content with throwing double-fives. There are in this world, which is a pretty well-constructed affair, the happy by right, and the happy by a chance hit. You are happy by the chance hit. You are in a cellar, wherein a star has been caught. The poor star is yours. Don't try to get out of your cellar; and hold on, spider, to your star! You have got the ruby, Venus, in your web. Do me the favor to be satisfied. I perceive that you have unquiet dreams; that's idiotic. Listen; I'm going to talk to you in the language of true poetry. Let Dea eat beef-steaks and mutton-cutlets; in six months she will be as strong as a Turk; marry her right off, and have a child, two children, three children, a long string of children. That's what I call philosophy. Besides, one is happy, which is no nonsense. Having little ones, that's the ticket. Have brats; handle them, wipe their noses, put them to bed, smear up their faces, and wash them off again; let it all be going on at once about you; if they laugh, that's well; if they squall, that's better; to cry is to be alive; look at them, sucking at six months, crawling at twelve, walking at two years, growing tall at fifteen, loving at twenty. Whoever has these delights, has everything. As for me, I've missed them, which accounts for my being a brute. The good God, whose revelations are poems, and whose prophets were the first men-of-letters, dictated to one of these, Moses: *Multiply!* That is the text. Multiply, animal! As for the world, it is what it is; it has no need of you for going along badly. Don't trouble yourself concerning it. Don't occupy yourself with what's outside. Leave the horizon alone. An actor is made to be looked at, not to be looking. Are you aware of what there is outside?—the happy by right. You, I tell you again, you are of the happy by chance. You are the pickpocket of the happiness, whereof they are the proprietors. They are legitimate; you are an intruder; you live in concubinage with luck. What would you, more than you have? So help me Shibboleth, the dirty fellow is a scoundrell! It's none the less pleasant to multiply one's self through Dea; but such felicity is much like swindling. Those who have the good things down here, by privilege from up yonder, don't approve of others beneath them having so much enjoyment. If they asked you, by what right are you happy?—you wouldn't know how to answer. You have no patent; they have one. Jupiter, Allah, Vishnu, Sabaoth, no matter who, has given them a visa for being happy. Have a fear of them. Don't meddle with them, so that they may not meddle with you. Do you know, wretched one, what a happy one by right is? A terrible being is it; it is the lord. Ah! the lord; there's one who must have intrigued on the devil's unknown ground, before coming into the world, in order to enter life by that door! How hard it must have been for him to be born! This is the only trouble he ever gave himself. But, just Heaven, what a job! to obtain from Destiny, that blind dolt, that she should make you, at the start, from the cradle, the master of men; to corrupt that office-keeper, so that she gives you the best place in the theatre! Read the memento, that is in the hut that I have put on the retired list; read that breviary of my wisdom; there you will see what the lord is. A lord—it is one who has every thing, and is every thing. A lord is one who exists at an elevation above his own proper nature; one who, being young, has the rights of old age; being old, the lucky chances of youth; vicious, the respect of good people; a coward, the command of the stout-hearted; doing nothing, the fruits of labor; ignorant, the diploma of Oxford or Cambridge; silly, the admiration of poets; ugly, the smile of women; Thersites, the helmet of Achilles; a hare, the lion's skin. Don't misunderstand my words. I don't

say that a lord must necessarily be ignorant, cowardly, ugly, silly, and old; I only say that he may be all this, without any harm to him therefrom. On the contrary. The lords are the princes. The King of England is only a lord, the first lord in the lordly estate. This is all; this is much. Kings were formerly called lords: the lord of Denmark, the lord of Ireland, the lord of the Isles. The lord of Norway has only been called king during three hundred years. Lucius, the first-known King of England, was termed by St. Télesphorus *my Lord Lucius*. The lords are peers, that is to say, equals. Of whom? Of the king. I do not commit the blunder of confounding the lords with the Parliament. The popular assembly, which the Saxons, before the Conquest, entitled *Wittenagemot*, was entitled *Parliamentum* by the Normans, after the Conquest. Little by little, the people have been pushed out of doors. The king's writ convoking the commons, had the phrase, *ad consilium impendendum*; to-day they have it, *ad consentiendum*. The commons have the right of consenting. To say "yes" is their privilege. The peers can say "no." And the proof is, that they have said it. The peers can cut off the king's head; the people can't. The axe-stroke of Charles I. is an encroachment—not upon the king, but upon the peers; and the gibbeting of Cromwell's carcass was rightly done. The lords have the power—why?—because they have the wealth. Who is there, that has turned over the leaves of the Doomsday-Book? It is the proof that the lords hold possession of England; it is the register of the subjects' goods and chattels, made up under William the Conqueror; and it is in charge of the chancellor of the exchequer. To copy any thing in it, you pay four half-pence a line. It is a proud record. Do you know that I was once domestic physician in the establishment of a lord who was named Marmaduke, and who had nine hundred thousand French francs for his yearly revenue? Get yourself out of that, you frightful idiot! Do you know that, with nothing but the rabbits of Earl Lindsay's warrens, all the rabble of the Cinque Ports might be fed? Meddle with them, therefore! All is well-ordered there! Every poacher is hung. Just for two long downy ears that peeped out of his pouch, I have seen a father of six children hanging from the gallows. Such is lordship. A lord's rabbit is more than a man of the good God. Lords there are, you scoundrel; and we ought to find it good. And then, if we find it bad, what difference does that make to them?—the people making objections! Plantus himself couldn't come near this, for comic effect. A philosopher would be jesting, if he counselled this poor devil of a multitude to exclaim against the breadth and the weight of the lords. As well make the caterpillar raise issue on the elephant's foot. One day, I saw a hippopotamus tread upon a molehill; he crushed it all in; he was not to blame. He didn't even know—the huge, good-natured mastodon—that there were moles. My dear fellow, among the moles that are crushed, is the human race. Crushing is a law. And do you believe that the mole himself does not crush any thing? He is the mastodon of the flesh-worm, who is the mastodon of the animalcula. But don't let us argue it. Carriages, my boy, exist. The lord is inside; the people are under the wheel; the wise man makes room. Step aside, and let pass. As for me, I like lords, and I keep out of their way. I have lived with one. That's enough for embellishing my recollections. I call to mind his country-seat, as a glory in a nimbus. My dreams are of the past. Nothing more admirable than Marmaduke Lodge, for vastness, symmetrical beauty, rich revenues, adornments, and accessories of the edifice. For the rest, the houses, mansions, and palaces of the lords, constitute a collection of all that is grand and magnificent in this flourishing kingdom. I like our noblemen. I thank them for being opulent, powerful, and prosperous. I, who am clothed in darkness, see with interest and pleasure this specimen of celestial blue, that is termed a lord. You entered Marmaduke Lodge by an extremely spacious court-yard, which formed an oblong divided into eight squares, enclosed with balustrades, that left

on every side a wide, open road-way. There was, in the middle, a superb hexagonal fountain, with two basins, covered with a dome of exquisite workmanship, open at the top, and supported upon six columns. It was there that I was acquainted with a learned Frenchman, the Abbé du Cros, attached to the house of the Jacobins in St. James's Street. One half of the library of Erpenius was at Marmaduke Lodge, the other half being in the Theological Lecture-Room at Cambridge. There did I read books, as I sat under the decorated portal. These things are, for the most part, only seen by a small number of curious travellers. Are you aware, you absurd boy, that the Honorable William North, who is Lord Gray of Rolleston, and who sits fourteenth upon the barons' bench, has more tall forest-trees on his hill-side, than you have hairs upon your horrible head-piece? Are you aware that Lord Norris of Ricott, which is the same as the Earl of Abingdon, has a square donjon-keep two hundred feet high, bearing this device, *Virtus ariete fortior*, which has the air of intending to say, *Virtue is stronger than a ram*, but which really means, you booby, *Courage is stronger than a war-machine*? Yes, I honor, accept, respect, and reverence our nobles. It is the lords who, together with the royal majesty, labor to secure and preserve national advantages. Their consummate wisdom shimes forth in difficult conjunctures. The precedence over all—I should prefer seeing that they had it not. They have it. That which is called in Germany a prince, and in Spain a grandee, is called a peer in England and in France. As one might have been justified in finding this world sufficiently wretched, God perceived where the shoe pinched it, desired to prove that He knew how to create happy folks, and made lords, to satisfy philosophers. This bit of creation corrects the other bit, and gets the good God out of the scrape. For Him, it is a decent outlet from a false position. The great are great. A peer, in speaking of himself, says *nos*. A peer is plural. The king terms the peers *consanguinei nostri*.

The peers have made a host of wise laws, amongst which is the one that condemns a man to death who cuts down a three-years' old poplar-tree. Such is their supremacy, that they have a language of their own. In the heraldic style, black, which is called "sable" for the mass of the well-born, is termed "saturn" for princes, and "diamond" for peers. Diamond-powder, starred night, is the black of the fortunate. And even among themselves they have nice distinctions, these mighty nobles. A baron cannot wash with a viscount, without his permission. Excellent arrangements these, and preservative of nations. How fine it is for a people to have twenty-five dukes, five marquises, seventy-six earls, nine viscounts, and sixty-one barons, which makes one hundred and seventy-six peers, some of whom are his Grace and some his Lordship! After this, what if there be some rags and tatters here and there? All cannot be in gold. Rags, so be it! Is not the purple visible? The one compensates for the other. It must be that something should be constructed out of something. Well; yes, there are the poor—a pretty job! They stifle the happiness of the potent. Why, zounds! our lords are our glory. The pack of hounds of Charles Mohun, Baron Mohun, costs as much of itself as the Moorgate Hospital for lepers, and as Christ's Hospital, founded for children in 1553, by Edward VI. Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds, spends for his liveries alone five thousand golden guineas a year. The grandees of Spain have a guardian, appointed by the king, who keeps them from ruining themselves. That's cowardly. Our lords, ours, are extravagant as well as magnificent. I like that. Don't let us rail, as though we were envious. I am grateful for a fair vision that passes. I have not the light itself; but I have its reflection. "Reflected upon my ulcer," you will say. To the devil with you! I am a Job, happy in the contemplation of Trimalcion. Oh! the lovely planet, radiant, up yonder! It is something to have this moonlight. Suppress the lords! That's an idea that Orestes, all madman that he was, would not have dared to

sustain. To say that lords are noxious or useless, this is much the same as saying that states must be unsettled, and that men are not made to live like flocks, browsing on the grass and bitten by the dog! The meadow is sheared by the sheep; the sheep is sheared by the shepherd. What more equitable! For one shearer, a shearer and a half. As for me, it's all the same; I'm a philosopher, and I stick on to life, like a fly. Life is only a temporary lodging. When I think that Henry Bowes Howard, Earl of Berkshire, has in his stables twenty-four gala-carriages, some of which have harness in silver and some in gold! Good heavens! I know well enough that everybody hasn't twenty-four gala carriages; but it is of no use to inveigh. Because you were cold, one night—lo and behold, there's no one else but you! Others also are cold and hungry. Do you know that, without this cold, Dea would not be blind; and that, if Dea were not blind, she wouldn't love you? Answer that, booby! And then, if all the stragglers were complaining, what a jolly hubbub there would be! Silence—that's the rule. I am convinced that the good God orders the doomed to hold their peace, without which it would be the good God who would be doomed to hear a never-ending cry. The bliss of Olympus is in proportion to the silence of Cocytus. Therefore, hold your tongues, O people! I myself do better; I approve and I admire. Just now I enumerated the lords; but two archbishops and four-and-twenty bishops must be added. In truth, I am quite touched when I think of them. I remember to have seen, at the tithe-gatherer's of the reverend Dean of Raphoe—which dean was a part of the lordship and of the Church—a vast corn-stack of the finest wheat, collected from the peasants round about, and which the dean had not taken the trouble to have threshed. This left him time for praying to God. Do you know that Lord Marmaduke, my master, was Lord High Treasurer of Ireland and High Seneschal of the sovereignty of Knaresborough, in the county of York? Do you know that the Lord Chamberlain—which is an appointment hereditary in the family of the Dukes of Ancaster—puts the king's robes on him on the day of the coronation, and receives for his pains forty ells of crimson velvet, besides the bed on which the king has slept; and that the Usher of the Black Rod is his deputy? I should like to see you make a stand against this—that the oldest viscount of England is the Sire Robert Brent, created viscount by Henry V. All the lords' titles indicate a sovereignty over an estate, Earl Rivers excepted, whose title is his family name. How admirable is their right to tax others, and to levy, for instance, as at this present moment, four shillings on the pound sterling of income, which is just continued for a year, and all those fine imposts on distilled spirits, on the excise of wine and beer, on tonnage and poundage, on cider, perry, mum, malt, and prepared barley, and on coal and a hundred other similar articles! Let's reverence what is. The clergy itself is dependent on the lords. The Bishop of Man is the subject of the Earl of Derby. The lords have special wild beasts, that they put into their armorial bearings. As God has not made enough of them, they invent others. They have created the heraldic *sanglier* which is as much above a wild boar, as a boar is above a pig, and a nobleman above a priest. They have created the griffin, which is an eagle among lions and a lion among eagles, and which intimidates the lions by his wings and the eagles by his mane. They have the wyvern, the unicorn, the salamander, the gorgon, the Tarascon crocodile, the dragon, the hippogriff. All this, terrifying for us, is for them decoration and finery. They have a menagerie that is called the blazon, and in which unknown monsters roar. No forest comparable to their pride, for the stupendousness of its prodigies. Their vanity is full of phantoms, stalking about therein as in the sublimity of night, armed, helmeted, cuirassed, spurred, the staff of empire in hand, and saying, with grave voice: "We are the ancestors!" The beetles devour the roots, and the panoplies devour the people. Why not? Are we going to alter the laws? Lordship

forms part of their order. Do you know that there is a duke in Scotland who gallops thirty leagues, without going off his own ground? Do you know that the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has an income of a million of French francs? Do you know that his Majesty has for his civil list seven hundred thousand pounds sterling a year, without reckoning country-seats, forests, domains, fiefs, tenancies, freeholds, prebends, tithes and rents, confiscations and fines, which exceed a million sterling? They who are not content are hard to please.

—Yea, murmured Gwynplaine, thoughtfully; it is from the hell of the poor that the paradise of the rich is made.

XII.

URSUS THE POET CARRIES AWAY URSUS THE PHILOSOPHER.

THEN Dea came in; he looked at her, and saw her only. Thus is it with love. One may be invaded and beset at a certain moment, by any thoughts whatsoever; in comes the woman whom one loves, and abruptly puts to flight all that is not her own presence, with never a notion that she may, possibly, be effacing a world within us.

Let us make one point here. In *Chaos Conquered*, one word, *monstro*, addressed to Gwynplaine, was offensive to Dea. Sometimes, with the little Spanish that all the world knew then, she took the slight liberty of substituting *quidro*, which signifies, I will have it so. Ursus tolerated, not without some impatience, these changes in the text. He would freely have said to Dea, as in our day Moëssard to Tissot: "You are wanting in respect for the *répertoire*."

"The man who laughs." Such was the form that Gwynplaine's celebrity had taken. His name, Gwynplaine, almost unknown, had disappeared under this nickname, as his face under the laugh. His popularity, like his visage, was a mask.

His name, however, might be read upon a large bill placarded in front of the Green-Box, which gave to the crowd the following compilation, due to Ursus:

"Here may be seen Gwynplaine, abandoned at ten years of age, on the night of the 29th of January, 1690, by the villainous Comprachicos, on the sea-shore at Portland, grown up from a boy, and now called

'THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.'

The existence of these mountebanks was an existence of lepers in a lazar-house, and of the blissful in an Atlantis. It was, day by day, an abrupt change from an alien show of the most blustering sort, to abstraction the most complete. Every evening, they made their exit from this world. It was as though the dead took their departure, under engagement to be born again next day. The actor is a revolving light-house—appearance, then disappearance; and he only lives for the public, as a phantom and a glimmer in this life of rotatory flashes.

To the plot of open ground succeeded monastic seclusion. So soon as the performance was over, while the spectators were disentangling themselves, and while the crowd's hurrah of satisfaction was losing itself in the divergences of the streets, the Green-Box drew up its panel, as a fortress its drawbridge; and communication with the human race was cut off. On one side, the universe; on the other, this booth; and in this booth there were liberty, clear conscience, courage, devotedness, innocence, happiness, love—all the constellations.

Blindness, seeing, and deformity, beloved, were seated at each other's side, hand pressing hand, forehead touching forehead; though delirious, they whispered low.

The middle compartment served two purposes: for the public, a theatre—for the actors, a dining-room.

Ursus, always on the alert for a comparison, profited by this diversity of uses, to liken the central compartment of the Green-Box to the arradash of an Abyssinian hut.

Ursus counted the receipts; then they supped. For love, every thing is idealized; and for lovers to eat and drink together gives rise to all sorts of sweet and furtive comminglings,

that make a mouthful become a kiss. They drink ale or wine out of the same glass, as they might drink dew out of the same lily. Two souls, in a love-feast, have the same grace as two birds. Gwynplaine helped Dea, cut up her morsels, poured out for her what she drank, drew too near her.

— Hum! said Ursus; and he averted his muttering, which ended, in spite of himself, in a smile.

The wolf, under the table, was eating his supper, inattentive to whatever was not bone.

Vinos and Fibi shared the repast, but were rather in the way. These two vagabonds, half-savage and still scared, spoke their own jargon together.

At last Dea reëntered the women's quarters with Fibi and Vinos. Ursus went to chain up Homo under the Green-Box; and Gwynplaine looked after the horses, the lover becoming a groom, as though he had been one of Homer's heroes, or one of Charlemagne's paladins. At midnight, all were asleep, except the wolf, who, under a strong sense of his responsibility, kept one eye open.

The next day at dawn, they met again, and breakfasted together, generally on ham and tea—tea, in England, dates from 1678. Then Dea, according to the Spanish custom, and by advice of Ursus, who thought her delicate, went to sleep again for some hours, while Gwynplaine and Ursus were occupied with all the little details, within and without, that are required in wandering life.

It was seldom that Gwynplaine strolled about outside of the Green-Box, unless on unfrequented roads and in solitary spots. In towns, he only went out at night, hidden by a broad slouched hat, so as not to make his face familiar in the street.

He was only to be seen, with uncovered visage, on the stage.

Furthermore, the Green-Box had not much frequented the towns. Gwynplaine, at twenty-four, had hardly seen one larger than the Cinque Ports. Still, his renown went on increasing. It began to overtop the populace, and it mounted higher up. Among the amateurs of foreign wonders, and the runners after curiosities and prodigies, it was known that an extraordinary mask was in existence somewhere, in a wandering condition of life, now here, now there. He was talked about and searched for, and "Where is he?" was asked concerning him. "The Man Who Laughs" was becoming decidedly famous. A certain lustre was reflected, from him, upon *Chaos Conquered*.

To such extent that, one day, Ursus, ambitious, exclaimed:

— We must go to London.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

IT was just as Miss Evelyn had foreseen. The attaché, or whatever he was whom Alexander found in the anteroom of the British legation, shook his head when Alexander requested an interview with the chief, and said he was afraid it was quite impossible. But the young lawyer being firm, the subordinate begged to know his business, and said he would see what could be done. He took Alexander's card, and after a short absence returned, and said that the minister would see him presently for a few moments.

One of the rules Mr. Alexander observed through the whole of his professional life was, never to transact business with subordinates when the superior powers were accessible, and he always acknowledged himself indebted to Miss Evelyn for the lesson.

No sooner was he in the presence of the bland and courteous gentleman who at that period represented the English Government at the court of Savoy, and had stated in whose behalf he was acting, than he perceived at a glance that the quick ministerial eye recognized the bundle of papers in his hand, and he saw also, through all the ease and politeness of the diplomatist's manner, that he devoutly wished the documents, if not the bearer also, at the bottom of the Mediterranean or the Po.

He was evidently painfully familiar with that bundle, though his horror manifested itself only in the air and attitude of calm resignation with which, folding his hands and throwing himself back in his chair, he prepared for the dreaded and inevitable discussion. Alexander could see also that his youth did not escape the educated eye of the minister; he fancied there was an expression in it as if he thought Mr. Evelyn would have shown more sagacity in choosing an instrument of maturer years.

No sooner, however, did Mr. Eglamour observe that his youthful countryman placed the bulk of the papers aside, and that he obviously meant only to torture him with a select few, than his features grew a little brighter; and when he found that Alexander was not even going to inflict these upon him in detail, but confined himself to a succinct statement of the application founded on them, referring to them only to elucidate and support his case, his manner was altered altogether, and he began not only to listen with attention, but with a lively satisfaction, visible both in his posture and his countenance.

Even before Alexander had said all he had to say, Mr. Eglamour interrupted him with animation, and, smiling, said:

"I will frankly tell you sir, never in all my life did I receive a gentleman on official business more unwillingly than I received you to-day; but I can assure you, with equal truth, that I am as grateful to you now as if you had intentionally done me a most important service."

Alexander blushed and bowed. The minister rose from his chair, advanced cordially toward his visitor, and briskly resumed:

"The fact is, that although Mr. Evelyn has been bringing this matter before me every year, for the last three, I never understood it till now. There is no worthier man in existence, or a man for whom I entertain a sincerer respect, but for the transaction of business,—oh! Probably my alarm at the sight of these papers did not altogether escape your notice. It was well-founded, believe me. I think I see our venerable friend fumbling them over at that table, without regard to chronological order, or order of any kind, insisting on reading every line, important or not, and either without one clear idea of the upshot of his application, or without the power of conveying it; but he would still go on, and go backward and forward, puzzling both me and himself until at last he would gather them all up again, and escape into a burst of eloquent generalities on the cause of the Waldenses and civil and religious liberty all over the world. Really, what I have suffered in this way in the interests of the Vaudois is hardly to be matched by the persecutions of that gallant people themselves. Now, thanks to you, sir, my martyrdom is at an end; I see my way distinctly, and I make no doubt I shall be able to arrange the matter without any further difficulty. Is this your first diplomatic transaction?"

Without waiting for an answer, which indeed the young man's heightened complexion rendered unnecessary, the minister added:

"The oddest thing about Mr. Evelyn is this: though so hopelessly embarrassed and prolix in conversation, on paper he is just the reverse when he writes to me, as he sometimes does on other subjects—by-the-by, his letters are always in a female hand—they are concise and perspicuous; I found it hard to believe that my correspondent is the same person."

A natural solution of the envoy's difficulty immediately occurred to Alexander, who, his business having now been so happily concluded, bundled up his documents almost with as much agitation as Mr. Evelyn, and was making his bow, when the great man took his hand with cordiality, and said he was extremely glad to have made his acquaintance.

"To be frank with you, sir," said Alexander, smiling, "I got a hint to transact this little affair with yourself alone."

"Ha!" cried the minister, laughing, "you were warned against the Chancery. The truth is, Mr. Alexander, I would sometimes willingly give a good deal to keep an affair out of Chancery myself. Are you in the public service?"

Alexander mentioned his profession, and the minister, having requested to have his address in London, shook him again cordially by the hand, and accompanied him to the door of the apartment.

As he was going down-stairs, he heard a bell tinkle, and before he was out of the house the same attaché was at his heels to say that his chief would thank him to step back again for a moment.

"Do you make any stay in Turin?"

"A very short one; I am going into the Valleys."

"Most opportune! It is the very excursion I was about to suggest. You have represented Mr. Evelyn so ably, that perhaps you will be kind enough to be my proxy in a little affair which I find myself unable to attend to in person."

"I could not undertake to represent you, sir," replied Alexander, modestly, "with any thing like the same confidence, if, indeed, without actual presumption."

"You are far better qualified," said the minister, laughing, "for the duty in question than I have been, alas! for some dozen years—*cheu fugaces*. I want a representative at a rural wedding—to dance with the bride, make a little speech to her on my part; and, by Jove! Mr. Alexander, I should not wonder if to kiss her will not prove to be one of your duties. I see by your eye you accept my commission. You will really confer a great favor on me, and believe me I should not ask it if I did not feel sure that the wedding festivities, which will give you an opportunity of witnessing the curious hymeneal customs of the country, will help to make a day or two pass agreeably among those simple people."

Alexander returned a graceful and pleasant answer, and went away highly pleased with the minister, and probably not a little with himself.

In the evening his credentials were sent to him at his hotel, with a box containing a present for the bride; and the following evening, as the sun was dropping behind the snowy summits of the Cottian Alps, the enterprising young lawyer jumped out of his calèche at the Bear, in the little town of La Tour.

CHAPTER IX.—DOINGS IN THE VALLEYS.

It was at Torre the ceremony was to come off at which Alexander was to act as proxy for the English minister; he found the whole village in a state of excitement and active preparation for the *fête*. It took a very short time to make a friend of the Evelyns, and the representative of Mr. Eglamour, acquainted with the leading rural notabilities; he was charmed with their simple manners and hospitality, and they were soon charmed with him in turn. As Mr. Eglamour was very popular, his absence was felt at first as a considerable disappointment, but the maidens, at least, soon plucked up their spirits when they saw the handsome young man who had come in his place. As Alexander walked through the little village, conducted by the pastor, to whom he had a letter, many a bright eye peeped at him from behind a shutter, many a virgin, merry and wise, who trimmed the lamp of primitive Christianity in these famous mountains, panted for the dance in which he might possibly fall to her lot as a partner, and marvelled had the Church of England many such comely sons. Alexander amply justified all the interest he excited; his fine person was of that robust build which a hardy peasantry knows best how to appreciate: a more elastic step never trod hill or dale, and his countenance, as if it had been given him to shine on glad occasions, bloomed and flashed with youth, health, intelligence, and gallantry.

No wonder he was complimented on all sides and at every step he took, often in the patois, which spared his modesty the blushes with which he would have heard himself commended, but more frequently still with the silent flattery of which he was probably not entirely unconscious.

How admirably piety and mirth would dwell together in this world, if only miserable men would permit their union! Juno's swans were not better paired, or more naturally harmonious. Of all things that are strange and unnatural, a sour and bleak religion ought to be the strangest, for in truth a dark light, a troubled peace, or a dismal joy, is no greater paradox. No such monster, at least in those days, infested the Protestant villages, and if it had, such a knight as Alexander, armed from top to toe in a panoply of good-humor, would soon have put it to flight. Though not a Scotchman, he knew something of devout austerities; though not a Low Churchman, he had some knowledge of Evangelical spleen; here for the first time he saw godliness and gayety reigning together over a whole community, and of all the evidences that the poor Vaudois were indeed the inheritors of the pure and undefiled apostolic times, this was the one which made the deepest impression upon him.

Not forty Tartuffes, however, with the same power of Mawworm, not the concentrated spirit of Exeter Hall itself, collected in the

month of May, not a hundred wet blankets, or their equivalent, in the mantle of Dean Close, could have made La Tour a dull place on the present occasion. Old and young were equally bent upon festivity, and there was a vigor about all the arrangements and preliminaries which was after Alexander's own heart. Often has he been heard to say, recalling this passage of his young days, that he never in all his life went through so much hard work, as far as his legs were concerned, in the same space of time, as during the three or four days which he passed with the Vaudois. Prodigious walking to explore the valleys and visit all the spots sacred to the memories of heroes and martyrs; then dancing on the same scale until jocund day stood tip-toe on the top of Monte Viso; much, no doubt, for the honor of his country, but quite as much, perhaps, to prove himself worthy of his friends at Orta and Turin. For the feasting and junketing it required the prowess of Hercules, when he ate Admetus out of house and home.

Fredrika Bremer has, in one of her works, given such a lively account of a Vaudois wedding, that one could almost fancy she had taken it from Alexander's reminiscences. On the eve of the ceremony, the bride gave her parting feast to her young friends, and what a jovial feast it was! What dancing, what laughing, how the joke went round!

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to lie in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

The bottle went round as freely among the graybeards as if the Galilean miracle had been repeated, and every mountain-rill had been changed into sparkling Asti. The oldest Barbes, as the pastors of the valleys are called, drank and chirped like grasshoppers, and Alexander had double duty to do, now pledging the merry ministers, now treading a measure with every pretty Protestant in her turn, and thrice over with the lusty lass whom to-morrow he was to give away in holy wedlock. What a popular fellow he was before the night was half spent! and perhaps it was not arranged and settled in every corner, wherever two or three were gathered together, among seniors as well as juniors, that he was Miss Evelyn's accepted swain. But serious matters are not settled in so easy a way as they settle them on such occasions, and even graybeards are sometimes a little out when they prophesy.

Wonderful it was that any force was left for the great day itself, which was but a continuation of the preceding revels. It began with the procession to the bride's house, consisting of the bridegroom, a comely farmer of Angrogna, accompanied by his kindred of the same valley, and Alexander in the character of his godfather.

Alexander in his gayest apparel, some articles of which he had taken care to provide at Turin, led the way, and knocked at the door, according to immemorial usage.

It was the part of the maiden's father to affect surprise at the visit, and to demand what his visitors wanted.

"To beg one of your daughters in wedlock for my fair godson," replied Alexander, with all the gravity he could muster.

Never was an old swain so flattered; he goes in, and soon reappears, leading one of his daughters by the hand.

"Is this the one your godson fancies?"

"This maiden," answers the sponsor, "would be sure to make him happy as the day is long; but, sir, she is not his choice."

On this the sire withdraws with the rejected, looking much cast down at her fate.

Then a second lass is produced.

"Is this the young man's desire?"

"She is charming, too; but it is not she who has won my godson's heart."

Upon which the second retired likewise, but looking more indignant than sad, for such was her cue.

On the present occasion this pleasant litany was four times repeated, for, though the father had only two daughters, he had borrowed a pair of buxom nieces to protract the fun, as the custom exacted, one which, for all we know to the contrary, was observed eighteen hundred years ago, and possibly at the marriage of Cana itself.

At length the master of the house came forth with the true maid.

"Yes, yes, she is the right one; she is the girl for my god-son."

"Good, I give her to you with honor and fair repute. *Que vous la preserverez de tort.*"

Then did Alexander receive her plump rosy hand, which he ought forthwith to have placed in the bridegroom's to be devoutly kissed, instead of doing which he audaciously took the first-fruits himself, an innovation in the ceremonial to which neither the bride herself, nor any one on her part, objected.

During this preliminary service, the bride wore her ordinary daily dress, such as she wore hay-making, or picking mulberry-leaves, but presently she came forth from her bower in full nuptial trim, which was the purest white, the gift of the minister, with a garland on her brows of the freshest flowers of the valleys. Her hands were full of bunches of roses to distribute among the young men, and Alexander's was big as a rose-bush.

The ceremony in the church ensued, after which took place the homeward procession back to the bride's abode, stopping at all the *barrières*, as they are called, or at every farm-house on the road, the good-wife appearing at every door, with the air of expecting no such comers, but praying them to step in notwithstanding, when, by the merest accident, the table was found groaning and creaking under all sorts of rural dainties. When Alexander could do no more himself, it rejoiced him to see how fast others disposed of the good things, not only eating and drinking their fill, but stuffing their pockets with fruit and confectionary—a proceeding he ought to have imitated, to be in the fashion of the valleys.

And of this he was not left in ignorance, for feeling some pressure behind him at the last of the hospitable *barrières*, he turned quickly round, and discovered a strikingly handsome boy of eleven or twelve, thrusting a handful of over-ripe peaches and figs into his coat-pocket, his face radiant with archness and glee.

Alexander no less playfully arrested his arm, and asked him his name.

"Henri Arnaud," said the boy.

"Arnaud!" cried Alexander; "what! are you Miss Evelyn's young friend, of Bobbio? If so, I have twenty loves for you from her. But she never told me you were capable of playing me such a prank."

"We play all sorts of pranks at a wedding," said Arnaud, with little of foreign accent; indeed not only his voice, but his features and complexion, were much more English than Italian.

"Are your parents here?" asked Alexander, forgetting what Miss Evelyn had told him on that point.

The boy looked up at him with a sorrowful smile, and the pastor of Torre, who was standing by, answered for him.

"He is an orphan," he said, caressing with his hand the boy's glossy black hair; "if a child can be called an orphan who has God for his father and his mother."

He then informed Alexander that little Arnaud was born in the south of Italy, although his parents were natives of these valleys; they died after their return to them, when their son was very young, and, at their death, he had been bequeathed to the care of the aged minister of Bobbio, his grand-uncle, by whom he had been carefully and lovingly brought up.

"I have got a letter for the pastor of Bobbio," said Alexander; "I am going there to-morrow."

"Oh, are you?" cried Henri. "Then I'll go back with you, and I will show you the famous places, and my goats, and the books Miss Evelyn gave me with her name in them, and the waterfalls—oh, if we only had one good right-down pouring wet day to make them as beautiful as they sometimes are!"

"Perhaps the rain would not be quite so agreeable to Mr. Alexander, with a long walk before him," said the pastor.

"Rain is coming, and over-much of it," said another of the bystanders, shaking his head, and pointing to a mass of dark clouds beginning to gather over the hills; "it may improve the waterfalls, but it won't mend our roads, which are rough enough at the best."

"Oh," cried little Arnaud, grasping Alexander's hand, as if to hold him fast to his engagement, "you won't mind a shower, will you?—it will only be a shower, and, as to the roads, they are a great deal nicer than the stupid smooth ones down in the plain; there is only a stream to be jumped here and there; and I'll show you the great jump Miss Evelyn took one day last summer."

CHAMELEONS AND THEIR WAYS.

TO Alfred Brehm, one of the most distinguished naturalists living, and the pride of Germany in his peculiar walk, we are indebted for the following account of the oddly mysterious family of chameleons, concerning which, so many quaint histories and legends have been written since the earliest days. When Aristotle, deriving the full name from two Greek words, called them "little lions," they were regarded as infinitely more formidable than we find them to be now; and age after age had contributed its fiction, until, when the recent researches of positive science began, the *chameleon* was considered a very remarkable creature indeed. Some of this romantic history has, in our day, been dispelled, but still the little animal is an object of great interest, and Brehm discourses about it with the warmth of an amateur particularly attached to his subject.

Dr. Brehm had received a number of chameleons from Dr. Schweinfurth, the noted African traveller, who is at this moment again sojourning in the depths of that continent with a view to obtaining a scientific classification of the botanical characteristics of the upper White Nile region, as Von Heuglin has done of its animals. "In compliance with my directions," says Dr. Brehm, "the chameleons were sent on as express freight in boxes perforated with air-holes, and provided with perpendicular rods and palm-tree twigs inside, for the little things to perch and play on during the journey."

"For most reptiles this is the only way in which they can be shipped. During their free life, they are often so situated that they have to go fasting for weeks and even for months, and their endurance in this respect is remarkable. Abstinence from food for some weeks usually does them no harm; whereas, if food be put into the boxes with them it is injurious, from the fact that it decays, thereby polluting the atmosphere, and poisoning the animals."

"Our delicate little chameleons were only a couple of weeks in their travelling-prison, but had suffered a good deal, chiefly in consequence of the rude treatment they had undergone at the hands of their first captors. Many dead chameleons lay on the bottom of the boxes and, out of the 'eighty-five good, biting chameleons' which Dr. Schweinfurth shipped, only thirty could *bite* when they arrived. All appeared in the same mourning garb, for, instead of the beautiful grass-green hue from which the clearer or darker longitudinal stripes, blotches, and dots, start out in such pleasing contrast, when in health, their skin exhibited a dull uniform straw color, without any distinct separation of tints or any livelier shading. It was plain to be seen that the animals were worn out with fatigue and exhausted with hunger and thirst."

"The first thing in order, therefore, was to procure them all the enjoyments that the earthly existence of a chameleon requires. The cases we had prepared for them were adorned with green branches; honey was brought to entice the flies near them; weevils were collected to furnish forth a luxurious repast, and the Oriental strangers were, one after the other, carefully deposited in their new homes."

"The result did not equal our expectations. There was something amiss—that was clear! It is true that a dozen or two of eyes glanced at this fly or that grub, but the sharp arrow they carried in their mouths—that lightning tongue of theirs—which, I well knew they could dart out so unerringly, remained quiet in its sheath. Suppose that we were to moisten the parched and crumpled skin of our new guests with water, would that restore their vigor and activity? Let us try it! A hose was turned in the required direction and the stop-cock opened, so that an artificial shower gently fell on the exhausted chameleons. What a transformation! The first shower after a long drought; the first cupful of water to the wayfarer dying of thirst is not more magical in its effect! Every drop that fell upon their dry, leathery-looking skin gave it fresh life."

"But the little fellows not only enjoyed this bath on the surface of their bodies; they eagerly extended their long tongues and licked up the falling drops; and as more and more collected on the leaves, they pressed their parched lips to the latter and regularly sucked the moisture with hearty good-will, taking a fresh leaf as fast as one was drained."

"At length, all were refreshed, and had drunk their fill, and now the crawling grubs and buzzing flies greedily swarming around the honey, began to excite their interest. Their bodies, which had been as dry

as withered leaves, were now rounded off; their withered legs had caught up fresh strength and activity; their dead, dull eyes were once more quick and bright, and intelligence and energy again began to work in those tiny brains. Up and down the twigs they clambered, squabbling with each other for the best place, with ludicrous snapplings and grimaces, turning their long flexible tails around each other when room was lacking, and spying out every hole and corner above and around with their curious eyes, that work completely independent of each other. Dozens of these eyes would be riveted intently upon one and the same prey, and the fly that had escaped the marksmanship of one of their tongues, was sure to fall to the second, the third, the tenth, or some of them, before it could get away. Whole plates of grubs were emptied in a twinkling, and the renewed repast was disposed of before we, willing waiters as we were, could manage to keep up the supply.

"Next day the same scene was renewed. The contents of a large

near Alexandria, but never in the wastes on both sides of the valley of the Nile, although the vegetation is nearly the same in these regions, and a sort of thyme, which is their favorite plant, grows in one place as well as in the other. But it is not upon certain kinds of plants that they depend; they must seek regions where it either rains sometimes, or so heavy a dew falls every night that their tongues can be moistened and refreshed, at least once in twenty-four hours.

"Where they can live, they are by no means few in number, but are not so easily detected as some may think. Their color harmonizes so perfectly with the green of the branch to which they cling, that it is their best protection, and, narrow as their intelligence is, it goes far enough to teach them that this protection is greatly aided by their remaining absolutely motionless. 'A chameleon seen is a chameleon lost,' for the little reptile has no weapon with which to defend himself against hostile attacks. He does indeed open his mouth very wide at the individual who approaches him, and by whom he perceives



Chameleons.

scoop brought in by a gardener, and completely filled with cabbage-worms, were buried in their hungry stomachs within twenty-four hours. A pound of grubs lasted scarcely a week, although the utmost possible economy was used with this very expensive kind of feed, and every effort was made to entice flies to the neighborhood instead. At last, however, my little wards, insatiable as they seemed when they arrived, began to be satisfied, and commenced a more regular and circumspect life.

"The observation that even chameleons are tormented with thirst, and that, while they do not forget their food, they defer eating until the other want is satisfied, completely clears up, to my mind, a question that had always puzzled me before, viz., the inexplicable peculiarity of the range of territory occupied by these animals. Previously, I had not been able to comprehend why they are found only on the southernmost coasts of Europe, in the south of Andalusia, and on the coasts of Africa, and hence are frequently seen in the desert

that he is discovered; looks very ugly, and even tries to bite; but what is all that against a hungry bird of prey, an enterprising raven, hornbill, or stork? If the weak teeth of the creature cannot wound the delicate skin of a man, how could they make any impression on such enemies as these?

"Unmolested, the chameleon acts, when at liberty, very much as it does when a prisoner. It moves very little, and, indeed, not at all, excepting by necessity. Clinging securely to one or more twigs by means of its claw-like feet and prehensile tail, it awaits its prey with a patience and perseverance, as well as a mute immobility, that might well be imitated by holiday sportsmen and fishing amateurs. It remains petrified in the same spot for hours together, as though it were of iron cast in a mould; but its large eyes, which are covered in to the dimensions of a very small gleaming speck with hard lids, are incessantly turning in all directions to catch a glimpse of any passing prey. One of these eyes looks forward and downward, the other up-

ward and backward; this one revolves to the right, and that one to left; now both are scrutinising one and the same field of vision, and then, in the next moment again, each is doing its own work independently of the other. A small grasshopper goes whirling by, or a fly buzzes in the neighborhood, and alights on some adjacent leaf or twig. One rolling eye notes the fact, and the brain informs the other of it; then, in a twinkling, both are riveted on the same object. It is near enough, only five inches from the end of the chameleon's snout, but, were it as much as six or seven inches distant, the tongue-arrow of this superlatively-skilful marksman would reach it. Now he opens his mouth slowly and carefully, just far enough to let the extremity of his thick, cylindrical tongue be seen, and out leaps the wonderful mechanism with almost unerring certainty, and, literally, as swift as an arrow, and the next moment the captured booty is in his mouth. If the post he has chosen turns out to be a fruitful one, the animal does not move from it a hair's breadth; but if it has recently yielded him little or nothing, he will even undertake the pursuit of game. He will do this, in any case, when a caterpillar, a young beetle, or some such insect, is in view, for he knows that these, unlike flies, grasshoppers, and butterflies, instead of moving about at random, have a regular, steady, settled course, from which they never deviate, and that they must be followed in the same manner. And now it is that our predatory marksman displays the most surprising agility and suppleness, and all the tricks of climbing, and all the capacities of his separate limbs, come into play. Not only are his clawed feet called into service, but his flexible tail must, also, do good work. Not unfrequently the chameleon hangs dangling by the latter, and tries to straighten and stretch himself out as much as he can, so as to gain a point or two more in space if possible.

"The sight of a hunt like this is truly amusing, when it is undertaken in pursuit of casual game, at a time when the chameleon has been on short allowance. A slow, creeping caterpillar is easily captured, but a restless fly is another affair altogether. There it sits, cosily sunning itself, and making its toilet with one of its forelegs, just out of reach, on some leaf or twig, without any movement or sign to indicate that it is going to change its position. For a long time the watchful eye of the destroyer is fixed upon it, as though he could not forego the hope that his prey will fall into his power without any special exertion on his part, but the fly does not move from the spot, and, perhaps, would stay there long enough to be captured, if the attempt were made. Carefully the hunter puts one foot before the other, and now he steals along, noiselessly, inch by inch, his gaze still sharply turned upon the aim in view; his jaws are just beginning to gape—when off goes the fly with a buzz of derision, and the chameleon crouches there, open-mouthed, staring after it. Another depredator would probably give up the idea of any dispute; but our chameleon has not only perseverance, but a boundless patience that nothing can tire out. He will therefore, undismayed, go after the very same prey, however disheartening and wearisome he may probably find it, after having got sight of it, and crept near it again, to be once more foiled, and left his trouble for his pains.

"Reptiles, as a rule, live harmoniously together, and this peculiarity arises naturally from the limited intelligence of this class of animals. But, when several chameleons are kept together in one place, there is quite enough discord and quarrelling. The possession of a comfortable place within easy shooting distance of the feed-box may suffice to awaken the envy of some less fortunate captive, and lead to threatening demonstrations, and, at last, to direct attacks; but the affair becomes much more serious when the feeling that we call *love* intervenes. During the pairing season the males and possibly the females, also, bite quite furiously, without, however, doing each other any considerable harm.

"Upon the occasion of such conflicts, as, indeed, at any time when they are excited, the changing colors concerning which so much has been said and written are best seen on these strange animals, because they then succeed each other most rapidly. Generally, a false impression is entertained of this phenomenon, since people think that it takes place without any direct or special cause. Such is not the case. These variations of hue arise unmistakably from nervous excitement, whether the latter be the result of external causes or internal agitation. With regard to the hues and marks on a chameleon in good health and condition, one can say, in general, no more than that the green background of its surface is ornamented with clearer or darker longitudinal stripes and irregular spots of very different shadings, and

that these are seen sometimes brighter and sometimes duller in hue. The entire surface occasionally passes gradually into a dark gray, appearing thus when the animal is asleep or mentally inactive, and then assuming a livelier look, and, at last, exhibiting the most variegated tints when the creature is again aroused and excited. The grayish yellow, or leathery color, that I noticed in the chameleons when they arrived in their exhausted condition, always indicates ill-humor or sickness; whereas very light colors, on the other hand, betoken the highest excitement—that which accompanies pairing-time, for instance. Light and obscurity, warmth and cold, exert a decided influence over these variations, because they awaken the pleasure or displeasure of the animal. However, the color does not change in the same way in every individual, so that we cannot lay down any rule in reference to it. A light-colored stripe running from the chin along the belly, and the inner surface of the legs, retains its hue under all circumstances.

"It is very difficult to keep chameleons during the rigors of a northern climate. Apart from the necessity of securing for them the first condition of their health—to wit, an equable warm temperature—there is the interesting care of providing them with a sufficiency of suitable food. Grubs are and always will be only a make-shift; the real hankering of the chameleon is for insects on the wing, and among these they prefer flies of all kinds.

"The commencement of the autumn days is the beginning of the chameleon's ill-humor and discomfort. He ceases to take food, shrinks in bulk, and visibly declines.

"Chameleons may be kept to best advantage in hot-houses, the equable moist temperature of which helps them to live through a long period of fasting. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to keep them over winter in an ordinary room."

ON THE INVOLUNTARY MOVEMENTS OF ANIMALS.

BY PROF. FOSTER, OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

III.

BEATINGS OF THE HEART.

AT the last lecture we were occupied with the discussion of certain involuntary movements of animals, brought about by the agency of material not strictly muscular in nature. To-day, I wish to direct your attention to an involuntary movement of an undeniably muscular character. You will, I think, at once grant me, that the beat of the heart is an involuntary movement. We are conscious that our hearts beat without any effort of our own; not only the existence, but even the rate and character of the pulsations, are beyond us; our hearts beat fast or slow regardless altogether of our wills. Not only has the will no part or lot in causing the heart to beat, the rhythmic pulsation of that important organ is independent, as far as its mere existence and continuance are concerned, of the whole central nervous system.

In proof of this, I might remind you that the heart of the chick may be seen to beat so early as the second or third day of incubation, while as yet the whole nervous system is an unformed, almost shapeless thing, not even a rough sketch of what it is to be.

But we have more palpable evidence before us here. This tortoise, as far as its nervous system is concerned, might be spoken of as perfectly dead. You see that it is wholly motionless. It has not stirred a limb since I placed it on the table in the forenoon; and were I to bring to bear upon its nerves the strongest battery possessed by this institution I should not be able to elicit a single muscular contraction. Nevertheless, its heart is quite alive. You see by the rise and fall of the long straw lever which I have brought to bear upon it, that it is beating with wellnigh the same strength and the same regularity as if its whole nervous system were present in the full swing of work. This other straw lever is moved in like manner, by the heart of a tortoise removed altogether out of the

body, left lying by itself in a little basin; and you see that its stroke is steady, large, and continued. Both hearts will continue to beat throughout the lecture, and might if left alone be found beating here to-morrow.

The question I have to put forward for your consideration, is, why does the heart beat thus? What is it which makes and keeps up the beat?

I need hardly say that I could not thus exhibit to you the isolated beating heart of a bird or of a mammal. But we must not, therefore, infer that the hearts of these creatures do not beat from the same cause as do those of a tortoise or a frog.

It is a simple question of rate of expenditure. The lives of the hearts of warm-blooded beings, like the lives of their whole bodies, are fast and energetic lives. The heart, like other parts of the body, lives on the nutriment material brought to it by the blood, which is forever streaming through its tissue; and the heart of a warm-blooded animal is found to use up in a very few minutes the nourishment brought to it at any moment by the blood. It lives up to its physiological income; and hence whenever the blood-current is shut off it soon fails for want of food and ceases to beat.

The cold-blooded tortoise, on the contrary, lives far below its income; it keeps nutritious material borrowed from blood stored up somewhere in its fibres.

The whole body of the animal to which this heart belonged had been living all the winter on the capital of nourishment accumulated in its tissues out of the summer's feeding. A moiety of that capital was invested in the fibres of the heart. On that investment it can now fall back, and that is why you see it beating now.

If you supply a warm-blooded heart with such a current of nutritious blood through its smaller blood-vessels as will bathe all its fibres with new rich material, you can keep it beating too. And, were it not for the mechanical difficulties of the matter, I might, with the help of a pump, some tubing, and a supply of blood, be showing you a sheep's heart beating instead of a tortoise's.

We may rest content that in all beating hearts the mechanism is the same; that they all beat for the same fundamental reasons, and if we take the cold-blooded heart as our lesson, it is because in it the wheels of life drag heavily and move slowly, giving us better hope of catching some glimpse of the wheels within wheels, and of learning how it is they move.

To return, then, to the question—How is it that this lone tortoise-heart thus continues to beat?

The heart as we know is a muscle, its beat is a contraction, and remembering the dictum which I laid down at the beginning of the last lecture, touching contractions and stimuli (for had I wrapped the tiny frog's muscle which I then used round a tube, and used an intermittent current stimulus, I might have made it beat like a heart), the question comes to us, where is the stimulus which comes and goes, which acts and ceases to act, which acting brings forth a beat, and, ceasing to act, lets come a pause?

As we watch a heart beating within a living body, and note how the welling up of blood into each cavity is regularly followed by a grasping contraction, which empties the cavity and ushers in a pause, it comes natural to us to suppose that the blood is the stimulus of which we are in search.

When the blood, we might say, touches the delicate sensitive lining of auricle or ventricle, the heart feels the touch and gives a throb. At each beat the cavity is emptied of its blood, the stimulus is removed, and so the muscular walls fall into rest. With the new stream of blood there comes a fresh beat; and so on.

We might further say, the whole quantity of blood which pours into each cavity, in the interval of rest, is much more than is needed for the purpose of a stimulus; a mere touch would be quite enough. For instance, the few scant drops of blood

which ebb and flow around and in this tortoise-heart, might be deemed sufficient to make it beat.

All this is plausible enough; but it is wholly put aside by one simple fact. If I were to wash this heart free from every drop of blood, clean it of every red corpuscle, it would still continue to beat if placed in a suitable medium. But it may be said, it is not, so to speak, the bloodness of blood, which makes blood a stimulus; any other fluid which comes and goes, which touches and ceases to touch, would do as well. This view, too, is found wanting when tried. If I tie the great vessels of the heart so that the fluid cannot get out during a contraction, but always remains in contact with the inner surface of the heart's cavities, or lay bare all those cavities with the knife, so that they are no longer emptied at the contraction, the beat still goes on. No coming and going of blood or any other fluid will solve the riddle of the heart. I should weary you were I to discuss in detail the numerous other hypotheses of like character which have been proposed. I say boldly and dogmatically at once, that in none of the outward circumstances of the heart's existence, can we find any thing worthy of being regarded as a stimulus, which comes and goes, which acts and ceases to act, and therefore of being put forward as the cause why the heart beats and rests, rests and beats again.

The cause of heart-beat is somewhere in the substance of the heart itself. Having gained this position, we are naturally led to the question:

Is the cause of the beat, the spring of action, diffused over the whole heart, or fixed in some special centre or centres?

To answer this question, let us go to the frog's heart, which, as shown by this diagram, is composed of two auricles above, and a single ventricle below. Will each auricle and will the one ventricle beat by itself alone? or must the heart be whole and entire? or will any little bit of it continue, for a while, to pulsate?

Experiments, carefully made and many times repeated, have led to the following results:

If the heart be divided crosswise, so as to separate the auricles from the ventricle, the auricles will continue beating, and the ventricle also.

Not, of course, with the same force and frequency as before, and no longer in harmony. Still, each moiety pulsates distinctly, always for a considerable, often for a very long, time. If the whole heart be divided lengthwise, so as to separate it into a right half and a left half, each half continues to beat.

If the auricles, separated from the ventricle, be divided from each other, each division will continue beating. If they be quartered, the quarters will beat. Nay, if they be divided into small pieces, each, or, at all events, any, piece will be seen to possess at least some amount of rhythmic pulsation.

If the separated ventricle be divided lengthwise, each lateral half will beat.

But, if it be divided crosswise, while the top half may beat stoutly and well, the lower half will not beat at all. In fact, to cut the matter short, you may draw a line across the ventricle, a little and only a little below its top: above that line, almost any part will beat; below that line, there is no spontaneous beat, no intrinsic spring of action at all.

These are facts. Can we in any way account for them? Is there any thing in the structure of the frog's heart to explain why the lower part of the ventricle will not beat of itself, while other parts do?

Allow me to call your attention to two nerves which run into the heart on its hinder aspect, at about the spot where the great veins debouch into the auricles. They are the only nerves supplying the frog's heart; we may trace them running along the partition between the two auricles, and ending in two knobs situate near the valves which shut off the cavity of the ventricle from those of the auricles. So far there is nothing very particular. Every muscle, as we know, has its nerve, and the heart is but a complex muscle. Yet, there is something particular

about these nerves; and in this way: If we apply the stimulus of the interrupted galvanic current to the nerve of an ordinary muscle, we throw the muscle into more or less violent contractions. But, if we apply the same interrupted current to these nerves of the heart, we do not make it contract, we do not make it beat; on the contrary, we stop its beating. This difference of function is accompanied by a remarkable difference of structure. The nerves which supply ordinary muscles are composed entirely of nerve-fibres. You may trace any such nerve right down to its junction with the muscle-fibres, and you may meet with separation and division of nerve-fibres; but you will find nothing else besides fibres. If, however, you attempt to trace out these nerves of the heart, you will find strewn among the nerve-fibres, and variously connected with them, certain small organs called nerve-cells.

These are little rounded masses of protoplasm, often shaped like a pear or a balloon, the stalk or neck being continuous in most cases with one or two nerve-fibres (generally two). Now, all the results hitherto obtained in the physiology of the nervous system go to show that, while nerve-fibres merely conduct, transmit, or propagate nervous impulses, being wholly destitute of any power to originate them, nerve-cells, in addition to their capacity for simple conduction, are able of themselves, out of their own inner molecular working, either to originate wholly-new impulses, or so to transform impulses which they receive, that these issue from the cell as altogether different things from what they were when they entered it. Nerves composed of nerve-fibre only can never make a muscle move, save, as we stated at the beginning of the first lecture, when they are themselves stirred by some stimulus. Nerve-cells, on the contrary, may, and do, give out stimuli, set going impulses, though every thing around them may be in a condition of most complete equilibrium. I would avail myself here of the common illustration of the electric wire of the telegraph to represent the nerve-fibres, and the terminal batteries to represent the nerve-cells, were I not anxious to avoid giving unintentional support to an idea all too frequent, that the passage of a nervous impulse and a galvanic current are fundamentally identical processes.

Taking, then, nerve-fibres as, so to speak, mere passive instruments, and nerve-cells as active centres, the importance of these nerve-cells scattered along the nerves of the frog's heart will at once become evident to you. There is something to be learned, too, about the position of these nerve-cells. They are found clustered round the two nerves as they join the heart.

They are found accompanying the nerves as they journey along the partition between the auricles, being in places scattered singly, and in spots gathered together into little groups called *ganglia*. The two terminal knobs of which I spoke just now as lying at the top of the ventricle are full of these nerve-cells—indeed, are *ganglia*. From these knobs numerous fine nerve-fibres descend into the substance of the ventricles; but no cells accompany them. Below the line of the top of the ventricle, no nerve-cells, no *ganglia* whatever, are to be found; above that line, in the walls of the auricle, in the middle partition, at the junction of the great veins with the auricle—in all these places they are abundant and obvious.

It will not have escaped you that this structural feature of the frog's heart tallies remarkably with the results obtained touching the localization of the power of spontaneous beat. Where nerve-cells, where *ganglia* are present in the auricles, in any part of the auricles, in the whole or top part of the ventricles, there the spontaneous beat is witnessed. Where *ganglia* are absent—in the lower part of the ventricle, in all the ventricle, in fact, except its top—there the spontaneous beat is absent too. The ventricle severed from the nerve-cells which reside close upon its valves has lost all power to give or keep up of itself a rhythmic beat.

We infer, therefore, that these *ganglia* are in some way or other connected with the spontaneous beat.

BECAUSE.

A LOVE-BALLAD.

BECAUSE my lady's foot hath trod
Often the meadowy lapse between
Her lawn and yonder lake, the sod
Laughs into sunnier emerald sheen.

Because my lady's hand hath trained
Her reckless rose-vines how to grow,
A wealthier crimson, costlier stained,
Flatters her columned portico.

Because my lady's garden guessed
Her longings through the April hours,
Its barren levels have confessed
A lovelier vassalage of flowers.

Because my lady's golden voice
Is caught by many a passing breeze,
It seems all bird-land's common choice
To warble in her stately trees.

Because my lady keeps by night
Long trysts within her spacious park,
Near a vague fountain's looming white
That quivers in the balmy dark—

Because my lady does not scorn,
But here her priceless love hath owned,
I, a poor singer, lowly born,
Am as a sovereign crowned and throned.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

IF mediocrity be the distinguishing characteristic of this season's Exhibition, so far as art is concerned, it may not be denied that upholstery makes in it a most conspicuous show. Costliness and splendor in framing grow on from bad to worse, as though the canvas were a mere accessory of carving and gilding—nor, to tell truth, would it always be unjust to give it this relative position. Nevertheless, when the eye desires to be pleased, something attractive can scarcely be wanting; and so the reader is invited to a slight survey of the best adornments of the Academy walls, rather than to slashing comments on what there may be on them of feeble and of false.

The conspicuous absentees have already been mentioned in these columns; and, with respect to them, it is only requisite to add the hope that they are filling their sketch-books with ample material for future subjects, and their minds with the conviction that, without labor, and plenty of it, there can be no genuine and permanent success. A residence abroad, and a study of the great European galleries, ought to be mainly of use to our young artists, in teaching them the value of hard work. The old masterpieces of painting, that remain unrivalled from generation to generation, were not "thrown off;" they were the results of combined intelligence and toil. The haste to be rich is the curse of the day in the artistic walks of life, as it is in politics and trade.

There is not much to detain you in the Corridor. Worthy of notice, however, are two "Etchings," Nos. 17 and 37, by Henriette Browne, from borrowed Oriental figure-subjects, which, by-the-way, illustrate the just-hinted importance of painstaking. Herself a celebrity, for all the world knows her famous group of the Sisters of Mercy nursing a sick boy, this Frenchwoman has not thought it beneath her dignity to prac-

tise her hand after this fashion, and to copy that which has charmed her in another's handiwork. Her own fine and firm touch cannot but be admired.—Mr. Beard's "Raining Cats and Dogs," No. 41, can hardly be passed by; nor will any one doubt that, as the title conveys a grotesque idea, so the idea is grotesquely treated. It is in truth a thorough down-pour, with the murky atmosphere of a storm, and the living missiles of the adage. Mr. Beard has treated it after his own manner, showing rare familiarity with animal life and passion, and no small amount of careful drawing. The one prevalent notion on the part of his hapless victims seems to be, that the act of hurling them, from void space down to earth, is to be resented upon their own species who survive the fall, and there is, in consequence, a multitudinous free fight. The theme is undeniably a rude one, and coarsely rendered; but, after all, it is almost a relief, since the town has been satiated with satin gowns, and cottage interiors, and the still life of imported consignments.—Mr. Tait, in No. 51, "Ruffed Grouse," offers a more pleasant insight into the domestic affairs of the lower creation. The effect is droll, if you turn from the feline and canine fury, in the one case, to the pretty innocence of the young brood in the other.—There is much merit in the composition, tone, and coloring of No. 52, "One Tune more, and then to Bed," by Mr. J. T. Peele. A musical genius, looking as though he were cut out of a novel by Dickens, is playing a reed-pipe to a wondering boy seated on his knee. All is good, save the child's right leg, which is quite out of drawing.—On the right-hand side of the door, at the head of the stairs, and immediately over No. 100, hangs a clever little bit of forest scenery, which is unnumbered and unentitled, but which will catch the sympathetic eye.

It is impossible not to be arrested, in the North Room, by No. 109, Mr. Waterman's "Lemuel Gulliver in Liliput," a curious and happy illustration of the little people dealing with their monster. Elaborated with an infinity of detail, it is yet effective as a whole. It represents Gulliver as he was tied and bound by the wondering Liliputians, when discovered in a state of tipsy drowsiness upon their shores. The violent contrast of size, that would seem to be inseparable from the subject, and that would militate against pictorial harmony, is avoided by foreshortening the huge recumbent figure, and by covering it mainly with neutral tints, while the scores and scores of busy-bodies around are flaunting it in many a brilliant hue. So skilfully indeed is the invader laid out, that you might, at the first glance, almost mistake him for some peculiar geological formation. Notable instances of good drawing will be observed in Mr. Waterman's delineation of the innumerable pigmies; nor is a sense of humor wanting in their incidental bearings and occupations around and upon the prostrate body. Thus, a bill-sticker is pasting up a play-bill on its upturned foot, as it were on a wall; an artist, with his easel before him, is sketching the same foot, as it were some shapeless but grand architectural monument; mountebanks are tumbling by aid of the ropes that pin Gulliver down. There cannot be fewer than a hundred figures in the foreground and middle distance, taking part variously and vigorously in this comic imagining. They are commended to the spectator's prolonged scrutiny, and Mr. Waterman may be congratulated on a successful outbreak from conventionalism.—Mr. Lambdin exhibits several contributions. The best among them is No. 125, "The Experienced Fisherman," a small upright piece of still life, if such a term may be applied to human beings. But it is in this very stillness prevailing throughout, and almost rising to the dignity of sentiment, that the charm of the composition lies. Three boys make up the group. One is baiting his hook, watched the while, with absorbing interest, by a petticoated tyro at his side. The third, statue-like and soberly tinted, is intent upon his business. All is harmonious, quiet, natural, truthful, yet withal original, though exception may perhaps be taken to the green of the meadow in the background. A tailor once told a cus-

tomer that green coats for the season were to be "a little more off the bottle, and on the grass." The hint may be taken in this instance, and in others also where the pastoral is not a mere accessory.—Mention has been made of Mr. Kensett's "Lake George," No. 180, not to be mistaken for the work of any other artist. If it diverge in any point from his felicitous mannerisms, it is in the very skilful introduction of a passing rain-cloud.—Two female portraits, Nos. 129 and 133, both spirited and good, flank the quiet Lake. One is by Mr. Baker; the other by Mr. Hicks. The dress in the former, and the neck and hands in the latter, might be improved by an hour's work.—Mr. Bristol's, No. 184, "Mount Everett, Mass.," in a hazy atmosphere, is worth attention.—The same may be said of Mr. G. H. Hall's "La Feria de Juéves," No. 143, three priests at a book-stall in Seville fair. An inimitable fruit-painter, and as such unrivalled among us, Mr. Hall has lately branched out into subjects of Spanish life, certainly without adding any thing to his reputation. Clusters of grapes, however luscious, cannot carry off groups of peasants; nor can a gourd, painted ever so perfectly, endow a mediocre muleteer with life. Were it not better, alike for profit and fame, to be chief in an inferior class of subjects, than to be low down in attempts upon the higher? It can only be said, in this case, that the priests are an improvement upon some of their predecessors.—The sombre truthfulness of Mr. Ritchie's "Death of President Lincoln," No. 148, is so marked and so painful, that we can only condole with the conscientious artist on his choice of theme, and pass on in search of more pleasurable emotion.—Mr. T. W. Wood, in No. 158, "The Country Doctor," coming in from a snow-storm to visit a boy-patient in a cottage, has spoiled what would otherwise be a tolerable bit of domestic life, by the restless extravagance of his accessories. All those needless pendants beside the door are enough to give a looker-on the fidgets. Mr. Wood might be advised to study No. 154, "On the Trail," by Mr. O. C. Ward, wherein the minor parts are made to be subordinate and keep their place. This lurking Indian, in white man's costume, is not a very agreeable personage to contemplate; but he is well handled on the canvas, which, by-the-way, is clear from pigment, and has some of the quality of water-colors.—Boldly, broadly, and ably treated is Mr. Constant Mayer's "Early Grief," No. 168, presenting a young girl, with shovel on her shoulder, come forth into the woodland to bury her deceased canary-bird. But better were a little coffin as a substitute for the cage, so powerfully marked is the tragic element, so womanly is the childish sorrow.—Mr. Sonntag, in No. 172, "A Study from Nature in New Hampshire," adheres to that crisp, but, so to say, jerky style which is peculiarly his own, or which is only shared by Mr. Parton, in No. 288, elsewhere, a view of "Stirling Castle." As contradistinguished from the smearing style, so common along these walls, it is admirable; but it is better adapted for small than for large-sized canvas.

Move on to the East Room. Very grateful and very subtly charming is No. 181, by Mr. H. P. Gray, the "Portrait of a Young Lady." There is nothing brilliant, nothing rich; no superb shawl, no luminous jewel. All is quiet, simple, truthful, tasteful. In the oneness of tone there is a prevalence of lead-color, half-relieved, and somewhat oddly, by a bit of blue ribbon in the hair. Let this be contrasted with its *vis-à-vis*, No. 254, also a young lady's "Portrait," by Mr. G. A. Baker, which is all dash and sparkle and gay animation. The latter will catch the many admirers; the former will hold the few. It is the old difference between the popular and the good. Another strange contrast with Mr. Gray's bit of quietude is afforded by its immediate neighbor, No. 185, Mr. W. Morgan's "Emancipation," a very small but in some respects effective picture, though we must own that we probably miss half its meaning. The contrast is in the intermixture of sombre and vivid tints. The subject is a young woman, half antique in costume though decidedly modern in face, who has caught and released a butterfly. Beside her, on a perch, is a gaudily-

plumaged parrot. Filling the background is what seems to us to be the tapestried semblance of the three Maries at the tomb of Christ, with the angel watching. There is something suggestive and clever in it, even though not altogether satisfactory.—Mr. Eastman Johnson is much more intelligible in No. 196. His "Portraits" are portraits of mirrors, curtains, carpet, mantel-piece, and upholstery in general, with, incidentally, an old gentleman, a lady, and a tiny child, the last being on tip-toe and in blue velvet, and busily whispering in the old gentleman's ear. What the little urchin says may be read in the listener's wincing and astonished expression. It can be nothing else than the question: "Have a weed, Grandpa?"—Decidedly refreshing is it to meet with a novelty, and a novelty full of promise, contributed by the bearer of an honored name. An American Meissonier was wanting; Mr. J. B. Irving apparently aspires to fill the gap; and in his "Wine Tasters," No. 222, will be recognized many qualifications for so doing. There are several figures seated around a table, whose occupation is told in the title. The imitation of the famous Frenchman's style is very successful; but Mr. Irving should now be warned against becoming a mere imitator. In subjects, at least, he may improve upon his original. The period of Louis XIV. and XV. is not a picturesque one, in the way of costumes. It were well to go further back, or to ground less familiar. Meissonier, moreover, shows the minimum of sentiment in his handicraft. His manipulation is marvellous; but his chief merit begins and ends there.—Mr. Guy has made rapid strides to a high place in his profession, and his "More Free than Welcome," No. 226, has many of his excellences, though injured by carelessness in drawing that is altogether unusual with him. A child, seated on a rock, half-amused and half-afraid, holds up a nosegay at arm's length, while a large and fiercely-horned goat seems to covet possession of the flowers. The composition is original and happy, the coloring unconventional and acceptable to the eye; the faults, we say, are in the drawing. The child's left leg is so much too long, that he would be of man's stature if he stood up; his left arm, from the elbow downward, can scarcely be attached to the upper joint. Mr. Guy is seen to more advantage in Nos. 77 and 260; the latter a portrait of the late lamented Mr. O. L. Elliot.—Is Mr. E. D. Nelson a pupil or an imitator of Mr. Durand? The latter's specialty for tree-trunks appears to be invaded in No. 281, a "Scene on the Bronx River." Tree-trunks are good in their way; but they may be disproportioned to foliage.

The South Room abounds as usual with huge portraits of Bank Presidents and other dignitaries of church and college, law and commerce, with fewer heroes than usual in military attire. Of the colossals, we notice only one, because there must be an error in the artist's name attached to it in the Catalogue. Therein we read that Mr. Hicks painted "Andrew Mills," No. 268. On the contrary, was it not Mumler, the spiritual photographer, whose doings have lately enlivened the law-courts and the town? At least, in the background is the shadowy semblance of some deceased Dry-Dock Savings-Bank President, who is not limned as a statue or as a picture within a picture, but stands there a Mumleresque spirit!—Of the moderate-sized portraits, we remember only two that are conspicuous, a wonderfully-fine and characteristic likeness of the "Rev. Henry Ward Beecher," by Mr. Page, No. 326, and a clever likeness of "A Gentleman," done in brown and *chiaroscuro*, principally the latter, by Mr. W. Hunt.—Mr. E. H. May sends from Paris No. 272, "Louis XIV. at Marley," wherein the monarch is amusing himself in his old age by seeing the carp fed in one of the garden fish-ponds, while Madame de Maintenon sits in her sedan-chair looking sadly on, and the courtiers, male and female, are grouped on either side of these two central figures, in front of whom are the water and the fish. The composition is clever, almost satirical in its portraiture of royal decrepitude, and in the latent anxiety stamped on the face of Madame de Maintenon, who may be supposed to see visions of departing sway. The grouping is well managed;

and the costumes have evidently been studied with elaborate care, though their texture is much too massive. Moire is heavy, but not quite so solid as stone-work.—Far more ethereal is the general treatment, by Mr. Hennessy, of a "Summer Sea," No. 273. In the calm, there is a universal glow upon sand and ocean and sails of boats; but, though the artist touches the very verge of exaggeration, we are glad to recognize on this canvas much genuine feeling and a close observance of nature, which qualities are not always found in Mr. Hennessy's affected figure-pieces.—Mr. Huntington's "Science and Christian Art," No. 277, has been already alluded to in our general notice. We therefore only pause to express surprise at recognizing "Titian's Mistress" in the female pointing to a picture of the Holy Family.—There is pictorial license, as there is poetical license, and painters are not to be bound by tape and measure. Yet there is reason in all things. Why should Lilliputians walk the sands in Mr. Kensett's "Beverley Coast," No. 316, unless perhaps to give effect to the upstarting wave, which has no business, on so flat a shore, to be jumping up to such an elevation?—Adjoining the portrait of Mr. Beecher, which should be covered up by the hand while looking at its neighbor, hangs an exceedingly fine "Moonrise after a Gale," No. 329, by Mr. W. P. W. Dana. It is charged to the full with poetry and sentiment, and at the same time free from all extravagance. The sky is specially admirable.

In the West Room, we commend to notice, for various good points, three or four small and unpretentious subjects, that should not and will not be entirely overlooked. They are, No. 331, "Waiting for a Job," a young shoeblack, by Mr. E. M. Ward; "The Chief Cook," a negro of the genuine type, by Mr. W. D. Washington; "Prairie Hens," No. 373, by Mr. G. W. Fordham; No. 399, "In the Studio," by Mr. J. F. Weir; and "Sleeping Beauty," No. 410, by Mr. J. La Farge. What Mr. Weir can do the public knows; he has made his mark. How long will it be before Mr. La Farge does justice to his latent power, and his genuine feeling for color?

YACHTS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE organization of the New York Yacht Club, some fifteen years ago, gave the first systematic training to our amateur sailors, who, to use an old salt's phrase, "get on their vessels through the cabin-window." Before the era mentioned, we had many spirited gentlemen who had their pleasure sailing-vessels, and who won enviable distinction by their spirited marine triumphs. The pilotage of our harbor, left open to the impulse of American rivalry, was a first-class school for the training of expert and "fancy" seamen, and for the trial of experiments in the building of hulls and the shaping of sails. Our extended and beautiful harbor is also favorable for tyros in the mysteries of Neptune, where they have quite a field for experiment, and always an admiring audience to cheer any successful performance, or render assistance in case of a mishap. Under these favorable influences, we have a leading yacht club and subordinate associations throughout the country, the united power of which is superior to any similar organizations in Europe, and positively, in practical seamanship and construction of vessels, eclipsing the greatest achievements of the only naval rival America can have, the Royal Yacht Club of England. Originally our yacht contests were confined to the harbor, and the gentlemanly owners of vessels were content to employ able seamen to do the practical work; now the field is the open ocean, and the "kid gloves and self-indulgences" are laid aside for the actual command on deck. Nothing can be more praiseworthy, or more truly manly, than this increasing fondness for yachting, and it should be a source of congratulation to every one that the New York Yacht Club alone will commence the season with a fleet of forty unsurpassed vessels, many of the number of world-wide reputation; and many which are, though yet untried, without doubt destined, in

the harbors of our own fashionable watering-places, and in the sounds and channels of Europe, to emblazon our growing superiority in naval architecture, and our natural right to the mastery of the ocean.

American yachting culminates in two grand events. Commodore J. O. Stevens, of Hoboken, is probably entitled to the first place in the regard of yachtmen. His fondness for vessels was inordinate, and his desire to achieve national triumphs is confirmed by a half century of patriotic devotion. He had a consuming idea to conquer the traditional superiority of the Royal Yacht Club of England, and every step he made was evidently in that direction.

With the triumphs of the *Maria* came the consciousness that his dream would be fulfilled. Many years previous to this time, Mr. Stevens was standing on the banks of the Hudson, watching with marked interest the sailing of a toy vessel managed by what seemed an expert boy. As the little bark, with the grace of a gull, dashed under the shadows of Weehawken, the commodore discerned a rudely-painted name on the side of the craft.

"What vessel is that?" shouted the commodore, in a state of true admiration.

"The John C. Stevens," answered back the then unknown George Steers. Two master-minds became thus romantically yet properly acquainted.

Mr. Stevens talked to the boy, found him full of intelligence, and possessed of a sense of nationality that was as intense and well regulated as a true religious sentiment. He encouraged him, and his sagacity was truly rewarded. The triumphs of the *Maria* justified Mr. Stevens in the belief that now the dream of a life might be realized. He would take up the gauntlet thrown down by the richest and greatest maritime nation of the earth. The result is known to the world. To George Steers, without instructions or suggestions, was intrusted the building of a yacht that should outsail any thing owned by the royal fleet of England.

The modest artisan sat down in his little room, surrounded by his models and plans, and dreamed of constructing a gigantic ship whose enormous sails would even from a mild breeze gather a gale that would send the hull with lightning swiftness through the waves. But out of calmer thought was finally born the yacht *America*, the achievements of which cast a halo of glory over American naval architecture, and gave to our yachtmen an immortality of fame.

The second grand act in this struggle for superiority was the conception and execution of an ocean race. That culminated in the achievements of the *Henrietta*. Smaller vessels had crossed the ocean; equally good seamanship had been displayed; but the triumph was in the conception of crossing the North-Atlantic Ocean in mid-winter, and by encountering all the perils of the most inhospitable of seas, thus testing, in the severest ordeal possible, the qualities of American-built and American-rigged vessels, and justifying before the world our daring practical originality in the construction of the "wooden walls" that command the supremacy of the sea.

With such a wealth of noble tradition connected with American yachting, it is no wonder our American harbors are filled with splendid yachts. It is a source of pride to their owners that one of our "merchant-princes," travelling in his pleasure-boat, astonished the northern ports of Europe by the magnificence and practical superiority of his floating palace; that one of their own fleet carried off the palm of victory, when contesting in English waters with the best craft of all maritime peoples; and that another sailed in triumph into the harbor of Cowes, with the Queen of England an admiring spectator, and a prince of the royal blood ready by personal attention to do homage to so much well-achieved fame.

The cartoon which accompanies this number of the *JOURNAL* exhibits a yacht-regatta in one of our Northern waters. There is nothing which the pen can supplement to the delineation of

the pencil in illustrating the spirited scene. The artist has seized the moment when the vessels, rounding the stake-boat, go down, wing-and-wing, on another tack, and has brought to the spot a group of steamers and boats, crowded with spectators eagerly watching the candidates for the winning honors.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEALTH BY MEANS OF EXAMPLE.

HAS wealth a greater or less influence in America than elsewhere? Much has been already said, and much more might be said, on both sides of the question. The careful and candid observer will probably arrive at the conclusion that, while wealth in general is fully as potent here as in most countries, the open and avowed influence (the reader will please note our adjectives) of the individual rich man is much less than in many other lands. He may further conclude that, among different classes of rich men, the self-made are more influential than those who have inherited their wealth: for which there are two reasons—one highly honorable to both parties, the other much the reverse—the one being, that the architect of his own fortune is somewhat more apt to make large donations for public purposes; the other, that he is a great deal more likely to be unscrupulous in carrying out any selfish or underhand designs.

We have no intention of ranging over the vast field which this question opens. Our object is, only to examine one corner of it, which is frequently viewed in a false light. It has become customary and rather popular to assert that our national and public extravagance is in a great measure due to the example set by our wealthy men and their families. They are luxurious and ostentatious and wasteful; other citizens, from the laborer to the legislator, copy their luxury and ostentation and waste. Let them be frugal and moderate and unpretending, and they will set the fashion in these virtues.

Our democratic Catos who talk thus overlook one fact which upsets their whole line of reasoning—the fact that examples of the one class are positive, those of the other negative. The demonstrative millionaire is seen of all men; the quiet gentleman or lady is simply lost in the crowd. Struckile swims in champagne, and drives his six-in-hand. Everybody talks about Struckile; everybody looks out for him in the park or at the watering-place; he is written largely in the chronicles of Jenkins. Mrs. Vandam and Mrs. Knickerbocker go about very quietly and simply, and nine-tenths of the people they meet pass them without notice, being perfectly ignorant that their unostentation has any other than a compulsory cause. Such influence as their example exerts is confined to their intimate friends.

There is a little uncertainty, too, about the standard proposed, just a shade of vagueness. We are often referred to the simple good taste of real gentlemen and ladies abroad. Now, a little knowledge is often as dangerous as a little learning, and nowhere more so than in arguing from one country to another. Sometimes the conclusion is erroneous, because the premises are diametrically opposite. The Englishman who bullies hotel waiters is set down, on Thackeray's authority, as a snob. Why? Because the English waiter is mostly a very meek sort of person, and the guest who hectors at him is guilty of an act analogous to that of the man who slangs a woman. The American or Irish-American waiter is something entirely different from this. Yet, so servilely do we follow our European models, that the American gentleman who should endeavor, not to bully a waiter—such a feat is impossible even in imagination—but to prevent a waiter from bullying him, would probably be considered a vulgarian by the majority of his fellow-sufferers. In other cases, the error arises from a loose conception of terms, as in the present instance, confounding simplicity with economy, and the absence of show, or of a particular kind of show,

with the absence of cost. Let us suppose ourselves at Paris during the spring races. We are told that the Marquis de la Vieille Roche's equipage is a pattern of good taste and simplicity. This means that the marquis's carriage and harness and liveries are less showy and shiny than those of M. Dubois, the rich speculator; it does not mean that they did not cost a good deal of money, or that their costliness is not apparent to persons who are judges in such matters. Let us flit over the Channel, and call on Lord Comandine. His lordship wears very plain clothes, perhaps very cheap clothes; but he has a house full of servants (or "lackeys," as our popular writers would call them), and a stable full of horses. Shall we go farther—southward, for instance, and drop in on the Count of Monte Diavolo, at Genoa? He is frugal enough in his way, and certainly squanders no champagne on townsmen or foreigners; but he has sunk thousands upon thousands in an absurd villa, replete with all manner of childish contrivances. Let us recross the Alps, and alight in the fashionable German watering-place of Rothenschwartzburg. Here it does seem as if we have at last found unaffected economy in high places. The Princess of Rauchenziel-Bigwigingen, for all her sixteen or more quarterings, wears a dress that your Biddy would hardly condescend to exhibit on Sundays, and pays her visits in a shabby hired vehicle. Very good; but she is always the princess. Whatever she does, within certain limits, is right. Being a princess, she may wear what she pleases, provided she wears something, and does not shock the decencies of society by appearing like Hans Breitmann's mermaid—"vot hadn't got nosing on." Now, Mesdames Knickerbocker and Vandam have no such prestige of position. They themselves, independently of their surroundings, are not looked up to by people at large, and even in their own set it is just as likely as not that their motives will be misconstrued. The man of known wealth and small personal expenses is almost certain to be suspected of parsimony.

True, he may set himself right in the eyes of the general public by large charitable donations; but within the general public there are several smaller special publics, which have a greater influence on his daily comfort—the retail shopkeepers, for instance, who entertain the most lordly notions with regard to expense, and look down with sublime contempt on the customer who presumes to cheapen an article or question an item in a bill.

To expect that our wealthy citizens will renounce pleasure and incur trouble and contumely for the sake of setting a negative and practically useless example, is expecting too much of human nature. But there is a positive example which they can set, and which, in one sense, the public has a right to demand of them—by encouraging art and literature. For the former they have done something, we may even say much, though not nearly so much as they might and should, nor always in the wisest way; for the latter, extremely little. There are facts in connection with this subject which it is not pleasant to think of, especially when we consider our city's general reputation for liberality. It is not gratifying to remember that six years ago many of our richest men refused to contribute a dollar toward the erection of a lodging for native art. It is not satisfactory to know that (owing to the rise in prices since its foundation, and despite an additional gift from the founder's heir) the Astor Library is in a state of positive poverty, and has become almost useless to scholars, from the stoppage of its foreign periodicals. And there are illustrations of our theme, smaller and less obvious, but in reality stronger. Thus it has long been a current idea among our "solid men" that, when an author has gone to the trouble of writing and the expense of publishing a book, he should deem himself happy if he can find readers by giving it away, and that the acquaintance who asks him for a copy is conferring a personal obligation on him.

Our remarks, though they may have the appearance of being somewhat desultory, are not made without direct and im-

mediate reference. A movement is now on foot to establish a National Institute, which shall not confine its attention to "practical" knowledges, but bestow a fair share of it on æsthetics and humanities. The preliminary organization of the separate academies is not a difficult matter. The tug of war will come when the central institution is to be started. A large sum will be required to place it on an adequate and secure foundation. Our rich men will be called upon—we trust not in vain.

MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

By DR. THOMAS LAYCOCK, PROFESSOR OF MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

I.

THE differences in the corporeal constitution of the sexes extend to the composition of the blood, the nutrition of the blood-vessels, and the constitution of the nervous system. The mental organology and the corresponding endowments of the sexes differ in regard to both the size and qualities of the encephalia in general, and of particular portions of it. According to Tiedemann's researches, the female brain is smaller from birth than the male. An adult male's brain is heavier than an adult female's by one-tenth, or, in other words, man's brain is in proportion by weight to woman's as one hundred to ninety. This difference has been attributed to the lower stature of woman, but observations, carefully collected by my friend Dr. Thurnam, show that the explanation is not admissible.

On the contrary, while the stature of woman is only eight per cent. less than that of man, the weight of her brain is ten per cent. less. Dr. Thurnam further shows that the difference is in the weight of the hemispheres, for he found these to be twelve per cent. heavier in man than in woman, while the cerebellum was only ten per cent. heavier. Although particular lobes have not been weighed, we may infer that the difference is chiefly in the frontal lobe. Gratiolet states that woman's brain is smaller anteriorly than man's, in this respect more nearly resembling the brain of youth. Milton's affirmation that man's "fair large front and eye sublime declare absolute will," would not apply to the smaller frontal development of woman, in whom a large forehead derogates from beauty of form and expression.

Experience shows that woman has less capability than man for dealing with the abstract in philosophy, science, and art, and this fact is in accordance with the less development of the frontal convolutions. It has been plausibly alleged (chiefly, however, by those who have not looked at the physiological side of the question), that this difference is owing to the defective education of woman as compared with man, and that if she had the same advantages of a training in logic, metaphysics, and the exact sciences, she would be the equal of man in these qualities of mind. But many men have risen to eminence in these departments who have had no better educational advantages than women—in some instances, even fewer. One fact seems to be conclusive as to this point. A much greater number of women than of men are educated in music, and many have attained to eminence as musical artists; but, so far as I know, all the great musical composers are men. This is equally true of the other æsthetic arts, as painting, sculpture, poetry, and literature. Women have attained to eminence in all those arts which express truthfully the sentiments and feelings; but few, if any, have reached the abstract heights of a Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare.

Nor does it appear that a special development of some of the faculties seated in the frontal lobe often occurs in women. The calculating, and other prodigies of genius, and persons with powerful memories, are almost exclusively boys and men. A few women have manifested the masculine faculties which lead to eminence in the physical sciences, but these have been quite as rare as bearded women. The author's colleagues in the University of

Edinburgh, the Professors of English Literature, Logic, and Natural Philosophy, have instructed women in classes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred in number, and report very favorably of the capacity of their female students for acquiring knowledge. Mr. Fraser, the Professor of Logic, considers their examination papers on logic quite equal to those of his masculine class in the University, but thinks the excellence is attained by greater effort and more exhaustion of brain. The women in these classes must, however, be considered to be select examples of their sex. Woman's excellence over man is not, in truth, in the manifestation of force of intellect and energy of will, but in the sphere of wisdom, and love, and moral power.

The natural history of man is in accordance with these scientific data. The defect in intellectual and physical energy of woman has determined her social position in all ages and all races. The male man, or *vir*, as Swedenborg accurately terms him, has always made, and still makes her his slave, in proportion as he is deficient in those moral qualities in which she excels him. Hence, among barbarous tribes, and even the lowest classes of Christian Europe (more especially, it is said, those of the Celtic stem), she is treated like a beast of burden; while in the Eastern world—preeminently by the Mohammedans—she is classed psychologically with the brute, by being denied a soul.

Thus, the same ignorant and weak vanity which impels the *vir* to repudiate fellowship with the monkey, and with inferior races of men, leads him to degrade the mother that bore him, and loved him with a love the type of all that is self-denying and true. All intelligent persons, whether men or women, must needs revolt against so great injustice, and seek to attain a better position for the sex. What woman's natural position is in human society, and what she can and ought to be, may be ascertained by an inquiry into the evolution of the social interests of man, under the guidance of biological law.

So low down in the scale of creation as we can go, wherever there is a discoverable distinction of sex, we find that maternity is the first and most fundamental duty of the female. That portion of matter which she supplies to the primordial molecule is always associated, more or less, with nutrient material derived from her body. The male never, in a single instance, in any organism, whether plant or animal, contributes nutrient material. In many species of vertebrates, and in the whole of the solitary articulates, the duty of providing food, warmth, and protection for the ovum, and for the subsequently-developed young, devolves exclusively upon the female. It is only in the more highly-developed pairing or domestic animals that the male assists the female in these duties.

The females of both solitary and social animals manifest constructive instincts in the formation of homes and clothing for their young, and in the collection and use of textile and other materials to this end. Feminine skill in the textile and constructive arts is but an evolution of this fundamental part of the maternal instinct. Therewith are evolved the faculty of judging of the materials and the desire to attain them, so often morbidly manifested in women as kleptomania. This is to be distinguished from the desire to attain for the purposes of personal decoration. In procuring and using these materials, and in selecting a locality suitable for the home of her offspring, the female of the lower animals displays a large amount of artfulness or cunning. Being, too, naturally timid, and devoid of natural weapons, this artfulness amounts to sagacity when defending her young, and takes the place of the warlike qualities so peculiar to the nature-armed male. It is through the evolution of these specially feminine instincts that woman is so highly endowed with powers of quick perception and ready induction as to all that concerns the welfare of those she loves. It was not without foundation in a great love of Nature that, with the ancient Greeks, female goddesses represented wisdom, sagacity, and astuteness in counsel.

It is in the manifestation of reciprocal fitness for the duties of life that the attractions proper to each sex in regard to the

other consists. These are both corporeal and moral; but the moral qualities, being the latest and most highly evolved, are the least regarded. The corporeal signs of healthy vigor are those which render individuals of the two sexes especially attractive to each other in man in common with lower animals. The form of the hips, or pelvis, the glow of health on the cheeks and lips, the purity of the teeth, the luxuriant hair, the elastic step, the graceful, easy carriage, indicate the mere corporeal qualities; the "heaving bosom," the open brow, the sympathizing smile, the gentle, emotional voice, indicate her social and moral qualities. It is to her bosom woman clasps all that she loves, and it is by a sort of instinctive law that she seeks solace and protection, when needed, on the firm and unyielding breast of her husband.

The social duties of the sexes are regulated in man, as in all other social animals, by the fundamental laws of the genius of society, whereby there is a division of labor for the common good. In the unsocial animals, as in the solitary spiders, wasps, and bees, among the articulates, there is no sexual unity of action, so that the female performs all the duties for the maintenance of the species unaided. Higher up in the scale, as in the social insects, there is a division of labor for this end. In pairing animals, domestic or family life begins, and the male assists, encourages, solaces, feeds, and defends the female while performing her duties. In man, the most highly-evolved domestic and social animal, the monogamous family is the unit of the community; polygamy belongs rather to the gregarious mammals. But, in both these forms, the fundamental relations of the sexes to society are the same. The female widens the sphere of her sympathies to the inclusion of the males generally, and of the offspring of other females, and thus maternal affection evolves into the feminine social sympathies. Every man who has suffered much knows how instinctively woman is "a ministering angel." That it is an instinctive quality is proved by facts of natural history. The hinds of a herd have been seen to caress and solace a wounded and dying stag, and the female elephant nurses the wounded male. Mr. Chapman, the African traveller, followed an old bull-elephant he had shot, and watched him from the top of a camel-tree among a herd of cow-elephants. He was "surrounded by a group of about a dozen cows, caressing and fondling him, some of them dashing him with water from their trunks, others with sand." On the other hand, the males are the warriors and defenders of the community, and fight, when it is attacked, in battle array under a leader; in these conflicts the females rarely take part.

Since the masculine qualities of energy and vigor are equally as necessary for the continued perfection of the species as for the defence of the community, those corporeal characteristics which indicate that a man is endowed with these qualities, and with masculine sympathy for the sex, are those which attract a woman's eye, and lead her to prefer him. Hence the origin of the mystic sympathies of the true woman with virile strength, fortitude, and courage, of the chivalrous kind, and of her contempt for what is effeminate, base, and cowardly in man.

From these considerations we can understand how the cerebral development and therewith the social position and duties and the mental and moral faculties of the sexes in man, are determined and fixed by fundamental laws of life and organization. But man, as distinguished from other animals, is a religious animal; so far, indeed, as is known, is the only animal that can be religious; for a religious sentiment implies the brain-development peculiar to man, by means of which he is enabled to acquire a knowledge of the abstract as to order, law, and duty, and of a spiritual cause of things. This capability coincides, as is shown by the natural history of lower races of men, as well as of lower animals, with a higher development of the frontal lobes. Woman, with her less abstract power and warmer sympathies, is more imaginative and less ratiocinative in the sphere of religion, and hence she stops short at faith sooner than man.

HERBERT SPENCER AS A THINKER.

THE *Nation* of April 29th has the following statement, occurring in a criticism upon M. Taine: "It is Herbert Spencer's reputation over again, a very well for the 'general public,' but the chemists and the physicians, the painters and the architects, are apt to scoff at the new light. Does this prove any thing? Of itself nothing, positively; but yet, the views of experts are exceedingly well worthy of notice."

The naked meaning of this statement is, that whatever may be Mr. Spencer's reputation with those who cannot discriminate between that which is spurious and that which is genuine, with those who are capable of judging, it is so hollow and worthless as to provoke derision. This statement is, to say the least, grossly erroneous; and coming as it does from a journal whose reputation for candor and independence of opinion gives weight to its averments, it demands correction, in justice equally to Mr. Spencer and to the public. The question is not as to the *Nation's* opinion of Mr. Spencer, but it is a question of fact—what is his standing with men of undoubted attainment—"experts," as the writer calls them, whose verdict has the weight of authority? To answer this question intelligently, we must refer to the attitude which this author has assumed in the world of thought, and to the tests by which he is to be judged.

The work by which Mr. Spencer's status, as a thinker, will be measured and determined is the new Philosophical System upon which he has for several years been engaged. That system differs from all others that have ever before been attempted, in this, that it is an outgrowth of modern thought, as embodied in the various sciences. He seeks to combine the highest truths which the sciences have reached, into one great scheme or organism of thought which shall correspond to and represent the order of Nature, and interpret the true position and destiny of man and society in relation to that order. It will be readily perceived that, successfully to accomplish so vast an undertaking, requires in an eminent degree two kinds of mental attainment very rarely combined in a single individual. The most extensive and accurate knowledge of the sciences must be united to a broad grasp of principles and a high power of generalization. Of the project itself, it may be said, first, that it is undoubtedly an intellectual possibility; second, that the advance of science has made this possibility greater now than ever it was before; third, that the decay of old systems and the resulting chaos of views make such a work greatly desirable; and fourth, that even a partial success in its execution, by shaping the course of future inquiry, and opening the way to the final solution of the problem, would be one of the noblest services which a man could render to the progress of thought. Believing that he could accomplish something valuable in this direction, and that at all events no harm could come to any but himself from the attempt, Mr. Spencer dedicated his life to the work, and entered upon it in 1860. Of that system three volumes and a portion of the fourth are now before the world, and are to be estimated upon their own merits.

Here, then, we have the standard by which Mr. Spencer's claims were to be adjudicated. He undertook a stupendous intellectual labor, in which all the presumptions were enormously against success. In doing this, he necessarily challenged the criticism of the strongest men in the various departments of scientific and philosophical inquiry—men unsparing in their judgments, and who would give neither favor nor quarter to mere ambitious pretensions. And now, after developing a large portion of his scheme, how does Mr. Spencer stand with these first-class men whose word is authority in their several departments of study?

Dr. J. D. Hooker, Government Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Kew, near London, is perhaps the most distinguished botanist in England. He was last year President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and, in

his inaugural address before the assembled *savants* of England, a position in which men do not talk at random, he not only pronounced Mr. Spencer to be "one of our deepest thinkers," but he spoke of him from his own point of view, and went into considerable detail in exposition of Mr. Spencer's own original botanical discoveries, and closed with the following words:

"As this paper" (referring to an account of Spencer's researches) "will, I believe, be especially alluded to by the President of the Biological Section, I need dwell no further on it here, than to quote it as an example of what may be done by an acute observer and experimentalist, versed in physics and chemistry, but, above all, thoroughly instructed in scientific methods." It may be observed that Mr. Spencer had entered upon these botanical investigations to clear up some unexplored points of organic development bearing upon his philosophy.

Professor Huxley is equally eminent in the department of zoology; and it is well understood that his indorsement of a doubtful man is not to be had. He gave a lecture last winter before the Royal Institution of Great Britain on one of the branches of biology. From the syllabus furnished to the institution by himself, we extract the following. He is speaking of the doctrine of evolution: "The only complete and systematic statement of the doctrine with which I am acquainted is that contained in Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'System of Philosophy'; a work which should be carefully studied by all who desire to know whither scientific thought is tending."

Professor Masson, of the University of Edinburgh, in his late work entitled "Recent British Philosophy," says: "Already, in consequence both of the decisiveness of his views and the variety of interesting subjects over which they extend, Mr. Spencer, more than any other systematic British thinker, save Mill, has an avowed following both here and in America; and, if any individual influence is visibly encroaching on Mill's in this country, it is his. For my own part, believing that no type of man ought to be more precious to a nation than a resolute systematic thinker, and believing Mr. Spencer to be a very high specimen of this type, I anticipate nothing but good—nothing, at least, but a clearing away of the bad—from what he has already done, or may yet do."

Dr. McCosh, in the new edition of his "Intuitions of Mind," though far from agreeing with Mr. Spencer, observes: "His bold generalizations are always suggestive, and some may in the end be established as the profoundest laws of the knowable universe."

Dr. J. G. Macvicar, eminent as well in science as in philosophical theology, in his late work entitled "Mind; its Powers and Capacities," says of Mr. Spencer that he is "an author who is both extensively and profoundly versed in science, and who writes, on all the subjects which he handles, with great power, equally of observation, abstraction, and generalization."

Mr. George Henry Lewes is a man of consideration in the field of science, and is perhaps the leading English historian of philosophy. In the last edition of his great historical work, he says of Mr. Spencer: "He alone, of all British thinkers, has organized a philosophy. . . . Even antagonists are compelled to admit the force and clearness of his genius, and the extent and profundity of his scientific knowledge. It is questionable whether any thinker of finer calibre has appeared in our country."

The eminent position of Mr. John Stuart Mill in relation to all the higher questions of philosophy is well understood. In his review of Hamilton, Mill says that Mr. Spencer is "one of the acutest metaphysicians of modern times;" and, in his review of Comte, he affirms that "Mr. Spencer is one of the small number of persons who, by the solidity and encyclopædical character of their knowledge, and by their power of co-ordination and concatenation, may claim to be the peers of M. Comte." As a further evidence of the importance which Mr. Mill attaches to the philosophical undertaking upon which Mr. Spencer is engaged, it may be stated that when, some two or three years ago, there was danger that his enterprise would

have to be abandoned from lack of pecuniary support, Mr. Mill declared that such an event would be a public calamity, and, to avert it, he offered to assume himself the whole responsibility of the publication—a proposition which was alike creditable to his head and his heart.

The leading British reviews speak in the same strain of high appreciation. In a recent able article on the tendencies of inquiry in England, in the *Saturday Review*, which is notoriously not over-lavish in its praises of anybody, the writer says: "If we were to give our own judgment, we should say that, since Newton, there has not in England been a philosopher of more remarkable speculative and systematizing talent than (in spite of some errors and some narrowness) Mr. Herbert Spencer." When to these facts it is added that Mr. Spencer's works have been translated into Russian, and into French by three different professors of philosophy, the reader will be prepared to rate the statement of the *Nation* at something like its true value.

We have watched with close interest the reception which Mr. Spencer's philosophy has met in the highest quarters, and have failed to find the first instance in which an eminent thinker or an able review has coupled criticism with any disparagement of the intellectual position of the man. Such criticism, on the contrary, whether favorable or adverse, has been ever accompanied by the most generous recognition of the author's genius and power. On the other hand, it is the nameless newspaper scribblers, whose every sentence shows that they do not comprehend the writings they misrepresent; it is the philosophic fledglings who, having dabbled a little in metaphysics, are burning to display their polemical prowess; it is the prejudiced adherents of old traditions, who, snuffing danger from every advance of science, go into paroxysms of indignation at the attempt to form any thing like a scientific philosophy—it is these who mingle abuse with argument and carry their points with the "general public" by the vulgar tactics of derision and depreciation.

TABLE-TALK.

THE late letter of President White, of Cornell University, defining the qualifications required of students for entrance into that institution, was read with interest by all the friends of true educational improvement. He stated that a knowledge of Latin is not indispensable to admission, but that a knowledge of English is. Latin is required only as a special preparation for a special course—the classical; a preparation in English branches, which the president pledges himself shall be "no farce," is demanded of all.

This recognition of the claims of the vernacular tongue as paramount to those of a language now no longer spoken by man, is so obvious a dictate of common-sense, that we are half inclined to wonder how it has come to be looked upon as a kind of victory, and the institution which makes it as a conspicuous example of progressive liberality. It begins to be pretty well understood, however, that this old habit of requiring a Latin preparation for admission to college, is at the expense of a good English preparation. In spite of all that is said about the value of a knowledge of Latin, as a help to the study of English, the real fact of the case turns out to be, that it is a great hinderance. President White says: "Curiously enough, many present themselves with some attainments in Latin and Greek, and even with certificates showing that they have taught in public schools, but without the 'sound ordinary English education' required by our statutes."

It results from the principle that one thing excludes another, as well in mind as in matter, that the requirement of Latin by boys consumes the time and the effort which are necessary to obtain a critical and thorough acquaintance with the native language; and experience abundantly verifies this working of the principle. One of the most mischievous effects, therefore,

of the old collegiate system has been by its inflexible demand of the rudiments of Latin for all students, to react powerfully upon the lower or preparatory schools, causing them to rank Latin as all-important, and English as of slight account. A great point is therefore gained where an institution, with the position and prospects of the Cornell University, reduces Latin to its proper place, as a special requisite for a special course, and raises the standard of English, making a thorough knowledge of it an indispensable necessity for all.

It is reported that the circulation of the Erekmann-Chatrian novels has sensibly diminished the French love of "glory," that the soldier is no longer the popular idol, and that the revival in Paris of some of Scribe's military plays has consequently fallen flat. We trust it is so; for the tyranny exercised by the sabre over the public of the second empire, body and soul, is something that must be seen in order to be fully appreciated. Not only is the soldier exempt from the jurisdiction of the civil courts, virtually allowed to do pretty much what he pleases among the *pekings*, but public opinion seems to justify all his outrages. We have heard much of the ordinary Englishman's flunkeyism before a lord, but this feeling is independence itself compared with the abasement of French civilians before the military. A favorite scene in a French play or story is a citizen bullied by an officer, the former being, of course, represented in a ridiculous, the latter in an interesting light; and a public of civilians applauds its own disgrace. The literary men go with the stream; even the unlucky De Pene, who was all but assassinated by a conspiracy of forty-three officers of the *Guides* for having criticised their manners in society, ended by (metaphorically) licking the boots of the savages who had half-killed him. We trust, indeed, that the popularity of Erekmann-Chatrian may tend to abate this perversion of public sentiment; meanwhile we are bound to notice that the latest popular *feuilletonist*, a man who has won renown by making legitimate life as indecent as illegitimate, reproduces the conventional ridiculous civilian—doubly ridiculous as a civilian and a husband—and the triumphant military.

Popular legends, whether plausible or improbable, frequently owe their origin to verbal misapprehensions. The brant, or barnacle-goose, with its supposed production from the barnacle shell-fish, is a fair specimen of this class. Had not the legend been older than the general use of spectacles, under the name of barnacles, or any other, the existence of a spectacled-goose (so called from its markings) might have accounted for the story. The probable explanation is that given by Max Müller, a confusion of the mediæval Latin words *hibernicula* (the winter-bird) and *bernacula* (the shell-fish). All Müller's explanations, however, are not so happy. He refers Whittington's cat to *acat*, the Norman form of the French *achat* (traffic). But the Dutch *katt* (cargo) supplies a readier explanation, which is confirmed by a familiar expression still common in England, though unknown here. A landsman, on his first sea-sickness, was said, in the not-over-refined language of the sailors, to *shoot his cat*, i. e., discharge his cargo, and hence *to cat* is low English slang, to the present day, for *to vomit*. It may be observed that *kit*, an obvious diminutive of *cat* (cargo), is still used for a sailor's baggage.

Scientific Notes.

THE instability of all terrestrial things is proverbial, but it was long believed that the heavens were perfect and unchangeable. In an interesting lecture upon this subject, before the Royal Institution, by Professor Grant, of Glasgow, he stated that this notion of the immutability of the heavens "prevailed during two thousand years, being adopted by the Church, and whoever expressed an opposite opinion was regarded as heretical or insane; and it formed part of the system of phi-

osophy which only finally fell before the reiterated assaults of Bacon, Galileo, and other eminent men, in the seventeenth century." As convincing evidence that changes are really taking place in the heavenly bodies, Professor Grant commented at some length on the facts that certain stars have entirely vanished from our sight; that new stars have appeared; that many stars vary in brightness, some regularly at stated intervals, and others quite irregularly; and that some stars change their color; and he referred to examples given in ancient records and modern observations. Among others, the professor especially referred to the very bright star in Cassiopeia, observed by Tycho Brahe in 1572, which, after diminishing in brightness and varying in color, finally disappeared in March, 1574; and to the very bright star which appeared in Corona Borealis, in 1866, and which is still visible with greatly diminished lustre. The professor next alluded to the sun itself as a variable star, and, after referring to its physical constitution—a dark, central, glowing mass enclosed in luminous gaseous envelopes—commented on the black spots on its disk, now attributed to great rents in these envelopes. He then said that, "as the revelations of the spectroscope have proved that the chemical constitution of the stars resembles that of the sun, it is highly probable that their variability in brightness and color is equally due to the operation of the same physical laws manifested in the solar phenomena, and which are effecting such great transformations in our own globe. Are there, then," said the professor, "no ideas of eternity associated with our contemplation of the glorious works of creation? Yes; the Supreme Intelligence which presides over all these arrangements is eternal; truth is eternal; virtue is eternal; the hope that is in us is eternal."

M. Gonon, the celebrated French bronze-founder, has just made two communications to the Society of Encouragement, both interesting in their various aspects. In the first place, he submitted a casting representing a nest attacked by a bird of prey at the moment when the branch, on which it reposes, has been broken by the storm; the details of branches, foliage, plumage, and the smallest accessories, have been made in a single casting, with all the polish of the highest finished model; and the subject just issued from the mould, and still retaining the jets and air-holes, shows that no retouch has been given to it. In the second place, he has developed the processes of the lost art of casting with wax, perfected by his father and himself in such a way as to solve the greatest difficulties. He shows that the ancient Greeks, two thousand five hundred years ago, and other ancient people, skilfully practised this art, and that, among those of Asia, the Japanese were distinguished for the admirable finish of their bronzes; he traces its existence among the Florentines in the sixteenth century, and in France in the seventeenth, when the Brothers Keller sent their masterpieces to Versailles, after which it appears to have been lost, until M. Gonon's father began his long and laborious researches, which he has only recently brought to a successful termination. At the last great Exhibition he contributed a nest of fauvets in a branch of lilac in flower, which was rewarded with a gold medal. The subject shown to the Society likewise reunited in itself almost all the technical difficulties, and with the same happy result. M. Gonon, in explaining the principal operations of casting, informed the Society that the sculptor can model the wax directly, as he did for the subject shown. When a solid model is wanted, a mould must be made. In operating by halves, the sculptor makes first, in a plaster cope, using special precautions, a hollow mould of compound gelatine, which possesses the property of not being influenced by the air. This mould, cooled and freed from its cope, comes off the model like a linen cloth; is placed again in the cope which sustains it, is slightly greased, and into it the wax is poured with the utmost rapidity; the wax coagulates on the cold sides of the mould, and, when of sufficient thickness, the excess of non-coagulated wax is poured upon it. Afterward a little very soft wax is put upon the edges of the two halves of the mould, so as to leave no trace of separation between them. The core is placed inside in joining the two halves, and the wax, stripped of plaster, cope, and gelatine, represents with perfect fidelity the model to be reproduced. When this wax is well verified, the jets and air-holes are posed; the first are always placed in such a way as to carry the fused metal to the base of the mould, so that, when rising, it may drive the air before it. The mould is made upon the wax with prepared earths, ground very fine, so as to obtain a perfect imprint; it is rapidly made, and placed quite wet on the fire, which does not tear it. This mass, without jointure, is heated, the wax becomes liquid, and runs out through a small opening, leaving on the earth an empty space, which rigorously preserves the form the wax had taken. The model is then heated to a red heat, not only to burn the greasy matter with which the wax penetrated the earth, but also to give this earth the proper consistency, porosity, and other qualities necessary to contract under the action of the metal during the cooling process.

What is the nature of the tails of comets? This has long been a sore perplexity to men of science, and many an hypothesis has been ven-

tured which proved little more substantial than the subject itself. Professor Tyndall has just propounded a new one. We gave, a few weeks since, an account of his recent beautiful experiments on the formation of clouds in closed tubes containing highly-rarefied vapors, under the action of the rays of the electric light. He holds these clouds to be the results of chemical transformation produced by the action on chemical rays. Professor Tyndall thinks that these experiments give a clew to the question of cometary tails. They are always, he says, turned from the sun, and their growth is too rapid to be consistent with the hypothesis that they have been projected from the comet, or have been left behind like the fire of a rocket in its course. The solar heat, he thinks, disperses the vapors which surround the comet, but as this heat is intercepted by the body of the comet, a tail is produced by the deposit of vapors in the track where this interception takes place.

A new mineral, rich in thallium, has been discovered by a Swedish *savant*, M. Nordenskjöld, who has called it *Crookesite*, in honor of Mr. Crookes. The extreme scarceness of thallium renders the discovery of this mineral very interesting. He discovered it while examining the minerals, rich in selenium, deposited in the Stockholm Museum, and observed, likewise, that two other minerals contained small quantities of thallium. This new mineral, the crookesite, is in small, compact, opaque masses, of leadish-gray color, and resembles chalkosine for its hardness and malleability. The pipe reduces it easily to a brilliant enamel of a greenish black, while the color of the flame is dark green. It does not dissolve in chlorhydric acid, but azotic acid, on the contrary, attacks and dissolves it easily and completely. Its analysis has given: copper 45.76, thallium 17.35, silver 3.71, selenium 83.28. The small quantity of silver is doubtless derived from the eukairite found mixed with the crookesite.

The striking coincidence, between the extreme heat of the year 1868 and the almost total absence of zodiacal light, was very remarkable. This light, so brilliant in 1867 that, even on the first days of the new moon, it was quite perceptible, was hardly distinguishable last year from the stellar rays. Since the month of December last, however, it has reappeared with a considerable degree of brilliancy, but without ever attaining the splendid beauty of 1867. The intermittent nature of this light has long been observed, but, unfortunately, no regular note has been taken of the time of decrease or increase in brightness which might give an idea of the period of rotation. It is evident that the greater or less degree of thickness of this solar envelope is one of the principal causes of variations in annual temperature. Another observation that has frequently been made is, that zodiacal light, which often makes the round of the whole visible heavens, always leaves a space exactly at the zenith.

A new method for drying green wood in a short time (says the *Builder*) consists in boiling it for some time in water, and then leaving it to cool, by which the soluble substances are removed. It is then boiled in an aqueous solution of borax, by which the insoluble albumen of the wood is rendered soluble, and escapes from the pores. The wood is then placed in drying chambers, heated by steam, and allowed to remain three days. Wood thus treated is described as being more compact than it would be by ten years of ordinary exposure—not shrinking or warping, and being secure against decay on account of its greater density. It is more easily polished and better fitted for articles of furniture, or for musical instruments.

The Russian Doctor Hubbenet, professor at the University of Kiev, has just published a report, full of heart-rending incidents, of the siege of Sevastopol, of which he was a witness. The following passages show the terrible consequences of this campaign to the Russians: Of 169,000 men who succeeded each other in the defence of Sevastopol, up to November 1, 1855, the time when typhus fever broke out in the Russian army, 80,000 men only, that is to say less than one-fifth, remained hale and well; more than 76,000 were wounded, 15,000 were killed, 46,000 were laid up in hospital, among whom 8,500 died from the effects of their disease.

Carbolic acid is very destructive to the lower orders of vegetable and animal life, and is therefore a valuable agent for the prevention of mould. The *Journal of Chemistry* says that two or three drops of it to a bottle of ink will prevent mouldiness; and about thirty drops added to a pint of water, used for making paste, will prevent its moulding. Carbolic acid, however, is a poison, and should be used with care.

It is proved that animal life may exist under great pressure. M. Deville has erected an apparatus in his laboratory in which fishes swim under a pressure of four hundred atmospheres, or six thousand pounds to the inch.

Dr. Michael Foster, of University College, London, has received the appointment of Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institute of Great Britain.

The Museum.

EVERYBODY has heard of the "frog that would a-wooloo go." From the photograph we gave of him the other week, it seems he has taken to wings, and sails through the air on his courting excursions. But perhaps so many have not heard of the fish that would a-fishing go. Of course we all understand that the big fishes eat up the little ones, and consequently they have to catch them before they can do it; but that is not what we mean by a fish going a-fishing. Running down the little creatures, and swallowing them at a mouthful, is a very beastly business; there is no art, artifice, or refinement about it. It is a prosy affair of common dietetics. But there is a fish which does the thing artistically, with regular strategy; and the curious thing about it is, that Nature has furnished him with a full equipment for the purpose—rod, line, and bait.



The Angler-Fish.

The angler-fish, as is shown by the accompanying likeness, is no beauty: he is about a yard long, and has a huge toad-like head, an enormous gaping mouth, and a formidable array of teeth. The first dorsal, or back fin, is almost wholly wanting, its place being occupied by two or three long, slender, movable spines. These spines are fastened to the body by means of joints. One is attached by a hinge, which permits only of motion backward and forward. The first spine

is connected by a regular ring and staple, and admits of movement in all directions, as it is pulled this way or that by the muscles. This is the angler's pole, which continues into a fine filament or line, and at the end there is a loose, shining slip of membrane, which plays the part of a bait.

The angler-fish is a slow swimmer, and would have but little success if it had to chase the swift and active fishes upon which it feeds. So it snares them. Partially hiding itself in the mud or sand, as other anglers conceal themselves in bushes or behind banks, it waves its long filaments with their glittering tips. Fishes, as is well known, are attracted by glistening objects moved about in the water. The neighboring fish, following the instincts of their inquisitive nature, come to examine the curious object and see whether it is eatable, and are suddenly snapped up in the wide jaws of their hidden foe.

The angler-fish is a most voracious creature, and has, on several occasions, been known to seize a fish that had been hooked, and was being drawn to the surface. In one such case, the angler seized on a cod-fish, and held so tightly that it would not loosen its grip until struck on the head with a boat-hook. On another occasion, the fish fell a victim to its over-voracity, for, having dashed at a conger-eel, just hooked, and taken it into its mouth, the eel contrived to escape through one of the gill apertures, and thus was the unconscious means of involving its captor in its own fate. Even the cork-floats on lines and nets have been swallowed by the greedy fish, and, when taken in a net, it devours its fellow-prisoners with perfect unconcern.

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where Laurie's boat, with its brightly-painted sides and red cushions reflected in the water, lay moored by the bank. It was a fantastic little toy, meant for speed, and not for safety; and Mrs. Westbury would have walked ten miles round by Oakley Bridge rather than have trusted herself to that arrowy bark. She sighed as her eyes fell upon it. "Poor Laurie! Poor boy!" she said, shaking her head. The sight seemed to fill her with a compassion beyond words.

"Why poor Laurie?" said Mr. Renton; but he knew what she meant, and it made him angry. "Of course Ben will succeed me. I succeeded my father. It is his right."

"Ah, Laurence, but how did you succeed your father?" said Mrs. Westbury. "You had the satisfaction of being the greatest comfort to dear papa. He felt the property would be safe in your hands, and be improved, as it has always been. People say we are such a lucky family, but you and I know better. We know it is work that has always done it—alas, until now," she said, suddenly lifting up her eyes to heaven. Truth compels us to add that Mr. Renton was very much disconcerted. He could not hear his own family attacked; but he felt the justice of all she said.

"Well, Lydia, manners change," he said. "It seemed natural enough in our time; but, when you come to consider it, I don't see what reason I have for sending the boys away. I can leave them very well off. We were never so well off as we are now. You know I managed to buy that last farm my father had set his heart upon. I don't see why I should have broken their mother's heart—"

"Ah, I knew it would come out," said Mrs. Westbury, with a little bitterness. "Why should Mary's heart be more tender than other people's. I have to send my boys away, though I love them as well as she does hers; and people congratulate me on having such a good appointment for Richard. It never occurs to anybody that I will break my heart."

"You are a Renton," said her brother, with some dexterity. "I often think you are the best Renton of us all. But if poor Westbury had lived, you know, he might have contrived to spare you the parting, as I have spared Mary; and—The short and the long of it is the boys are doing very well. I have no fault to find with them, and I mean to take my own way with my own family, Lydia—no offence to you."

"Oh, no; no offence," said Mrs. Westbury, with a little toss of her head. "It is all for my advantage, I am sure. When my Richard comes home at a proper time with the fortune your Ben ought to have made, I shall have no reason to complain for one."

"Ben will be very well off," said Mr. Renton, but with an uncomfortable smile.

"Oh, very well off, no doubt," said his sister, with a touch of contempt; "a rapid squire, like the rest of them. People used to say the Rentons were like a fresh breeze blowing in the country. Always motion and stir where they were. And, poor Laurie!" she added once more, with offensive compassion, as they turned and came again face to face with Laurie's boat.

"I should like to know why Laurie so particularly excites your pity," said Mr. Renton, much irritated. Laurie was his own namesake and favorite, and this was the animadversion which he could least bear.

"Poor boy! I don't know who would not pity him," said Aunt Lydia; "it would melt a heart of stone to see a boy with such abilities all going to wreck and ruin. It is all very well as long as he is at home, but when he comes to have his own money what will he do with it? Spend it on pictures and nonsense, and encourage a set of idle people about him to eat him up. Laurence, you mark my words, that is just the kind of boy to be eaten up by everybody, and to come to poverty in the end. Whereas, if he had been taught from the first that work was the natural destiny of man—"

"There, Lydia—there—I wish you would make an end of this croaking," cried Mr. Renton. "I am not quite well to-day, and I can't bear it. That's enough for one time."

"As for Frank, I give him up," said Mrs. Westbury—"a soldier, that can never make a penny—and, of all soldiers, a Guardsman! I am very sorry for you, Laurence, I am sure. How a man of your sense could give in so to Mary's whims I can't understand."

"Mary had nothing to do with it," said Mr. Renton angrily; and he led the way up the bank, and changed the subject abruptly. Mrs. Westbury, though she was not susceptible, felt that she must say no more; and they returned in comparative silence to the house. This

walk had been taken late in a summer evening after dinner, and in the solemnity of evening dress, over which, Aunt Lydia, who was stout and felt the heat, had thrown a little shawl. As they reached the lawn in front of the Manor they came upon a pretty scene. Mrs. Renton, who was softly pretty, still lay on a sofa, which had been brought out and placed in the shadow of the trees. Mary Westbury, her god-child, who bore a curious softened resemblance to her mother, sat upright on a footstool by her aunt's side, working and talking to her. The third figure was Laurie, lying at full length on the soft grass. Probably some time or other since dinner he had been having a cigar, for instead of the regular evening coat he had a fantastic velvet vestment, which half veiled the splendor of his white linen and white tie. He was lying stretched out on his back—handsome, lazy, and contented—a practical commentary on his aunt's speech. There were books lying about, which his energetic cousin had been coaxing and boring him to read aloud; but Laurie had only shaken his head at her, ruffling his chestnut locks against the grass: and a little sketch-book lay by his side, where it had fallen from his indolent hand. Mrs. Westbury looked at him and then at her brother. What words could say as much? There lay lazy Laurence, with an unspeakable sentiment of *far niente*, in every line of him; and he a Renton, whose very ease had always been energetic! Mr. Renton saw it too, and, for once in his life, was heartily ashamed of his favorite son.

"There you lie," said Aunt Lydia, "resting after your hard day's work. What a laborious young man you must be, Laurie! I never saw any one who wanted so much rest."

"Thanks," said Laurence, with a little nod of his chin from the grass. "My constitution requires a great deal of rest, as you say. If you don't mind moving a little, Aunt Lydia, you are sitting on my note-book. Thanks. There are some swans there I should not like to lose."

"And what use are swans?" said Mrs. Westbury, "I wish you would tell me, Laurie; I am such an ignorant creature, and I should like to know."

"Use," said Laurie, opening his eyes. "They don't get made into patties, as far as I know: about as much use as the most of us, I suppose."

"The most of us have a great deal to do in the world," said Aunt Lydia, growing very red, for she was fond of *pâtés*; "if you know how many things that have to pass through my hands from morning to night—"

"Yes, I know," said lazy Laurence, raising his hand in soft deprecation. "Mary has been telling us; but the use of it, Aunt Lydia. Why should you worry yourself? Things would go on just as well if you let them alone—that's what I always tell Ben. What's the good of fidgeting? If you'll believe," continued Laurie, raising himself a little on one elbow, "all the people who have ever made any mark in the world have been people who knew how to keep quiet and let things work themselves out. There's your Queen Elizabeth," he said, warming to his subject, and giving a slight kick with his polished boot to a big volume on the grass; "the only quality she had was a masterly inaction. She kept quiet, and things settled themselves."

"Oh, Laurie! not when she killed that poor, dear Queen Mary," cried his mother from the sofa. "I hate that woman's very name."

"No," said Laurie, gracefully sinking down again among the grass, "that's an instance of energy, mother—a brutal quality, that always comes to harm."

"Laurence, you are a fool," said Mr. Renton sharply, to his son's surprise; and he turned his back upon them all abruptly, and went in across the soft grass, through the magical evening atmosphere that tempted all the world to rest. His sister had taken all restfulness out of him. Though he was a sensible man, he was a Renton; and the family traditions, when thus recalled to his mind, had a great power over him. He went into the library, which looked out upon a dark corner of the grounds full of mournful evergreens; the black wall of the kitchen-garden showed a little behind them, and the room at this time of day was a very doleful room. It was a kind of penance to put upon himself to come in from that air, all full of lingering hues of sunset and soft suggestions of fallen dew, to the grim-luxurious room, in which he already wanted artificial light. Here he sat, and pondered over his own life and that of his boys. Up to this moment, they had been a great deal happier than he had been. Like a gust of air from the old plains of his youth, a remembrance came over

him of loneliness and wistfulness, and a certain impossible longing for a little pleasure now and then, and some love to brighten the boyish days. He had not been aware of wanting those vanities then; but he saw now that he had done so, and that his youth had been very bare and unlovely. He had scattered roses before his sons, while only thorns had been in his own path; but what if he had kept from them the harder training which should make them men? He sat till the darkness grew almost into night, thinking over these things. They were men now—the lads. Ben was five-and-twenty; Laurie but a year younger; and Frank, the happy boy, was but twenty, glorious in his red coat. Mr. Renton pondered long, and when the lamp came he made a great many calculations and memorandums, which he locked up carefully in his desk. He had a headache, which was very unusual to him. It was his wife's rôle in the family to have the headaches; and it did not occur to Mr. Renton that there could be anything the matter with him. It was the heat, no doubt, or a little worry. The ladies had come into the drawing-room when his ponderings were over. It was a large room, full of windows, with one large bow projecting out upon the cliff, from which you could see the river through the cloud of intervening beeches. On the other side the room was open to the soft darkness of the lawn. There were two lamps in it, but both were shadowed; for Mrs. Renton's eyes, like her head, were weak; and the cool air of night breathed in, odorless and soft, making a scarcely perceptible draught from window to window. Mrs. Renton lay quite out of this current of air, which naturally she was afraid of, on another sofa. Mary made tea in a corner, with the light of one of the lamps falling concentrated upon her pretty hands in twinkling motions about the brilliant little spot of china and silver. She had a ring or two upon her pink transparent fingers, and a bracelet, which sparkled in the light. Mrs. Westbury sat apart in a great chair, and fanned herself. Now and then, with a dash against the delicate *abat-jour* of the lamp, came a mad moth, bent on self-destruction. Mr. Renton dropped into the first chair he could find, not knowing how it was he felt so uncomfortable, and Mary brought him some tea. The weather had been very warm, and everybody was languid with the heat. They all sat a great way apart from each other, and were not energetic enough for conversation. "Where is Laurie?" Mr. Renton asked; and they told him that Laurie, with his usual wilfulness, had gone down to the river. "There will be a moon to-night," Mrs. Renton said, with some fretfulness; for she liked to have one of her boys by her, if only lying on the grass, or on the deep mossy carpet, which was almost as soft as the grass.

"He has gone off to this moonlight, and his swans, and his water-lilies," said Mrs. Westbury, with disdain; but even she felt the heat too much to proceed.

"The water-lilies are closed at night," said Mary apologetically; venturing to this extent to take her cousin's part. Lazy Laurence was a favorite with most people, though he had no energy. Then, all at once, a larger swoop than usual went circling through the dim upper atmosphere of the room, and Mrs. Renton gave a scream.

"It is a bat!" she cried. "Ring, Mary, ring—I am so superstitious about bats; and Laurie out all by himself on that river.—Mr. Renton, I wish you would put a stop to it. I never can think it is safe.—Oh, tell them to drive out that creature, Mary. I always know something must happen when a bat comes into one's room."

"No, godmamma, never mind," said Mary. "It is only the light. How should a bat know any thing that was going to happen? They come into the cottage in scores, and we never mind."

"Then you will be found some morning dead in your beds," said Mrs. Renton; "I know you will. Oh, it makes me so unhappy, Mary! and Laurie all by himself in that horrid little boat!"

"Laurie is all right," said Mr. Renton; "he knows how to manage a boat, if he knows nothing else." This was muttered half to himself and half aloud, and then he went into the bow-window and looked out to the river. The moon had just risen, and was shining straight down upon one gleam of water, which blazed intensely white amid all the darkling shadows. As Mr. Renton stood looking out, a boat shot into the gleam, with long oars glistening, balancing, touching the water like wings of a bird. "Laurie is all right," he said to himself, in a mechanical way. He did not himself care for a thousand bats. But his wife's alarm struck into his own uneasiness like a key-note—the key-note to something, he could not tell what. It was all so lovely and peaceful as he looked—soft glooms, soft light, rustling rhythm of fo-

liage, wistful breathing of the night air over that pleasant landscape he knew so well. After all, was it not better to have the boy there in his boat, than scorching out in India or toiling like a slave in some Canadian or Australian forest? What is the good of the father's work but to better the condition of the sons? But, on the other hand, if life when it came should find the sons incapable? Mr. Renton had been a prosperous man; but he knew that life was no holiday. When it came like an armed man with temptations, and cares, and responsibilities, upon that silken boy, how would he meet it? These were the father's thoughts as the bat was hunted out with much commotion, and his wife lay sighing on her sofa. If he had been well, probably, Mrs. Westbury's talk would have had no such effect upon him; but he was not well; and it had made him very ill at ease.

Next day his lawyer came, and was closeted for a long time with him, and there were witnesses called in—the Renton who happened to be calling, and Laurie himself, all unconscious of what it was about—to witness Mr. Renton's signature. And within a week, though he was still in what is called the prime of life, the father of the house was dead; and his will alone remained behind him to govern the fate of his three sons.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ADVENTURE IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.

WE were a very jolly party, we who on a delightful June day were seated beneath the awning on the quarter-deck of an American steamboat, then lying in the port of Hankow, China. Our party consisted of two ladies and five gentlemen, two of the latter being young English merchants, residing in Shanghai, and the remainder of us being Americans. We had met for the first time on board the steamer just previous to her departure from the last-mentioned port, about a week before, but, with the sociability which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race when abroad, we soon became intimately acquainted. A few bottles of champagne, and a generous allowance of that insidious but inviting compound, claret-cup, partaken just before starting on our novel voyage, proved an excellent introduction, and paved the way for a lasting intimacy and friendship. The ladies, the wife and sister of one of our party, an American merchant doing business in Shanghai, had but just arrived from New York, and were quite new to the curious scenes and customs by which they were surrounded; but the rest of us, all the gentlemen, were quite *blasé* in all that pertained to Celestial life, having for months and years past endured existence in the antipodes for the sake of the filthy lucre, more easily to be made there than at home. For five days after leaving the commercial metropolis of China, Shanghai, we made our way against wind and current up the noble Yang-tse-kiang River. Five charming, delightful days they were. The weather, although on shore intensely hot, was, thanks to the breeze which somewhat impeded our progress, delicious, and the scenery along the banks and among the groups of islands through which we passed intensely interesting. At the time of which we speak but few Europeans had ever passed over this ground, our steamer being among the first whose keel had ever ploughed the waters of the noble Yang-tse; and the ports on the river had been but recently opened. With the energy characteristic of the Caucasian race, however, already nearly a dozen European mercantile houses, American, English, French, and German, had established themselves at Han-kow, one of the treaty ports, seven hundred miles from the mouth of the river, and, of course, the same distance into the interior of China. Although opened to foreign traffic by the Government, it was not without meeting great opposition from the people of that section, that these houses were established, and a residence at that port was not without its perils and disadvantages. Kiu-kiang, a port one hundred and twenty miles below Han-kow, and,

consequently, that much nearer Shanghai, was similarly occupied, some six or eight adventurous Yankees and Britons, representing some of the great houses of the country, having located there. Five or six fleet steamboats, all built in the United States (the English boats being found unsuitable), perfect models of the Sound and Hudson River steamboats of our own land, were making regular trips up this monarch of rivers.

Every thing being strange and new, our enjoyment of this trip some seven hundred miles into the interior of the Flowery Land was keen indeed. Pagodas and temples here and there dotting the shore; the river alive with small craft of every description; beautiful islands, on which, hidden among the trees, peeped out some Buddhist monastery; and the scattering villages, built in a day of bamboo and mud, and thronged with a busy people, who invariably assembled on the banks to see us pass, and as invariably became frightened almost to death at the sound of our steam-whistle,—all made up a scene upon which we never tired of looking. Every thing connected with our home-like steamboat was also of the most comfortable kind. Luxurious dinners, such as few people in Yankee-land allow themselves; wine and spirituous comforts, *ad libitum*, and all other little comforts at discretion, tended not a little to while away the days we passed upon this inland trip in the pleasantest possible manner. Being on pleasure bent, most of us, and desiring to leave the cares of business far behind, we were sorry enough when, on the sixth day after leaving Shanghai, we anchored at Han-kow, the port of our destination.

And now we return to the point where we commenced our story. Our friends on shore, in consequence of the limited character of their domestic arrangements, being unable to entertain us as they could wish at their extemporized houses, we remained during our stay of four days at Han-kow, by the kind invitation of our good friend the captain, on board of our floating home. It was the third day after our arrival, when, having just discussed a most inviting lunch, or tiffin, as it is called in the East Indies, we were enjoying our cheroots, the male portion of us, under the awning on the quarter-deck, when the best mode of agreeably passing the afternoon came up for discussion. We had seen all the lions of Han-kow, which did not differ greatly from similar animals of the other seaport towns and cities of China; had been stared at and followed by almost the entire population, two or three hundred thousand, I believe; had been saluted as foreign dogs and red-headed barbarians; and had even been treated with evidences of the ill-will of the natives in the form of kicks and cuffs, all of which little pleasant-ries we thought it prudent not to resent; and having, in spite of these little drawbacks, indulged to the full our propensities for sight-seeing, we had come to the conclusion that we had "done" the place pretty thoroughly, and must look elsewhere for the means of beguiling the hours which now, for the first time, began to hang rather heavily on our hands.

Nearly opposite to the city of Han-kow, on the northern bank of the river, which at this point is about three miles wide, stands the city of Woo-chang, then as now, I believe, almost a *terra incognita* to foreigners. It was quite a large city, even for China, a country of large cities, and, from the distance which separated us, looked beautifully. We had gazed upon it, and the surrounding country, ever since our arrival, but the thought of visiting it had, as yet, never entered the head of the boldest among us. One or two missionaries, and a boat's crew from the English gunboat, the Growler, had, we knew, on one occasion paid their respects to the residents of that city; but the reception they met with (the reverse of cordial) had not encouraged them to repeat the experiment. We must have been wonderfully *ennuyed* and tired of the exciting scenes constantly passing around us, for no sooner was it proposed by one of the gentlemen of our party, and the motion was seconded by a lady, that we should all of us embark in the ship's boats and pull over to the opposite city, than the propo-

sition was accepted, and we made instant preparations for carrying the plan into effect. Hazardous as such an expedition was if undertaken by the gentlemen of the party alone, it was doubly so when the ladies were to accompany us, and, although they begged as only women can to be allowed to share our pleasures and our perils, we must have quite taken leave of our sense for the time being when we consented to their accompanying the expedition. As one of the gentlemen of the party, a merchant who had spent many years in China, could speak many of the different dialects in use among them, and was particularly well versed in that entirely spoken in that section, it was thought that he could explain to any evil-minded or doubting persons who we were, the nature of our errand, and the peaceful and fraternal feelings which we entertained toward them. To make assurance doubly sure, however, we sent a courteous message to the Toutai, or mayor of Han-kow, begging him to allow us an escort of a few soldiers, who, we innocently thought, would prove quite sufficient for our defence. The reply of the Toutai duly arrived in the form of five dirty, mangy-looking heroes, armed with spears, or lances, and swords, and whose personal appearance did not prove very reassuring. To do these fellows justice, we must say that they attempted, with all the power of language at their command, and the Chinese dialects are copious in words, to dissuade us from the foolhardy errand upon which we were bent. They alluded in strong terms to the ill-feeling toward foreigners, or barbarians, as they themselves called us, entertained by the population of Woo-chang, and indeed the whole of the northern part of China, and also declared their inability to defend us in case we were attacked by a superior force. Having quite made up our minds, however, we would not listen to reason, and, buckling on our revolvers, and filling our pockets with cigars, some of them to be used as peace-offerings, with our canes, or Penang lawyers, in our hands, we made ready for the start. The ladies, too, arrayed in pretty white dresses, and finery so appropriate and comfortable in a warm climate, were looking more than usually charming, and appeared sufficiently handsome, as indeed they were destined, to captivate the hearts of the entire male portion of the inhabitants of Woo-chang. Our captain had also signified his intention to accompany us, and with the crew of European sailors, dressed in man-of-war style in white shirts and straw hats, had his own gig ready waiting for us at the gangway. All ready at last, we finally embarked, our Chinese guard stowing themselves away in the bow of the boat, and the remainder of us lolling on the soft cushions at the stern. Pulling rapidly across, we soon put considerable distance between our own loved ship and ourselves, and as rapidly neared the point of our destination. As we passed the many small fishing-boats which were lazily coasting along the other shore, their occupants would stop the work in which they were engaged, and stare at us in the most singular and unpleasant manner. The sight of the ladies in our boat, their dress and appearance so different from the women of their own country, filled them with unspeakable wonder, as their puzzled faces abundantly testified. Reaching a rude landing-place at the foot of a flight of stone steps leading up into one of the streets of the city, we disembarked, not, however, without considerable inconvenience to the ladies, and, forcing our way through a dense crowd of dirty coolies, whose jeers and hoots were any thing but reassuring, we mounted the steps, and reached the street above. Here, by great good fortune, we found three chairs, or palanquins, which are carried by four coolies, and which are used entirely by the better class of Chinamen, and also by all foreigners in the settlements, and in them we placed our two lady-friends and the captain of our ship. Forming a guard of honor, and also for the purpose of protection around the chairs, we signified to the coolies our readiness to depart, requested our Chinese protectors to lead the advance, and, in a body, took up our line of march. During these preparations, however, an immense number of the

people, two or three thousand at least, had gathered around us, and, by jostling and pushing each other, in order to get a sight of us, and thus forcing the crowd on to us, had nearly prevented our departure at the outset. Nothing happened at this point, however, more exciting than the attempt of a ruffianly-looking coolie to place his lips and proboscis in contact with the face of the younger of the two ladies in the chairs, and for which he not only received the full force of the lady's parasol in his face, but was promptly knocked down by a gentleman of the party. This proceeding was greeted with hoots and yells of the most diabolical character, and, if we had exercised or possessed one grain of wisdom, we would have at once returned to our boat, and pulled away from the inhospitable place. Thinking, however, that our body-guard of soldiers were able to protect us, and being unwilling to acknowledge a defeat so soon, we took up our line of march, and, amid the shouts of the populace, the numbers of which were being constantly increased by the arrival of fresh recruits, we proceeded through the narrow and dirty streets of this specimen Chinese city to the top of a hill about three-quarters of a mile from the landing-place. Here, the better to enjoy the scenery, as well as to give the coolies a chance to regain their wind, we called a halt. The crowd, that now surged around us, swelled to three or four thousand persons, became very troublesome, pushing up against the chairs in order to get a glimpse of our ladies, jostling us in the most unceremonious manner, and giving vent to their animosity in the cries of "Kill the foreign dogs!" "Knock them down!" "Trample them to death!" and other cheerful expressions of a similar nature, which, when translated to us by our friend acquainted with the language, proved far from encouraging. It became at last evident to the most obtuse among us that trouble was brewing, and that it behooved us to make our way back to the landing-place as speedily as possible, if we would prevent a serious catastrophe. A shower of stones which greeted us at this moment, one of which cut the face of a gentleman in the most serious manner, made it evident that we must use haste in the matter. Several of the most hot-headed among us instantly drew our revolvers, and prepared to use them, but we were entreated by our friend who could understand the conversation and threats of the Chinese, to put them away, as the least attempt at resistance of this kind would probably cost us all our lives. Appealing to the soldiers, who were supposed to protect us, to keep back the crowd, we were informed by them that they could do nothing, and that their own lives were not any too secure among their brutal neighbors. By a desperate effort, we succeeded in starting again, with the intention of regaining the boat. Our progress was slow at first, and it was soon altogether impeded. Volleys of rocks and stones of all sizes were now thrown at us from every direction, nearly all of us being struck in the head or face. The ladies, being raised above the level of the crowd in their open chairs, were excellent marks for these brutal barbarians, and they (the ladies) suffered accordingly. The face of the younger lady was severely gashed by a sharp-pointed stone which struck her with great violence. Although terribly frightened, our plucky little lady-friends showed neither a disposition to scream nor to faint, but, with pale faces, in one instance covered with blood, they cheered and urged us on to make greater haste. Finding that our fair friends were being made the target for the greater part of the missiles, we again halted, to allow them to alight. Taking one of the ladies on my arm, and transferring the other to her husband, we hurried on as rapidly as possible. A new horror now presented itself. A desire to examine our ladies more closely, to see whether, in the matter of flesh and blood, they resembled their own women, suddenly took possession of the boldest of the dense crowd who were gathered around us, and they commenced a series of insults that bade fair to become unbearable. A big, burly, ruffianly-looking Celestial, darting suddenly toward the lady who had my arm, attempted to raise her dress and clothing. The

poor girl screamed and wept piteously, and it was not until he had attempted the outrage again, that I discovered the nature of his brutal attack. Turning quickly upon him, with one blow of my "Penang lawyer," I laid him on the ground, and, once more taking the arm of the lady, left him howling with a broken skull. Finding that a general attack was meditated upon us, we, by a show of our revolvers, cleared space enough to move again, and betook ourselves to a neighboring temple, or "joss-house," which, by great good fortune, remained open, but the door of which we were unable to fasten after we had entered. Here we remained for an hour, until the excitement outside had partially subsided. Once more we started for our boat, and, this time, after a terrible reception from the enraged Chinamen, who continued stoning us, striking us from behind, and, amid terrible imprecations and threats of instant death, we were successful in reaching it. Our brave sailors, seeing our sore need, came to our assistance, and, with their revolvers, in addition to our own, kept the cowardly assassins at bay until we were safely seated in the boat, when they followed, and, seizing quickly their oars, we were soon pulled, by their lusty arms, out of harm's way, but not before another shower of stones had seriously injured one of our number. For many minutes after our miraculous escape, and while pulling swiftly over the water toward our floating home, none of us found voice to speak, and it was not until after our arrival on board of the steamer, and we had thoroughly refreshed the inner man, having previously left the ladies to the care of the experienced and kind-hearted stewardess, that we could allude to our recent peril in a calm and unexcited manner.

That we had escaped with our lives was a cause of profound wonder, knowing, as we did, the vindictive and utterly reckless character of these barbarians, which could by none of us be satisfactorily explained. The few bruises which we had experienced were looked upon as honorable wounds, and not to be thought of when compared with the great danger which had threatened us.

The captain of H. M. S. Growler, after hearing of the occurrence, offered to send a flotilla, with a large body of men, to demand satisfaction for the outrage, and even to attack the town, a proceeding which would have delighted the English tars. We, however, prevailed upon him to take no notice of it, and laid the blame of the whole occurrence upon our own headstrong folly in undertaking such an adventure.

The next day we sailed for Shanghai, and, upon our arrival at that place, separated, but many a long day elapsed before the exciting and dangerous events of that dreadful time ceased to occupy a large share in our thoughts and meditations.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER X.—THE LAND-SLIP.

THAT night was not as merry as the last. The approaching change in the weather made many of the revellers anxious to get back to their mountain homes, and some took their departure at once, lest the rain should stop them. The young people danced again, and initiated Alexander into many of their in-door sports and pastimes, but the elders were grave, and sat apart discussing the prospects of the morrow, and recounting their recollections of the various inundations they had witnessed in their time, and the destruction of houses and crops, and even whole hamlets, by the resistless force of the torrents swollen by great and sudden rains in the high mountains. Still, no rain fell at Torre. Only the gathering masses of vapor, gradually involving hill after hill, and the growling of distant thunder, presaged storm, and indicated that it had already commenced in the upper valleys. Even when the morning broke, the weather was not so very bad as to intimidate so bold a pedestrian as the young Englishman, much less to damp the ardor of little Arnaud, who was not only eager

to get home, but delighted to think the cascades would be in their glory. It was in vain for the old women and graybeards to remonstrate. Alexander set out with his companion rather late in the day, as there were still objects of curiosity to be visited at Torre, and it was as much as the good people could do to induce them to accept the loan of a couple of huge red umbrellas. There was a thick penetrating mist when they started, which soon changed into decided rain, and the road, rugged at the best, grew every moment heavier, more and more cut up by the rills that poured down from every height, to swell the roaring brook at the bottom of the vale. As long as there was any steady walking, Alexander took advantage of it to ask Arnaud a hundred questions about himself, and his relations, and the Evelyns, and his studies, and what he intended to be when he was a man. The boy's replies interested him greatly. They proved him well-instructed for his age, unusually intelligent, overflowing with gratitude to his benefactors, eager for improvement, enthusiastic, and ambitious. He had been taught English partly by the Evelyns themselves, by Miss Evelyn chiefly; from the pastor of his native valley he had learned Latin, and had made progress enough in Greek to read a chapter of the Greek Testament.

"You will be a Barbe yourself, one of these days," said Alexander.

"No," said Arnaud, proudly, "I am going to be a missionary."

"A missionary!" repeated Alexander, "why a missionary?"

"Because I have read all about Henry Martin and Joseph Wolff, and a great many more, and I want to be like them, and travel in strange countries, among savage people, and make them wiser and better and happier."

"Have you ever thought of the risks and dangers of a missionary's life? It is a noble career, but full of difficulties and trials."

"Oh, yes, I have thought of all that, but it does not discourage me. I am strong, and I shall be a great deal stronger when I'm a man, and why should I not do what others have done?"

"But your good uncle, does he approve of your plan?" said Alexander; "how will he like to be left alone in his old age?"

"Oh," cried Arnaud, "I wish he approved of it more than he does, but he doesn't oppose it now; he knows it would never do for me to lead the quiet life of a pastor, even in this country, wild as it is. Mr. Evelyn used to tell me that there are dangers enough in the path of a Vaudois minister to satisfy anybody, especially in winter, or even in summer, in such weather as this."

"And really I think he told you true," said Alexander, suddenly finding himself on the edge of a gully, a yard and a half wide, right across the road, ploughed by a furious little stream, which the day before scarcely wetted the stones. The rude carriages of the country, had he taken one, could not have proceeded a step farther.

"Follow me," shouted Arnaud, springing over the chasm in the greatest glee.

"It's nothing by daylight," he added, when they were on the other side, "but in the dark, when one of our ministers has to visit a sick person in such weather, he has to look before he leaps."

"I should think so," said Alexander. From this point, which was only a third of the way, their progress was slow, for there were not twenty yards of road that were not broken up more or less by the increasing floods. It was no longer walking, but incessant jumping from stone to stone exposed by the waters, or across channels, many of them deeper and wider than the first they came to. Now, too, the rain was coming down steadily; deep groans of thunder came from the direction of Bobbio, where they were going, and the main stream in the depths of the gorge at their right was rising rapidly over the hugest boulders in its bed, and bellowing like a water-devil. In a few moments they came to "Fatima's jump," as Arnaud called it.

"She could not jump it now," he said, looking gravely at the crevice, "nor can I either."

Alexander himself thought it more discreet not to attempt it, so they scrambled over as best they could, up to their knees in the whirling water, Arnaud never thinking of himself, but only anxious to find the shallowest spots and safest footing for his companion. It was soon obvious, however, to Alexander that the little fellow was growing uneasy, though it was evidently not on his own account.

"This is a wonderful flood," he said, "to have come so suddenly; if it goes on increasing, we shall find Bobbio in a bad way; no place

in the valleys is in such danger in floods. We are near it now. Do you hear a bell?"

Alexander listened attentively, but such was the noise of the rain, and the river tumbling below, and the streams dashing and flashing down on every side, that for some moments no other sound was distinguished. At length the bell was distinctly heard by them both, a continual, unequal, excited, fitful ringing, of itself suggestive of alarm and distress. Its object, as the boy explained, was to collect the inhabitants of the little district together, at least as many as had their dwellings in exposed situations on the hill-side, and, besides, to muster as great a force of the peasantry as possible, both to keep the water-courses clear of obstructions, and strengthen their embankments at the points where they might need support.

"They will want all our help, I can tell you," said Arnaud, "my uncle's house is the most exposed of all in case of a land-slip; the first thing they would do would be to remove him to one of the houses lower down in a protected situation, where every one will go if there is real danger."

It was now hard to see any thing, the sky was so black, and the rain fell in such torrents, like a water-spout, but in a moment or two they distinguished voices, and heroic little Arnaud dashed on through thick and thin, over every obstacle, crying out that they were working at the embankments, and bidding Alexander follow.

When they came to the embankments, it was easy to see from the energy and anxiety of the peasantry working at it that they were in the greatest alarm, and the roaring of the waters seemed amply to justify it. They took no notice of the new-comers—indeed, they hardly observed them, the darkness was so great, for, owing to the violence of the rain, they had not even the benefit of torchlight, though the sun had already gone down.

"We can do no good here," shouted the brave boy; "come on to the village; it is only a few steps farther—there where you see the lights; we are quite near, and yet we can hardly hear the bells."

After a few minutes' struggling through obstacles which they could not see, and wading up to their knees through the water or the mud, which seemed to be tumbling down from all the heights around, they gained the houses, and found the people in them (only women and children and the oldest men) paralyzed with terror. All who could work were either at the embankment, or at other parts where there were lives to be saved. Arnaud ran into the first house he came to, thinking of nothing but his uncle's safety. Nobody could answer his questions; they could hardly hear his voice in the din, or distinguish his features by the few little glimmering lights they had. He rushed out again, still adjuring Alexander to follow, follow him to the little inn. There was more light there, and they knew him, but could tell him nothing of his uncle, except that some of the strongest of the peasants had gone to his rescue, and had not returned.

"This way, this way," cried the distracted boy, dashing forward once more.

Alexander could only follow him blindly, until a flash of lightning of unusual vividness, which for an instant illuminated every object, not only showed the direction which the boy took, but revealed the whole situation of the village with respect to the mountains that hemmed it in. In a minute Alexander was abreast of Arnaud, who by the next flash pointed out his uncle's house, still standing on a platform which seemed to have been cleared out of the forest of pines, at a height of about a hundred yards above the level of the village.

"As the house is standing," said Alexander, "its inhabitants must be safe."

"Oh," cried Arnaud, "there is nobody in the house now, you may be sure; they are trying to get my poor old uncle down, and that will be the difficulty if the path is washed away. Come on, come on! Oh, what a blessing the lightning is!"

A forked flash of extreme brilliancy was instantly followed with a clap which all the artillery in Europe discharged together could hardly have equalled. Alexander's eye was fixed on the pastor's house under and among the pines. The next moment there was a crashing sound, almost as loud as the thunder, but it was not thunder, it was the headlong fall of the whole of the hill-side above the house, which was swept away, while he was looking at it, by an avalanche of loosened rock and uprooted forest. By the next flash there was noth-

ing visible but a broad ghastly expanse of naked earth and stone stretching up to the mountain's brow.

But, though the dear abode where he had passed his childhood was thus suddenly and fearfully destroyed before his face, poor Arnaud thought only of the old man's life, which was dearer to him a thousand times, and he thought of it collectedly, too, which at such a moment many a brave man of mature years could not have done.

The level space where the house had stood seemed for a few moments to stay the cataract of rubbish; but in a few moments more the fall continued, and, even after reaching the bottom of the valley, many blocks of stone and fragments of tall pines rolled on almost to the spot where Alexander and Arnaud stood.

The former had already abandoned all hope of saving the life of any one who had either been in the house or who had gone to the relief of its inmates. Not so the boy, for, knowing the minutiae of the locality, he observed that the land-slip had not crossed the mule-path that led down to the village, so that it could not have increased the danger of any one who was descending by it. All depended, therefore, on the path being practicable. They pressed on, straining their ears to catch the sound of a human voice, often thinking they heard one, often finding themselves deceived.

"We shall be in the path ourselves in a few moments," cried Arnaud. "It begins to ascend just above here. There ought to be two poplars."

"I see no trees at all," said Alexander.

"They have been rooted up," said the boy; "but never mind; I hear voices," and he clapped his hands with delight.

Alexander gave a piercing whistle. It was answered instantly. Arnaud again clapped his hands, and danced with joy. The voices grew more distinct every instant. A moment more a group of people were visible at a distance of hardly fifty yards, but unhappily they saw at the same time that they were separated from them by an obstacle which Arnaud had not foreseen, with all his experience of the valley. The unprecedented flood of that day and night, seeking vents in all directions, had found one here in what was for the moment a torrent of the wickedest aspect, and five or six yards wide, rushing as if it ran a muck to join the main waters lower down. In an hour it had scooped out the bed in which it foamed; for the peasants, who were now stopped by its breadth and fury, had hardly noticed it as they went up the hill—it was so small a thread. The old minister, however, had been carried down so far in perfect safety, except for his exposure to the night and storm—perils enough for a man in his advanced years. The point now was how to get him across the water. The peasants had already tried to ford it, and, narrow as it was, pronounced it impracticable. It was not merely the depth—for that was not more than between four or five feet—but the slipperiness of the stones and the rage of the water daunted them; it was as much as any man could do to cross himself; and, as to carrying another on his back, it was pronounced a sheer impossibility.

"But it must be done," cried Alexander, "or you might as well have left him to perish with his house."

The word "impossible" was heard from the other side again.

"We shall see," said Alexander, coolly. "Have any of you a rope? If you have, throw me one end of it, and keep a tight hold of the other."

"He's an Englishman," shouted Arnaud, "and a friend of Mr. Evelyn's."

Alexander could hardly help laughing at the proclamation of his country and position at such a critical moment. There was a rope, it was flung across, Alexander caught it, again desired them to hold fast, and, instantly plunging into the water, steadying himself as much as he could with his red umbrella, in a few strides was safe on the other side.

"Now," he said to the men, "two of you must get over to hold the rope again, and I undertake to carry the old man."

The example decided the wavering courage of the peasants, and two of them obeyed, though there was only a boy on the other side to do what they had done to assist Alexander; but they knew what a brave boy he was. One of them, however, stumbled and almost lost his legs for a moment; but they both crossed.

Now came the tug, one for life or death, for one at least, perhaps for two. The poor old minister, almost speechless with cold and terror, was lifted on Alexander's shoulders, like the aged Trojan in the

epic. The young Englishman then replaced his umbrella with a stout pole which he took from a peasant, seized the end of the rope once more, and, confident in his youth and strength, which he well might be while devoting them to such a noble use, he committed himself and his venerable burden with redoubled caution and more intense steadiness to the dark and raging waters. For one instant his step faltered, and the swaying of the rope made the men on the other side perspire with fear; but he kept his footing firm, and in little more than a minute the aged uncle was safe in his nephew's arms.

It was dawn when the hoary minister was carried to the village, where they had given up all hope of his deliverance, and, as it was, it seemed impossible that he could survive many hours, for he was in his seventieth year. Had anybody then predicted that his life was to be protracted for more than ten years, after what he went through that night, the prophecy would have seemed ridiculous.

At break of day the flood had already begun to abate; the storm had ceased, the sun shone upon the desolation of the night, and Alexander, feeling that the only safety for himself was in continued exercise, drenched as he was, and being also desirous to escape the oration which his services were likely to bring upon him, stole away, and, broken up as the road was, made his way back to Torre. There he only stopped to change his clothes, and returned to Turin, leaving his fame to follow him, which it probably did all the faster and louder for his carelessness about it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WATER-CASTLE OF EUROPE.

BY JULES MICHELET.

THERE is nothing comparable with the Alps. No system of mountains seems to approach them, either by the radiation of its groups, so happily ordered and articulated, or for the superb disposition of its reservoirs, which, from glaciers to torrents, lakes, and rivers, shed life over Europe.

Neither the Pyrenees nor the Cordilleras, in their prolonged lines, are so coördinated in one system. The Himalaya chain, enormous in its spread between the Indus and the Ganges, does not so well unite by mutual benefits the regions watered by it. Great volumes of water are lost in its long marshes, in the vast and dangerous jungles at its feet, which cherish a life still defiant to man.

In the Alps all is concordant. The noble amphitheatres that send to the four seas the Po, the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Inn (that true Danube), are not so separated as that the mind may not embrace them in a bird's-eye view.

These sisters, almost touching at their origin, part from one massive tower—the heart of the system, the heart of the European world.

The sublime impression which we receive from this mountain-group is not merely fanciful. It is the natural and rational intuition of a true grandeur. This is the reservoir of Europe, the principle of its fertility. It is the theatre of the exchanges of atmospheric currents and discharge of vapors. Water is life commenced. Its circulation under aerial or liquid forms is accomplished on these mountains. They are the mediators, the arbiters of dispersed or opposed elements which they combine in peace.

They store away the clouds in glaciers, and then equitably distribute them to the nations.

A tourist, standing on the sea of ice at the centre of this imposing circus, was smitten, and exclaimed, "I have found the *Place de la Concorde* of the world!"

The west and southwest winds, laden with the vapors of the Atlantic and even of the Pacific, yield their deposits, which are soon fixed by the breath of the north-wind. Solid and stratified by alternating thaws and freezes, they lie, fated, as it would seem, to eternal captivity. Fresh snows cover the azure beds, and defend them from the sun. But little water appears to trickle away below, compared with the masses that form above; yet equilibrium exists. Mont Blanc, for sixty years,

has remained just the same. Its summit has neither increased nor diminished in height.

To effect this economic balance, a sudden force must intervene. The tyrant of the south, the Föhn, Autan, Sirocco, Simoom, Vaudère—for it has more than twenty names—falls, impetuous, terrible, impatient, into this world of sullen congelation. With trumpet-voice it wakens those crystalline waters, and dissolves their winter spell. None may turn a deaf ear to this summons. It insists, it hisses, it thunders—no delay!

This thirsty demon of Africa prefers the night for its attack. The day before its onset, changeful mists float around the summits. The air is more transparent, and seems to bring every thing nearer. The moon wears a reddish halo; the horizon, a singular violet. The wind sighs in the high forests; the torrents utter a dull roar. There is a general sense of apprehension.

This formidable benefactor threatens, at first, to destroy the country which he comes to save. He launches enormous blocks from heights, and he rolls gigantic trees into the bed of torrents; he whirls away the roofs of cottages. Providence, what is impending? The guest thus heralded is Spring.

The Föhn laughs at the Sun. His beams would take a fortnight to melt what the African wind has melted in twenty-four hours. Snow cannot lie before it. In two hours, at the Grindelwald, it melts two feet in depth. It is over now, that long night of the mysterious Alpine plants—their eight months' vigil buried in the snow. Revived by this magician's touch, they gladden in the light of their short summer; their little blossom-heart disports its hour in love. This savage wind, which blows aside the curtain of life's drama, is the messenger of love. This is felt overpoweringly in the valleys, where his warm breath enervates with languor.

The sworn enemy of the Föhn, the north-wind, by moments tries to get the upper hand. It struggles in vain; it is conquered. Love is still master of the world.

What a happy metamorphosis! how fraught with blessings! That fruitful life which slept on Alpine summits—behold it then delivered! More useful than any river, its mists are off to water Europe with those delicate dews that make the rich meadow, the velvet of the turf. Electric showers charged with nitre suddenly open the leaf, and fire those explosions of charm in which awakening Nature seems to shoot beyond herself—to forget all restraints in this dream of the Spring.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*

OR,

BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK III.—OPENING OF THE FISSURE.

I.

THE TADCASTER INN.

At this period London had only one bridge, London Bridge, with houses upon it. This bridge connected London with Southwark, a suburb paved and gravelled with pebbles from the Thames, all in narrow streets and lanes, in parts very much confined, and comprising, like the city, a mass of buildings, habitations, and wooden hovels—a combustible jumble that fire might ravage at discretion. This had been proved in 1666.

Southwark was then pronounced *Soudrie*: in these days they call it *Sousoure*, or nearly so. For the rest, an excellent

way of pronouncing English names is not to pronounce them at all. Thus, for Southampton, say *Stpntn*.

That was the time when *Chatham* was pronounced *Je t'aime*.

The Southwark of those days resembled the Southwark of to-day, as Vaugirard resembles Marseilles. It was a borough; it is a town. Nevertheless, there was considerable activity there in the way of navigation. Into a long cyclopean wall bordering the Thames were fastened rings, whereto the river barges were moored. This wall was called Effroc's Wall or Effroc-Stone. York, when it was Saxon, was called Effroc. The story went, that a duke of Effroc had been drowned at the foot of this wall. The water there was, in fact, deep enough for a duke. At low water there were still six good fathoms. The excellence of this little anchorage drew thither sea-going vessels; and the round-bellied Dutch galliot, called *La Vograat*, was habitually moored to the Effroc-Stone. Once a week the *Vograat* made the direct voyage from London to Rotterdam, or from Rotterdam to London. Other craft started twice a day, for Deptford, for Greenwich, or for Gravesend, going down by one tide and coming up by the other. The passage to Gravesend, although twenty miles, was made in six hours.

The *Vograat* was of a model seen only nowadays in marine museums. The galliot was something of a junk. At that time, while France was copying Greece, Holland was copying China. The *Vograat*, a heavy two-masted hull, was divided by vertical water-tight partitions, giving a very deep cabin amidships, and was low-decked forward and aft, like the iron turret-ships of our time. This was an advantage, inasmuch as it lessened the hold of a sea shipped in bad weather; but an inconvenience, as the want of bulwarks exposed the crew to its force. There was nothing to keep a man on board who chanced to fall. Thence frequent accidents and loss of life, which caused this mode of building to be abandoned. The galliot *Vograat* traded direct with Holland, not touching even at Gravesend.

An old cornice in stone—rock as much as masonry—ran along the lower part of the Effroc-Stone, and, being available at any time of tide, facilitated communication with the craft moored to the wall. The wall, at certain distances, was cut through by stairways. It marked the southern point of Southwark. An embankment gave passers-by the means of leaning upon the top of the Effroc-Stone, as upon the parapet of a quay. The Thames was visible from it. On the other side of the water London ended. There was nothing but fields.

Higher up the stream than the Effroc-Stone, at the bend of the river nearly opposite St. James's Palace, behind Lambeth House, not far from the public walk, then called Foxhall (probably Vauxhall), there was—between a pottery where porcelain was made, and certain glass-works for the manufacture of colored bottles—one of those plots of waste and grass-grown ground, formerly called in France *cultures* and *mails*, and in England bowling-greens. From bowling-green, green turf for rolling balls, we have made *boulingrin*. This sward we have now in our houses—only we plant it on a table; it is in cloth instead of sod; and it gives rise to the name billiards.

Beyond this we cannot see why, having *boulevard* (bowling-green), which is the same word as *bowling-green*, we should have given ourselves *boulingrin*. It is surprising that so grave a personage as the dictionary should indulge in these useless luxuries.

The Southwark bowling-green was called Tarrinzeau-Field, from having formerly belonged to the Barons Hastings, who are Barons Tarrinzeau and Matchline. From the Lords Hastings the Tarrinzeau-Field had passed to the Lords Tadcaster, who had laid it out for a public resort, as, at a later period, a Duke of Orleans laid out the Palais-Royal. Then the Tarrinzeau-Field had become a common, and was parochial property.

The Tarrinzeau-Field was a sort of permanent fair-ground,

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

encumbered with jugglers, acrobats, merry-andrews, and itinerant musicians, and was continually filled with foolish people, who came hither to "look at the devil," according to the phrase of Archbishop Sharpe. To look at the devil is to go to the play.

Several inns, that took in, and sent forth their public to these strolling theatres, were open on this spot that kept holiday all the year round, and prospered upon it. These inns were simply covered-in stalls, inhabited only during the day. In the evening, the tavern-keeper put the key of the tavern into his pocket and went away. One only of these inns was a house. There was no other lodging-place on all the bowling-green, the sheds of the fair-ground being always liable to disappear from moment to moment, in view of the absence of ties and the vagabondage of all these mountebanks. A life without root is that of gypsies.

This inn, called The Tadcaster Inn, from the name of the old lords—rather a public-house than a tavern, and rather a hostelry than a public-house—had a gateway and a tolerably large court-yard.

The gateway, opening from the court-yard upon the public ground, was the proper entrance to the Tadcaster public-house, and had at one side a special door by which there was a way in. To say special is to say preferred. This low door was the only one, through which people passed. It opened into the drinking-shop, properly speaking, which was a large, besmoked, and scrubby room, with a low ceiling, and set out with tables. It was surmounted by a window on the first floor, from the iron bars of which the sign-board of the inn was adjusted and hung. The main door, barred and bolted for good and all, remained shut.

To get into the court-yard, it was necessary to pass through the drinking-shop.

There were, in the Tadcaster Inn, a master and a boy. The master was called Master Nicless; the boy was called Govicum. Master Nicless—Nicolas without doubt, which becomes Nicless in English pronunciation—was a widower, miserly and timid, and holding the law in respect. Otherwise, having bushy eyebrows and hairy hands. As for the lad of fourteen, who served the drink and answered to the name of Govicum, he was a merry, loutish chap, with an apron. His hair was cropped short—a sign of servitude.

He slept on the ground floor, in a cell, wherein they had formerly kept a dog. This cell had a small window made dormer-fashion, that looked out upon the bowling-green.

II.

OUT-OF-DOOR ELOQUENCE.

ONE evening, when there was a high wind and it was pretty cold, and when there was every reason in the world for hurrying along the streets, a man who was pursuing his way through the Tarrinzeau-Field, under the wall of the Tadcaster public-house, suddenly stopped. It was toward the close of the winter of 1705. The man, whose dress bespoke him a sailor, was of good air and of fine figure, as is prescribed for folks at court, and is not forbidden for common people. Why had he stopped? To listen. To what was he listening? To a voice that was speaking probably withinside a court-yard, on the other side of the wall—a voice somewhat senile, but nevertheless so loud that it reached the passers-by in the street. At the same time, the rustle of a crowd was audible in the enclosure whence the voice harangued. The voice was saying:

—Men and women of London, here I am! I congratulate you heartily on being English. You are a great people. I say more; you are a great populace. Your blows of the fist are finer than your sword-strokes. You have a good appetite. Yours is the nation that eats others. Magnificent function. This gulping down the world classes England apart. In policy and philosophy, in handling colonies, populations, and trades, and in the will to do just such ill to others as is good for your-

selves, you stand alone, and are wonderful. The moment approaches when there will be two placards over the earth; on one will be read: *Men's Side*; on the other will be read: *Englishmen's Side*. I make this declaration for your glory—I, who am neither Englishman nor man, having the honor to be a bear. Further than this, I am a doctor. This accords with the other. Gentlemen, I teach. What? Two sorts of things—those that I know, and those that I don't know. I sell drugs, and I give away ideas. Draw near, and listen. Science asks for your company. Open your ear; if it is small, it will hold but little truth; if it is large, abundance of stupidity will enter therein. Attention, then! I teach the Pseudodoxia Epidemica. I have a comrade who makes people laugh; I make them think. We live in the same box, the laughter being equally well-born with the knowledge. When Democritus was asked: "How do you know?" he replied: "I laugh." And I, if I am asked: "Why do you laugh?" I shall answer: "I know." However, I do not laugh. I am the rectifier of popular errors. I undertake the clearing-up of your understandings. They are soiled. God permits the people to deceive themselves and to be deceived. It is of no use to have mock-modesty. I confess frankly that I believe in God, even when He is against me. Only, when I meet with filth—and errors are filth—I sweep it away. How do I know what I know? That's my affair alone. Every one gets knowledge where he can. Lactantius propounded questions to a Virgil's head in bronze, that answered him. Sylvester II. held parleys with birds. Did the birds speak? Did the pope chirp? Questions. The dead child of the Rabbi Eleazar conversed with St. Augustine. Between ourselves, I doubt all these facts, except the last. The dead child spoke; very well; but he had at his tongue's end a golden plate, whereon were graven divers constellations. Therefore, he cheated. The fact explains itself. You perceive my moderation. I separate the true from the false. Look you; here are some other errors that you, poor common people, share, without doubt, and from which I desire to set you free. Dioscorides believed that there was a god in henbane; Chrysippus, in *cynopaste*; Josephus, in the root *bauras*; Homer, in the plant moly. All deceived themselves. That which is in these herbs is not a god; it is a demon. I have verified it. It is not true that the serpent that tempted Eve had, like Cadmus, a human face. Garcias de Horto, Cadamosto, and Jean Hugo, Archbishop of Trèves, deny that, for capturing an elephant, it is sufficient to saw down a tree. I incline to their way of thinking. Citizens, the efforts of Lucifer are the cause of erroneous opinions. Under the reign of such a prince, meteors of error and perdition must appear. Claudius Pulcher, O people, did not die because the fowls refused to come out of the hen-roost; the truth is, that Lucifer, having foreseen the death of Claudius Pulcher, took care to prevent those creatures from eating. Let Beelzebub have given to the Emperor Vespasian the power of straightening up the halt, and of giving sight to the blind, by touching them; it was an action praiseworthy in itself, but one of which the motive was culpable. Gentlemen, mistrust the pretenders to science, who search into the roots of wall-moss and white briony, and who make eye-salve with honey and cock's blood. Learn how to see clearly into lies. It is not quite accurate that Orion was born of a natural want of Jupiter; the truth is, it was Mercury who produced this star in this manner. It is not true that Adam had a navel. When St. George killed the dragon, he did not have a saint's daughter near him. St. Jerome did not have a clock upon the mantel-piece in his cabinet; in the first place, because, being in a grotto, he had no cabinet; secondly, because he had no mantel-piece; thirdly, because clocks were not then invented. Let us set things right! Let us set things right! O gentlefolks who listen to me, if any one tells you that whoever smells at the herb valerian has a lizard engendered in his brain, that in putrefaction the ox changes into bees and the horse into hornets, that man weighs more when dead than when alive, that a he-

goat's blood dissolves the emerald, that a caterpillar and a fly and a spider seen on the same tree are signs of famine and war and pestilence, that the falling-sickness is cured by means of a worm that is found in the roebuck's head—don't believe a word of it; these are errors. But here are truths: the skin of the sea-calf is a protection against the thunderbolt; the toad lives upon earth, which is the reason why a stone grows in his head; the rose of Jericho blossoms on Christmas eve; snakes cannot bear the shade of the ash-tree; the elephant has no joints, and is forced to sleep standing up, leaning against a tree; let a toad hatch a serpent-egg, and you will have a scorpion that will make you a salamander; a blind man recovers his sight by placing one hand on the left side of the altar, and the other hand over his eyes; virginity does not prevent maternity. Good people, sustain yourselves upon these proofs. Whereupon, you can believe in God after two fashions—either as thirst believes in the orange, or as the donkey believes in the whip. Now, I am going to present my establishment to you.

Here a pretty heavy gust of wind shook the window-casings and shutters of the inn, which was an isolated house. This caused, as it were, a prolonged murmur up above. The orator waited for a moment, and then went on:

—Interruption. So be it. Speak, O North wind! Gentlemen, I am not annoyed. The wind is talkative, as all solitary persons are. No one keeps him company, up yonder. Therefore, he babbles. I resume my thread. You look here upon associated artists. We are four. *A lupo principium*. I begin with my friend, who is a wolf. He makes no secret of it. Look at him. He is trained, grave, and sagacious. Providence intended for a while, probably, to make of him a university doctor; but, for that, one must be something of a simpleton, and he is not. I may add that he is without prejudices, and by no means aristocratic. He keeps company with dogs—he, who, in his native woods, was their fiercest enemy. His dauphins, if there be any, probably combine with grace the yelping of their mother and the howling of their sire. For he does howl. Howling is requisite with men. He barks also, out of condescension to civilization. Magnanimous softening down! Homo is a dog made perfect. Let us respect the dog. The dog—what a comic beast!—whose sweat is on his tongue, and whose smile is in his tail. Gentlemen, Homo equals in wisdom, and surpasses in frankness, the hairless wolf of Mexico, the admirable Xoloitz-eniski. Let me add that he is humble. He has the modesty of a wolf, that is useful to human creatures. He is ready to help, and charitable, in a silent way. His left paw does not know the good action done by his right paw. Such are his merits. Of this other, my second friend, I will only say one word: he is a monster. You will admire him. He was formerly abandoned by pirates, on the border of the savage ocean. This one is a blind girl. Is that an exception? No. We are all blind. The miser is blind; he sees gold, and does not see wealth. The prodigal is blind; he sees the beginning, and does not see the end. The coquette is blind; she does not see her wrinkles. The scholar is blind; he does not see his ignorance. The honest man is blind; he does not see the scamp. The scamp is blind; he does not see God. For myself, I am blind; I speak, and I do not see that you are deaf. This blind girl here, who accompanies us, is a mysterious priestess. Vesta might have confided her lighted brand to her. She has spots in her character, gentle and obscure, like the intervals that open in a sheep's fleece. I believe, without affirming it, that she is a king's daughter. A laudable mistrust is the sage's attribute. As for me, I reason, and I prescribe. I think, and I dress wounds. *Chirurgus sum*. I cure fevers, miasma, and plagues. Nearly all our phlegmasies and sufferings are issues, and, if well looked after, would rid us comfortably of other ills that would be worse. Notwithstanding this, I would not advise you to have an anthrax, otherwise called carbuncle. It is a foolish disorder, that does no good. People die of it; but that's all. I

am neither unlettered, nor a boor. I honor eloquence and poetry, and I live in innocent intimacy with those goddesses. Let me close with a bit of counsel. Gentlemen and gentlewomen, cultivate within you, from the side whence cometh the light, virtue, modesty, probity, justice, and love. With this, every one here below may have his little pot of flowers in his window. My lords and gentlemen, I have done. The show is about to begin.

The man, a sailor probably, who was listening outside, entered into the low drinking-room of the inn, passed through it, paid the money that was asked of him, penetrated into a court-yard filled with people, perceived at the lower end of the court a caravan on wheels, wide open, and saw upon the boards an old man clad in a bear's skin, a young man who seemed to have on a mask, a blind girl, and a wolf.

—By Heaven! exclaimed he, here is an admirable set.

III.

WHEREIN THE PASSER-BY REAPPEARS.

THE Green-Box, as you have already perceived, had reached London, and was established at Southwark. Ursus had been attracted by the bowling-green, which possessed this advantage—the fair was never suspended, not even in winter.

It had been agreeable to Ursus to see the dome of St. Paul's.

London, take it all in all, is a city that has some good in it. It was a bold thing to dedicate a cathedral to St. Paul. The really sainted cathedral is St. Peter's. St. Paul is suspected of imagination; and, in ecclesiastical affairs, imagination means heresy. St. Paul is only a saint with extenuating circumstances. He only entered heaven by the artists' door.

A cathedral is a symbol. St. Peter's indicates Rome, the city of dogma; St. Paul's stands for London, the city of schism.

Ursus, whose philosophy had such wide-spreading arms that it embraced every thing, was a man to appreciate these nice distinctions. His attraction to London originated perhaps in a certain preference for St. Paul.

The large court-yard of the Tadcaster Inn had determined Ursus's selection. The Green-Box seemed to have been foreseen by this yard. It was a theatre ready made. The yard was square, with buildings on three of its sides, and a wall opposite the main one, against which the Green-Box was backed. A deep wooden gallery, covered with a shed, and supported on posts, that served for entrance to the rooms on the first floor, ran along the three sides of the inner façade, with two turns at right angles. The windows of the ground-floor made lower boxes; the pavement of the yard made the pit; and the gallery made the first circle. The Green-Box, ranged against the wall, had before it this playhouse laid out. It was much like the Globe Theatre, where *Othello*, *King Lear*, and the *Tempest* were performed.

In a corner, behind the Green-Box, there was a stable.

Ursus had made his arrangements with the tavern-keeper, Master Nicless, who, in view of the respect due to the law, only admitted the wolf on his paying higher terms. The placard: GWNPLAINE—THE MAN WHO LAUGHS, unhooked from the Green-Box, had been hung up near the sign-board of the inn. The drinking-room had, you remember, an inner door that opened upon the court-yard. By the side of this door there was improvised—out of a cask split in half—a small lodge for the office-keeper, who was sometimes Fibi, sometimes Vinos. It was almost as it is nowadays. Whoever entered paid. Underneath the placard, THE MAN WHO LAUGHS, a board, painted white, was hung from two nails. It bore, charcoaled in large letters, the title of Ursus's great piece, *Chaos Conquered*.

In the middle of the first circle, exactly opposite the Green-Box, a compartment, the principal entrance to which was through one of the windows, had been partitioned off and reserved for the nobility.

It was large enough to hold ten spectators, in two rows.

—We are in London, said Ursus. We must provide for the gentry.

He had made them furnish this box with the best chairs from the inn, and place in the centre a large arm-chair of Utrecht velvet, with gold spots of cherry pattern, in the event of some alderman's wife coming.

The performances had begun.

Very soon the crowd flocked in.

But the compartment for the grandees remained empty.

With that exception, the success was such as no mountebank's memory could parallel. All Southwark rushed in a mass to admire "The Man Who Laughs."

The merry-andrews and jugglers of the Tarrinzeau-Field were frightened at Gwynplaine. The effect was that of a hawk lighting upon a cage of gold-finches, and pecking at their seed-trough. Gwynplaine ate up their public for them.

Besides the small fry of fellows who swallowed swords and who grinned their grimaces, there were some veritable shows upon the bowling-green. There was a women's circus, resounding from morn till eve with a magnificent jingle of all sorts of instruments, psalteries, drums, rebecs, bells, reeds, lutes, German horns, shepherds' pipes, oaten pipes, bagpipes, and flageolets. There, under a large round tent, were tumblers who are not equalled by our traversers of the Pyrenees—Dulma, Bordenave, and Meylogna—who go down from the peak of Pierrefitte to the table-land of Limaçon, which is almost the same thing as falling. There was a travelling menagerie, wherein was seen a comic tiger, that, being constantly whipped by a keeper, tried to snap at the whip and to swallow the lash. This comedian of jaw and claw was himself eclipsed.

Curiosity, applause, receipts, crowd—"The Man Who Laughs" carried all before him. It was done in the twinkling of an eye. There was nothing else but the Green-Box.

—Chaos conquered is chaos conqueror, said Ursus, taking to himself half the credit of Gwynplaine's success, and fitting the cap to himself, as they say in strolling players' jargon.

Gwynplaine's success was prodigious. Still, it remained local. Renown has trouble in crossing the water. Shakespeare's name took a hundred and thirty years to come from England into France; the water is a wall; and if Voltaire—though he much regretted it subsequently—had not made Shakespeare mount over his back, Shakespeare, at this time of day, would perhaps be on the other side of the wall, in England, imprisoned in his insular glory.

Gwynplaine's fame did not cross over London Bridge. It did not take the dimensions of a grand town echo. At least, in the first instance. But Southwark may satisfy a clown's ambition. Ursus said:—The receipt-bag, one can see, begins to enlarge greatly,

They played *Ursus Rursus*; then *Chaos Conquered*.

In the intervals, Ursus did justice to his title of *Engastri-mythe*, and manifested transcendent powers of ventriloquism. He imitated every voice that offered itself from the audience, whether in song or cry, so as to astound by its resemblance the singer or the crier himself; sometimes he reproduced the hum of the crowd; and he panted, as though he himself alone had seen a herd of people. Remarkable talents, these.

In addition, he made speeches, as you have just seen, like Cicero, sold drugs, prescribed for maladies, and even cured the ailing.

Southwark was charmed.

Ursus was satisfied with the applauses of Southwark, but he was not surprised thereat.

—These are the ancient Trinobantes, said he.

And he added:

—Whom I do not confound, for refinement of taste, with the Atrobates who have peopled Berkshire, the Belgians who have inhabited Somersetshire, and the Parisians who founded York.

At each representation, the inn-yard, transformed into a pit, was filled with a tatterdemalion and enthusiastic audience. It was composed of boatmen, chairmen, shipwrights, bargemen from river barges, sailors freshly landed, and spending their pay in good cheer and among the girls. There were tall footmen, ruffians, and blackguards, the last-named being soldiers condemned for some breach of discipline to wear their red coats turned so as to show the black lining, and thence called blackguards, whence we have borrowed *blagueurs*. All this streamed from the street into the theatre, and streamed back from the theatre into the drinking-room. The emptied cans did no harm to the success.

Among the people whom it is the custom to call the scum, there was one man taller than the rest, of bigger build, stronger, less poverty-stricken, broader in the shoulders, dressed in the commonest style, but not tattered, a frantic admirer, forcing his way with his fists, hare-brained, swearing, shouting, bantering, by no means dirty, and at need giving a black eye or treating to a bottle.

This frequenter was the passer-by, whose outburst of enthusiasm was heard not long since.

The connoisseur, fascinated at once, had immediately adopted "The Man Who Laughs." He did not come to every performance. But, when he did come, he it was who drew the public on; applause was changed into acclamation; success went up—not to the frieze, for there was none, but—to the clouds of which there were some. These clouds, in fact, for lack of a ceiling, sometimes rained upon Ursus's masterpiece.

All this to such extent, that Ursus noted this man, and Gwynplaine looked at him.

He was a spirited friend, the unknown man whom they had there!

Ursus and Gwynplaine desired to make his acquaintance, or at least to know who he was.

Ursus, one evening—from the slips, that is to say, from the kitchen-door of the Green-Box—having by chance Master Nicless, the innkeeper, near him, pointed out this man amid the crowd, and asked:

—Do you know that man?

—Certainly.

—Who is he?

—A sailor.

—What's his name? said Gwynplaine, breaking in.

—Tom-Jim-Jack, replied the host.

Then, as he went down the step-ladder behind the Green-Box to reënter the inn, Master Nicless let fall this reflection, more profound than appears at first sight:

—What a pity that he isn't a lord! He would make a famous scamp!

For the rest, although installed in a public-house, the Green-Box party had in no respect modified its habits; and it maintained its isolation. With the exception of exchanging a few words now and then with the innkeeper, they did not mix themselves up with the inhabitants of the inn, permanent or transient, and they continued to live together apart.

Since they had been at Southwark, Gwynplaine had fallen into the habit—after the performance and the supper of man and horse, and when Ursus and Dea had gone to bed on their respective sides—of going out, between eleven o'clock and midnight, to breathe a little fresh air on the bowling-green. Something vague, that there is in the mind, prompts to nocturnal walks and starry saunterings. Youth is a mysterious bidding of time; that is why one walks at night, willingly though aimless. At that hour, there was no one on the fair-ground; or, at most, there was only the occasional reel of a drunken man, that made oscillating outlines in dark recesses. The empty taverns were shut; the low room of the Tadcaster Inn grew indistinct, showing scarcely in any corner a last candle lighting a last toper. A misty glimmer peered out through the casings of the inn door standing ajar; and Gwynplaine, pensive,

contented, dreaming, happy in a dim celestial bliss, walked up and down before this half-opened door. Of what was he thinking? Of Dea, of nothing, of every thing, of the measureless. He did not stray far from the inn, held back, as by a thread, in Dea's neighborhood. It was enough for him to take a few steps beyond it.

Then he went in, found all the Green-Box asleep, and went to sleep himself.

IV.

OPPOSITES FRATERNIZE IN HATE.

SUCCESS is not liked, especially by those whose fall it involves. It is seldom that the eaten adores the eater. "The Man Who Laughs" had decidedly made a sensation. The mountebanks round about were indignant. A theatrical success is a siphon; it pumps in the crowd, and makes a void elsewhere. The shop over the way is aghast. A fall in the neighboring receipts corresponded immediately, as we have observed, with the increase of the Green-Box receipts. All at once, the shows, thriving up to that time, stood still. It was like a water-mark, marking itself, in a double sense, but with perfect concordance—the rise here, the fall there. At all theatres these effects of tide are known; it is up with this one, only on condition that it is down with that one. The alien throng, that exhibited its talents and its flourish of trumpets on the surrounding boards, seeing itself ruined by "The Man Who Laughs," was in despair, but, at the same time, was dazzled. All the dotards, all the clowns, all the jugglers, envied Gwynplaine. There's a fellow lucky enough to have a wild-beast's muzzle! The female buffoons and rope-dancers, who had pretty children, eyed them angrily, as they pointed to Gwynplaine, and said: "What a pity that you haven't such a face as that!" Some of them beat their little ones, exasperated at finding them handsome. More than one, if she had known the secret, would have got up her son in the style of Gwynplaine. An angelic head, that brings in nothing, is not worth a devil's face, that is lucrative. One day, the mother of a child, that was a cherub of pretty ways and played Cupids, was heard to exclaim: "They have missed it in our children. There's only this Gwynplaine that is a hit." Then, shaking her fist at her son, she added: "If I had but your father here, I'd pick a bone with him!"

Gwynplaine was a hen that lays golden eggs. What a marvellous phenomenon! There was but this one cry in all the booths. The mountebanks, in ecstasies and exasperated, ground their teeth as they looked at Gwynplaine. Rage, that can admire, is called envy. Then it yells. They tried to break up *Chaos Conquered*, clubbed together, whistled, groaned, hissed. This was a pretext for Ursus making Hortensian harangues to the populace, and an occasion for friend Tom-Jim-Jack administering some of those fisticuffs that reestablish order. Tom-Jim-Jack's fisticuffs brought to a point Gwynplaine's notice of him and Ursus's esteem. But remotely, however; for the Green-Box party was sufficient for itself in itself, and held aloof from every thing. As for Tom-Jim-Jack, that leader of the rabble produced the effect of a sort of supreme bully, without ties, without intimacies, a breaker of windows, a ringleader among men, everybody's comrade, and nobody's companion.

This unchaining of envy against Gwynplaine was not inclined to give it up, for a few slaps in the face from Tom-Jim-Jack. The hisses having miscarried, the mountebanks of the Tarrinzeau-Field got up a petition. They addressed themselves to the authorities. That is the customary progression. Against a success that annoys us, we first raise a mob, and then crave aid from the magistracy.

The clergy united with the jugglers. "The Man Who Laughs" had proved a blow at preaching. The void was not made in the booths alone, but in the churches. The chapels in the five parishes of Southwark had no more congregations. They forsook the sermon, to go to Gwynplaine. *Chaos Con-*

quered, the Green-Box, "The Man Who Laughs," all these abominations of Baal carried the day against pulpit eloquence. The voice that cries in the desert, *vox clamantis in deserto*, is not well pleased, and willingly adjures the government. The pastors of the five parishes complained to the Bishop of London, who complained to her Majesty.

The appeal of the mountebanks was based upon religion. They declared it outraged. They pointed out Gwynplaine as a sorcerer, and Ursus as impious.

The clergy, on their part, invoked social order. They laid great stress upon the violated acts of Parliament, leaving orthodoxy aside. This was more malevolent; for it was then the epoch of Mr. Locke—dead scarcely six months, on the 28th of October, 1704—and the skepticism was beginning that Bolingbroke was to breathe into Voltaire. At a later period Wesley was to restore the Bible, as Loyola restored the papacy.

In this manner the Green-Box was battered in breach on two sides—by the mountebanks in the name of the Pentateuch, by the chaplains in the name of police regulations. On one side Heaven, on the other side the department of public ways—the clergy holding for the department, and the buffoons for Heaven. The Green-Box was denounced by the priests as a nuisance, and by the merry-andrews as a sacrilege.

Was there any pretext in it? Did it expose itself? Yes. What was its offence? This: it possessed a wolf. In England, a wolf is an outlaw. The dog—let him be; the wolf—no. England recognizes the dog that barks, and not the dog that howls—nice distinction between the back-yard and the forest. The rectors and vicars of the five Southwark parishes recalled, in their application, the numerous royal and parliamentary decrees that put the wolf beyond the pale of law. They asked for some such conclusion as the imprisonment of Gwynplaine, and the putting the wolf in the pound, or at least his ejection. Question of public interest, risk for passers-by, etc. And, thereupon, they appealed to the faculty. They cited the verdict of the College of Eighty Physicians of London, a learned body that dates from Henry VIII., that has its seal as the state has, that elevates the sick to the dignity of being amenable to their tribunal, that has the right to imprison those who infringe its laws and contravene its ordinances, and that, among other authentications useful to the citizens' health, has put beyond doubt this fact, deduced from science: If a wolf sees a man first, the man becomes hoarse for life. Furthermore, one may be bitten.

Homo, therefore, was the pretext.

Ursus had wind of these plots through the innkeeper. He was uneasy. He dreaded those two claws, police and justice. To be afraid of the magistrates, it is sufficient to be afraid; there is no need to be culpable. Ursus had little desire for contact with sheriffs, provosts, bailiffs, and coroners. His ardor to come face to face with these officials was null. He had just about as much curiosity to see the magistrates, as the hare to see the pointer.

He began to regret having come to London.

—Leave well alone, murmured he, aside. I thought the proverb was discredited. I was wrong. Foolish truths are the true truths.

Against the coalition of so many powers—mountebanks taking in hand the cause of religion, chaplains vexing wrath in the name of medicine—the poor Green-Box, suspected of sorcery in Gwynplaine and of hydrophobia in Homo, had on its side but one thing only, though that is a great power in England, municipal inertness. It is from local leaving alone that English liberty took its rise. Liberty, in England, demeans itself like the sea around England. It is a tide. Little by little, customs overtop the laws. A fearful legislation engulfed, usage uppermost, a ferocious code still visible through the transparency of immense freedom—that is England.

"The Man Who Laughs," *Chaos Conquered*, and Homo might have against them the jugglers, the preachers, the bishops, the

House of Commons, the Chamber of Peers, her Majesty, and London, and all England—and remain tranquil—so long as Southwark was for them. The Green-Box was the favorite amusement of the suburb, and the local authority seemed to be indifferent. In England, indifference is protection. So long as the sheriff of the county of Surrey, under whose jurisdiction was Southwark, did not budge, Ursus breathed, and Homo might be supine about his pair of wolf's ears.

On condition that they did not end in the thumb-screw, these hatreds were aids to success. The Green-Box, for the moment, was none the worse. On the contrary. It transpired in the public that there were intrigues going on. "The Man Who Laughs" became all the more popular. The crowd has a keen nose for things denounced, and takes them in good part. To be suspected is a recommendation. The people adopt, by instinct, what the index threatens. The thing denounced is the beginning of forbidden fruit; they make haste to bite of it. And then, applause that teases some one, especially when that some one is an authority, has its charm. It is pleasant, in passing an evening agreeably, to manifest your sympathy with the oppressed, and opposition to the oppressor. You protect, in the act of amusing yourself. Let us add that the theatrical booths of the Bowling-Green continued to hiss and to cabal against "The Man Who Laughs." Nothing better for success. Enemies make a noise; that is efficacious in sharpening and brightening up a triumph. A friend sooner wearies of praising, than an enemy of abusing. To abuse is not to harm; and this is what enemies do not know. They cannot refrain from insulting, and therein is their usefulness. They have that impossibility of remaining silent, which keeps public attention awake. The crowd grew larger at *Chaos Conquered*.

Ursus kept to himself what Master Nicless told him of the intrigues and complaints in high places, and did not speak of them to Gwynplaine, so as not to trouble, by preoccupation, the requisite composure of his performances.

If ill came of them, it would be known soon enough.

V.

THE WAPENTAKE.

ONCE, however, he thought he ought to deviate from this prudence, for prudence' sake, and deemed it of advantage to try to make Gwynplaine uneasy. True it was, that Ursus was occupied in his mind with far more important matters than the intrigues of the fair or of the church. Gwynplaine, on picking up a farthing that had fallen to the ground when he was counting up the receipts, had set himself to looking at it closely, and had drawn a contrast, in the presence of the innkeeper, between the farthing representing the wretchedness of the people, and the image representing, under the form of Anne, the parasitical magnificence of the throne—a remark sounding badly; and this remark, repeated by Master Nicless, had gone so far that it had come back to Ursus through Fibi and Vinos. Ursus was in a fever about it. Seditious words. High-treason. He rudely admonished Gwynplaine.

—Keep a watch on your abominable jaw. There is one rule for the great—to do nothing; and one rule for the small—to say nothing. The poor have but one friend, silence. They should use but one monosyllable: Yes. To confess and to concede—this is all the right they have. Yes, to the judge. Yes, to the king. The great, if it so please them, give us blows with a stick; I have had them; it is their prerogative, and they lose nothing of their greatness in cracking our bones; the osprey* is a kind of eagle. Let us worship the sceptre, which is the first among sticks. Respect is prudence, and humility is egotism. He who insults his king places himself in the same peril with the girl rashly cutting the lion's mane. They tell me that you have been gabbling about a farthing,

* [Note by the Translator.—Victor Hugo here puns upon the word *osprey*, which has the double meaning of bone-breaking and the bird osprey. The point is lost in the translation.]

and that you have spoken contemptuously of this coin, by means of which we buy at market the half-quarter of a salt herring. Take care. Become serious. Learn that there are punishments. Acquaint yourself with the stern facts of legislation. You are in a country where he who cuts down a little tree three years old is quietly led to the gallows. Profane swearers are set with their feet in the stocks. The drunkard is secured in a hogshead, with the bottom knocked out so that he can walk, with a hole in the top for his head to come through, and two holes in the side for his hands to come through, so that he cannot lie down. Whoever strikes any one in Westminster Hall is imprisoned for life, and his goods are confiscated. Whoever strikes any one in the king's palace has his right hand cut off. A filip that makes the nose bleed, and there you are with but one hand. He who is convicted of heresy in the Bishop's Court is burned alive. It was for no grave matter that Cuthbert Simpson was stretched upon the rack. Within three years, in 1702—it was not long ago, as you see—they put in the pillory a wretch named Daniel Defoe, who had had the audacity to print the names of the members of the Commons who had spoken the evening before in Parliament. He who is a felon to her Majesty is ripped open alive, and they tear out his heart, with which they buffet him on the cheeks. Teach yourself these notions of right and justice. Never allow yourself a word; and, at the least disturbance of the peace, run away. This is the bravery that I practise, and that I advise. In temerity, imitate the birds; and in idle talking, imitate the fish. In short, there is this to admire in England, that her code is exceedingly mild.

His admonition having been given, Ursus was for some time uneasy; Gwynplaine was not at all so. The fearlessness of youth consists in a lack of experience. Nevertheless, it seemed that Gwynplaine had been right in being unconcerned, for weeks passed away quietly, and it did not appear that his remark about the queen had led to any results.

Ursus, it is known, was wanting in indifference, and, like the deer on the lookout, was watchful on all sides.

One day, a little while after his remonstrance with Gwynplaine, in gazing from the window which afforded a view out of doors, Ursus turned pale.

—Gwynplaine, said he.

—What is it?

—Look!

—Where?

—In the square.

—What then?

—Do you see that man passing by?

—The man in black?

—Yes.

—Who has a sort of mace in his clinched hand?

—Yes.

—Well?

—Well, Gwynplaine, that man is the wapentake.

—What is the wapentake?

—He is the bailiff of the hundred; the *propositus hundredi*.

—What is the *propositus hundredi*?

—He is a terrible officer.

—What is it that he has in his hand?

—It is the iron weapon.

—What is the iron weapon?

—It is a thing of iron.

—What does he do with it?

—First of all, he takes the oath of office upon it. And this is why he is called the wapentake.

—What more?

—What more is that he touches you with it.

—With what?

—With the iron weapon.

—The wapentake touches you with the iron weapon?

—Yes.

- What does that mean?
 — It means, follow me.
 — And must you follow him?
 — Yes.
 — Where?
 — How do I know?
 — But he tells you where he is going to take you?
 — No.
 — But you have the right to ask him?
 — No.
 — How is this?
 — He says nothing to you, and you say nothing to him.
 — But . . .
 — He touches you with the iron weapon; that's all. You must march.
 — But where?
 — Behind him.
 — But where?
 — Where he pleases, Gwynplaine.
 — And if one resists?
 — One is hanged.

Ursus withdrew his head from the window, breathed freely, and said:
 — Thank God, he is gone! It was not to our house that he was coming.

Ursus was probably unreasonably alarmed at the indiscretion and possible complications of Gwynplaine's careless remarks.

Master Nicless, who had heard them, had no motive for compromising the poor devils of the Green-Box. He made indirectly a little fortune out of "The Man Who Laughs." *Chaos Conquered* had two successes; at the same time that it wrought a triumph of art in the Green-Box, it made drunkenness flourish at the inn.

VI.

THE MICE CROSS-EXAMINED BY THE CATS.

Ursus had yet another alarm sufficiently terrifying. This time it was he himself who was in question. He was summoned to Bishopsgate, before a commission composed of three disagreeable visages. These three visages were three doctors, overseers duly qualified. One was a doctor of theology, delegated by the Dean of Westminster; another was a doctor of medicine, delegated by the College of Eighty; the third was a doctor of history and civil law, delegated by Gresham College. These three experts *in omni re scibili* had jurisdiction concerning words spoken in public in the whole territory of the one hundred and thirty parishes of London, the seventy-three of Middlesex, and, by enlargement, of the five of Southwark. These theological jurisdictions yet exist in England, and were usefully severe on the 23d of September, 1868. By sentence of the Court of Arches, confirmed by a decree of the Lords of the Privy Council, the Reverend Mackonochie was reprimanded, with costs, for lighting candles on a table. The liturgy does not trifle.

Ursus, then, one fine day, received from these delegated doctors an order for his appearance, which, fortunately, was placed in his own hands, and which he could keep secret. He went, without saying a word, in obedience to the summons, trembling at the idea that he might be considered, to a certain extent, as giving occasion for being suspected of having been, perhaps, in a measure, rash. He who so much recommended silence to others had received here a sharp lesson. *Garrule, sana te ipsum.*

The three doctors, overseers and delegates, were seated, at Bishopsgate, at the end of a hall on the ground-floor, on three arm-chairs in black leather, with the three busts of Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanthus, above their heads against the wall, a table before them, and at their feet a stool for the accused.

Ursus, introduced by a quiet and stern usher, entered,

took a look at them, and upon the instant gave to each one of them, mentally, the name of the infernal judge that was over his head.

Minos, the first of the three, the overseer of Theology, made a sign to him to seat himself on the stool.

Ursus bowed in a proper manner, that is to say, down to the ground, and, knowing that you may charm bears with honey and doctors with Latin, said, remaining half bent over in homage:

Tres faciunt capitulum.

And with his head lowered—for humility disarms—he seated himself on the stool.

Each of the three doctors had before him on the table a bundle of papers, of which he turned over the leaves.

Minos began:

- You speak in public?
 — Yes, replied Ursus.
 — By what right?
 — I am a philosopher.
 — That is no right.
 — I am also a juggler, said Ursus.
 — That's another thing.

Ursus breathed, but humbly. Minos resumed:

— As a juggler, you may speak; but as a philosopher, you should hold your tongue.

— I will try, said Ursus.

And then he thought to himself—I may speak, but I ought to hold my tongue. Puzzle.

He was very much frightened.

The overseer on behalf of Heaven continued:

— You say things that sound badly. You insult religion. You deny the most palpable truths. You propagate revolting errors. For instance, you have said that virginity precludes maternity.

Ursus meekly raised his eyes.

— I did not say that. I said that maternity precluded virginity.

Minos was thoughtful, and growled:

— In fact, this is the contrary.

It is the same thing. But Ursus had parried the first blow.

Minos, thinking over the reply of Ursus, sank into the depths of his own stupidity, and this produced silence.

The overseer of History, he who to Ursus was Rhadamanthus, covered the defeat of Minos with this challenge:

— Accused, your audacities and your errors are of all kinds. You have denied that the battle of Pharsalia was lost, because Brutus and Cassius encountered a negro.

— I said, replied Ursus, in a low voice, that another cause of it was that Cæsar was the better captain.

The man of history passed abruptly to mythology.

— You have excused the infamies of Actæon.

— I think, suggested Ursus, that a man is not dishonored by having seen the beauty of a woman.

Rhadamanthus came back to history.

— Talking of accidents happening to the cavalry of Mithridates, you have contested the virtues of plants and herbs. You have denied that an herb like the *securiduca* would cause a horse's shoes to fall off.

— I beg pardon, replied Ursus, I said that this was only possible with the herb *sferra-cavalla*. I did not deny the virtue of any herb.

And he added in a lower tone:

— Nor of any woman.

By this little extra flourish to his answer, Ursus had satisfied himself that, agitated as he was, he had not been unhorsed. Ursus was made up of fright and presence of mind.

— I insist, resumed Rhadamanthus, you have declared it was a folly in Scipio, when he would open the gates of Carthage, to take for a key the herb *athiopis*, because the herb *athiopis* has not the property of breaking locks.

— I simply said that he had much better have made use of the herb *lunaria*.

— That is an opinion, murmured Rhadamanthus, hit in turn.

And the man of history was silent.

The man of theology, Minos, having recovered himself, questioned Ursus again. He had had time to consult his bundle of notes.

— You have classed orpiment with arsenical products, and you have said that you might poison with orpiment. The Bible denies it.

— The Bible denies it, sighed Ursus, but arsenic affirms it.

The personage in whom Ursus had seen Aeacus, who was the overseer of Medicine, and who had not as yet spoken, interposed, and, with his eyes arrogantly half-opened, from his lofty height, came to the support of Ursus. He said:

— The answer is not inapt.

Ursus thanked him with a smile of the deepest abasement.

Minos made a frightful grimace.

— I continue, resumed Minos. Answer. You have said that it was false that the basilisk was the king of serpents under the name of cockatrice.

— Most reverend, said Ursus, I had so little desire to injure the basilisk, that I said it was certain that he had the head of a man.

— Be it so, replied Minos sternly; but you have added that Poerius had seen one that had the head of a falcon. Could you prove it?

— With difficulty, said Ursus.

Here he lost a little ground.

Minos, seizing again the advantage, pushed him hard.

— You have said that a Jew, who became a Christian, did not smell well.

— But I added that a Christian, who became a Jew, stank.

Minos cast a threatening look on the bundle.

— You affirm and propagate matters that have not the air of truth. You have said that Elien had seen an elephant write maxims.

— Not so, most reverend. I simply said that Oppien had heard a hippopotamus discuss a philosophical problem.

— You have declared that it is not true that a beech-wood plate would, of itself, cover itself with any viand that might be desired.

— I have said that, in order that it should possess this virtue, it must have been given to you by the devil.

— Given to me!

— No; to me, reverend sir! No; to anybody, to all the world.

And, aside, Ursus thought: I no longer know what I am saying. But his anxiety, though extreme, was not outwardly too discernible. Ursus struggled.

— All this, replied Minos, implies a certain belief in the devil.

Ursus stuck to it.

— Most reverend, I am not impious to the devil. Belief in the devil is the converse of belief in God. The one proves the other. He who does not believe a little in the devil does not believe much in God. He who believes in the sun must believe in the shadow. The devil is the night of God. What is night? The proof of day.

Ursus improvised here an incomprehensible mixture of philosophy and religion. Minos again became thoughtful, and took another plunge into silence.

Ursus breathed again.

A sharp attack followed. Aeacus, the delegate of Medicine, who had just defended Ursus disdainfully against the overseer of Theology, suddenly became the ally of his assailant. He brought his clinched fist down upon the bundle, which was thick and well packed; and Ursus received from him, full in the face, this apostrophe:

— It is proved that crystal is refined ice, and that the diamond is refined crystal; it is asserted that ice becomes crystal in a thousand years, and that crystal becomes diamond in a thousand centuries. You have denied it.

— No, replied Ursus, dejectedly. I have only said that in a thousand years the ice had time to melt, and a thousand centuries it was not easy to compute.

The cross-examination went on, the questions and answers sounding like a clash of swords.

— You have denied that the plants can speak.

— Not at all. But for this they should be under a gallows.

— Do you assert that the mandragora cries?

— No, but it sings.

— You have denied that the fourth finger of the left hand had a sovereign virtue.

— I only said that sneezing to the left was an unlucky sign.

— You have spoken rashly and disparagingly of the phoenix.

— Learned judge, I have simply said that, when he wrote that the brain of the phoenix was a delicate morsel, but caused the headache, Plutarch went too far, seeing that the phoenix never existed.

— Abominable language! The cinnamon-bird, that makes its nest with sticks of cinnamon, the *rhintace* that Parysatis used in her poisonings, the *manucodiate*, which is the bird of paradise, and the *semenda*, which has a bill with three tubes, have improperly passed for the phoenix; but the phoenix has existed.

— I do not contest it.

— You are a donkey.

— I do not pretend to be any thing better.

— You have admitted that the elder cures the quinsy, but you have added that it was not because it had in its root a fairy excrescence.

— I said it was because Judas had hanged himself upon an elder.

— Plausible opinion, muttered the theologian, Minos, satisfied with giving his pin-thrust to the doctor, Aeacus.

Pride, ruffled, immediately becomes anger. Aeacus was enraged.

— Strolling fellow, you go astray as much with your mind as with your feet. You have suspicious and surprising proclivities. You walk on the very verge of sorcery. You are in correspondence with unknown animals. You speak to the rabble of matters that exist for yourself alone, and which are of a nature not understood, such as the *hemorrhoids*.

— The *hemorrhoids* is a viper that was seen by Tremellius.

This retort produced a certain confusion in the irritated science of the doctor Aeacus.

Ursus added:

— The *hemorrhoids* is altogether as real as the strong-smelling hyena, and the civet described by Castellus.

Aeacus recovered himself by a home-thrust.

— Here is the text of your most diabolical language. Listen.

His eye upon the notes, Aeacus read:

— “Two plants, the *thalagssigle* and the *aglyphotis*, are luminous in the evening. Flowers by day, stars by night.”

And, looking fixedly at Ursus:

— What have you to say?

Ursus replied:

— Every plant is a lamp. Perfume is light.

Aeacus turned over some pages.

— You have denied that the vesicles of the seal were the same thing as the castor-bean.

— I contented myself with saying that we must distrust Aetius on that point.

Aeacus became ungovernable.

— You practise medicine.

— I practise myself in medicine, timidly sighed Ursus.

— On the living?

— Rather more than on the dead, said Ursus.

Ursus retorted with firmness, but with self-abasement—admirable mixture wherein suavity predominated. He spoke, indeed, with so much sweetness that the Doctor Aeacus felt the necessity of insulting him.

—What do you mean by cooing us in this way? said he, savagely.

Ursus was aghast, and contented himself with replying:

—Cooing is for the young, and groaning is for the old. Alas! I groan.

Aeacus rejoined:

—Be warned of this; if a sick man is attended by you, and he dies, you will be punished with death.

Ursus hazarded a question:

—And if he is cured?

—In that case, replied the doctor, softening his tone, you will be punished with death.

—There's little difference, said Ursus.

The doctor answered:

—If there is a death, we punish the stupidity; if there is a cure, we punish the presumption. The gallows in both cases.

—I was ignorant of this little matter, said Ursus, in an undertone. I thank you for teaching it to me. One does not know all the beauties of legislation.

—Mind what you are about.

—Religiously, said Ursus.

—We know what you are doing.

—For myself, thought Ursus, I don't always know it.

—We could send you to jail.

—I have some inkling of that, my lords.

—You cannot deny your misdeeds and your transgressions.

—My philosophy begs pardon.

—They accuse you of insolence.

—They are enormously in error.

—They say that you cure the sick.

—I am the victim of calumnies.

The triple pair of horrible eyebrows bent upon Ursus became knit; the three learned faces came together and whispered. Ursus had a vision of a fool's-cap indistinctly outlining itself above these three heads in authority. The confidential and privileged grumbling of the trio lasted several minutes, during which time Ursus felt all the freezings and all the burnings of anguish. At last, Minos, who was the presiding officer, turned toward him, and said to him, in a furious tone:

—Be off with you!

Ursus had in some degree the sensation of Jonah, as he came out of the whale's belly.

Minos continued:

—You are discharged.

Ursus said to himself:

—Catch me at it again! Good-by, Medicine!

And he added, in his inner conscience:

—Hereafter, I shall carefully leave people to die like brutes.

Bent double, he bowed to every thing, the doctors, the busts, the table, and the walls, and moved toward the door backward, disappearing like a shadow that vanishes away.

He left the hall slowly—like an honest man, and the street rapidly—like a culprit. The officers of justice have so peculiar and mysterious an address, that even the acquitted avoid them.

In full flight, he grumbled:

—I had a narrow escape of it. I am the wild man of learning; they are the domesticated men of learning. The doctors are a plague to the learned. False science is the excrement of the true; and its function is the destruction of philosophers. The philosophers, in producing the sophists, produce their own ruin. Of the droppings of the thrush is born the mistletoe, of which they make the birdlime, with which they catch the thrush.

We have not set up Ursus as a nice man. He had the effrontery to use words that conveyed his meaning. He had no more taste than Voltaire.

Ursus returned to the Green-Box—told Master Nicless that he had been belated by following a pretty woman—and breathed not a word of his adventure.

Only, that evening, he said in low tone to Homo:

—Know this. I have vanquished the three heads of Cerberus.

WONDERS OF THE HEART'S ACTION.

BY DR. MICHAEL FOSTER.

IV.

IT NEVER "BEGINS" TO BEAT.

WHEN a physiologist, in his search after the hidden cause of some secret motion, finds a ganglion, he cries, "Eureka!" and generally folds his hands as if his work were done. In the case of the heart, however, we may venture to go a little further, and ask the question, In what way, or by what means, are the ganglia the cause of the heart's spontaneous beat? Is it that a stimulus, a disturbance, periodically arises in the substance of the potent, active nerve-cells, and then hurries down to the muscular fibre as a nervous impulse causing it to contract? Or, is it that the stimulus arises in the substance of the muscular fibre, or, if you will, that, like the cilia, the heart-fibres periodically overflow with energy, and burst out in action of their own accord from time to time, but that a conjunction with nerve-cells is, in some way or other, necessary for the well-being and perfect work of the muscle, such as would insure the periodical rise of a stimulus or overflow of energy?

The first view is the one most generally adopted by physiologists, and the one which fits in most easily with our ordinary conceptions. Nevertheless there are some facts which make me rather cling to the second of these two hypotheses. The lower two-thirds of the ventricle has, as I said, no power of spontaneous pulsation. In this it resembles ordinary muscle; and yet the bit of heart is something more than ordinary muscle. For if you apply to it the interrupted galvanic current, it will not, like an ordinary muscle, be thrown into a single prolonged spasm of contraction, lasting so long as the current continues to act, but will begin a rhythmic beat, at first somewhat irregularly; afterward with very considerable regularity, beat and pause alternately in due order, so long as the current is applied. It would seem, then, that there was in this bit of ventricle what there is not in ordinary muscle, some mechanism, some provision for the rhythmic beat, a mechanism which requires, however, to be set going, and to be kept going by the galvanic current. In the whole ventricle, or the whole heart, we may imagine the mechanism set going, and kept going by the nerve-cells. In either case, whichever of the two hypotheses we adopt, whether we imagine the cause of the rhythmic beat to be seated wholly in the ganglia or partly in the muscle, the cause itself is not any outward thing, but is fixed in the structures themselves, is part and parcel of their very life.

The stimulus, if we would still continue to use the word, is an outcome of that molecular travail of the heart which we call its nutrition. One might naturally suppose that particular factors of nutrition, certain special chemical or physical changes, might have this power allotted to them. It has been suggested, for instance, that a stimulus is afforded by the heaping up of decomposable oxygen-needing substances, which in turn are decomposed, oxidized, or otherwise got rid of by the action of contraction. All such secondary explanations, however, have hitherto been found wanting when carefully tested. All we can say at the present time, at all events, is, the heart grows, is nourished in such a way, the movements of its molecules, as they ascend and descend the ladder of life, are such that, from time to time, the heart falls into a contraction and gives a beat. That is one fact to which I wish to call your attention—the deeply-rooted and complex nature of the heart's beat. The heart beats of itself, its spring of action is within itself.

We have taken the frog's heart as our example, but the conclusion holds good of all hearts whatsoever. Another fact, no less important, is, that notwithstanding this, or rather we should say, perhaps, because of this, the beat of the heart is influenced by things outside it, in its character, its form, its rate, its force, in countless ways, and to every degree.

Out of the body you see this tortoise's heart has been beating, and now is beating with a steady stroke, gradually waning in force and scope, and lessening in speed as it continues to encroach on its store of garnered stuff.

Yet even out of the body it may be influenced in divers ways. I can tell by the way in which it is now beating, steady though its stroke is, that it feels both the increased temperature of this room, and the augmenting impurity of the air. And you can see that, by slightly warming the little basin in which it is placed, I can at once alter exceedingly the character and rhythm of the stroke, and make the heart palpitate instead of beat. Were I to apply cold instead of warmth, another, a different modification would result. Were I to apply a galvanic current, according to the position of my electrodes, and according to the strength of current I applied, I might make it beat quick or slow, weak or strong, or might stop it altogether.

Out of the body, then, the heart is subject to manifold influences. Within the body, it is so sensitive to change, that it becomes the index of the body's state. The doctor feels the pulse to know how the patient is. I can do no more than briefly indicate a few of the ways by which the heart may be affected. It may be affected through the nerves. I spoke of the frog having only one pair of nerves going to the heart. Our own hearts have at least two. Impulses travelling along one of them (the so-called *pneumogastric*) toward the heart make it beat slow, or stop it altogether. Such impulses, so travelling, are part of the mechanism of fainting. Along the other kind of nerve (the so-called *sympathetic* branches) impulses, originated by whatever means, end in a quickening of the beat. They make the heart palpitate.

The heart may be affected by physical changes: the mere stretching of its walls, the mere distention of its cavities, modifies the inner swing of the muscular molecules, and hurries on a beat which otherwise would have taken a longer time in coming. This effect of stretching may be beautifully seen in the tender, delicate hearts of mollusks, as, for instance, in that of the common snail. The heart of a frog, or of a mammal, is choked when you tie up its vessels. Not so the snail's heart. By tying its aorta you do no more than put the walls of the heart on the stretch, and the result is a marked increase in the force and rate of the beat. Although the filling of the heart's cavities with blood cannot, as we have seen, be regarded as the essential cause of the beat, we must not forget that the inrush of fluid may be a supplementary cause, and may especially contribute to bring about the stroke of the ventricle, or auricle, just when it is wanted, namely, when the cavity is full.

The heart's beat may be affected by chemical means. What we call its nutrition is just a crowd of chemical action and reactions, and any strange reagent, thrown into the laboratory, will tell in some way or other. As the blood courses through the capillaries of the heart's flesh, the material of the fibre feels the presence in the blood of strange things, such as alcohol or poisons, or the elements of maladies, just as it feels the richness or poverty of the blood in the ordinary stuff needed for nutrition, and the beat is altered to match.

All these things, all these causes and changes, act upon the heart, not directly, as a stimulus acts directly on an ordinary muscle, but indirectly, by modifying, in ways to us at present obscure enough, the natural order of its molecular changes. If I might be permitted the use of a mathematical illustration, I would venture to speak of the beat of the heart as some power, say the n th power of ordinary muscular contraction, the value of n being determined by the personal energy of the heart's nutritive processes. The effect of every thing that touches the

heart is multiplied by the intensity of the heart's own changes. Hence it is that it is so sensitive—so true and quick an index of the body's state. Hence, also, it is that it never wears. Let me remind you of the work done by our hearts in a day. A man's total outward work, his whole effect upon the world, in twenty-four hours, has been reckoned at about three hundred and fifty foot-tons. That may be taken as a good "hard day's work." During the same time, the heart has been working at the rate of one hundred and twenty foot-tons. That is to say, if all the pulses of a day and night could be concentrated and welded into one great throb, that throb would be enough to throw a ton of iron one hundred and twenty feet into the air. And yet the heart is never weary.

Many of us are tired after but feeble labors; few of us can hold a poker out at arm's length without, after a few minutes, dropping it. But a healthy heart, and many an unsound heart, too—though sometimes you can tell in the evening, by its stroke, that it has been vexed during the day, that it has been thrown off its balance by the turmoils and worries of life—goes on beating through the night while we are asleep, and, when we awake in the morning, we find it at work, fresh as if it had only just begun to beat. It does this because upon each stroke of work there follows a period, a brief but a real period, of rest; because the next stroke which comes is but the natural sequence of that rest, and made to match it; because, in fact, each beat is, in force, in scope, in character, in every thing, the simple expression of the heart's own energy and state.

In the heart, then, we find—what we also found in the ciliate cell and in the protoplasmic corpuscle—an organ enjoying spontaneous movement, whose spring of action is within itself, the outcome of its own internal molecular changes. Like those of cilia, the movements of the heart are directed to some special end—in its case, to carry blood throughout the body. Unlike that of cilia, this purpose is grandly complex. The heart has to adapt itself to all the shifting moods of all parts of the body of which it is a member, and hence, infinitely more than are cilia, is it subject to countless influences from within and from without. And yet the heart is a muscle, having a definite muscular structure, like that of an ordinary muscle.

In work, it stands midway between protoplasm and muscle. The waves of its contractions move along its fibres in one direction only. It has lost the all-sidedness of protoplasm. But, unlike ordinary muscle, it retains the spontaneity of protoplasm. Corresponding to this quality of work may be noticed certain characters of structure. Though the heart is composed of striated fibres, its fibres are more cell-like than those of ordinary muscle. Striations are not so well marked—indeed, are often exceedingly obscure; the flexible, elastic fibre-sheath (the so-called *sarcolemma*) is absent; the substance of the fibre is often granular. In fact, in many respects, the muscular tissue of the heart, compared with ordinary muscular tissue, still retains many of its primordial protoplasmic features.

The essential unity of the rhythmic beat of the heart, and the amoeboid movement of protoplasm, are well shown by the history of the new-born heart. In the chick growing within the egg the heart begins to beat very early, while as yet it is built up of nothing but protoplasmic cells.

Many authors, over-jealous, as it seems to me, for the prerogative of nerve-cells, find satisfaction in affirming that these constituent cells of the young heart, though apparently alike in structure, are various, some being potentially nerve-cells, others potentially muscle. To my mind, each and every cell is not only potentially but actually both nerve and muscle. So long as they are still cells, that is, still tiny masses of untransformed protoplasm, each enjoys all the powers of life. What befalls them afterward is not gain, but limitation and loss. Some cells lose the power to move, and so become nerve-cells; other cells lose (to a great extent, at least) the power to originate impulses, and so become muscular.

Very interesting is it to watch how the slow, irregular, drawing movements of the primordial protoplasm are gradually transformed and gathered up into the sharp, short stroke of the heart's beat. We speak, in common language, of the heart of the chick as beginning to beat on the second or third day of incubation. It is then that its beat becomes obvious to our senses as a beat. But, in reality, it never does *begin* to beat. There is no sharp line of demarcation between the protoplasmic crawl and the true rhythmic spasm; the one, little by little, merges into the other. To borrow an illustration from music, it might naturally be imagined that the matter took place in this wise: We might fancy that the tiny cells were marshalled in their places round the cavity of the heart, as musicians are marshalled in an orchestra, fully equipped with powers of rhythmic pulsation, but quiet and inactive; and then, that at a wave of the wand of the great conductor, at the moment when a fuller life was breathed into every cell, all struck up in unison the first heart-beat. We might fancy, I say, that this was how the first stroke was wrought. But it is not so. To gain a truer image of the process, we must think of ourselves as listening with eagerness, a long way off, to a multitude of performers assembling together, each playing on the same instrument, but playing in a different way, though all trying to learn the same tune, and all gradually drawing near to us. As we listen to them with stretched ear, coming nearer and nearer; and, as at each moment more and more performers fall into the one proper tune, the initial discordant noise, as it gathers in intensity, also gradually puts on a definite form, and at last there comes a moment when we say, "Now I hear them! now they have the tune!" So it is with the growing heart. Looking at it earnestly with the microscope, we may fancy ourselves witnesses of how the cells, as they assemble together, little by little exchange the all-sided flow of protoplasm for the limited throb of a muscular contraction, gaining in force what they lose in form. And so there will come a moment when we can say, "Now I can see it beat;" though, in reality, it has been beating a long time before.

THE WEEHAWKEN DUELLING-GROUND.

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.

FEW strangers came to New York fifty years ago without visiting the celebrated duelling-ground on the romantic bank of the Hudson, about two miles above the Hoboken Ferry. It was a grassy ledge, or shelf, about twenty feet above the water, and only sufficiently large for the fatal encounters that frequently occurred there in the old duelling days, being about two yards wide, by twelve in length. From this celebrated spot there was a natural and almost regular flight of steps to the edge of the rocky shore where a landing was effected. This singularly-isolated and secluded spot was reached by small boats, being inaccessible to foot-passengers along the shore, except at very low tide. No path led to it from the picturesque heights of Weehawken, whose beauties have been sung by Halleck, and are familiar to all New-Yorkers; but the ground was sometimes reached from above by adventurous persons who descended the steep, rough, and wooded declivity.

It was to this spot that the fiery Tybalts resorted for the settlement of difficulties according to the "code of honor," prevailing at the beginning of the nineteenth century. These single combats were, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. Here occurred the meetings referred to by Byron, when he says:

"It is a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so:
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe;

But, after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish and less nice."

It was at the Weehawken Duelling-Ground that Philip Hamilton, at the age of twenty, was killed, November 23, 1801, in an "affair of honor," by George J. Eacker, like his victim, a promising young lawyer of New York; it was here, in the year following, that a Mr. Bird was shot through the heart, and, springing up nearly ten feet, fell dead; here Ben Price was killed by a Captain Green, of the British army; and it was in this justly-celebrated spot that Alexander Hamilton fell, on the morning of July 11, 1804, on the very spot where his eldest son had been killed. Several months after the duel, the St. Andrew's Society of New York, of which the lamented patriot had been the president, erected upon the ground a marble monument, and surrounded it with an iron railing. Every summer thousands of strangers visited the spot. As the years glided past, the railing was torn down by vandal hands, and the whole structure gradually removed, piece by piece, as souvenirs, till at length no vestige of it remained. Two granite blocks, inscribed with the names of Burr and Hamilton, deeply cut in the stone, and the former dated 1804, marked the spots where they stood face to face on that fatal July morning, sixty-five years ago.

A few summers since, the writer visited the romantic and secluded spot, in company with one who was well acquainted with all the actors in the tragedy, and who pointed out the positions of the principals, and the old cedar-tree under which Hamilton stood, while the seconds, Judge Pendleton and William P. Van Ness, were arranging the preliminaries, and Dr. David Hosack, Mr. Davis, and the boatmen, sat in the boats, awaiting the result of the duel which ended so tragically. Perhaps, since the world began, no hostile meeting in an "affair of honor" ever created such an excitement—certainly no one that has occurred in this country—as the deadly encounter between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton.

On a bright May morning of the present year we revisited the ancient duelling-ground; but, alas, it had been swept out of existence by that "villanous alteration miscalled *improvement*." Nothing remains to mark the spot but a weather-beaten stone on which the name Hamilton has been almost obliterated by the winds and rains of heaven. In place of the narrow ledge, there is now a broad track, over which the trains of the West-Side Railroad will soon be thundering northward to Fort Lee and farther on, awakening the echoes from the picturesque Weehawken heights and the lofty Highlands of the Hudson.

"Let me hope, I pray you," wrote Fitz-Greene Halleck to a lady-friend at Fort Lee, a few years ago, "that, while I live, you will not allow any person, whom I refrain from naming (the same person who entered, of old, the only paradise on earth to be compared to Fort Lee, in the shape of a rattlesnake, and played the very devil there), to come, in the shape of a railroad locomotive, screaming his way through your garden, up to a crystal palace on the top of the Palisades, at the rate of forty miles an hour." The poet's prayer was realized; he did not live to witness this much-needed improvement, and to have his heart saddened by what he would have deemed a desecration of the fondly-cherished scene so indelibly impressed upon his memory.

The venerable cedar-tree against which Hamilton leaned, as he gazed sadly, for the last time, on the distant city which held all that was dear to him in this world, has been cut down and thrown into the river, and the place changed beyond all recognition. Looking around for the memorials of past days, we at length discovered the granite block inscribed with the name of Hamilton; but the other was not to be found, nor the numerous rocks, which we had seen on our former visit, decorated with the names or initials of persons who had made pilgrimages to the place.

A gang of laborers were at work near the spot, and to their

foreman we addressed an inquiry about the granite block inscribed "Burr, 1804." The conversation ran as follows:

Writer.—Have you seen a large stone here similar to this one marked Hamilton?

Foreman.—Yes.

Writer.—Was it marked with the name of Burr, and dated 1804?

Foreman.—Yes.

Writer.—Do you know where it is?

Foreman.—Yes.

Writer.—Can you point it out to me?

Foreman.—Well, I guess not, seeing it's under-ground. It's been used as a covering-stone in a culvert just above here.

Writer.—Could you not have made use of another stone, and allowed the interesting memorial to remain?

Foreman.—Why, yes; and I told the boss he'd better lay it alongside of the 'tother stone; but he said that Burr was a mean cuss, anyhow, and not of much account, and he guessed it would be more useful doing duty as a covering-stone than perpetuating his memory.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

THE architect of the Great Eastern, Mr. J. Scott Russell, has made a book on education, which is not unworthy of his reputation. It is, indeed, a view of the subject from the Great Eastern stand-point. It was impossible that a man could strike out so boldly in the career of construction as to produce so wonderful a work as the Great Ship, without getting a habit of viewing things which could not fail to tell in other directions. Successfully to achieve so colossal and complicated a construction required a mind of a bold and independent cast, accustomed to penetrate through the semblances of knowledge to their exact realities, and this is essentially the thing that Scott Russell has done in the preparation of his elaborate book on "Systematic Technical Education."

The preparation of the author for the task he has undertaken is special and extensive. His own education was threefold: first, a university course; second, a course of mathematical and theoretical education; and third, a thorough workshop training. The earlier part of his professional life was devoted to the advancement of the scientific knowledge peculiar to his own technical duties; while the middle portion of his life gave him experience in the practical duties of his profession on the largest scale. This combination of systematic mental discipline with long practical experience gives peculiar weight to his published views upon the subject.

Mr. Russell accepts the common division of education into two kinds—gymnastic and technical. By gymnastic education he means that sort of mental cultivation which takes into account the mind alone, and cultivates it with no reference to the future avocations of the student. By technical or practical education, he understands that cultivation of the mental and active powers which forms a preparation for the labors of life, whatever their kind. Assuming activity or work of some sort to be the duty if not the destiny of all, and that in elaborating the materials, and dealing with the order of Nature, the success reached is in proportion to the intelligence applied, he maintains that it is the duty of government to provide for that special instruction in all the great branches of industry which shall qualify the workman to put forth his power most effectively, both for his own advantage and for the interest of the state. The branches of technical education are therefore as varied as the industries and activities of society. Whatever the materials which it becomes the fate of a man or woman to deal with—whether the soil and its products, as in the case of the agriculturist; or the mineral resources of the earth, as in the case of the miner; or domestic affairs, as in the case of woman; or with the control of communities, as in the case

of the legislator—a knowledge of the objects treated and skill in their management are required; and from this point of view he regards the old universities whatever their claims, to be in point of fact technical schools for the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, and the statesman.

Mr. Russell projects a system of technical education for England, but not as a theory or experiment; for the result he aims at has been already realized extensively and perfectly in Continental countries. In Prussia, in Switzerland, and even in the lesser states of Nassau, Baden, and Hanover, systematic technical instruction of all grades prepares for every kind of occupation and every branch of industry. He selects Wurtemberg as a model, a little country with a population one-twentieth that of Great Britain. The scheme there reduced to successful practice is symmetrical and complete. The Polytechnic University of Stuttgart educates the highest classes of professional men, civil engineers, mechanical engineers, architects, and the mercantile and commercial classes. Chemistry, in its application to the arts and manufactures, is fully taught, and there is a course of general superior scientific and literary education for professors, lecturers, and men of leisure. The building is one of the finest in Stuttgart, and contains no less than fifty-one professors and teachers. "Besides the usual lecture-rooms and studios, there are, a chemical laboratory, a physical laboratory, mineralogical museums, laboratories for constructive experiments, plaster-modelling rooms, rooms for drawing, a botanical garden, and an astronomical observatory."

Below this in rank is the school of trades, intended for building crafts and tradesmen, of a grade immediately under the professional men and skilful masters of the technical university. The men whom it was especially designed to help in their vocations were stone-masons, bricklayers, and carpenters, to be trained for future master-builders; constructors of public works, subterranean works, constructors of reservoirs, water-works, mill-works, and river-works, and also land-surveyors. It is besides adapted to meet the wants of plasterers, tilers, roofers, joiners, glaziers, turners, decorators, ornament-sculptors, modelers, engravers, smiths, gold and silver workers, gardeners, and agriculturists.

Schools for rural occupations, farming and gardening schools, are numerous throughout the country. That at Hohenheim, with twenty-one masters, has under it three practical farming-schools in three different districts, each having under its care four hundred square miles of territory. There are also winter-evening schools in the villages, and the practical result is that, last year, in five hundred and twenty-three places, twelve thousand and forty persons enjoyed the privilege of agricultural instruction.

Supplementary to the agricultural education of the farmers, is an institution for the study of the anatomy, physiology, training, and diseases of animals—the Veterinary College of Stuttgart. Attached to it is a group of hospitals, in which, last year, seven hundred and seventy-five horses, eight hundred and twenty-six cattle, and two hundred and thirteen dogs, were treated, and in the connected smithy four thousand animals were shod.

In order fairly to appreciate this comprehensive and admirable system of practical education, let it not be forgotten that we should have to add half a million people to the little nation of Wurtemberg to give it *half the population* of the State of New York!

Passing to other Continental countries, Scott Russell finds a similar state of things, and he points out the vivid contrast which they present to the neglected and shameful condition of educational matters in England. The comparison, in this respect, between the rich and powerful kingdom of Great Britain and the republic of Switzerland discloses a result that is almost startling. He says: "The contrast between England and Switzerland is this: that England spends more than five times as much on pauperism and crime as she does on

education; and that Switzerland spends seven times as much on education as on pauperism and crime." In regard to technical education, England is beaten in the race—distanced, indeed, by all the Continental countries.

Accustomed to regard things in their aspects of reality, and looking at English education in its purely practical bearings, the author urges a general system of technical education as a tempting national speculation. He thus puts the question in its economical relations:

"What is, then, the mercantile or moneyed value of a well-trained, skilful Englishman, as compared to a strong, able-bodied man who understands no craft, handiwork, or art? The shop value of the two men is at once told by the labor market. The one man can earn for the community \$125 a year, the other man has an average \$300, and with superior skill \$500, a year. Or, if we take the three grades of unskilled, moderately-skilled, and highly-skilled men, we may represent their mean values by \$125, \$250, and \$375; in other words, the highly-skilled man is worth three times the value of the unskilled man.

"At the present time there are about a million of skilled workmen, but there are a million of very poorly-skilled, and two millions of utterly-unskilled men. Supposing that by education we can raise the million of lower-skilled into highly-skilled men, and replace them by one million of unskilled men, raised by some little education to their rank, we have by that single act earned for the country \$250,000,000 a year.

"We can now put the question in a new and very precise form. Is the addition of \$250,000,000 per annum to the nation's wealth, through increased training, knowledge, and skill, worth the annual outlay of \$5,000,000 from the nation's budget?"

The author goes minutely into the educational requirements of the English working-classes, and develops a policy suited to their needs. His scheme for the organization of a great Technical University, the classification of the branches of knowledge to be taught in it, and the distribution of tutorial work, is interesting and valuable. His least demand of the government is thus stated: "When the state shall have founded, in England,

One great technical university with one hundred chairs,
Fifteen local technical colleges with twenty-five professors each,
Three hundred science and trade schools with five to twenty-five teachers each,

it will have provided only for the teaching of 250,000, out of one million and a quarter of the youth wanting knowledge and skill. In order to do this limited work well, \$5,000,000 per annum is necessary, or \$20 per head per annum from government, in addition to local aid."

It is to the series of international exhibitions which have taken place within the last twenty years that the world is indebted for a revelation of the extent to which practical education determines national supremacy in the productive arts.

England had vast natural advantages. Her boundless wealth of coal and iron, made available by the inventions of a few men of genius who had created the whole system of modern manufacturing machinery, seemed to place her beyond all competition. The first international comparison of products was made in London in 1851. The strength and the weakness in constructive skill and artistic perfection of the various nationalities were there first disclosed. England was supreme in her machinery and metal-work, but inferior in her fabrications of earthenware and glass. The author remarks: "It is curious, but instructive, to notice that the exhibition of 1851 had disgusted the whole nation with its blue earthenware plates, cups, and saucers, borrowed from the two-thousand-years' traditions of China, and with its huge lumps of glass, called decanters and glasses, cut or moulded into hideous distortions of form. The largest shopkeepers of London will tell you that, ever since that date, the old patterns are worthless, save for export to barbarous countries."

The French and German nations were quick to perceive the elements of the situation. Recognizing England's vast advantage in the natural stores of raw material and motive power, they saw that the only way to compete with her was by superior skill and intelligence in manufacturing processes. They, therefore, proceeded at once to "establish schools in every metropolis, large town, or centre of industry, for educating professional men and masters, for training foremen and skilled workmen, and for educating apprentices." The sagacity of this policy was abundantly vindicated in the international exhibitions of Paris in 1855, of London in 1862, and of Paris again in 1867. On nearly every point of the keenest rivalry the English were beaten, humiliated, disgraced.

But why was England beaten? Having so decidedly the start, why did she not keep it? The conditions of the case were as well understood by her as by France and Germany—why did she not enter upon an equally vigorous system of technical education for her artisans? To this pregnant question Mr. Scott Russell gives us no satisfactory answer. He is indignant at English neglect of the subject; he sees the future danger, and reiterates his warnings, and redoubles his eloquent appeals for action; but he does not explain why action has not been taken.

And yet this happens to be precisely the aspect of the case in which we Americans are most deeply interested. We are allied to England by descent, by a common speech and a common faith, by intimate interchange of thought; and we have inherited from her the essential forms and spirit of our higher educational institutions. If, therefore, England breaks down before the great problem of technical education, we are concerned to know the reason of it. Is the fault in the English mind? How is it that a people with a world-wide reputation



J. Scott Russell.

for being "practical" fail so conspicuously in practical culture? How far is this result dependent upon the character of English institutions? As we, in this country, have laid the foundation of a national scheme of education, and have the question of its organization, to a great extent, still before us, the results of British experience cannot fail to be instructive, and we hope to go into this subject in the future pages of the JOURNAL.

SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR,

By HENRY W. BELLOWES.

FLORENCE, ITALY, May 1, 1868.

FOUR P. M.—I have just returned to my lodgings from my first sitting to Hiram Powers, and he has interested me so much by his conversation while at work, that it occurs to me I can hardly do a better service to art than to jot down freshly, from day to day, the more striking things that fall from his lips—specially in relation to his own art, in which he is so acknowledged a master. I propose to do my best to draw him out in the six or seven sittings he requires of me, upon the points most likely to be interesting to the public, but shall finally submit my journal to him, and publish nothing without his free consent. Meanwhile, I shall not allow him to suspect my purpose, as it might diminish the freedom and value of his utterances.

I.

One of the first busts I ever made, said Mr. Powers, was of an artist, a Frenchman, who came over with Mrs. Trollope. He proposed to paint my picture, while I was to make his bust. He was older, and considered himself much my superior, and, indeed, undertook to be my instructor. I was to begin. His first *canon* was, that I was to use no measurements, and he quoted Michael Angelo's saying—"A sculptor should carry his compasses in his eyes, not in his fingers." I humbly submitted to his authority, and finished the bust without a single measurement. He was very triumphant at what he called the success of his method. I begged permission of him, now that the bust was completed, to verify my work by the dividers. He graciously consented, and I was pleased to find how nearly I had hit the mark. A few imperfections, however, appeared, and these, in spite of his objections, I corrected without his knowledge; for I was determined to have the bust as near right as I could make it. It had taken me, however, at least five times as long to measure the distances with my eyes as it would have done to measure them with the calipers, and I saw no advantage in the longer and more painful effort. The measurements are mere preparations for the artist's true work, and are, like the surveyor's lines, preparatory to the architect's labor. When my subject, in his turn, undertook my portrait, he was true to his own principles, and finished it without measurements. I then, though with some horror at my temerity, asked permission to verify his work with the dividers, and found at the first stroke a difference of at least half an inch in the distance between the eyes. He looked very much mortified, but said that it was done to "give the effect." I have had no misgivings since about the economy and wisdom of using the calipers freely. To be useful, they must be applied with the greatest precision; so small are the differences upon which all the infinite variety in human countenances depends. With the aid of my careful measurements, I do in one day what it would cost me a week or two's work to accomplish without, and I am then able to give my exclusive attention to the modelling.

EXPRESSION.

I once had a long argument with F—, the painter, on expression. He had been expatiating on the value of color as a vehicle of expression, and I had heard him patiently so long as he confined himself to its advantages in his own art; but, when

he began to pity the limitations of mine, and to sympathize with the trials a sculptor must suffer in being confined wholly to form, I waxed a little wrathful, and begged him to keep his condolence till it was called for. I told him boldly that color, though it might heighten expression, was incapable of giving the least, independently of form, while form was the very essence of expression, and so independent of color, that expression in all its deepest moods was even injured by it. Expression, in the sense in which we both used it in our discussion, is that something which is communicated to a thing by the thought or will that inhabits it. Living objects have expression in proportion to the strength and freedom of the spirit that animates them. Inanimate or vegetable things may have expression; but it is indirect—the expression of their maker's will, not their own. Now, color has no power to communicate any voluntary or characterizing expression. Form, on the contrary, expresses with exactness the precise signification of the thing. You hand me a marble apple. "What is it?" you ask—"An apple in marble;" another in ivory—"An apple in ivory;" another in bronze—"An apple in bronze." You hand me a real apple—"That is the apple itself." But all the images—in marble, ivory, bronze—have given the essential thing, the form. Their color has merely told in what substance they were wrought—a non-essential fact. Form is the essence, color the accident. F— challenged me to draw or model a *blush*. I told him I would model one after he had painted one. No; the essence of a blush is the sudden suffusion of the countenance with heightened color. Mere color can only represent a girl with a red face. Drawing can indicate all the modest, surprised, delicate expression of a blushing girl, and suggest the idea of the blush without attempting what painting itself has always found an impossibility. Among all the equestrian statues I do not remember one in which the artist has been foolish enough to bring all the legs of the horse close together. There is a time when they are in that position, but it is not the time to indicate motion. A horse, modelled so, would simply look like a horse about to lie down.

Mr. Powers said that, during all his thirty years' residence in Italy, he had been only twice in Rome, and then for not more than a week at a time on either occasion. On my first opportunity, said Mr. Powers, Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, accompanied me in my visit to the galleries. He was so thoroughly read up and instructed, that he knew beforehand every thing he was going to see, and just where it was. But he was so impatient to get back to his family, that he hurried me through like lightning; and forgot that I had none of his careful culture and readiness to receive impressions at a glance. I have felt, on both my visits, as if I were riding in an express train through a cane-brake, and was called upon to number the reeds. Rome oppresses me. It is so crowded with wonders and artistic wealth, and yet so full of ruins and decay, that it seems to say, "What is the use of adding to this superfluity, or to the materials for this sure destruction?" Florence was more than I could stand, when I first came out. My kind friends in America, who had persuaded themselves I was a young Michael Angelo, did not know how discouraged I felt by their extravagant praises, nor how dashed by the variety and extent of the sculptures I found here. "What can I add worthily," I said, "to these already countless treasures of art?" I believe I found more encouragement in finding some *bad* works in the galleries than in seeing the many *excellent* ones. They seemed to say, "Even bunglers may do things thought worthy of preservation." But Rome is a thousand times worse than Florence in this smothering accumulation of treasures. I could not live and preserve my own artistic independence and courage to labor and strive amid such an overwhelming crowd of artistic products. But, after all, want of time has been my chief reason for not going to Rome. It has also kept me from going to America, which I have so much wished to visit.

In illustration of the fact that the more you know of Rome the more you feel your ignorance of it, did you ever hear what Gregory XVI. was accustomed to say to strangers visiting him ceremoniously at his pontifical reception, as they passed by his throne: "How long have you been in Rome?" "A week, your holiness." "And when do you leave?" "A week hence, your holiness." "Well, you will have *seen* Rome." The next visitor, to the same inquiries of the pope, replies, "Three weeks," and that he stays three more. The pope says, "You will know Rome very well by *that* time." The third, to the same questions of his holiness, answers that he has been in Rome three months, and proposes to stay three more. "Ah! you will have had quite a taste of Rome in a whole winter," replies the pope. But to the last, who has been there a year, and is coming for another, the pope says, "A very good beginning."

You saw Michael Angelo's "Moses," you say. Were you not afraid he would get up and knock you over? Not much of the meek lawgiver about him! He looks as if he had just eaten half an ox, and had not yet wiped his chops. I shouldn't like to be his provider! Did you notice how out of drawing the articulation of the lower jaw is? He could not for his life open his mouth; the jaw would wobble like a pendulum. And where is the place for his statesmanlike brains? Certainly not in the top of his head. Nothing can overstate Michael Angelo's greatness; but, if he had condescended to measurements, he would have escaped many very injurious mistakes. His "Christ with the Cross," in the Church of ———, in Rome, is, after all, only a young buck. Even the ancients were not infallible. Look at the back of the Venus; you will see that the dimple marking the articulation over the sacrum, which belongs to the limb that is dropped, is higher than the mark of the other joint, when it should have been half an inch lower. The error is demonstrable.

MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

BY DR. THOMAS LAYCOCK, PROFESSOR OF MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

II.

THE duties of woman, being those of the family, would be easy under natural conditions, were there no disturbing causes at work, for the number of males born exceeds that of females, and thus the source of human society, the married pair, would be always complete. But the duties of the *vir*, by exposing him to greater dangers, diminish his numbers in barbarous tribes, while in civilized communities the withdrawal of the young, active, and marriageable, into warlike, commercial, and colonizing enterprises, interferes with that pairing which forms the family. For these reasons many women find no mates, and never can. The compensation of this disturbance of the fundamental law is manifested in the lower evolution of human society as polygamy, in which several women, as wives or concubines, are made subservient to the sensual pleasures and the uses of one man; and, in the higher evolution, as polygyny, in which several women constitute the household as helps and companions to the married pair at the head.

In the stage of civilization characterized by great cities—in Europe at least—the household unit wholly fails to provide for women, so that many are left to provide for themselves and their children. In England, in 1861, 840,000 married women, or about one-fourth of the whole number, were thus occupied, and two-thirds of the widows, or 490,000. In every age and in every race, under similar conditions, the same social results of civilization follow. Woman is thus driven to compete for the means of subsistence with the *vir* under circumstances which inevitably place her at a disadvantage in all the spheres of social enterprise, except the one in which competition is

rather with each other for man, and certainly not possible with him.

With a view to the redress of woman's grievances, various means have been recommended. The higher education of woman has been chiefly advocated in this country, partly with a view to fit her for the better performance of the duties of wife and mother, and so diminish that disinclination to marry which in a luxurious state of civilization men manifest, and partly with a view to bread-winning. Whatever enlightens the understanding of a woman, and teaches her that the domestic virtues and acquirements are her best recommendation, and the true sources of her power, must advance her position. It is not too much to say that to a woman the knowledge of the things that lie before her in daily life is her prime wisdom, and the most solid basis for her welfare and the welfare of society, which are in truth identical. Healthy mothers of healthy children lie at the root of all national greatness, of whatever kind. Hence a knowledge of all that concerns health in the household should constitute an essential part of every woman's education.

The principles and practice of hygiene should take precedence of the principles and practice of medicine, and the art of nursing of the art of curing. Woman's education with a view to bread-winning raises much wider questions. Capability to do is by no means the chief; fitness and political expediency are of at least equal importance. It may be fully admitted that there is hardly any masculine pursuit in civilized life for which masculine women might not be found—women able and willing to command the Channel fleet, cut for the stone, or serve in the artillery; but it would hardly be maintained that such and similar duties would be either morally fit for the woman or politically expedient.

It is very certain, too, that not a few occupations now followed by men would be more fittingly, if not more successfully, followed by women. But, granted that women are not only fit and able, but have succeeded in securing employment in every sphere in which they desire to work, just as women are employed men in the same proportion will be displaced, will emigrate, and otherwise disappear; women would then compete with each other for employment, and still more actively for the men, so that all the conditions of the problem would remain unsolved. The chief results would be a further diminution in the virile force of the nation, and an increase in prostitution, infanticide, and that meretricious competition for marriage-connections which inevitably results from an excess in the number of women.

It follows, therefore, that the radical remedy for the evils of modern civilization is a better distribution of the sexes. In the newly-populated colonies of the Anglo-Saxon race, women are needed, fitted for the duties of helpmates to the colonists. In California, there are three males to one female; in Nevada, eight to one; in Colorado, twenty to one. The noxious and unnatural differences in the proportions of the sexes in city and colony are unquestionably due in part to the disinclination of women to emigrate, but in part, too, to their unfitness to help man in the fulfilment of his primal duty and destiny, which is to "multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it." Nothing but a suitable education of woman in the mass to this end can meet this unfitness. There seems to be less excuse for unwillingness to emigrate for the women of the United States than for those of the Old World, with its conventionalities and its distance from the region to be subdued. It is to the latter, indeed, that the success of polygamy in Utah must be attributed.

Whatever man is, woman will reflect his nature; but then she has the moulding of his nature and of his character in some degree, at least, in her hands; and, strong in her maternal and moral instincts, she will be able to do more for man's spiritual and moral elevation, as an educated wife and mother, than in any virile occupation whatever, however honorably she may fill

it. It is the unity in fitness of things which constitutes, not only strength, but goodness and beauty. Let society abandon these, and moral evils surely result. It is chiefly among the cultured and luxurious classes of great cities that that moral degradation of women is observed, which consists in the abolition of the maternal instinct, and which leads directly to the crimes of infanticide and abortion. It is doubtless true that in certain countries the excess of females is met by female infanticide; but, in all large and luxurious communities, both abortion and infanticide are extensively and openly practised by women.

That these crimes are not wholly due to pressure on the means of subsistence, is clearly shown by the fact that they are comparatively rare in poor countries like Ireland, and that they originate in physical causes connected with civilization is shown by the fact that domestic animals are apt to kill and eat their offspring. Even petted hens, when sitting, will chip and eat their eggs. If we inquire into motives, it is usually found that, with the defect of the maternal instinct, there is conjoined a selfish egotism and self-indulgence on the part of the woman. Thus it is said to be universal amongst the higher classes of Turkey, that the woman, after bearing two children, for the future provokes abortion, partly to preserve her form and beauty, and partly to diminish the number of her descendants. And Dr. Storer shows that the practice of abortion by the native American women of Massachusetts and New York is so limiting the increase of the native population, that it is maintained chiefly by immigration. He says: "The number and success of professed abortionists is notorious. . . . Hardly a newspaper throughout the land that does not contain their open and printed advertisements, or a drug-store whose shelves are not crowded with their nostrums, publicly and unblushingly displayed."

It appears, too, that insanity and maternal deaths are increased by the practice. Dr. Storer further adds the significant fact, that the feminine instincts of these women are so blunted, that many are not conscious that to practise abortion for the purpose of destroying their offspring is a crime. In no country, perhaps, is there more chivalrous respect paid to women than in the United States, yet in this selfish egotism, according to Dr. Storer, they exceed the women of even the most luxurious cities of the Old World.

That another fundamental feminine instinct is enfeebled, is further proved by the fact that it is in these luxurious cities of the United States a vigorous agitation has been of late carried on by women for the absolute equality of women with men in education, trades, professions, and political power. All these facts point to the conclusion that luxury is causing a physical degeneration and moral deterioration. Dr. Storer regrets this destruction of human life by abortion; but the practice, criminal as it is, checks proportionately the increase of an immoral and degraded population.

While, however, men are clamoring against women, and insisting that they shall be better educated, it would be well if they looked to their own condition in this respect. The means of education are universal in the United States; but there, even more than in modern Europe, speculative theology, philosophy, and ethics, produce their bitter fruits in the development and pursuit of mysticisms and crazes of every kind, to the neglect of the laws of Nature and the science of those laws. Nor are signs wanting in this country of the same unsocial tendencies. In a letter addressed to Mrs. McLaren, President of "the National Society for Women's Suffrage," Mr. J. S. Mill announces as a "fact, that political freedom is the only effectual remedy for the evils which women are conscious that women suffer." This principle of political economy, so broadly and unreservedly stated, must be held to be the legitimate product of that kind of speculative philosophy of which Mr. Mill is the ablest and most authoritative living expounder; and therefore, although not perhaps intended to be so absolutely dogmatic as it appears,

serves well, by what it omits, to contrast speculative philosophy, when practically applied to man's welfare, with the more cautious conclusions of an inductive mental science, founded on the widest and deepest observation of the order and laws of Nature.

ABOUT BABIES.

IN one of the street-cars of the metropolis, a few evenings since, was a lady with a baby.

One of the blue-eyed, crowing, happy babies, disarranging its white robes and rumpling its blue ribbons with all the *abandon* of a baby that is secure in ever-fresh supplies both of love and clothes. The mother was evidently a stranger to the other ladies in the car; yet all of them smiled when they looked in her direction, and many of them spoke to her and seemed to love her for the sake of the beautiful child.

The opening instinct of womanhood seems to be the love of babies, and the girl must be a very little one who does not want a doll to which she can play the sweet part of mother. The depth and purpose of the instinct are revealed to us in the petition of the little miss of five years, who happens to be an only child—"Mamma, I want a baby to play with, a *meat* baby, mamma."

No kinder blessing was ever bestowed than in the close of Fanny Fern's letter to the then newly-married Princess Royal of England: "And when, brightest of all others, the crown of maternity shall descend upon your youthful brow, God grant you that nicest of all places on earth to cry in—a mother's bosom!"

Yet, while the instinct of maternity is peculiar to woman, and marks her sex more plainly than rounded limbs or gentle manners, it is not to women and girls alone that the love of babies is confined.

It was once the lot of the writer to dwell in the white tents of Camp Harrison, in Georgia—in that lower part of the State where families are always far between, and much more so in war-times. For long weeks we had not seen a woman or a child.

At last the railroad through the camp was repaired, and in the first train there was a lady, with just such a wide-awake, kicking baby as the later one of the metropolis. Some hundreds of rough soldiers were around the cars, and Captain Story, of the 57th Infantry, was the biggest and roughest among them, if we judge of the tree by its bark.

The lady with the baby in her arms was looking from a window, and he took off his hat and said, "Madam, I will give you five dollars, if you will let me kiss that baby." One look at his bearded face told her that there was nothing bad in it, and, saying, with a pleased laugh, "I do not charge any thing for kissing my baby," it was handed over. The little one was not afraid, and the bushy whiskers, an eighth of an ell long, were just the play-house it had been looking for.

More than one kiss did the captain get from the little red lips, and there was energy in the hug of the little round arms. Then other voices said, "Pass him over here, cap!" and, before the train was ready to move, half a hundred men had kissed the baby. It was on its best behavior, and crowed, and kicked, and tugged at whiskers, as only a happy baby can. It was an event of the campaign; and one giant of a mountaineer, who strode past us with tread like a mammoth, but with tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lips, said, "By George, it makes me feel and act like a fool; but I've got one just like it at home."

Other lands have owned the power of this young immortality, and the Hindoo hails the little stranger with the words, "Young child, as thou hast entered the world in tears when all around thee smiled, so live as to leave the world in smiles while all around thee weep."

A BIT OF HEART-HISTORY.

IT is difficult for us to imagine the state of mind that people must have been in regarding themselves, before the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Something was known of the general arrangement of bodily parts; almost nothing of their functions, uses, or mode of working. The blood was thought to be either a stagnant humor, or to have an aimless tidal movement—an ebb and flow backward and forward through the larger tubes. The stomach was a mechanical mill, grinding its alimentary contents at pressures estimated from a few ounces to thousands of pounds.

No physical use was seen for the heart, and, as its throbs and palpitations were influenced by the feelings, it was held to be the seat of the affections, and in literature the word represents them to this day. But with the discovery of the circulation the heart was invested with a physical office, and was degraded from its emotional throne to the vulgar service of a force-pump. The uses of the valves, cavities, and beats, were now seen; the heart-pulses were strokes of a little muscular engine, which impelled the incessant round of the circulation. An undoubted step, and a great one, was taken in establishing the fact of the circulation, and in linking the heart to it as a *primum mobile*, and, as is natural under such circumstances, the whole subject was supposed to be cleared up.

But there were outstanding facts which did not tally with the theory that the heart is the motive power of the circulation. There were animals with circulations and with only three-quarters of a heart; others with circulations and only half a heart, and others still, with circulations and no heart at all—little *acardiac* wretches which seemed to be created to contradict all rational theory and confound the physiologists. What was to be done? There was but one thing to be done: to deprive the heart of its high impelling function, and transfer that function to the capillary vessels. The motive force was found to be molecular attraction, and not mechanical impulse; and the central heart was again degraded to the office of a mere governor or regulator of the movements of masses of fluid in the higher animals. The living clock was moved by capillary weights and molecular springs, and the heart was but the pendulum which timed the rate of action. The subject of vital dynamics seemed now satisfactorily elucidated, and the physiologists thought they might enjoy a season of rest.

But there is no rest for people who have once begun earnestly to inquire; every new fact is but a key to unlock another door, and the curiosity to see what is inside is strengthened every time. And so it was in regard to heart-physiology. What causes the heart to beat? Whence comes the impulse? When does it begin to beat? Here was still more difficult work, and plenty of it. The heart was found to be linked by nerve-lines to the nerve-centres. Disturbances of the nervous system disturb its action; and the spring of heart-movements was therefore inferred to be in the nervous centres. As for the time of its starting, that, it was supposed, must be when it has got sufficiently perfect to do its work, and the system sufficiently developed to need its regulation.

But this, too, is at length found to be unsatisfactory. Dr. Foster tells us, in the lecture which we print this week, that the heart's impulses of movement are within its own molecular structure, just as much as in the case of the countless millions of little vibratile cilia which cover the surfaces of our lining membranes; which are only the twelve-thousandth of an inch long, and which lash away at the rate of twelve strokes per second all our lives long, to keep in motion the thin film of fluid by which these membranes are moistened. As for the time that the heart begins to beat, the audacious doctor says there is no "beginning" about it. The spontaneous movements of the heart are slowly evolved out of the spontaneous movements of protoplasm. "Very interesting is it," says he, "to

watch how the slow, irregular, drawing movements of the primordial protoplasm are gradually transformed and gathered up into the sharp, short stroke of the heart's beat. We speak, in common language, of the heart of the chick as beginning to beat on the second or third day of incubation. It is then that its beat becomes obvious to our senses as a beat. But, in reality, it never does *begin* to beat. There is no sharp line of demarcation between the protoplasmic crawl and the true rhythmic spasm; the one, little by little, merges into the other."

We should almost be tempted to say that this is getting to the bottom of the business; but in this business there is no "bottom" any more than there is "beginning" of vital motion. The protoplasmic door is just being pushed open for the first time. Let us take warning of the past, and not fall into the complacency of supposing that we are at last near the end. There are neither "beginnings," "bottoms," nor "ends," in the course of Nature.

TABLE-TALK.

A POPULAR prejudice has always identified the ladies of the women's rights persuasion with every thing that is either dowdy and slovenly, or angular and shrewish. The appearance and the manners of these apostles have always sufficiently accounted for their want of success; for what man could or would encourage a dogma that threatened to transform the grace, delicacy, and beauty of his wife or sweetheart into those dismal and fearful things known as Women's Rights women? But at the convention of this association, recently held in New York, a change came over the spirit of the scene. At one of the gatherings of the convention there appeared on the platform a speaker costumed so richly, with face and form and manner so womanly and charming, that the ancient prejudices of those present vanished into thin air at sight of the vision. Possibly the speaker's charms were enhanced by all her dun and dim surroundings. Certainly, her rich attire looked almost extravagant and overdone, by the side of the gray and dismal stuffs these "women of ideas" delight in dressing in. But, a young, gay, bright-faced, womanly woman, one who could speak softly and mellow, and look bewitching, and appeal to her hearers with a superb confidence in her power to charm them, was certainly something new in the history of the women's rights movement. The speaker was Miss Olive Logan. Her address was vivacious, egotistical, witty, delightful, and altogether inconclusive. But it is very clear that, if women of this kind are to go on the platform; if we are to be besieged by such new weapons—attacked wherein we are most vulnerable by bright eyes and womanly coquetry; if these new tactics are to be adopted by the sagacious leaders of the League, then every man must buckle himself in armor of proof, and be wary and vigilant indeed, lest his logic and his reason and his convictions succumb to forces which he has no legitimate means of resisting.

— It has often been asserted, and never, to our recollection, been seriously denied, that, whatever may be the case at the bar or in the senate, in the pulpit or the parlor, variations from the standard of correct English are much more frequent and more marked among the masses of Great Britain than among those of the United States. Such being the case, it is a little curious that, of the three most striking specimens of English dialectic poetry as yet produced, two have an American origin. We refer, of course, to Lowell's "Biglow Papers" and Leland's "Breitmann Ballads," which come next to Burns's Lowland-Scotch poetry—*longo intervallo*, perhaps, but certainly next. It is worth remarking that the former of these experiments made its way into public favor rather, and the latter very, slowly. In the case of "Breitmann," this may be easily accounted for by the somewhat recondite character of many of the ballads. One of the longest is a regular travesty of a poem belonging to the Nibelungen series, and not familiar even to all readers of the "Nibelungen Lied." Others ridicule the deepest speculations of science. A single four-line verse of "Breitmann in Politics" ludicrously disposes of transcendental metaphysics and positive materialism at the same time. The major premise from Moleschott, the minor from Fichte, and the practical conclusion in favor of lager-beer, form one of the neatest and funniest syllogisms on record:

"De sechste crate morál idé—since it fery vell ish known
Dat mind ish de resolt of food, ash Moleschott has shown,
Und as mind is de highest form of Gott, as in Fichte doth appear—
He moost alfays go mit de barty dat go for lager-bier."

— Radicalism and conservatism, usually considered as essentially antagonistic, are, in truth, centripetal and centrifugal forces, which balance, direct, and regulate the movement of society. It is plain that, if this spirit of progression which is called radicalism were not checked and moderated by its opposing conservatism, it would dash along at a speed to carry us all headlong into social anarchy. It is equally plain that, if the spirit of adherence to the old which we call conservatism pervaded universally, without the restless spurs of progressive thought, we should all stagnate in "green and mantling stillness." There is an antagonism in each to the other that escapes in denunciation and much show of warfare; but the philosophical observer is conscious that each contributes a necessary part to one whole—neither is complete, neither absolutely right, neither dispensable.

— Of the sweetness, delicacy, grace, and quaint pathos of Jean Ingelow's poems little can be said that is not already recognized. That a new volume of her poems will appear in the early part of the summer, is intelligence that our readers will hail with pleasure. From the early sheets of this volume we are permitted by the publishers to extract the following

SONG.

The martin flew to the finch's nest,
Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay:
"The arrow it sped to thy brown mate's breast;
Low in the broom is thy mate to-day."
"Liest thou low, love? low in the broom?
Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay,
Warm the white eggs till I learn his doom."
She beateth her wings, and away, away!
"Ah! my sweet singer, thy days are told
(Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay!)
Thine eyes are dim, and the eggs grow cold.
O mournful morrow! O dark to-day!"
The finch flew back to her cold, cold nest,
Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay.
Mine is the trouble that rent her breast,
And home is silent, and love is clay.

— Is not that mental exaltation which we call imagination apt always to be a little wild? To get out of the grooves that society, trade, and all those things which we sum up as the proprieties, would thrust it into, it must be stirred by the imps that ride through the brains of madmen. When we find a man whose imagination gets into his tongue, we are quite sure to discover one whose wit has driven his judgment out of court. Charles II. never said a foolish thing, nor did a wise one, eh? That's exactly true of nearly every wit that ever lived.

— There are few of our juvenile readers, and even those of larger growth, who will not be interested in hearing the pretty incident which originated the name of the beautiful little flower, the forget-me-not. This exquisite flower of memory, with its blue like the tint of the summer heavens, and its golden eye, bright as the eye of hope itself, is consecrated not alone to the reminiscences of love, but also to those of home and friendship. The field forget-me-not, or *Myosotis arvensis*, is often assumed as the token-flower; but the true one is the water forget-me-not, *Myosotis palustris*, whose flower is rather larger and more intensely blue than that of its sister of the fields. The legendary origin of its name proves the claim of the aquatic species to be the real blossom of remembrance. A German knight and his lady-love were walking on the banks of a stream, when the fair one saw a beautiful tuft of the *Myosotis palustris* growing in the water, and expressed a wish to have it. The knight, with due chivalrous alacrity, plunged at once into the river in all his array, and gathered his prize, but before he could again climb up the steep and slippery bank, he was drawn by a treacherous eddy into a deep pool, and, encumbered as he was with his heavy armor and helmet, finding he could not save himself, just as he sank forever, he threw the flowers ashore to his mistress, and uttered with his last breath, "*Vergiss mein nicht!*"—forget me not!

— One of the poet Moore's friends thought it a good satire on philology to compare the French *mèche* and *méchant* with the English

wick and *wicked*. He was perhaps not aware that *wick* and *wicked* are really connected (through *quick*), though the French words have no etymological relation. The great facilities for punning in French are owing not merely to the multitude of similar sounds, but also to the literal identity of many words having no radical connection, and this identity again is owing to the manner in which the language has been *shut up* from the Latin, dissyllables becoming monosyllables, trisyllables dissyllables, and so on. We have, however, many similar examples in English, such as *league* a compact, from the Latin *ligare*, to bind, and *league*, a measure of distance, not from *locus*, as a recent writer on philology asserts, but from the Celtic *leach* (*ch* hard), meaning *white*, and probably cognate with the Greek *leucos*. The Gauls, under the Roman empire, gave the name of *leach* to the *white stones* which they used to mark their unit of road measure, about a mile and a half.

— In that very amusing narrative, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," in which a volatile French writer records the imaginary experiences and adventures of a company of aeronauts in crossing the African Continent in a balloon, we see the astounding effect of such a phenomenon upon the ignorant minds of the African savages. How amazing and incomprehensible to men's up-turned gaze such a vision must appear when seen for the first time, it is difficult to appreciate, but occasionally comes a telling anecdote forcibly illustrating it. A Southern correspondent informs us of a recent incident of the kind as follows: "An aeronaut who had begun experimental navigation, at Lexington, and met with some trouble from adverse winds, concluded to reach the earth in the best way he could, and selected a large field as a suitable place for the attempt. A negro was guiding a plough after the progress of a mule, and paused in his camp-meeting song as he heard, directly over his head, the voice of the man in the balloon, asking him to make a line fast to an adjacent stump. For once, a negro turned pale. His eyes and open mouth were only turned upward for an instant, and then his jack-knife was out, rapidly cutting the mule loose from the plow, there being no leisure to unhitch. In the next minute, the hatless negro, with one shoe left in the furrow, and digging his heels into the sides of the mule, was on his way from the field to the cross-roads store, a mile away. While the air-voyager was anchoring his cloud of distended silk, as best he could, the negro and the mule burst into the midst of the little knot of idlers, standing in the sun at the 'store,' the excited African exclaiming—'Oh, massa! massa! An angel hab come down from heaben, sartin sure! I seed him myself, come right down in the field, in a *bladder* as big as a house!' The angel and the bladder were soon visited."

— Customs and inventions, especially in the minor arts of life have a tendency to travel away from their original localities, and sometimes they come back upon them in odd ways. Few Americans have visited Europe without being asked somewhere "if they had in America" some peculiarly Yankee notion—it might be a steamboat or a sherry-cobbler. Thirty years ago, Baltimore was specially famed for its stuffed crabs. With the institution of clubs the dish came to New York; and now the Baltimore hotels offer you on their bills-of-fare crabs stuffed New-York fashion. Even witticisms are often thus appropriated, and served up again to the real owners. The Bostonians are specially unfortunate in having their own wares returned upon them as foreign novelties. Barnum fished an imitation mermaid out of a collapsed museum there, showed it all round the country, and wound up with an exhibition at Boston; and William Everett transplanted to England a good story about a second-hand pulpit, and afterward redelivered it to his fellow-townsmen in his Lowell lectures as a Cantab joke.

— Some old father—we are not sure whether it was Origen or Gregory of Nyssa—believed in an *apocalastasis*, or general final rehabilitation of every thing and everybody, including Satan himself. It may or may not be superfluous to state that, in those times, there was no body corresponding to our present New-York Corporation.

— Mrs. Stowe, in her new novel, "Oldtown Folks," is guilty of a singular anachronism. She makes one of her characters quote the couplet

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"

from "Home, Sweet Home," about twenty years before Mr. Howard Payne threw that pleasant sentiment into verse. Mrs. Stowe relieves

the sombreness and "humbleness" of New-England homes by some very pleasant pictures of its life around the old-fashioned kitchen-fire; and the following bit of description ought to be the means of banishing these recently-invented stoves, and restoring the glow and the glory of the old-time hearth-stone: "The great kitchen-fire of New England," speaks one of the characters, "gives you all the freshness and simplicity of forest-life, with a sense of shelter and protection. It is like a camp-fire in the woods, only that you have a house over you, and a good bed to sleep in at hand; and there is nothing that draws out the heart like it. People never can talk to each other as they do by these open fires. . . . I believe in the divine properties of flame. It purifies the heart and warms the affections, and, when people sit and look at the coals together, they feel a sort of glow of charity coming over them, that they never feel anywhere else." Even now, when roses are in bloom, and summer airs come softly through the open window, this picture of the old-fashioned, hearty, generous wood-fire is full of exhilaration and pleasantness.

Literary Notes.

TWO articles have recently appeared in English periodicals, designed to lower the estimate of Tennyson. The *Quarterly Review* denies him originality of intellect and comprehensiveness of grasp, while an article in the *Temple Bar* tells us that Tennyson is "not a great poet, unquestionably not a poet of the first rank, and probably, though no contemporary can settle that, not even at the head of poets of the third rank; among whom he must ultimately take his place." Tennyson, according to this writer, is only a garden poet, and not, in the largest sense, a poet of Nature at all. He is described as having a "dainty and delicious muse," and "a Pegasus with very decent legs, small, elegant head, right well groomed, and an uncommonly good mane and tail, but a Pegasus without wings . . . Alas," says the critic, "he is no eagle; he never soars! He twitters under our roof, sweeps and skims around our ponds, is musical on the branches of our trees, plumes himself on the edges of our fountains, builds himself a warm nest under our gables and even in our hearts, 'cheeps,' to use his own words, twenty million loves, feeds out of our hands, eyes us askance, struts along our lawns, and flutters in and out our flowery pastures—does all, in fact, that welcome, semi-domesticated swallows, linnets, and musical bullfinches do, but there it ends." The *London Spectator*, in commenting upon this, justly says: "It is, to our mind, simply silly to say that, because a great poet does not fly, like Shelley, in the thin air between earth and heaven; or thunder, like Byron, in his passion; or muse, like Wordsworth, in his solitary rapture, he is destitute of the higher poetic gifts, nay, is even a sort of effeminate *petit-maitre* in poetry . . . Of all poets that ever lived," says the *Spectator*, "Tennyson is the greatest in painting human moods with a richness and subtlety of insight that a hair's-breadth of deviation would have spoiled."

Mrs. Stowe's new novel of "Oldtown Folks" will greatly please all the wide range of her readers, but will not increase her reputation. The scene of the story is a New-England town, and the time the close of the last century, just after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. As a picture of early New-England manners, and as a gallery of well-drawn characters, the book is worthy of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But the characters, pictures of manners, incidents, accessories, story, are all familiar to readers of American fiction. The book purports to be a reflex only of New-England life and character and in this, no doubt, it is eminently successful. But what was there in New-England characteristics left to be told? Do we not know the parson, the deacon, the old maid, the village sould, the village idler? Are we not familiar with the quaint philosophy, the close calculation, the harsh theology, the bustling labor, the rough manners, the terrible monotony, the severe sobriety, the stern integrity, the utterly cheerless and unimaginative life of an ancient New-England village? Mrs. Stowe tells us nothing new. Her book has no revelations of either manners or of character. But faithful portraiture of men and women have a zest and value, even if the tale has been told many times. We could have wished in a novel from Mrs. Stowe a new field, if possible, or at least fresh characterization; but, under her hands, the old portraits in the gallery of American fiction lose none of their interest.

One of the most noticeable differences between now and then, in the way of literature, is the change of tone that marks English reviews of American books. Once, open ridicule, or the covert sneer, accompanied nearly every notice of American publications. This conversion to a better appreciation of what is written in America is now evident all through English critical literature. In several London journals, now before us, we find very discriminating and appreciative reviews of recent works by American authors. The *London Spectator* calls Mr. Bay-

ard Taylor "one of the most vivid and sensible of travellers," and regrets that his latest work, "The By-ways of Europe," is, by Mr. Taylor's announcement, to be "the last of his many delightful volumes of travel." The same journal thinks that Mr. Nordhoff's collection of stories, "Cape Cod and all Along-shore," exhibits force and pleasantness of style, while there are throughout the tales many capital little touches. The *London Review* tells us that Dr. Bellows, in "The Old World in its New Face," has "a quick eye, a lively fancy, and a ready pen, and has really contrived to see a great deal, and to tell what he has seen with clearness and vivacity."

Fiction daily gains a wider recognition in the domain of literature as a power and an influence for good or for evil. Almost all the religious periodicals of England have of late years printed serial tales, and, no doubt, in rendering their issues thereby more attractive to the ordinary reader, have extended their circulation and influence. But what surprises even the English public is the issue of a novel, in two volumes, from the Bible and Crown House, by the Messrs. Rivington, almost the last quarter in the world to look for a publication of the kind. Imagine the surprise of the American public, if the Bible House or the Tract Society should announce a new American novel! But we recommend the proceeding of the English Bible House to the consideration of a religious periodical in this city which refuses even to advertise a magazine that contains fiction in its columns. The title of the English novel referred to is "Miss Langley's Will," but what the nature of the story is we have not learned.

"The American Annual Cyclopædia," for 1868, is just issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co. This is the eighth issue of this important annual register, bringing down the record of events to the close of the year 1868. It embraces the complete annals of military, civil, and social affairs of every country for the last year, affording the most thorough contemporaneous history in the language. It is a record of all that has been done in government, civil and military; a history of commerce, science, discovery, literature, finance, agriculture, and mechanical industry; it contains biographies of the distinguished dead; public documents; statistics; it treats of all countries and of all interests. It is a work of reference for the professional and business man, and a book important to all who desire to keep themselves well-informed in the world's doings.

A curious book on the relations prevailing between the Emperor Napoleon and Prince Napoleon during the existence of the French Republic, from 1848 to 1851, has been written by one of the editors of the *Indépendance Belge*, who was formerly a member of the French National Assembly, and exiled in consequence of the *coup d'état*. It is said that this volume proves, by the most incontestable testimony, that Prince Napoleon, at one of the meetings held by the various groups of the representatives of the people on the 2d of December, moved, in an excited manner, that Louis Napoleon should be declared *hors la loi*, and that, in the speech in which he advocated the adoption of his motion, he intimated very plainly that Louis Napoleon had no Napoleonic blood whatever in his veins. The book will be published this summer in Paris and Brussels.

The success of Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar" has induced her to publish a collection of her stories under the title of "Men, Women, and Ghosts." The interest excited by "Gates Ajar" has also prompted Mr. George Wood to reissue a book, published by him some years ago, called "Future Life; or, Scenes in Another Life," under the title of "The Gates Wide Open."

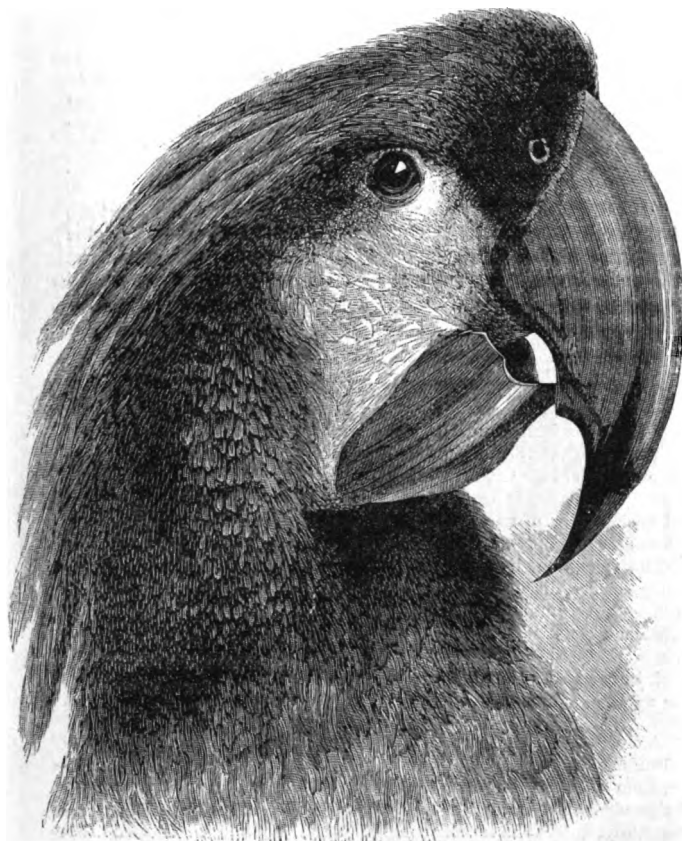
Berthold Auerbach was unable to find a publisher for his first novel, and had to issue it finally at his own expense. He has still in his possession the rather disdainful letters with which the publishers, to whom he sent the manuscript of his work, returned it.

The Museum.

THE Cockatoo is a species of parrot, characterized by its strong, highly-curved beak, and by the power of raising or depressing its crest. In the cut is represented the head of a remarkable species of this bird existing in the Aru Islands, which is so curious in its mode of getting a living as to deserve a place in our Museum. Mr. Wallace thus describes it:

"It has a rather small and weak body, long weak legs, large wings, and an enormously developed head, ornamented with a magnificent crest, and armed with a sharp-pointed hooked bill of immense size and strength. The plumage is entirely black, but has all over it the curious powdery white secretion characteristic of cockatoos. The cheeks are bare, and of an intense blood-red color. Instead of the harsh scream of the white cockatoos, its voice is a somewhat plaintive whistle. The

tongue is a curious organ, being a slender fleshy cylinder of a deep-red color, terminated by a horny black plate, furrowed across, and somewhat prehensile. The whole tongue has a considerable extensile power. It frequents the lower parts of the forest, and is seen singly, or at most two or three together. It flies slowly and noiselessly, and may be killed by a comparatively slight wound. It eats various fruits and seeds, but seems more particularly attached to the kernel of the canary-nut, which



Head of Black Cockatoo.

grows on a lofty forest-tree abundant in the islands where this bird is found; and the manner in which it gets at these seeds shows a correlation of structure and habits, which would point out the 'canary' as its special food. The shell of this nut is so excessively hard, that only a heavy hammer will crack it; it is somewhat triangular, and the outside is quite smooth. The manner in which the bird opens these nuts is very curious. Taking one endwise in its bill, and keeping it firm by a pressure of the tongue, it cuts a transverse notch by a lateral sawing motion of the sharp-edged lower mandible. This done, it takes hold

of the nut with its foot, and biting off a piece of leaf, retains it in the deep notch of the upper mandible, and again seizing the nut, which is prevented from slipping by the elastic tissue of the leaf, fixes the edge of the lower mandible in the notch, and by a powerful nip breaks off a piece of the shell. Again taking the nut in its claws, it inserts the very long and sharp point of the bill and picks out the kernel, which is seized hold of, morsel by morsel, by the extensile tongue. Thus every detail of form and structure in the extraordinary bill of this bird seems to have its use, and we may easily conceive that the black cockatoos have maintained themselves in competition with their more numerous and more active white allies, by their power of existing on a kind of food which no other bird is able to extract from its strong shell."

We often hear of the ossification of the heart, and many people believe that its muscular parts are actually convertible into bone. This notion has its origin in the fact that, in very rare cases, calcareous matter is deposited in the altered and diseased valves of aged persons. But this limy deposit is not organized bone.

Humboldt says that, if a person could be suddenly transferred from Siberia to Sumatra, the change would be so great as to produce unconsciousness.

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THE CARTOONS.

The Cartoons accompanying APPLETONS' JOURNAL can be bound in the volume at the end of the year, in the same manner that maps are folded and placed in books: many of them, however, may appropriately be framed. The folds in the sheet are easily pressed out, by slightly dampening the paper on the back, and applying a hot iron over a sheet of paper. A suitable mode of framing is to mount the engraving on a larger sheet of paper, and then, when placed in a gilt or black-walnut frame, a very pleasing picture is secured. Another method is to paste the engraving on canvas, and stretch the cloth on a frame or boards. When this is done, it is usual to varnish the surface of the picture.

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NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.—No. 2.



AROUND THE WHARVES.

BEING an island, and a singularly-shaped one at that, New York has the conveniences for a greater extent of wharfage than any city in the world, and a stroll around this water-belt of commerce, if it may so be termed, is one of the most interesting that can be made by a visitor; and on such a journey we now invite him.

No costly or elegant structures, no massive masonry, will surprise us upon this tour. We shall find most of the wharves very rotten, very dirty, very dilapidated, but generally animated and picturesque. Indeed, all the *débris* of the town seems to wash down and settle on

this outer rim of the city. Luckily there is a railroad belting the city, and we may ride or walk, as we please. Beginning at the upper extremity of the town, on the North River side, the first impression created is that of newness and confusion. We find a few wharves jutting out into the stream, and large enclosed basins filled up with discarded rubbish, uniting with the mixed deposits of the sewers, which afford a compound of odors that even a citizen of Cologne could not endure. After these come endless lumber-yards, brick-yards, stone-yards, slate-yards, wood-yards, oil-yards, junk-yards, lime-yards; with

schooners and sloops unloading their bricks, their lumber, their sand-stone, their blue-stone, their yellow-stone, their brown-stone, their lime, their foul petroleum, their coal, their coarse and bulky merchandise of many sorts. We pass through miles of lumber—an intricate city of lumber, with innumerable little, narrow streets winding in and out among the huge, toppling piles, with wretched little shanties on the outskirts, and blacksmiths' shops and junk-shops, and "saloons," half a story high and half a story deep, and stables, and mud-heaps, and ash-heaps, and refuse-heaps, and what not. Then we come to extensive gas-works, mountains of coal, mountains of coal-dust, and mysterious wonders of machinery. Then the boats begin to multiply. There are ice-boats, discharging their crystal luxury, hay-barges, a striking feature

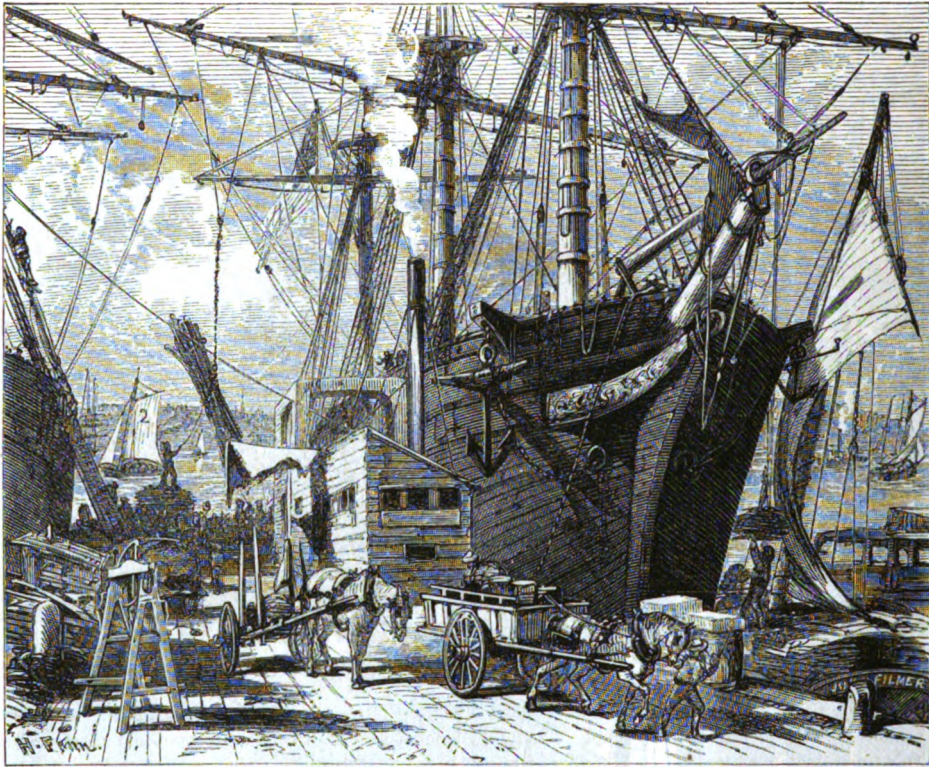
of the North River wharves, and the oyster-boats. Water-shops will probably more clearly describe these, as they are presented to the reader in our illustration. By far the great bulk of our oyster-trade is transacted through these floating sheds, some of whose proprietors have achieved colossal fortunes. In schooners, sloops, smacks, and every description of craft, the luscious bivalves are brought from the great plantations of Prince's Bay, Raritan River, Shrewsbury, etc.; and in the proper season the scene presented by the long line of oyster-boats is one well worth seeing.

If, as we stroll along, we go out to the extremity of a pier, our attention may be riveted for a moment by a North River flotilla, toiling laboriously up or down the stream. This consists of a cluster of canal-boats, rafts, and other lumbering crafts, with a little tug in the centre, puffing away industriously, and looking immeasurably insignificant in proportion to the size and number of the huge vessels which it, nevertheless, bears surely and steadily along. These steam-tugs are built entirely with a view to strength and steam-power, and the work which some of them perform is surprising.

We are now among the steamboats and steamers, crowding almost every wharf, hanging out their mammoth signs, flinging their gay ban-

ners to the wind, and roaring at us as we pass with their escaping steam. As all around New York are water-courses, the steamboats are more numerous than we can count, from the mammoth palaces for Albany or Boston to the bright little, tight little craft for the suburbs

towns. Here over the entrance of one broad and noble wharf we find "Boston"—"Chicago" cheek by jowl; on one side the puffing, restless, panting steamer is ready to start with you off toward the latter place; on the other side, a noble chafing rival invites your departure for the former. In the frightful confusion, it is a wonder who knows which is which. The escaping steam, the ringing bells, the hurrying passengers, the rattling throng of coaches, coming and going, the swearing hackmen, the screeching newsboys, the rush of porters, the cries of the



Wharf Scene.

fruit-venders—all make up a scene that out-Bedlams Bedlam.

We are now fairly in the heart of the great produce trade, which monopolizes West Street from Canal Street to the Battery, and most of the intersecting streets as far back as Greenwich Street. Flour, meal, butter, eggs, cheese, meats, poultry, fish, cram the tall warehouses and rude sheds, teeming at the water's edge, to their fullest capacity. Fruit-famed, vegetable-renowned Jersey pours four-fifths of its products into this lap of distributive commerce; the river-bagging counties above contribute their share, and car-loads come trundling in from

the West to feed this perpetually hungry maw of the Empire City. The concentration of this great and stirring trade is to be met with at Washington Market.

Reaching and skirting the Battery, with the wide bay in view, glancing at its passing vessels, its an-



North River Flotilla.

chored ships, and crossing the roaring mouths of Broadway and Whitehall, we turn the point of the triangular-shaped island, and emerge into the East River. The first thing that greets us is a wide area of canal-boats. Here the vast traffic of the Erie Canal centred. These canal-boats come down the North River, twenty or thirty locked together fraternally, and in tow of a steamer, looking like great floating islands. Flour and grain are the main products; and these we find to

the right and left of us. Passing on, we enter the domain of the great ships. It is a forest of masts—an old simile, but strikingly true. Here are the great merchantmen, the ships that sail to the Indies, that penetrate the China Sea, that follow the sun in its course. Here are the true old salts, the Captains Cuttle and Bunsby, the ancient mari-

ners of song and story. Pressing our way through the throngs of hurrying merchants and brokers, rolling sailors, and prying sharpers, and through the rows of fruit and Cheap-Jack stands that line the cumbered sidewalk on either side, we pass the handsome ferry-house at the foot of Wall St., and a few steps further bring us to Fulton Ferry, with its famous market. Here we may see a group of lively-looking fishing-smacks, riding at anchor in the water-slip, or discharging their finny treasures at the pier. Some of them are fresh from the fisheries off Barnegat, Long Branch, and the Cholera Banks, and, among the baskets filled with the shiners they have captured from the sea, one may easily distinguish the porgy, the black-fish, the sea-bass, the blue-fish, the Spanish-mackerel (last, but best), and numerous other varieties, which grace the tables of our epicures, and contribute largely to appease the fifteen hundred thousand appetites of New York and its suburbs.

Passing Roosevelt and Catharine Street Ferries, we soon after reach the Dry Docks. Marvellously crazy, rotten, twisted, unsightly objects these dry docks are. Great ships are lifted up in them naked and unseemly, while scores of busy workmen, with oakum, and tar, and copper, hang about their green, slimy, water-eaten bottoms. These docks extend many squares, and then we approach the ship-yards. Alas! they are empty. No more the "clamors of clattering hammers" salute the ear. A few "gnarled and crooked cedar knees" lie piled about, a few timbers with idle urchins playing about them, and this is all we see of the great industry that once reared so many goodly vessels "that should laugh at all disaster." American

ship-building has almost passed out of existence, for various reasons. Hurrying by these extensive yards, we draw near the great iron-founderies.

The "Novelty Iron-Works" are famous, we believe, everywhere. Not only have there been built here the huge boilers and ponderous

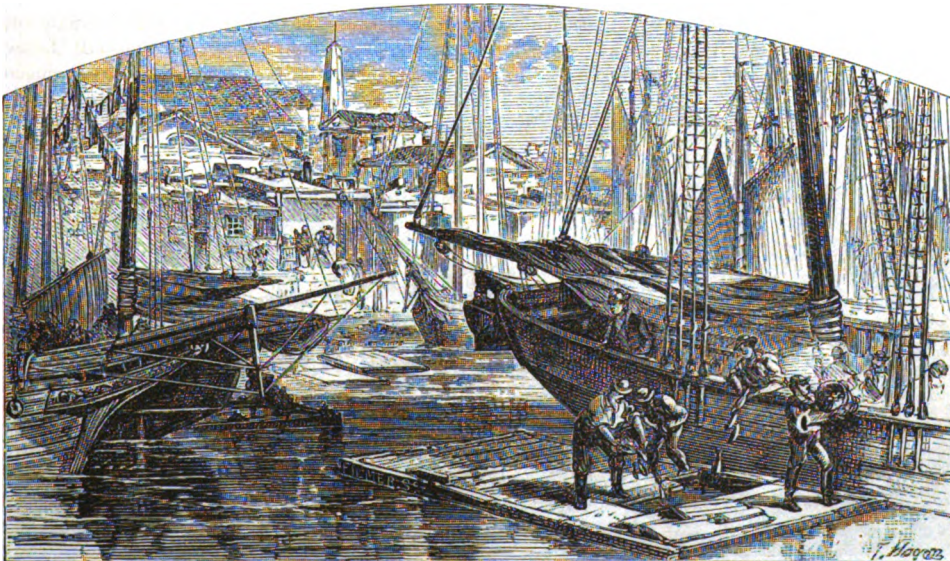
engines of many an ocean-going steamer, but the iron sides of the steamers themselves have been fused, and cast, and shaped, and bolted, and built on this spot. You note your approach to the works by the overflow of superfluous iron-ware. Vast, rusty, propped-up caverns of iron confront you; abandoned



Oyster Boats.

boilers, big enough for church-steeple, encumber all the highways; smaller fragments of iron, of manifold mysterious shapes, lie piled up on every curb-stone. Then appear the tall walls, the great chimneys, and all the horrible confusion of vast work-yards and work-shops. All about is grimy and repulsive. The mud is black with coal-dust; the pools of water dark and dismal; the low, rotten, wretched houses clust-ering about, damp and sooty; all the faces, and all the walls, and all the posts, and every object, grimy and soiled, while the distracting din of innumerable hammers, "closing rivets up," unites in rendering the

whole scene purgatorial. A great industry, a great power, a great source of wealth, no doubt, is the iron interest, but the manipulation of that indispensable metal has abundant harsh and discordant features. Beyond the Iron-Works are more ship-yards, more ferries, more vessels, with wharf-building, lot-filling,



Fishing-Smacks.

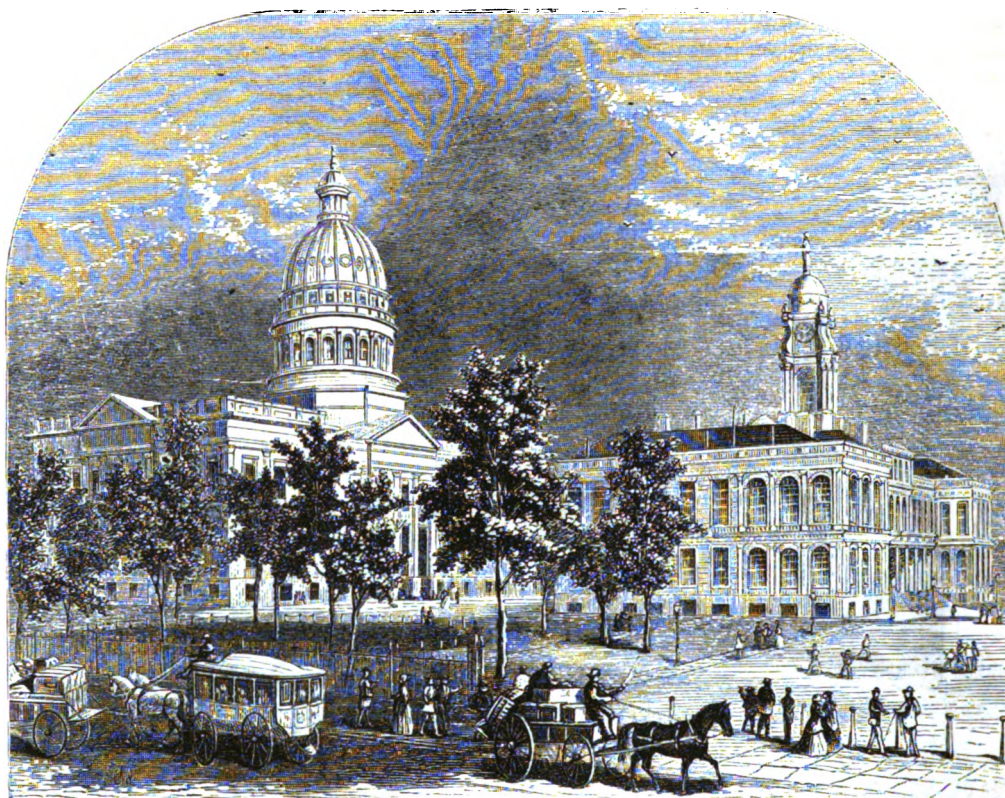
dirt-dumping, and vast accumulations of city dirt and debris.

All along the shore have been numerous vast bonded-warehouses we have scarcely noticed. The teas, cotton, and other merchandise piled in these is almost beyond calculation. Our wharves, in their activity and bustle, show us to be preëminently a commercial city. It is to be hoped the time will come when a series of noble stone docks, commensurate with our metropolitan dignity, will surround the city.

CITY HALL AND NEW COURT-HOUSE.

The view our artist gives of these buildings is from the corner of Murray Street and Broadway, where we have both buildings fully before us. The City Hall has so long been the chief public edifice of the city as to require but brief mention in print. The Court-House, however, now in a state of incompleteness, immediately behind, and fronting on Chambers Street, deserves a more extended notice. This structure has

been in the course of erection for the past seven years and a half. It is built of white marble, with iron beams and supports, iron staircases, outside iron doors, solid black-walnut doors (on the inside), and marble tiling on every hall-floor of the building, laid upon iron beams, concreted over, and bricked up. With a basis of concrete, Georgia pine, over yellow-pine, is used for the flooring of the apartments. The iron supports and beams are of immense strength, some of the girders crossing the rooms weighing over 50,000 pounds. The pervading order of architecture is Corinthian, but, although excellent, the building cannot be said to be purely Corinthian. An additional depth of, say, thirty feet, would have prevented a cramping of the windows on the sides, which now necessarily exists, and have added power and comprehension to the structure as an entirety; but the general effect is striking. The building is two hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and



City Hall and New Court-House.

Capitol at Washington. The dome, viewed from the rear, as given in our illustration, appears something heavy and cumbersome for the general character of the structure which it crowns; but a front view, from Chambers Street, when the eye, in its upward sweep, takes in the broad

fifty feet wide. From the base - course to the top of the pediment the height is ninety-seven feet, and to the top of the dome, not yet erected, two hundred and twenty-five feet. From the sidewalk to the top of the pediment measures eighty-two feet; to the top of the dome two hundred and ten feet. When completed, the building will be surmounted by a large dome, giving a general resemblance to the main portion of the

flight of steps, the grand columns, and the general robustness of the main entrance, dissipates this idea, and attaches grace and integrity to the whole. One of the most novel features of the dome will be the arrangement of the tower, crowning its apex into a lighthouse, which from its extreme power and height, it is supposed will furnish guidance to vessels as far out at sea as that afforded by any beacon on



New York Hospital.

the neighboring coast. This is the suggestion of the architect, Mr. Kellum, but, whether or not it will be carried out in the execution of the design, Mr. Tucker, the superintendent of the work, is unable to say.

NEW YORK HOSPITAL

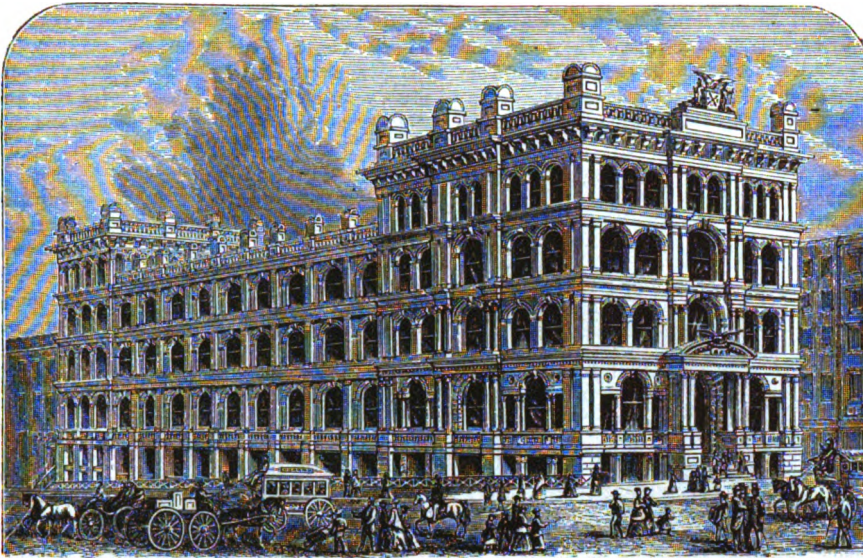
Is an interesting landmark, shortly to be demolished and superseded by new buildings—yet forming a prominent feature between Duane and Worth Streets, mainly on account of the broad, green avenue, planted with a double row of trees, by which it is approached from the street. The main building is of rough gray stone, one hundred and twenty-four feet long, including its two wings, and fifty feet deep. It was founded in 1771, by the Earl of Dunmore, who was at that time governor of the colony, and numerous additions have since been made to it.

N. Y. LIFE INS. CO.'S BUILD- ING.

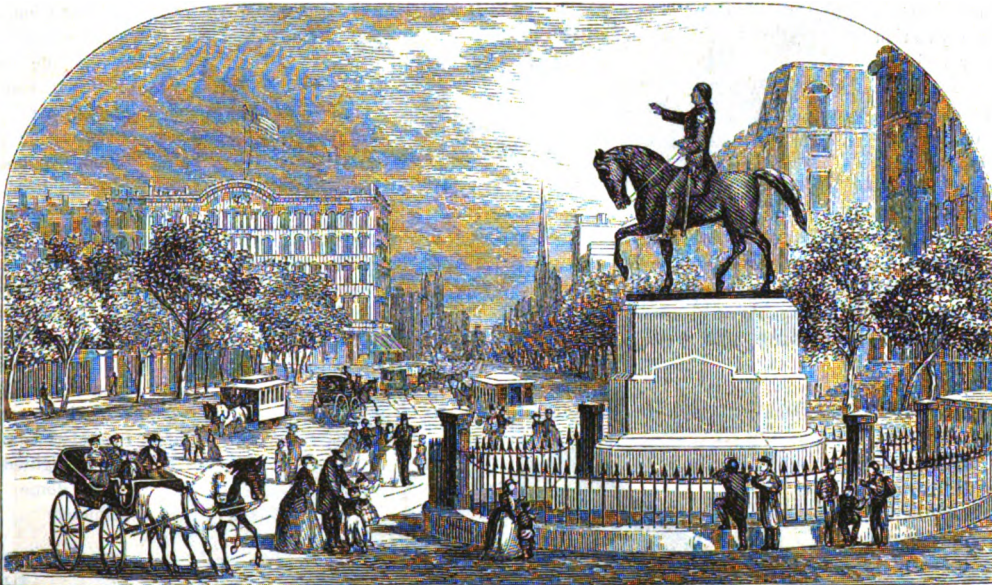
This splendid building, now in course of erection on Broadway, between Leonard Street and Catherine Lane, is perhaps one of the finest structures ever reared by private enterprise in this country. The exterior is of pure white marble, in the Ionic order of architecture; the design having been suggested by the Temple of the Erechtheus at Athens. The chief entrance will be highly ornamented, and the entire cost will be about one million dollars.

UNION SQUARE.

This handsome oval of greenery, extending from Fourteenth to Seventeenth Street, may be considered as



New York Life Insurance Company's Building, corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.



Union Square.

a bronze equestrian figure, placed upon a plain granite pedestal. The figure is fourteen and a half feet, and the entire monument, including the pedestal, twenty-nine feet high. The statue is generally and deservedly admired.



Academy of Design, and Young Men's Christian Association Building, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue.

the branching off from Broadway to the residences and resorts of the *élite* of the metropolis.

The square itself, with a fine fountain in the centre, and provided with excellent shrubbery and trees, is in itself a most airy and interesting spot. Its walks are daily thronged by street-passengers desiring to make a short cut to the continuation of Broadway at Seventeenth Street, and, in the early mornings and evenings, by ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood, and nurse-girls, with their charges in hand.

Among the novelties to which the attention of the stranger in the metropolis may be directed, should be mentioned the sparrowkingdom which has been founded and established in the square. At the south end of the square, to the right of Broadway, is Brown's colossal statue of Washington. It is

ACADEMY OF DE- SIGN, &c.

The National Academy of Design is on the north-west corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. It has a front of eighty feet on

Twenty-third Street, and of ninety-eight feet and nine inches on Fourth Avenue. The main entrance is on the former front, level with the second story, and reached by a double flight of steps. The grand staircase leading to the upper galleries is a feature of the building. They are wide, massive, and imposing in effect. Exhibition galleries occupy the whole of the third story, which is lighted from the roof. The vestibule at the main entrance has an ornamental pavement of variegated marbles, and the floor of the great hall is walnut and maple in patterns. The design of the exterior was copied from a famous palace in Venice, and, being the only instance of this style of architecture in the city, or, we believe, in the country, it possesses a peculiar interest.

Directly opposite the Academy of Design, on the southwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is now in process of erection the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, which must prove highly ornamental to this part of the city, already so rich in structural beauty and elegance. The dimensions of the building are one hundred and seventy-five feet on Twenty-third Street, eighty-three feet on Fourth Avenue, and ninety-seven feet at the rear. The material is New Jersey brown-stone, and the yellowish marble from Ohio, in almost equal parts, though, on account of the latter composing the trimming material, the brown-stone gives the building the controlling air. The building will contain twenty-five apartments in all, including gymnasium, library, lecture-rooms, offices, etc., and will cost about \$300,000.

BOOTH'S THEATRE & PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE.

Booth's New Theatre, on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is, in the opinion of many, the finest design in the city. It is in the Renaissance style of architecture, and stands seventy feet high from the sidewalk to the main cornice, crowning which is a Mansard roof of twenty-four feet. The theatre proper fronts one hundred and forty-nine feet on Twenty-third Street, and is divided into three parts, so combined as to form an almost perfect whole, with arched entrances at either extremity on the side, for the admission of the public, and on the other for another entrance, and the use of actors and those employed in the house. On either side of these main entrances are broad and lofty windows; and above them, forming a part of the second story, are niches for statues, surrounded by coupled columns resting on finely-sculptured pedestals. The central or main niche is flanked on either side by quaintly-contrived blank windows; and between the columns, at the depths of the recesses, are simple pilasters, sustaining the elliptic arches, which will serve to span and top the niches, the latter to be occupied by statues of the great creators and interpreters of the drama

in every age and country. The finest Concord granite, from the best quarries in New Hampshire, is the material used in the entire facade, as well as in the Sixth Avenue side. Taken from a point embracing the Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street facades, the glittering granite mass, exquisitely poised, adorned with rich and appropriate carving, statuary columns, pilasters, and arches, and capped by the springing

French roof, fringed with its shapely balustrades, offers an imposing and majestic aspect, and forms one of the architectural jewels of the city.

Pike's New Opera-House is an imposing and elegant structure, occupying the block on Eighth Avenue between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets, and estimated to have cost nearly half a million of dollars. It fronts one hundred and thirteen feet on the avenue, and ninety-eight feet on Twenty-third Street, and is eighty feet high, from the base to the cornice. The main entrance to the theatre is twenty-one feet wide, and leads up a passage, eighty feet long, into a vestibule forty-five by seventy-two feet. Thence the visitor passes up the main staircase, twelve feet wide, which conducts him directly into the dress-circle. The exterior of the building is a good

specimen of the Italian order of architecture. At the top, over the main entrance, is a statuesque group representing Apollo and Erato. Below this are medallions of Shakespeare and Mozart; and on either side of the window below are large figures representing Comedy and Tragedy. Emblazoned coats-of-arms brighten the main entrance on either side. The front of the theatre, on Eighth Avenue, is of solid marble, with ornamental cornice; and the interior is lighted by chandeliers in a dome thirty feet in diameter.

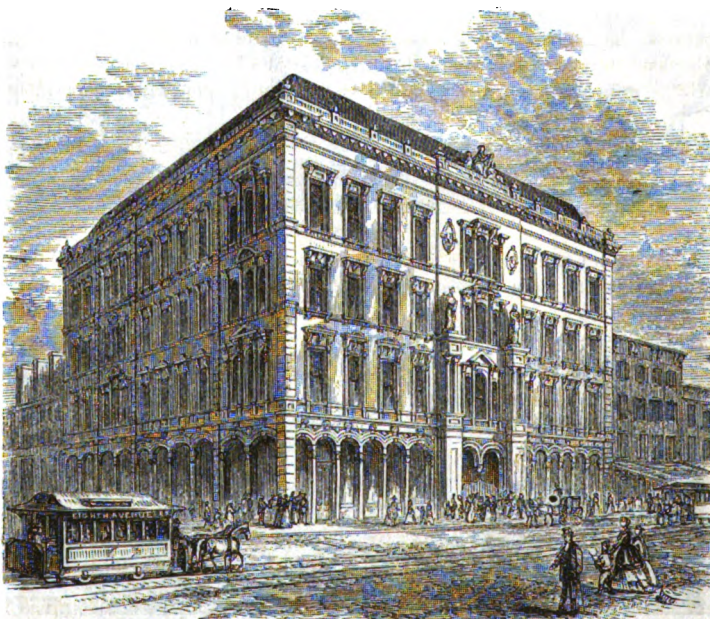
ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Patrick's Cathedral was projected by the late Archbishop Hughes, who laid the corner-stone in 1858, during which and the following year the foundations were laid and a portion of the superstructure built, when work was temporarily suspended. Upon the accession of Archbishop McCloskey, however, a new impetus was given to the work, which has been vigorously prosecuted ever since. The ground occupied (extreme length, three hundred and thirty-two feet; general breadth, one hundred and

thirty-two feet, with an extreme breadth at the transepts of one hundred and seventy-four feet) is the most elevated on Fifth Avenue, there being a gradual descent both toward the south, and toward Central Park, on the north. The site, indeed, is singularly happy and fortunate for so great and imposing a structure. The style of the building is decorated Gothic—that which prevailed in Europe from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the close of the fourteenth—and will



Booth's Theatre, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue.



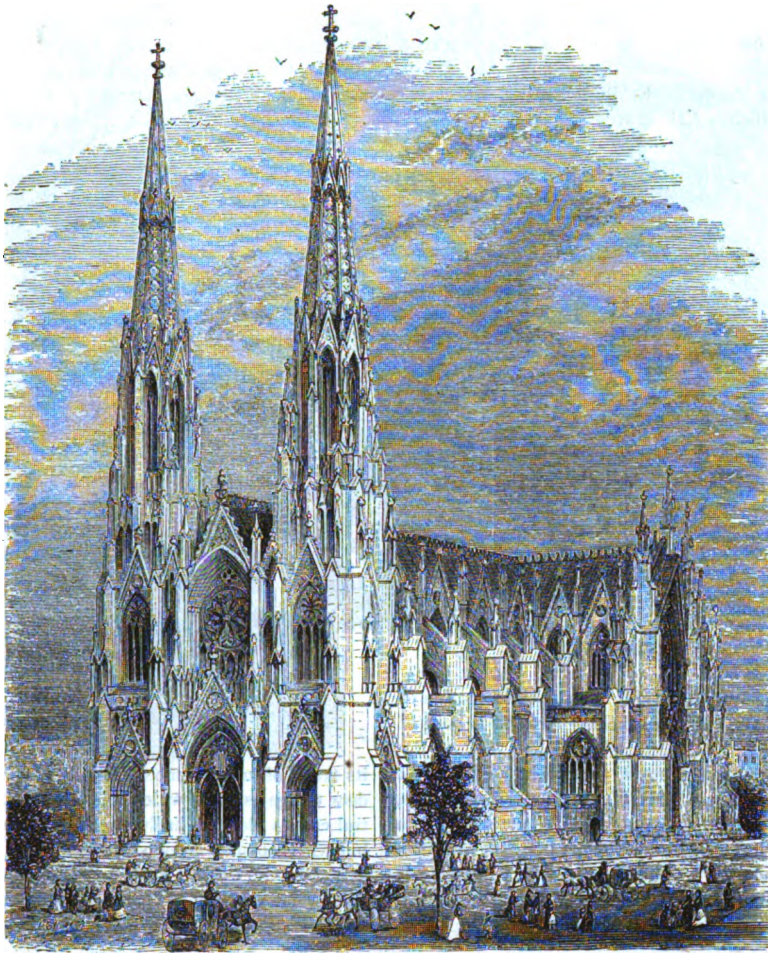
The Grand Opera-House, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue.

constitute a judicious mean between the heaviness of the latter period and the over-elaboration of later times. Judging from the picture of the building as complete, it appears to be more nearly modelled upon the celebrated Cathedral of Cologne; but there are also fine and correct examples of the same order of architecture in Rheims and Amiens. On Fifth Avenue front there will be a tower and spire on each corner, each measuring three hundred and twenty-eight feet from the ground to the summit of the cross, and each thirty-two feet square at the base, and thence to the point at which the form assumes the octagonal—a height of one hundred and thirty-six feet. The towers maintain the square form to this height, then rise in octagonal lanterns, fifty-four feet in height, and then spring into magnificent spires to a further elevation of one hundred and thirty-eight feet. The towers and spires are to be ornamented with buttresses, niches with statues, and pinnacles so arranged as to disguise the change from the square to the octagon. The central gable, between the two towers, will be one hundred and fifty-six feet high. The main entrance will be richly decorated, flanked on either side by a large painted window, and embowered in carved symbols of religion. It is intended to have this structure under roof within ten years.

PARK AVENUE.

This avenue arches the tunnel of the Harlem River Railroad—an excavation through the solid granitic stratum beneath—and extends from Thirty-fourth Street a distance of one-quarter of a mile.

It is one of the healthiest, breeziest portions of the city proper, and a most elegant and select locality. Little or no inconvenience is expe-



Roman Catholic Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue.

rienced from the noise or smoke of the trains of the Harlem River and New Haven Railroads which are almost constantly trundling beneath the broad, well-kept street. The noise is almost entirely deadened by the deep crust of rock and earth, and, as the cars are drawn by horses to nearly three blocks above the upper mouth of the tunnel, no annoyance is created by either the vapor or the hissing of the iron steeds.

In the centre of the avenue, at regular intervals, are neatly-railed oval enclosures of green sod, with a grated hole in the centre of each. These apertures are for the purpose of transmitting daylight to the tunnel beneath, and their efficacy will have been perceived by any one who has made the subterranean passage. Their general arrangement, and the tastefulness with which they have been disguised, as it were, together with the elegant surroundings, give the short, broad avenue something of the air of a London terrace.

The Unitarian Church of the Messiah, occupying a commanding site at the northwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, was only completed a year ago—the dedication taking place in April, 1868—and exhibits in its completion many traits of simple beauty. The archi-

ture may be best expressed as the Rhenish-Gothic style. It is built of brick, with gray sandstone trimmings, covering a space, including the chapel, of 80 by 145 feet. The entrance, on Thirty-fourth Street, is of light-colored stone, elaborately carved, and a little gem as a piece of architecture.

The walls of the interior, which are of plain plaster

at present, will be decorated and painted at some future day; and the ceiling is of the simple pendent order. Including the ground, the



Park Avenue.

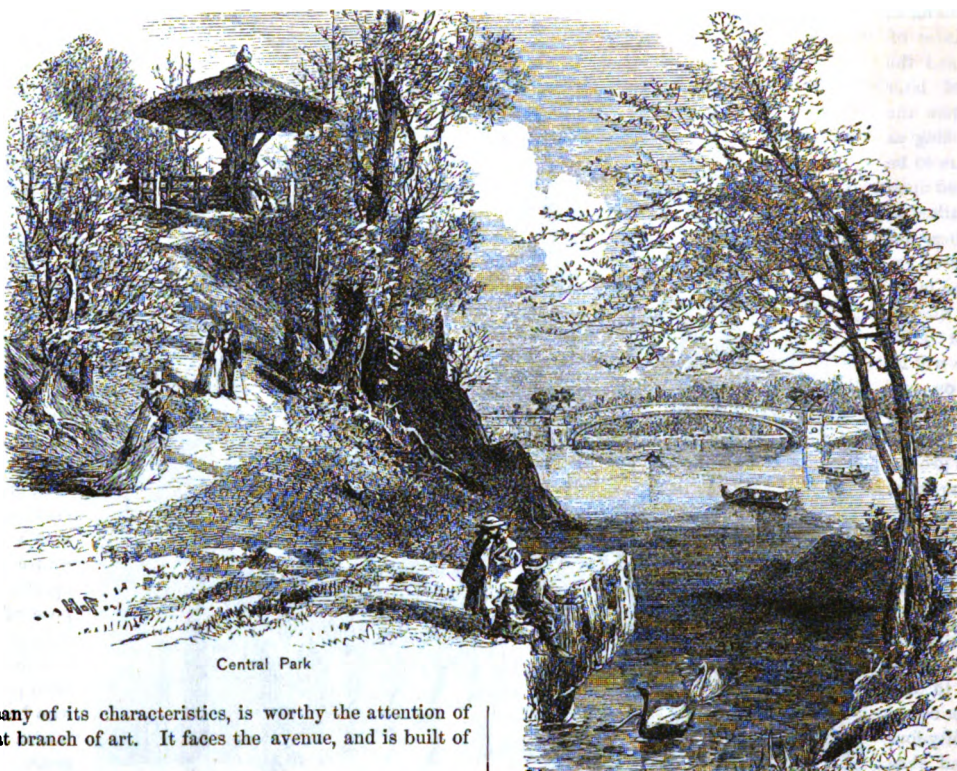
Church of the Messiah was erected at a cost of \$250,000. The Rev. Sam'l Osgood, D. D., is the pastor.

Immediately adjoining the Church of the Messiah, and occupying the avenue block between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets, is the larger and more elaborate Presbyterian Church of the Covenant. Its dedication dates three years prior to that of its neighbor. It is of the Lombardo-Gothic style of architecture, and, in many of its characteristics, is worthy the attention of the student in that branch of art. It faces the avenue, and is built of rich gray-stone.

These two edifices, occupying the most prominent angle of the broad, quiet street, with the adjacent rows of brown-stone dwellings, and here and there a snowy front of marble to relieve the brown sobriety, serve to render this little avenue one of the prettiest and most select in the metropolis. From the northern extremity, a fine view is also afforded of the straight line of the Harlem River Railroad, piercing the deep granite cuts of Yorkville, and stretching away to Harlem Bridge, with a glimpse of Central Park foliage and greenery to the left.

CENTRAL PARK.

There are many public enterprises, intended for the benefit of the city, which mistaken calculations or official corruption have made complete or comparative failures. One, at least, can be presented, which which has more than fulfilled the most sanguine expectations that were ever entertained of it. This notable exception is the Central Park. We call it "Central" Park now; had we done so fifteen years ago, we should have been looked upon as lunatics. Allowing something for the foresight of the projectors who named it, there is likelihood that, in less than a quarter of a century, those who called it "Central" will be regarded as—speaking mildly—short-sighted speculators. But, regarding it as it is now, it is unquestionably the most beautiful park of its age in the world, and, even leaving the matter of age out of the question, it is doubtful if any park can be found to sur-



Central Park

its faults of juvenescence. Its trees may not be as noble in the grandeur of age as those which line the avenues that lead up to the ancestral castles plentiful in Europe; the country is not old enough for that; but what wonders a few years can accomplish have been accomplished in and by the Central Park. It has trees that need not be ashamed to show what they can do in the *sub tegmine fagi* line of business. The

shrubberies are as luxuriant as any at Sydenham or Chatsworth. The lakes are more artistically laid out and bordered than in any rival place of the kind, while the architectural decorations are beyond comparison.

HIGH BRIDGE

The famous High Bridge, which crosses Harlem River at the upper end of the island, and which in reality is a viaduct for conveying the Croton water across this stream, spans the whole width of the valley and river, from cliff to cliff, at a point where the latter is six hun-



High Bridge.

dred and twenty feet wide, and the former a quarter of a mile. It is composed of eight arches, each with a span of eighty feet, and the elevation of the arches gives one hundred feet clear of the river from their lower side. There are, besides these, a number of arches rising from the ground, with an average span of forty-five feet each. The water is led over the bridge, a distance of one thousand four hundred and fifty feet, in immense iron pipes, as great in diameter as the stature of a tall man, and over all is a pathway for pedestrians.

the grounds, on which, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, they would set out together, saying little. The funeral relieved them from the painful artificiality of this seclusion. When they met together after it, it was with faces in which there was neither fear nor hope, that the sons of the dead man appeared. Their father had always been just to them and kind, and they had no reason to expect that he could have been otherwise in the last act of his life. The persons present were Mrs. Renton, Mrs. Westbury, her children Mary and Lawrence, and the three Renton boys; with the lawyer, Mr. Ponsonby, and his clerk, and a few old friends of the family, who had just accompanied them from the grave. They all took their places with a certain aspect of expectation. He might have left a few legacies, more or less, but nobody could doubt what would be the disposal of his principal property. The ladies sat together, a heap of mournful crape, at one end of the room. The whole company was quiet, and languid, and trustful. There was neither excitement nor anxiety in any one's mind—unless, indeed, it was that of Mr. Ponsonby, who did not look at his ease. For the first quarter of an hour he did nothing but clear his throat; then he had a blind pulled up, that he might have light to read with; then he pulled it down, because of a gleam of sun that stole in and worried him. His task was such that he did not like to begin it, or to go through it when began. But with the obtuseness of people who have not their attention directed to a subject, nobody noticed his confusion—he had a cold, no doubt, which made him clear his throat—he was always fidgety—they were not suspicious, and found nothing out.

"I ought to explain first," said Mr. Ponsonby, "I promised my excellent friend and client—my late excellent client—to make a little explanation before I read what must be a painful document, in some points of view. Mr. Ben Renton, I believe your father was particularly anxious that it should be explained for you. He sent for me suddenly last week. It was, alas! only on Friday morning that I came here by his desire. He wanted certain arrangements made. Boys," said Mr. Ponsonby, who was an old friend, turning round upon them, "I give you my solemn word, had I known how little time he would have lived to think it over, or change again, if necessary, I should never have had any hand in it—nor would he—nor would he. Had he thought his time was running so short, he would have made no change."

Then ensued a little movement among the boys, which showed how correct their father's opinion of all the three had been. Frank bent forward with a little wonder in his face, poising in his fingers a paper-knife he had picked up, and looked calmly on as a spectator; Laurie only woke up as it were from another train of thought, and turned his eyes with a certain mild regret toward the lawyer; Ben alone, moved out of his composure, rose up and faced the man, who held, as it seemed, their fate in his hands. "Whatever my father planned will no doubt be satisfactory to us," he said firmly. "You forget that we are ignorant what change was made."

Mr. Ponsonby shook his grizzled head. "It was a great change that was made," he said; "but I will not waste your time with further explanation. As you say, what your excellent father arranged, will, I hope, be satisfactory to you all."

He began to read now, but to an audience much more interested than at first. There was, of course, a long technical preamble, to which Ben listened breathlessly, his lips slightly moving with impatience, and a hot color on his cheeks, and then the real matter in question came.

"Having been led much to think in recent days of the difference between my sons' education and my own, and having in addition a strong sense that without energy no man ever made any mark in this world, I have made up my mind, after much reflection, to postpone the distribution of my property among my children until seven years from the date of my death. In the mean time I appoint my executors to receive all my income and resources from whatever sources—rents, interest on stock, mortgages, and all other investments, as afterward described—and to hold them in trust, accumulating at interest, until the seventh anniversary of my death, when my first will and testament, which I have deposited in the hands of Mr. Ponsonby, shall be read, and my property distributed according to the stipulations therein contained.

"It is also my desire, and I hereby request my said executors to pay to my sons respectively a yearly allowance of two hundred pounds. I do this with the object of affording to my boys the opportunity of

working their own way, and developing their own characters in a struggle with the world, such as every one of their kindred, from the earliest time, has had to do, and has done, with a success of which their own present position is a proof. If they shrink from the trial I put upon them, they will be the first of their name who have ever done so. As to the final distribution of the property, in order that no untimely revelation may be made, I request my executors to retain my will in their possession unopened until the day I have mentioned—the seventh anniversary of my decease."

Up to this moment all the audience had listened breathless, with a mixture of wonder, dismay, and alarm, to this extraordinary document. It is a mild statement of the case to say that it took them by surprise. The boys themselves rose up one after the other to hear the shock which came upon them so unexpectedly, and heard it like men, holding their breath, and clinching their hands to give no outward expression. Ben was the foremost of the three, and it was with him that the struggle was hardest. His pride was wounded to the quick, and it was strong within him. He was wounded too in his love and respect for his father, of whose justice and goodness he had never for a moment till now entertained a doubt. And then he was ruined—so he thought. For the first moment he was stunned by the blow. Seven years! Half a man's life—half of the brightest part of his life—the flower and cream of his existence. By this time dreams had begun to steal into his heart unawares—dreams half inarticulate of the life which his father's heir, the reigning Renton of Renton, would naturally lead, tinged with all tender regrets, and loyal to all memories, but still his own life, master of himself and his lands, and the position his forefathers had made for him. It was not possible that he should be unaware that few young men in England would be better endowed, or have a better start in the world than he. Every thing was open to him—a political career, if he chose, the power of wealth, the thrill of independence, and all the hopes of happiness which move a young man. Even while these visions formed in his mind, they were struck by this sharp stroke of reality, and faded away. He grew pale; the muscles tightened round his mouth; a heavy damp came on his forehead. At one time the room reeled round with him—a mist of pale, eager faces, through which that monotonous voice rose. He was the foremost, and he did not see his brothers. He did not even think of them, it must be confessed. The blow was hardest to him, and he thought of himself.

When, however, the reading reached the point at which we have stopped, Mrs. Westbury, forgetting herself, rose up and rushed to the boys, with a sudden burst of sobs. "Forgive me!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, boys, forgive me! I will never more forgive myself!"

At this interruption Mr. Ponsonby stopped, and all the spectators turned round surprised. Then nature appeared in the three young men. Ben made her a little imperative gesture with his hand. "Aunt Lydia, you have nothing to do with it," he said; "don't interrupt us. We must not detain our friends." Laurie, for his part, took her hand, and drew it through his arm. "We can have nothing to forgive you," he said, compassionately supporting her, having more insight than the rest. Frank, glad for his boyish part to be relieved from this tension of interest by any incident, went and fetched her a chair. "Hush," he said, as the sound of her sobbing died into a half-terrified stillness. And thus they heard it out to the end.

The interruption did them all good. It dispersed the haze of bewilderment that had gathered round the young men. The dust of the ruins falling round them might have blinded them but for this sudden call back to themselves. When all was over, Ben had so far recovered himself as to speak, though his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"We are much obliged to you all for joining us to-day," he said; "I am sure you will excuse my mother, and indeed all of us. She is never very strong. Mr. Ponsonby, I know you are anxious to get back to town."

"But, Ben, my dear fellow, said one of the party, stepping forward and grasping his hand, 'stop a little. It is not any want of respect to your excellent father, but it must have been disease, you know. Such things happen every day. You will not accept this extraordinary rigmarole. He must have been out of his mind!'"

"We are quite satisfied with my father's will; thanks," said Ben, proudly, though with a quiver of his lip, and he looked round for the first time at his brothers. "Quite satisfied," said Laurie, once more, with that look of compassion which seemed uncalled for at the mo-

ment, when he himself was one of the chief persons to be compassionated. "Quite satisfied," echoed Frank, steadily, with wonder in his eyes. Then Mr. Ponsonby interposed.

"Mr. Renton was of perfectly sound mind when he executed this document," he said; "I was with him nearly all day, and went through a great deal of business. I never saw him more clear and business-like. On that point nothing can be said."

"Nothing must be said on any point," said Ben, quickly. "My brothers and myself are satisfied. My father had a perfect right—I would rather not enter into the subject. We are much obliged to our friends all the same."

And thus all remark was peremptorily cut short. The neighbors dispersed, carrying all over the country the news of poor Renton's extraordinary will; of how he must have lost his head; and that Ben and the other boys were Quixotic enough not to dispute it. It was monomania, people said; and everybody knew that monomaniacs were sound on all points but one. Before nightfall there had arisen a body of evidence to prove that Mr. Renton had long been mad on this subject. One man remembered something he had said on one occasion, and another man on a second. He had been mad about his family; and the boys must be mad, too, to bear it. These reports, however, did not break the stillness which had fallen on the manor—a stillness almost more blank than that of death. The sobs of two women, one weeping faintly over her boys' disappointment, the other wildly in self-reproach, were the only sounds that disturbed the calm of the house. The boys themselves were stunned, and for that day, at least, had not the heart to say a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELLA'S DEFEAT.

"BELLA!"

"Well, aunt?"

"Don't talk so loud, my love—you are attracting too much attention."

Bella shrugged her shoulders.

"Dear me, is that all? I suppose you mean that crew of donkeys over there? Really, I don't mind them."

The donkeys referred to were a number of flashily-dressed men, with dyed mustaches—creatures always to be found at watering-places, and especially at Cape May. They were ogling Miss Bella in a free-and-easy sort of way, but the young lady—a thorough representative of the light-hearted "girl of the period"—was not in the least annoyed.

"Drive on a little farther, John," said Bella's aunt, and the carriage moved up the beach, which was vivified with bathers, promenaders, and carriages—all under a blue sky and plenty of sunshine.

Bella Vernon, an heiress and an orphan, under the care of her aunt, Miss Mortimer, had come down to Cape May to pass a portion of the summer, previous to visiting Long Branch. Bella had been "out" three seasons—had gone through the yearly programme of parties—the operas, etc.—had jilted half a dozen lovers, and was in that state of supreme independence and self-possession which so astonishes foreigners, and leads them to form very peculiar notions of American women. Bella was charming, and knew it; she was wealthy, and never forgot it; she had every thing which, according to the world's idea, makes a woman perfectly happy. Yet, she was not happy. After rattling through a whole day and evening of gayety, she would lie awake and sometimes weep a little, and feel extremely lonely. Her thoughts would revert to her half-dozen rejected suitors, for when a woman has nothing better to do, she *thinks*. Bella firmly believed that she had been shamefully treated by these lovers; but the truth of the case was, she was the one who had changed. "Oh, shall I never meet one who will love me faithfully?" whimpered Bella. Yes, *ma chère*, there are plenty of true, brave hearts, who love sincerely, but they are not to be found in your "set," Bella, which is composed of young men who dispense everlasting small-talk, and who never suffer from enlargement of the heart.

Bella found the world of fashion pleasant, because it flattered her. Under the care of her aunt, Miss Mortimer, she was likely to become utterly *blasée* and worldly. She flirted outrageously, and seemed to take delight in making "the fellows" miserable. In short,

Bella was spoiled. Her aunt was a foolish, good-hearted woman, easily flattered, whose care of her niece was any thing but beneficial. The two went fluttering like butterflies through the excitement of the seasons, quite indifferent as to the remarks their independence caused. Bella was considered by staid mammas wild, but her position in society was assured, and she was simply called dashing and eccentric. Being always surrounded by the fashionable young men, she was so unpopular among the girls that she had not even one female friend. This, however, did not distress Bella, who found gentlemen's society infinitely preferable to that of ladies. So the summer days at Cape May passed; and Bella and her aunt, between the bathing hour and the hop, found enough to dispel any unnecessary amount of ennui.

It was during the bathing-hour that Bella, leaning lazily back in the carriage, assured her aunt that she did not mind being looked at. Miss Mortimer, however, seeing the *social status* of the males in question, thought it best to withdraw her beautiful niece from their cool inspection. Bella laughed heartily as the carriage moved on.

"Dear me, aunt," she said, "how timid we are getting! I thought we liked to be admired. I am sure they were looking at you."

"Bella, how can you talk so?"

Bella yawned.

"I wish I could talk sensibly," she said, thoughtfully, after a moment. "I wish I knew one sensible man."

"There is Mr. Grandville."

"Mr. Grandville! An idiot almost!"

"Or Mr. Avery."

"Worse still. They say he poisoned his wife."

"Bella, don't repeat that dreadful scandal!"

"I can't help it, aunt; it was you who told me all about it. Oh, dear, I feel stupid this morning! Oh, the hop last night! That little goose, Martin, wanted me to promenade on the piazza with him, and actually attempted to propose; I believe I went almost to sleep while he was trying to do so. Oh, aunt, look at that big man flopping around in the water like a porpoise. Here comes that stupid Mr. Grandville.—How do you do. Lovely day, isn't it? Why ain't you in bathing? I want to see you swim.—Auntie, do coax Mr. Grandville to go in bathing, won't you?—Are you afraid of taking cold, Mr. Grandville? Too much trouble? A wave might carry you out too far? So it might. Must go? Good-by!—Auntie, there goes your sensible man. I wish you joy of him."

Miss Mortimer was too well accustomed to these tirades to make any remark; and Bella, after yawning again, continued pathetically:

"Aunt Mary, I shall die young—I know I shall."

"What nonsense!"

"You may call it nonsense, but it's the truth. Heigh-ho! There, I am not going to be gloomy any more. Here come your admirers, auntie; what lovely dyed mustaches they have! I wonder if I could gamble?"

Oh, Bella, Bella! A girl of twenty, yet knowing so much! Where was that childlike innocence which is the most beautiful trait in the character of a young girl?

"Auntie, did you ever gamble? No? It seems to me I should like to learn. I wonder if we couldn't have one of those creatures to teach me how? I can't exist unless I have some excitement all the time, and this place is so *stupid*!"

"Bella," said Miss Mortimer, in languid astonishment, "what ails you to-day?"

"I don't know. I've got the blues. There, look at that!"

This remark was occasioned by the sudden flight into the surf of a fan which Bella had been energetically swinging around. A young man who was sauntering past, made a dash into the retreating wave which was carrying off the fan, and succeeded in wetting his feet, but recovered the article. He wiped it carefully with his handkerchief, and handed it to Bella, who, finding him unusually handsome, smiled graciously.

"Thank you," she said. "It wasn't worth the trouble. I am so sorry you got your feet wet! I wish I had a pair of shoes to lend you."

The young man looked slightly surprised at the familiarity with which she addressed him, bowed, and passed on, followed by what Bella intended should be another gracious smile, but which faded suddenly when she saw that she had made no impression upon him.

She lay back in the carriage and pouted, scarcely heeding Miss Mortimer's remark about improper familiarity with people she did not know. For once in a long time, Bella's vanity was hurt. She was accustomed to have men regard her with frank admiration, and when a new-comer failed to do so, she immediately felt slighted.

"I think it is time to go back to the hotel," she said, briefly.

"It's too soon, Bella."

"No matter if it is. Take us back to the hotel, John."

Bella's will was law, and the carriage moved. As it did so, the young man who picked up the fan passed again, without even as much as a glance toward the carriage, although Bella burst into one of those laughs which young ladies indulge in when they wish to attract attention, and at the same time appear unconscious of any one but the other young lady to whom they are talking. Finding the young man did not take the least notice of her, Bella became sulky, while Miss Mortimer, who understood every thing that was going on, thought: "She is getting worse every day. She must be married as soon as possible."

The piazza of the hotel was deserted; so Bella went up to her room, put on a walking-costume, and appeared before her astonished aunt in the parlor.

"Bella," she exclaimed, "where are you going?"

"Out for a tramp. Don't send those boobies after me, or I'll never forgive you."

"But, you are not going alone?"

"Why not? There, don't look so grumpy. I'll be back soon."

Miss Mortimer sank back, resignedly.

"Very well," she said, "but I must say—"

"Don't say any thing. Good-by! To the beach!"

And off she went, avoiding the crowd, and sauntering on very much like a cat in search of a mouse. She was angry, very angry. She had met a man who refused to take any notice of her, and she was consequently on the war-path—determined to make him acknowledge her power! That was settled, and now *marchons!*

On she went in the direction she had noticed he took, but he was not to be seen. The beach was becoming lonely, and any thing but attractive to a fashionable young lady. Bella looked around in dismay. She had gone farther than she intended. At the same time, she uttered a little scream as a fiddler-crab came scrambling over the sand, and she made a quick, violent movement to avoid the creature, and fell. A sharp pain shot through her foot, she attempted to rise, but sank back with a moan. She had sprained her ankle.

"I've done it now!" she said, coolly. "I should like to know how I am to get back to the hotel."

She managed to limp to a dry bank of sand, and looked around courageously, for Bella was no girl of milk-and-water temperament. Nothing was to be seen but the dreary stretch of sand. Nothing was to be heard but the roar of the surf, which broke into foam and crept to her feet.

Bella looked at her watch. It was nearly one o'clock. "I shan't be able to dress for dinner to-day, that's sure," she thought, "and poor Aunt Mary will think I have been drowned, or something equally awful."

She made another effort to walk, but the pain was so intense that she felt faint. "A stimulant would come in pretty well now," thought Bella, and again she looked around—this time more anxiously. Her eyes brightened, she beheld a figure looming up in the distance. It was a man! Bella waved her handkerchief; he saw the signal, quickened his steps, and was soon by her side.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, my foot—sprained—can't move," gasped Bella, the pain becoming more intense, and she looked up.

The young man who had rescued her from the surf stood before her.

The recognition was mutual, but did not seem to please him, for he drew back slightly, and hesitated.

"Why does he dislike me?" thought Bella, and she immediately set about to conquer his aversion by that useful and effective resort—tears.

"Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do?" she sobbed; "I cannot walk."

"I will go for assistance," was the reply, and he made a movement to decamp, but Bella caught him by the coat.

"No, no," she moaned, "you musn't leave me, I shall faint;" and,

firmly resolved the young man *should* support her, she sank back on the sand. Of course, what could he do but raise her, and let her head lean on his shoulder, which very improper proceeding seemed to charm Bella so much that she revived slowly. When she did, she fixed her beautiful eyes upon him, and, in the full consciousness that he was extremely handsome, she murmured:

"I am so sorry to trouble you."

"Pray, don't mention it," he replied, with heightened color, feeling any thing but comfortable. "But, you must not remain here."

"No, of course not. But, what can I do? It is impossible to walk, Mr.—Mr.—what is your name?"

"Morris, George Morris. There is a cottage only a short distance off, where I board, and, if you will permit, I will—"

"Will what?"

"I will—carry you there."

He lowered his eyes and blushed. Bella regarded him curiously.

"What a modest creature it is!" she thought, remembering the time when a certain Adolphus had carried her from the sleigh over the snow to the house—or—but Bella thought no farther.

"You are very kind, Mr. Morris," she said, tranquilly, "and I suppose we had better adopt your plan, only please pick me up gently."

Imagine the feelings of a modest man when about to carry a strange young lady in broad daylight. George was one of the most noble-hearted fellows that ever lived, but timid before women, so that, although he raised her in his strong arms as if she were a child, his knees felt extremely weak, as he moved in the direction he had mentioned.

"Am I very heavy?" asked Bella, confidentially and sweetly.

"No," he replied, scarcely knowing what to say.

"I am so glad. Oh, how my ankle hurts! What would I have done if you had not come?"

"I am glad to be able to serve you," he answered, striding on, but Bella felt that the words were uttered coldly, and it set her to thinking, so that she did not look up until they had reached the cottage.

"Here is a patient for you, Mrs. Brown," called George, entering the house, and depositing his burden in an arm-chair. "I will go for the doctor," and off he went, before Bella could thank him. A jolly old lady bustled in, and soon made her patient as comfortable as she could, and then Bella commenced a series of questions about George. Who was he? Mrs. Brown overflowed in laudation. He was such a noble young man, a clerk in a Philadelphia business house, quite poor, and very proud. "Indeed!" thought Bella. Mrs. Brown endeavored to explain that Mr. Morris had no mean pride, that he was always doing kind actions, that he had helped her when in trouble, and had—

"That will do," interrupted Bella, beginning to tire of hearing such praise bestowed upon the young man who had treated her so cavalierly, and she fell to musing, until she heard the wheels of a carriage at the door, and Miss Mortimer in an hysterical state entered the room, accompanied by the doctor.

"For Heaven's sake, auntie, don't ask any questions or scold me now!" cried Bella, impatiently.—"Good-morning, doctor. You will have to carry me to the carriage.—Good-by, Mrs. Brown, and many, many thanks for your kindness."

She extended her hand to the old lady, and spoke loudly, hoping Mr. Morris might be within hearing, and was then lifted into the carriage, which was about to move, when Bella suddenly asked:

"Where is Mr. Morris?"

The doctor explained that he had not returned with them.

Bella said, "Ah!" then added dryly, "Drive on, John," and the carriage rolled away.

Bella's sprain was not serious, and kept her in her room for a couple of days only, after which she appeared in a basket-chair on the piazza, a beautiful and interesting invalid. During the hours she had passed in her room, she had thought deeply, and finally reached a climax by opening a diary in which were to be entered Bella's secret thoughts about men and things. The following are specimens:

July 20.—Some men seem to take delight in being as disagreeable as they can. For my part, I don't care how they act, but I must say that *some* of them are very rude. That disagreeable creature,

called George Morris, who carried me to Mrs. Brown's cottage—but, pshaw! why should I think about the occurrence?

July 21.—The more I think about Mr. Morris's rude conduct, the more I am displeased with it. Common politeness required that I should thank him, yet the spiteful animal kept out of my sight.

July 22.—George Morris [here the name was scratched out and the diary continued], I overheard Mrs. Eversleigh say the other evening that "I was the wildest girl she had ever met." I wonder—[what followed was erased].

"Auntie," Bella said to Miss Mortimer, several days afterward, "I think I will take a little walk—*alone*, I mean." This was added with emphasis.

"Bella, my dear, pray don't! Your ankle—"

"It is strong enough now."

"But you may—"

"Fall? No—I shall not fall again."

This was said with a tinge of bitterness.

"Bella, how changed you are becoming!"

"Am I, aunt?"

"Yes, you are more quiet, and, I must say, I like you all the better for it."

"Thank you, aunt."

"Now, my dear, to make your reformation complete, I shall look you up a husband."

"Reformation? Have I been so wild as that?"

"Well, y—e—s. There, now, you are angry."

"Oh, no. Have I done any thing a young lady should not do?"

"N—o—that is, not yet—but you are so—so—"

"So bold, I suppose."

"I don't like to call it by that name, Bella, but I think it amounts to that. I have tried to tell you about it, dear, but you did not seem to listen or like it—until— You see, the men are afraid of girls who can stare them out of countenance, and who seem to lack that virtue which is a girl's best attraction—modesty. You are not angry now, Bella, for your eyes, like mine, are filled with tears. My dear, I promised your father I would be your guide, your loving friend, but until now, Bella, I have feared to speak thus, lest you should laugh at my advice and grow wilder. You have a good heart, my darling, and now that I have caught you in your humor, you will think of what I have said—will you not?—and you will profit by it?"

"Yes, aunt, yes."

And Bella quietly went up to her room. For some time she sat motionless. Then she put on her walking-costume, and wended her way—where? From a distance the cottage she was approaching looked very much like Mrs. Brown's, and when that jolly old woman came out to receive her visitor, there was no longer any doubt of it. Mrs. Brown welcomed her cordially, "Mr. Morris will be so glad to see you," she said, while bidding Bella sit in the arm-chair, "and I'll make you a glass of lemonade.—Mr. Morris, Mr. Morris," she called, as she bustled out, "come down!"

A step was heard descending the little stair, and Mr. Morris, calmly smoking a pipe, appeared.

He changed color on seeing Bella, and extinguished the pipe; then, recovering his self-possession, came forward, with politeness which was somewhat forced, and hoped Miss Vernon was well.

"He knows my name," thought Bella. "Good! he has been inquiring about me."

She replied: "Better, Mr. Morris, but not well yet. Don't let me keep you standing. Mrs. Brown is making me a lemonade."

He sat down near her.

"Have you been here long, Miss Vernon?" he asked, feeling he must say something.

"I have this moment arrived," she replied, wilfully misunderstanding him. "I have come to see you, Mr. Morris."

She could not help blushing slightly as she spoke.

"Me?" he said, surprised.

"Yes. Since you would not come to inquire after my health, I—"

"I beg your pardon, I did—that is—not directly, but—"

"Why not directly, Mr. Morris?"

"I had no desire to intrude."

"There is something more than that. Shall I tell you what it is? You do not like me."

He made a deprecating motion.

"You cannot deny it," she said. He did not answer.

"You think me rude—wild—I suppose?" she inquired, blushing so deeply that it must have caused her pain.

"Why force me to make unnecessary confessions?" he replied. "My like or dislike cannot affect you."

"I would rather hear your opinion, for all that," she continued, steadily.

Still, he did not answer. With a sudden movement she looked him full in the face.

"Mr. Morris," she said, "I believe you are good and honorable. I am a young girl who has never known what it is to have the love and protection of a mother. I am an orphan, left to the care of my aunt, a good-hearted, weak woman, who has permitted me to do as I pleased. I am wealthy; I have always had my own way; no one ever presumed to contradict or advise me, and I have become what the world calls a coquette. Until lately, the full force of the accusation never touched me. Now I begin to feel what a life of folly I have led. Tell me, frankly, that I may see myself as the world sees me, what are my faults?"

His lips moved, but he did not speak.

"You think me lacking in modesty?" she persisted, forcing the words out.

Morris drew a long breath.

"Miss Vernon," he said, "you must feel, as I do, that there is a great difference in station between us. I am an obscure clerk—like yourself, an orphan. Were we both poor and struggling to maintain ourselves, we might be friends, and I should then be able to counsel you. But destiny has willed it otherwise, and I am by circumstances so far separated from you that I have no right to offer you advice."

She rose slowly.

"Then you will not be my friend?"

"Your friend? No!"

"Why not?"

"Because I love you; because I have loved you since I first saw you in Philadelphia; because I know that my love is hopeless; this is why I dare not be your friend. Go, now, you have forced my secret from me. Go, and may God bless you and make you happy! Farewell."

Bella was too surprised at first to speak, but after a moment she said, softly:

"You are right. Forgive me for forcing you to confess that which I could not listen to. I—"

"Hush!"

Mrs. Brown stood in the doorway with a couple of glasses of lemonade on a tray. Bella took her glass with a steady hand; George silently declined the one offered him. Bella sipped the drink for a moment, then thanked Mrs. Brown warmly for her kindness, and turned to go.

"Good-day, Mr. Morris," she said, and she felt like extending her hand, but prudence forbade.

"Good-day, Miss Vernon," he said.

His eyes met hers, and she saw in them a world of passionate love. She turned away, and left the cottage softly. "Poor fellow!" she thought, and she sighed.

That evening she refused to go to the hop, and sat with her aunt on the moonlit piazza, very thoughtfully. She treated Miss Mortimer with a tenderness which surprised and touched that lady. That night she wrote in her diary:

"I was much distressed by the communication G. M. made to me to-day. I am sincerely sorry for him. I was wrong to lead him on; but I had resolved to make him like me, little knowing that he lo—[something erased]. . . G. M. has a noble heart, I am sure. I am so sorry we cannot be friends; but he is right, for, of course, I do not [more erased]. . . Oh, dear, I am awfully low-spirited to-night."

The next day Bella had not yet recovered her spirits. She could not rid her mind of the scene at the cottage. She sent Mrs. Brown a silk dress, after which she felt better.

"Bella, my dear," said Miss Mortimer, "what is the matter with you?"

"I am a little low-spirited, auntie, that's all," replied Bella, gently.

She resolved to go to the hop that evening—but every thing seemed so stupid that she would not remain. Once, in glancing toward the crowds which were looking in the windows from the piazza, she

thought she saw Mr. Morris's face, pale and sad, watching her intently. Her heart gave a great jump, and she scarcely knew what she was doing. Her partner, Mr. Grandville, asked her if she had a headache? "Yes, severe headache," she answered; then, shocked for the first time in a long while at having told a fib, she hastily added: "No, no, I am quite well, only weary of the hop."

She left early, and lay awake that night, wondering if George (she unconsciously called him George) were doing the same. The next morning she was sitting on the piazza trying to fix her attention on Miss McGregor's charming novel, "John Ward's Governess," when her aunt approached in a great state of excitement.

"Bella," she said, "have you heard the news? Poor Mr. Grandville was in bathing, and ventured out beyond the breakers; the lifeboat was not on the water, and he would have been drowned, had not a Mr.—dear me, what was the name?—Mr.—Mr. Morris swam out and saved him."

Bella was at that moment thinking of this Mr. Morris, and looked up, startled, when she heard her aunt carelessly mentioning a name which had, within the last few days, become to her so familiar.

"Mr. Morris?" she repeated, awkwardly echoing the name.

"Mr. Grandville, who was—"

"Yes, yes, but Mr. Morris saved him."

"Of course. They are going to make up a purse for him."

"He will not take it."

"Eh? why not?"

"Because—that is—I would not be paid for doing such a thing. It is an insult." And she went up to her room, and paced up and down excitedly. George's heroism seemed to her superb. She pictured to herself the struggles of the drowning man—every one hesitated to go to his aid—a moment more and he will sink, when suddenly a handsome, oh, a remarkably handsome man springs into the surf, buffets the waves! He will be lost; it is death to venture out there! Ah, he sinks; no, no, he has reached the drowning man, holds him firmly, and strikes out for the shore—the people on the beach cheer, the men say "Thank God!" the women dry their tears, and, as the preserver and preserved fall exhausted on the beach, a great shout goes up, and George Morris is the hero of the day!

Bella's eyes flashed; but suddenly she turned pale. What if George should be ill after such exertion, what if he had injured himself in the struggle with the waves? She began to tremble for him, and wring her hands. Oh, dear, dear, what should she do? She could not ask her aunt without causing suspicion. Suspicion? What suspicion? How silly! Yet she did not ask Miss Mortimer, and retired early that night, pleading indisposition. She could not sleep—George's face was constantly before her. At last she sank into a troubled slumber; dreamed that George was dying, and awoke to find her eyes wet with tears. Angry and ashamed, she paced the room until the Catholic church clock struck three, when she retired once more, and finally fell into an unrefreshing sleep.

She scarcely spoke to Miss Mortimer the next morning, and at last left the piazza, after kissing her aunt tenderly.

"Don't be angry with me, auntie," she said, and with that she went to her room. A half-hour after, she donned a walking-dress and went (oh, Bella, Bella!) in the direction of Mrs. Brown's cottage. Her heart beat hard as she approached. The door was half open. She knocked, there was a rustle of a dress, an inner door shut, and Mrs. Brown, with her eyes red, stood before Bella.

"Oh, miss, is it you?" she said, confused; "come in, come in."

Bella entered slowly.

"Is Mr. Morris—well?" she asked.

"Quite well, quite well."

"I would like to see him."

Mrs. Brown's lips quivered.

"Too late, miss," she answered, "he has gone."

"Gone?"

"To Philadelphia. Forgive me, miss, but I fear you've broke his heart. He loved you so."

"Hush! you must not speak in that way." And Bella grasped a chair to support herself, for the room seemed to swim around.

"He—left no—that is—no message for me, I suppose?" she said, after a moment.

"Nothing."

"It is—well—very well."

And having uttered this heroic sentiment, Bella sank into a chair, overcome.

Suddenly she started up. A man's step was heard on the walk. Bella glided behind the door, and George entered.

"I have forgotten my valise," he said, and then stopped, for Bella had shut the door, and stood with her back to it. She held out her hands entreatingly, her eyes were filled with tears, and there was a glory in her face which had never been there before.

"George!" she sobbed.

He put his hand to his head like one in a dream, and his pale face flushed.

"George, I love you! Will you have me?"

And the two young creatures fell into each other's arms, and wept divine tears of joy, while Mrs. Brown put her apron to her eyes, overcome.

"You love me, you love me?" repeated George, over and over again.

Bella's heart was so full of happiness that she at first answered him with sobs, but after a while she whispered "Yes, yes," to his passionate questions, and called him her hero, her own!

"But your aunt!" said George; "what will she say?"

"She will ask you to forgive her for playing the eavesdropper, and then say Heaven bless you both," replied a voice, and Miss Mortimer stood on the threshold of the inner apartment.

"Yes," she said, slowly coming forward, "I have been weeping in there, and praying that you might be happy. Mrs. Brown has told me all, and I can only say, love Mr. Morris, Bella; he is worthy of you."

"Aunt, dear aunt," cried Bella, as she kissed her, "I have at last found a true heart who loves me more than I deserve. But George will teach me to correct my faults, and the world will witness the wonderful transformation of a wild, thoughtless girl into a faithful, loving wife."

SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWES.

II.

THE STUDIO.

May 2d.

I ASKED Mr. Powers this morning to what he attributed the superiority of the Greeks in sculpture.

To their superior powers of analysis (he replied), and the fact that their sculptors appear to have been philosophers and logicians, as well as artists. They analyzed every thing to which they applied themselves at all, and had learned reasons for every thing they did. They guessed at nothing. Their sculpture was based on anatomy, carried to the finest knowledge, and, if we had their current literature, we should probably find in it the keenest discussions and controversies respecting details and the curve of lines which, to a less careful and sensitive people, would seem wholly superfluous. In short, the Greeks based art on knowledge, and took infinite pains to apply knowledge to art. There was no dash, no blind inspiration, no trusting to feeling alone, in their sculpture. They knew what they were after, and sought it with unwearied diligence and pains. There are a precision and a delicacy, a science and a skill, in their productions, which we have to emulate from a great distance.

Another point. The Greeks, although they had a dim sense only of the inner life, and of that spiritual independence of the soul which Christianity has taught us, had the highest appreciation of what was distinctively human in man, considered as a member of the animal kingdom. For instance, man is the only animal that has a real nose or chin. Horses have faces that are all nose, swine have snouts, and elephants trunks; lions have vast smelling organs; but none of them any thing that can be separated from their faces, and properly called a nose. It is even more true of the chin, that it is peculiar to man. Again: the noses of *animals* point forward or upward; man's

points to the ground. The Greeks estimated these distinctions at their full value, and gave the highest expression of the human to their works by attending to them. Not that they appreciated personal character, or individual men and women, as we do. They never gave that expression to the human countenance which moderns have learned to do in the school of Christian experience and reverence for the human soul. There are evidently excellent portrait-busts in Greek sculpture, but they paid little attention to the modelling of the head, usually treating it, and the hair too, in a conventional way. They did not seem to consider the brain so much the seat of thought, and the exclusive home of the soul, as we moderns do, and this had its advantages as well as its disadvantages.

Look at Phidias's head of Jove! Clearly the aim is not to give an intellectual idea of the King of the Gods, but only an idea of his tremendous power. Phidias wisely chose the lion as the type of strength in the animal world, and, without forgetting the strictly human, he has managed, in Jove's head, to suggest the face and mane of a lion, without impairing its human qualities. Immense power, self-confidence, and repose, with magnanimity and dignity, are all conveyed in this masterly work. But moderns would not be content with such an expression of divinity. They would require intellectual and moral qualities to supersede these physical ones.

How much idealizing of Nature, Mr. Powers, do you attempt? (I inquired.)

Nature (he replied) is always so far beyond my utmost reach, that if I can approach her a little nearer every day, I must be satisfied. As for attempting to reach up and put a crown upon her head, I should as soon dream of flying. It seems to me a kind of blasphemy to talk or think of improving upon Nature. Yet, although Nature excels infinitely, she does not often bring her perfections close together. Thus, I have seen eyes which, if I should strive forever, I could not equal, but I have never seen a face which I thought perfectly human; I have seen fingers that were finer than any I could model; but I never met yet a perfect hand! I never saw an absolutely satisfactory nose! I have made studies of so many hundred eyes, noses, and mouths, that I think I have found out what Nature intends in those organs. I can now model either of them without copying, but it took me a great while to learn how—so subtle are the lines—even in the commonest eye or mouth. But when it comes, as in ideal creations, to bringing the scattered perfections of the human form together, then one discovers that it will not answer to take an eye from this head, and a mouth from that; a hand here, and an arm there! There is a harmony in Nature which must be strictly considered; and the artist, creating his ideals, must work out the parts from a central thought and feeling, in which his memory of the perfections he has seen in all human bodies, will lend him aid and inspiration. "Buy me a horse," says a king to his most trusted knight of the stables; "take your own time, and spare no expense—but, remember, it is a *horse* I demand." A year passes by. The king calls for his horse. "Many fine horses' heads, some excellent legs, a few capital barrels of horses, have I seen, your majesty, but a horse I have not yet found!" One must wait still longer for a man!

When I was just beginning my profession, I undertook to mould the bust of General Jackson, then President. After I had finished it, Mr. Edward Everett brought Baron Krudener, minister from Prussia, to see it. The baron had a great reputation as a critic of art. He looked at the bust, deliberately, and said: "You have got the general completely: his head, his face, his courage, his firmness, his identical self; and yet it will not do! You have also got all his wrinkles, all his age and decay. You forget that he is President of the United States, and the idol of the people. You should have given him a dignity and elegance he does not possess. You should have employed your *art*, sir, and not merely your *nature*." I did not dare, in my humility and reverence for these two great men, to say what I

wanted to in reply; to tell the baron (for Mr. Everett was silent) that my "art" consisted in concealing art, and that my "nature" was the highest art I knew or could conceive of. I was content that the "truth" of my work had been so fully acknowledged, and the baron only confirmed my resolution to make truth my model and guide in all my future undertakings. I wrote Mr. Everett, many years after, reminding him of this interview, and also remarking on his silence at the time. He wrote me frankly that his silence was caused by his consciousness of a very poor right to speak on such a subject, but that he had often pondered it since, and had come to the deliberate conclusion that the baron was wrong in his criticism and counsel. If I have since done any thing in my art (said Powers), it is due to my steady resistance to all attempts to drive me from my love and pursuit of the truth.

John Quincy Adams sat to me about the same time, and, feeling the vastness of his learning, I avoided talking to him about matters where I feared to betray my own ignorance; but I thought I might venture to tell him an anecdote about one of the great painters, which I flattered myself he had not heard. He listened very patiently, and with courteous interest, to my story, and then said: "Yes, it's a capital story, but allow me to correct a few errors of memory in your way of telling it," and then went on to give it with the most surprising fulness and accuracy, as if he had been reading it only that very morning. I never again presumed upon Mr. Adams's ignorance of any thing.

How far (I inquired) do you think powerful friends or fortunate circumstances can lift a commonplace artist into success and fame?

They can do a great deal at a short heat, but, in a long one, only real merit can win. I have known men of mediocre talents enjoy, for as much as eight years, a factitious reputation, and then fall into contempt. Novelty, boldness, taking the public on some side in which its judgment is not formed, may give temporary success. Critics, distinguished only in literature, but whose opinions are mistakenly valued when they come to speak of art, about which they may know little, may, for a while, write up an artist. His personal qualities may make him popular; or an artist's antecedents—his family, fortune, or political friends, may advance him; his city or town may be proud of him; or sex itself may become a source of adventitious charm, but, in the end—and the end is not remote—nothing but merit, the power to please and instruct and satisfy a larger public, and an unbiassed one, can give an artist permanent fame or place.

It is in vain for souls that have not a burning passion for art, to expect success in it. A man whose nature will allow him to be any thing else, ought not to be an artist. It requires such persistency, devotion, and labor, to achieve a useful career, that only a devouring passion for the vocation can sustain a man in it. I have discouraged many a young man, from mere humanity, from devoting his lukewarm gifts and half-proclivities to art, who has thought me very cruel until a few years of trial have wrung from him the confession that he had now learned the wisdom and kindness of my advice.

Houdon was the best sculptor of his day. His Washington is a marvellous head, and his Bruno in St. Maria dei Angeli, at Rome, as truthful and as beautiful as any modern statue.

I asked Mr. Powers whether he thought the eye or the mouth the most expressive feature.

They express different things. The eye is the *window* of the soul, the mouth the *door*. The intellect, the will, are seen in the eye; the emotions, sensibilities, and affections, in the mouth. The animals look for man's intentions right into his eyes; even a rat, when you hunt him and bring him to bay, looks you in the eye. But it is not in the *ball* of the eye, specially, that expression is seated, rather in the lid and muscles about it, including the brow. It is the forms the muscles about the eye take that decides the significance of a look. Sculpture loses only ill-lusiveness in being unable to color the eye; it loses no expres-

sion. The ball of the eye is too commonly treated as if it were a regular sphere. It is really a small sphere, bulging a little out of a larger one, like a hillock on a hill, or a half-pea on an olive.

MY FLOWER.

A S late, away from haunts of men,
I strayed to while a weary hour,
I found within yon lonely glen
A little flower.

No perfumed voice the leaves distilled
To tell its gentle presence there;
Yet with a nameless charm it filled
The ambient air.

No flaunting colors braved the sun,
No vain effulgence shocked the sight;
But round its timid form there shone
A modest light.

To care unknown, by friends unwooded,
It seemed a pearl retired from view,
To grace alone the solitude
Wherein it grew.

I paused to think in deep distress,
That this sweet gem might perish there,
And no lone heart should e'er possess
A boon so rare.

Just then, a vast and threat'ning cloud
Portentous o'er the zenith passed;
The little trembler lowly bowed,
To shun the blast.

And, fearful, lest some nameless harm
Was brooding o'er its dainty head,
I gathered forth the fragile charm,
And homeward sped.

And now, transplanted to my heart,
'Tis sheltered safe from storm or gloom,
And long as love may life impart
My flower shall bloom.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*

OR,

BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

VII.

WHAT REASONS CAN A DOUBLOON HAVE FOR KEEPING BAD COMPANY AMONG TWOPENNY PIECES?

A DIVERSION occurred unexpectedly.

The Tadcaster Inn was more and more a furnace of fun and laughter. Never was there a gayer tumult. The inn-keeper and his boy were not equal to pouring out the ale, the stout, and the porter. At night, the lower hall, all its windows streaming with light, had not one empty table. They sang, they shouted. The grand old fireplace, with a back like an oven, and its iron grate, heaped up with coal, blazed high. It was like a mansion of warmth and resounding merriment.

In the court-yard, that is to say, in the theatre, the crowd was greater still.

All the people that the suburb of Southwark could turn out came in such crowds to the representations of *Chaos Conquered*, that as soon as the curtain was raised, that is to say, as soon as the panel of the Green-Box was lowered, it was impossible to find a seat. The windows overflowed with spectators; the balcony was invaded. One could no longer see a single paving-stone of the court; every part was filled with human faces.

Only the compartment for the nobility remained always empty.

This made, in the centre of the balcony, a black void, which was called, in a slang metaphor, "the oven." Nobody there. Everywhere else, but there, an immense crowd.

One evening it contained somebody.

It was Saturday, the day when the English rush to amuse themselves, having to bore themselves on Sunday. The hall was full.

We say hall. Shakespeare, also, for a long time, had for his theatre only the court-yard of an inn, and he called it hall.

At the moment when the curtain was withdrawn upon the prologue of *Chaos Conquered*—Ursus, Homo, and Gwynplaine being on the stage—Ursus, as was his habit, threw a glance at the spectators, and received a shock.

The compartment "for the nobility" was occupied.

A woman was seated, alone, in the middle of the box, on an arm-chair of Utrecht velvet.

She was alone, and she filled the box.

Certain creatures have a dazzling splendor. This woman, like Dea, had a brightness of her own, but different. Dea was pale; this woman was rosy. Dea was the early dawn; this woman was the morning. Dea was lovely; this woman was superb. Dea was innocence, candor, whiteness, alabaster; this woman was the purple, and you felt that she did not fear blushing. Her radiance overflowed the box, and she sat in the centre, motionless, as though she were some full-blown idol.

In the midst of this dirty crowd, she had the superior sparkle of the carbuncle; she flooded the people with so much light that she drowned them in shadow, and all these obscure faces underwent an eclipse. Her splendor had effaced every thing.

All eyes were upon her.

Tom-Jim-Jack mingled with the crowd. He disappeared with the rest, in the nimbus of this radiant person.

The woman absorbed, at the outset, public attention, made a competition with the play, and injured a little the earlier effects of *Chaos Conquered*.

However much she resembled a dream, she was real to those who were near her. She was indeed a woman. Perhaps she was too much a woman. She was tall and robust, and magnificently exhibited herself as nude as she well could be. She wore heavy ear-rings of pearls, set together with those curious jewels called "keys of England." Her skirt was of muslin of Siam, embroidered with gold threads, indicating the greatest luxury, since such muslin dresses cost at that time six hundred crowns. A large diamond agrafe fastened her chemisette, which was on a line with her bosom, according to the lascivious fashion of the age, and which was made of that Friesland cambric whereof Anne of Austria had sheets so fine that they were drawn through a finger-ring. This woman wore—like a cuirass of rubies—uncut gems and precious stones sewed all over her bodice. Besides, her eyebrows were darkened with Indian ink; and her arms, her elbows, her shoulders, her chin, under her nostrils, under her eyelids, the lobes of her ears, the palms of her hands, the tips of her fingers, were touched with rouge, and had a certain warm and exciting effect; and above all this was a determined will to be lovely. She came very near being a savage. She was a panther, with the capacity

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

of being a cat, and of fondling. One of her eyes was blue; the other was black.

Gwynplaine, like Ursus, looked attentively at this woman.

The Green-Box was something of a phantasmagoria, *Chaos Conquered* was more a charm than a play, and they had been wont to produce upon the public the effect of a vision. On this occasion the effect of a vision was produced in turn upon them; the house gave back the surprise to the stage, and it was their time to be startled. They experienced the ricochet of fascination.

The woman looked at them, and they looked at her.

To them, in the distance where they were, and in that luminous mist which constitutes the adumbration of a theatre, details were not distinguishable, and it was like an illusion. It was a woman beyond a doubt; but was it not also a phantom? This burst of light upon their darkness bewildered them. It was like the appearance of a strange planet. She had come from the realm of the blest. Her radiancy heightened the effect of her person. She had around her the scintillations of the night, like a Milky Way. Those jewels resembled the stars. That diamond agrafe was perhaps a Pleiad. The glorious modelling of her bosom was supernatural. Seeing this starry creature, one experienced the thrilling sensation of being momentarily about to enter the celestial regions. It was from the recesses of a paradise, that this face of imperturbable repose had leaned down upon the shabby Green-Box and its wretched patrons. Curiosity of the highest rank, which satisfied itself, and gave food for the curiosity of the rabble. The lofty suffered the low to look at it.

Ursus, Gwynplaine, Vinos, Fibi, the crowd—all felt the power of this dazzlement, save Dea, ignorant of it in her darkness.

There was, in this presence, something of the apparition; but none of the ideas which the word ordinarily suggests were realized in this figure; she had nothing transparent, nothing indefinite, nothing floating, nothing vaporous; it was a fresh and ruddy apparition, in sound health. Nevertheless, under the optical conditions in which Ursus and Gwynplaine were placed, it was like a vision. Those gross phantoms, that we call vampires, do exist. The pretty queen, who herself is a vision to the multitude, and who eats up thirty millions a year, at the expense of her poor subjects, has just such health as this.

Behind the woman, in shadow, might be seen her attendant lad, *el moso*, a little babyish man, fair and pretty, with a serious expression. A very young and very surly groom was the fashion of the period. The boy was dressed from top to toe in flame-colored velvet, and wore a skull-cap trimmed with gold lace, with a tuft of tailor-bird feathers, a mark of aristocratic servitude, indicating the valet of a very great lady.

The lackey is a part of the lord, and it was impossible not to remark, in the shadow of this woman, this train-bearing page. The mind often makes notes without our knowledge; and, though Gwynplaine was not aware of it, the round cheeks, the grave look, the gold-laced cap, and the tuft of tailor-bird feathers of this lady's boy, left some impression on him. Beyond this, the groom did nothing to cause himself to be observed. To attract attention is to forfeit respect; and he remained standing and passive at the end of the box, as far withdrawn as the closed door would admit.

Although the manikin trainbearer was there, the woman was none the less alone in the compartment, seeing that a valet does not count.

Powerful as had been the sensation created by this person, who produced the effect of a grand personage, the closing scene of *Chaos Conquered* was more powerful still. The effect was, as usual, irresistible. There had been in the hall, perhaps by reason of this radiant looker-on—since sometimes the spectator enhances the spectacle—an excess of electric excitement. The contagion of Gwynplaine's laugh was more triumphant than

ever. The whole audience went into fits in an indescribable epilepsy of exhilaration, wherein you might distinguish the leading, ringing laugh of Tom-Jim-Jack.

Only the young stranger, who looked on the spectacle with the immobility of a statue and the eyes of a phantom, did not laugh.

A spectre, but a solar light.

The exhibition over, the panel put up, the privacy of the interior of the Green-Box reestablished, Ursus opened and emptied on the supper-table the bag of twopenny pieces, among which rolled out suddenly an ounce of Spanish gold.

— From her! cried Ursus.

This ounce of gold in the midst of the verdigrised pennies was, in effect, this woman in the midst of the people.

— She has paid a doubloon for her place! repeated Ursus, enthusiastically.

At this moment the innkeeper entered the Green-Box, passed his arm through the window-frame, opened in the wall against which the Green-Box leaned a sliding pane, of which we have spoken, which afforded a sight of the fair-ground, and which was at the same height as the window, and made a sign to Ursus to look out. A carriage, set off with plumed lackeys bearing torches, and drawn by a magnificent team, was moving off at a fast trot.

Ursus respectfully took the doubloon between his thumb and forefinger, showed it to Nicless, and said:

— She is a goddess.

Then his eyes fell on the carriage just turning the corner of the ground, and on its top, where the torches of the valets lighted up a coronet of gold with eight fleurons, and he cried out:

— She is more. She is a duchess.

The carriage disappeared. The sound of the wheels died away.

Ursus remained for some minutes in an ecstatic state, elevating the doubloon between his two fingers, converted into a monstrosity, such as they use for the elevation of the host.

Then he laid it on the table, and looking at it began to speak of "the lady." The innkeeper made reply. It was a duchess. Yes. They knew her title. But her name? This they did not know. Master Nicless had seen close at hand her carriage all emblazoned, and her lackeys all gold-laced. The coachman wore a wig that would make you think him the lord-chancellor. The carriage was of that unfrequent pattern known in Spain as the *cochetumbon*, a splendid variety, with a top like a tomb, which was a famous support for a coronet. The boy-valet was a sample of humanity so small, that he could seat himself on the step of the carriage outside the door. They employ these pretty little fellows to carry the ladies' trains; they also carry their messages. And did you remark the boy's tuft of tailor-bird feathers? Here's grandeur. Whoever wears these tailor-bird feathers, without the right, pays a heavy fine. Master Nicless had also seen the lady, quite close at hand. A sort of queen. So much do riches lend to beauty. The skin is whiter, the eye more flashing, the bearing more noble, the beauty more insolent. Nothing can equal the impertinent elegance of hands that do not work. Master Nicless recounted this magnificence of the fair skin with the blue veins, that neck, those shoulders, those arms, that rouge everywhere, those pearl-drops, that head-dress of powdered gold, that profusion of precious stones, those rubies, those diamonds.

— Less brilliant than the eyes, muttered Ursus.

Gwynplaine was silent.

Dea listened.

— And do you know, said the innkeeper, what is most astonishing?

— What? demanded Ursus.

— It is that I saw her get into her carriage.

— What of that?

— She did not get in alone.

— Bah!

— Somebody got in with her.

— Who?

— Guess.

— The king, said Ursus.

— In the first place, said Master Nicless, there is no king just now. We are not under a king. Guess who got into the carriage with that duchess.

— Jupiter, said Ursus.

The innkeeper replied:

— Tom-Jim-Jack.

Gwynplaine, who had not uttered a word, broke silence.

— Tom-Jim-Jack! cried he.

There was an interval of suspense, in which you might have heard Dea say:

— Can't we prevent that woman's coming here?

VIII.

SYMPTOMS OF POISONING.

THE "apparition" did not come back.

She did not come back to the show, but she came back to Gwynplaine's mind.

To a certain extent, Gwynplaine was troubled.

It seemed to him that, for the first time in his life, he had seen a woman.

All at once, it occurred to him to dream strangely—in itself almost a fall. We should be on our guard against the revery that lays its hold upon us. The mystery and the subtlety of an odor are in revery. It is to thought what the perfume is to the tuberoses. It is sometimes the expansion of a poisonous idea, and it has the penetrating power of smoke. You may poison yourself with reveries, as with flowers. Suicide intoxicating, exquisite, and sinister!

The suicide of the soul is to think evil. Therein is the poisoning. Revery entices, inveigles, lures, enwraps, and then makes of you its accomplice. It makes you its partner in the tricks that it plays upon conscience. It charms you. Then it corrupts you. That may be said of revery which is said of gambling. You begin by being a dupe; you finish by being a cheat.

Gwynplaine dreamed.

He had never seen Woman.

He had seen her shadow in all the female populace; in Dea he had seen her soul.

Now he had seen her reality.

A skin, warm and living, under which might be felt the ebb and flow of an impassioned blood—forms that had the precision of marble and the undulation of the wave—a countenance supercilious and impassible, mingling refusal with allurements, and epitomized in radiance—hair colored as though reflected from a conflagration—an indelicacy of attire, having in itself, and inciting, the tremor of voluptuousness—a suspicion of nudity, betraying a disdainful wish to be possessed at arm's length by the crowd—an impregnable coquetry—an impenetrable charm—temptation made piquant by foreseen perdition—a promise to the senses, and a menace to the spirit—a double anxiety, one half of which is desire, and the other half is fear; this is what he had seen. He had seen a woman.

He had seen more and less than a woman—a female.

And at the same time an Olympian.

A female of a god.

That mystery, sex, had been manifested to him.

And where? In the inaccessible.

At an infinite distance.

Mocking destiny! The soul, that thing celestial, he held it; he had it in his hand—it was Dea. The sex, that thing terrestrial, he perceived in the topmost height of heaven—it was that woman.

A duchess.

More than a duchess, Ursus had said.

How lofty a battlement!

A very dream would recoil before any attempt to scale it.

Was he going to be mad enough to dream of this unknown woman? He debated it within himself.

He recalled all that Ursus had said to him touching these exalted and quasi-royal existences. The philosopher's wanderings, that had seemed to him superfluous, became for him landmarks of meditation. We have often in our memories only a very thin coating of forgetfulness, which, on occasion, reveals suddenly that which is underneath. He portrayed to himself that august world, the lordly estate, whereof was this woman, inexorably superimposed upon that lowest world, the people, whereof he was himself. And was he, even, of the people? Was he not, he, the mountebank, lower than that which is the lowest? For the first time since he had reached the age of reflection, his heart was oppressed by the meanness, that in our day we should call abasement. The pictures and the details of Ursus, his lyrical inventories, his dithyrambs on country seats, parks, fountains, and colonnades, his displays of wealth and power, came to life again in Gwynplaine's thought, standing out as something real in a cloudy setting. He was possessed by this climax. That a man could be a lord seemed to him chimerical. So it was, nevertheless. Incredible fact. There were lords; but were they, like ourselves, of flesh and bone? That was doubtful. He felt that he himself was in the depth of the shadow, with a wall around him; and he perceived in the supreme distance above his head, as though through the opening of a well wherein he might be, that dazzling medley of azure and of forms and of rays, that constitutes Olympus. In the midst of this glory, the duchess was resplendent.

The need of this woman, that he felt, was an indescribable compound of the strange and the impossible.

And, despite himself, this poignant contrariety returned unceasingly to his mind: the seeing the soul beside him, within his reach, in a limited and tangible reality—the flesh, in the unseizable, in the very depths of the ideal.

No one of these his thoughts was clearly defined. There was as it were a mist within him. It changed its form every moment, as it floated; but its obscurity was profound.

Beyond this, the idea of any thing herein, in any degree approachable, did not at once ruffle his mind. He sketched not, even in his dreams, any movement upward toward the duchess. Happily for him.

The trembling of such ladder-steps, when once the foot is set upon them, may settle forever in the brain. You think you are mounting to Olympus, and you reach Bedlam. A distinct longing, had it taken form in him, would have terrified him. He experienced nothing of the kind.

Besides, would he ever see this woman again? Probably not. To be smitten by a light that streams on the horizon—madness goes not beyond that point. Making eyes at a star—strictly speaking, you can understand that; you see it again; it reappears; it is fixed. But how can any one be enamoured of a flash of lightning?

He had as it were a pass-rope of dreams. The idol in the centre of the box, majestic and seductive, was drawn luminously with the stomp on the surface of his conceits; then it was effaced. He thought of it, thought no more of it, occupied himself with something else, and returned to it again. He underwent a delusion—nothing more.

This hindered him from sleeping for several nights. Sleeplessness is as full of dreams as slumber.

It is almost impossible to convey in their exact limits the abstruse evolutions that take place in the brain. The inconvenience of words is, that they have a more definite shape than ideas. All ideas merge into each other at their edges; words do not. A certain vague nook of the soul always escapes them. Expression has its boundaries; thought has none.

Such is the sombre immensity within us, that what passed in

Gwynplaine scarcely came in contact with Dea, in his mind. Dea was in the centre of his soul, sainted. Nothing could come near her.

And, nevertheless—the human mind being made up of these contradictions—there was a conflict within him. Was he aware of it? Barely.

In the spiritual tribunal within him, at the spot where fracture is possible—we all have that spot—he felt a collision of feeble desires. For Ursus it would have been simple; for Gwynplaine it was indistinct.

Two instincts, the one ideal, the other sexual, combated within him. Such struggles are there between the angel of whiteness, and the angel of blackness, on the bridge of the bottomless pit.

In the end, the black angel was thrown down.

One day, all at once, Gwynplaine thought no more of the unknown woman.

The combat between the two principles, the duel between his celestial and his terrestrial impulses, had taken place in his own innermost recesses, and at such depth that he had but a very confused perception of it.

What is certain is, that he had not ceased for a minute to adore Dea.

There had been in him a disorder, and far advanced. His blood had had a fever; but it was ended. Dea alone remained.

Any one would have astonished Gwynplaine greatly, who had told him that Dea could have been for a moment in danger.

In a week or two, the phantom, that had seemed to menace these two souls, had faded away.

There was no longer any thing in Gwynplaine, but the heart—a hearth, and love—a flame.

Furthermore, as we have said, the duchess had not returned.

Ursus found this quite natural. The “lady of the doubloon” is a phenomenon. It enters, pays, and vanishes. It would be too much of a fine thing, that it should come back.

As for Dea, she made not even an allusion to this woman who had gone by. She listened probably, and was sufficiently informed by sighs from Ursus, and, here and there, by some significative exclamation, such as—“It doesn’t rain gold every day!” She spoke no more of “the woman.” Therein was a profound instinct. The soul takes these obscure precautions, into the secret of which it has not always itself entered. To hold one’s tongue about any one seems equivalent to sending that person away. In making inquiries, one fears to summon back. We keep silence thereupon, as we would shut a door.

The incident was forgotten.

Was there even any thing in it? Had it really occurred? Could it be said that a shadow had floated between Gwynplaine and Dea? Dea did not know it, and Gwynplaine knew it no more. No. There had been nothing. The duchess herself was outlined in the dim distance, like an illusion. It was but a minute’s dreaming traversed by Gwynplaine, and from which he had emerged. A revery dissipated, like a fog dissipated, leaves no trace; and, the cloud passed away, love is no more diminished in the heart than the sun in the sky.

IX.

ABYSSUS ABYSSUM VOCAT.

ANOTHER figure had disappeared—and that was Tom-Jim-Jack. He ceased abruptly to come to the Tadcaster Inn.

Persons, so situated as to see both sides of the elegant life of the great London lords, might have noted perhaps that, at the same period, the *Weekly Gazette*, between two extracts from parish registers, announced “the departure of Lord David Dirry-Moir, by order of her Majesty, to resume the command of his frigate, in the White Squadron cruising on the coast of Holland.”

Ursus perceived that Tom-Jim-Jack did not come any more; the fact preoccupied him much. Tom-Jim-Jack had not reappeared, since the day when he went off in the same carriage

with the “lady of the doubloon.” An enigma truly was this Tom-Jim-Jack, who carried off duchesses with extended arms. What an interesting investigation to be made! What questions to be propounded! How much to be said! That is why Ursus did not say a word.

Ursus, who had seen life, knew what smarting a rash curiosity may occasion. Curiosity should always be proportioned to the curious individual. In listening, you risk the ear; in watching, you risk the eye. It is prudent to hear nothing and to see nothing. Tom-Jim-Jack had mounted into that princely carriage, and the public-house keeper had witnessed his ascension. That sailor seating himself by the side of that lady had an air of prodigy about it that made Ursus circumspect. The caprices of upper life should be held sacred by the lower class. All those reptiles, who are called the poor, have nothing better to do than to cower down in their holes when they perceive any thing extraordinary. To keep snug is a necessity. Shut your eyes, if you have not the happiness to be blind; stop your ears, if you have not the luck to be deaf; paralyze your tongue, if you lack the perfection of being dumb. The great are what they choose to be; the small are what they can be; let the unknown go by. Don’t let us importune mythology; don’t let us worry apparitions; let us have a profound respect for images! Don’t let us direct our tittle-tattle toward the shrinkings or the enlargements that take place in the regions above us, for motives of which we are ignorant. These, for us puny creatures, are for the most part optical illusions. Metamorphoses are the affair of the gods; transformations and disintegrations, of the grand contingent personages who float above us, are clouds impossible to comprehend and perilous to study. Too much scrutiny vexes the Olympians in their evolutions of amusement or fantasy; and a thunderstroke may disagreeably teach you that the bull, whom you have examined too curiously, is Jupiter. Do not let us draw half-open the neutral-tinted curtain-folds of the powerful, who are to be dreaded. Indifference is intelligence. Do not budge; that is wholesome. Sham dead, and they won’t kill you. Such is the insect’s wisdom. Ursus practised it.

The innkeeper, puzzled on his side, interrogated Ursus one day.

—Do you know that we don’t see Tom-Jim-Jack any more?

—Ah, said Ursus, I had not noticed it.

Master Nicless made some remark in a low tone, without doubt upon the mixing-up of the ducal carriage with Tom-Jim-Jack—an observation probably irreverent and dangerous, to which Ursus took pains not to listen.

Ursus, nevertheless, was too much an artist not to regret Tom-Jim-Jack. He experienced a certain degree of disappointment. But he confided his impressions to Homo only, the sole confidant of whose discretion he felt sure. He whispered into the wolf’s ear:

—Since Tom-Jim-Jack has ceased coming, I feel a void as a man, and a chill as a poet.

This outpouring into the heart of a friend comforted Ursus.

He remained walled up with Gwynplaine, who, on his side, made no allusion to Tom-Jim-Jack.

In fact, a little more or less of Tom-Jim-Jack made no difference to Gwynplaine, absorbed in Dea.

Forgetfulness had taken hold of Gwynplaine, more and more. Dea herself did not even suspect that a vague commotion had taken place. At the same time there was no more talk of cabals and complaints against “The Man Who Laughs.” Hatred seemed to have let go its hold. All had subsided within the Green-Box and around the Green-Box. No more humbug, nor strolling players, nor priests. No outside grumbling. They had the success, without the menace. Destiny gives sometimes this sudden serenity. The shining bliss of Gwynplaine and of Dea was, for the moment, absolutely without a shadow. It had mounted little by little to that point, where nothing can be

added to it. There is a word that expresses such situations—apogee. Happiness, like the sea, reaches its high-water. The disquieting fact for the perfectly happy is, that the sea goes down again.

There are two modes of being inaccessible—the being very high, and the being very low. At least as much perhaps as the former, the latter is desirable. More surely than the eagle escapes the arrow, the animalcule escapes crushing. This security of littleness, we have already remarked, if any one had it upon earth, was enjoyed by those two beings, Gwynplaine and Dea; but never had it been so complete. They lived more and more, one through the other, one in the other, ecstatically. The heart saturates itself with love, as with a divine salt that preserves it; thence the incorruptible binding together of those who have loved each other from the dawn of life, and the freshness of olden loves prolonged.

There is such a thing as embalming love. It is from Daphnis and Chloe that Philemon and Baucis are made. That sort of old age, the similitude of the evening to the dawn, was evidently reserved for Gwynplaine and for Dea. In the mean while, they were young.

Ursus regarded this love, as a doctor makes his clinical inspection. Besides, he had what was called in those days the Hippocratic look. He fixed upon Dea, fragile and pale, his sagacious eyeball, and grumbled out: It is very fortunate that she is happy! At other times, he said: She is happy, for the benefit of her health.

He shook his head, and at times read attentively Avicenna, translated by Vopiscus Fortunatus, Louvain, 1650—an old worm-eaten book that he had—where he treated of cardiac disorders.

Dea, easily fatigued, was subject to sweats and drowsiness, and took, it may be remembered, her siesta in the day. On one occasion when she was thus asleep, lying down upon the bear-skin, Gwynplaine not being there, Ursus leaned over her softly, and applied his ear to Dea's chest on the side of the heart. He seemed to listen for some instants; and then murmured, as he rose up: She must not have a shock. The crack would be speedily enlarged!

The crowd continued to overflow, at the representations of *Chaos Conquered*. The success of "The Man Who Laughs," appeared to be inexhaustible. All flocked thither; and it was not now Southwark only—London came in for a small share. The public even began to be a mixed one. It was no longer simple sailors and drivers. In the opinion of Master Nicless, a connoisseur in rabble, there were now, in this populace, gentlemen and lords disguised as common people. Disguising is one of the delights of pride; and it was then very much in vogue. This mingling of the aristocracy with the mob was a good sign, and showed an extension of success taking hold on London. Gwynplaine's fame had decidedly made its entry among the great public. And the fact was real. The only thing talked of in London was "The Man Who Laughs." The talk had even reached up to the queen.

In the Green-Box, there was not a misgiving. They were content to be happy. Dea's intoxication was to touch, every evening, Gwynplaine's wavy and yellow hair. In love, there is nothing so intoxicating as a habit. All of life is concentrated therein. The reappearance of the star is a habit of the universe. Creation is nothing else than a loving woman; and the sun is a lover.

Light is a dazzling Caryatid, that supports the world. Day by day, during one sublime minute, the earth, covered by night, leans upon the rising sun. Dea, blind, felt the same return of warmth and hope within her, at the moment when she placed her hand upon Gwynplaine's head.

To be two darksome beings adoring each other; to love each other in the fulness of silence—one would be reconciled to an eternity thus passed.

One evening, Gwynplaine—overcharged with that felicity

which, like intoxication from perfumes, causes a divine uneasiness—was roving on the fair-ground at some hundred paces from the Green-Box, as was not unusual with him when the performance was ended. One has occasionally these hours of expansion, when the too-full heart overflows. The night was dark, but clear. The stars shone brightly. All the bowling-green was deserted; there was only sleep and forgetfulness in the booths scattered around the Tarrinzeau-Field.

One light alone was not put out; it was the lantern of the Tadcaster Inn, half-open and awaiting Gwynplaine's return.

Midnight had just tolled from the five parish churches of Southwark, with the intervals and variations of tone that distinguish one belfry from another.

Gwynplaine was dreaming of Dea. Of what should he have dreamed? But, this evening, unusually perturbed, full of a charm not devoid of pain, he was dreaming of Dea as man dreams of woman. He reproached himself for it. It was a falling off. The secret spousal impulse was beginning in him. Anxiously did he cross-examine himself; he blushed, as one might say, internally.

Given too much paradise—love ceases to have a fancy for it. Love must have the life stirred up, the kiss electric and irrep- arable. The sidereal discomposes; the ethereal oppresses. An excess of heaven is, in love, what an excess of combustibles is, in fire; the flame suffers from it. Gwynplaine pictured Dea to himself as human. He was ashamed of this visionary encroachment. It was almost an effort of profanation. He struggled against this besetting. He turned away from it; then he came back to it. It seemed to him like committing an offence against decency. Dea was, for him, in a cloud. Trembling, he drew away the cloud.

He took steps at random, with the rocking, absent motion, that one has in solitude. To have no one about—this tends to rambling of mind. Whither went his thought? He would not have dared to tell himself. Up to heaven? No.

Solitude in the bowling-green was so peaceful, that at moments he spoke aloud.

To feel that you have no listeners makes you talk.

He walked slowly, with his head bent down, his hands behind his back, the left in the right, the fingers open.

Suddenly, he felt, as it were, the gliding of something into the inert opening between his fingers.

He turned sharply round.

He had a paper in his hand, and a man before him.

It was the man who, coming up to him from behind with the stealth of a cat, had put the paper between his fingers.

The paper was a letter.

The man, sufficiently distinct by the dim starlight, was small, chubby-faced, young, grave, and wearing a flame-colored livery, visible from head to foot through the vertical opening of a long gray overcoat, which was then called a *capenoche*, a Spanish word contracted, that means a hooded night-cloak. On his head he wore a crimson cap, like a cardinal's coif, whereon the service he was in should be indicated by a certain trimming. On this coif might be seen a plume of bird-feathers.

He was motionless before Gwynplaine. You might have called him the phantom of a dream.

Gwynplaine recognized the valet-boy of the duchess.

Before Gwynplaine could utter any exclamation of surprise, he heard the shrill voice, at once childish and feminine, of the boy, that said to him:

— At this hour to-morrow be at the entrance of London Bridge. I shall be there. I will guide you.

— Where? asked Gwynplaine.

— Where you are expected.

Gwynplaine dropped his eyes upon the letter that he held mechanically in his hand.

When he raised them up again, the boy was no longer there.

He could make out, in the obscurity of the fair-ground, a vague dark form that rapidly diminished. This was the little

lackey going his way. He turned the corner of the street, and there was no one to be seen.

Gwynplaine looked at the valet disappearing; then he looked at the letter. There are moments in life when that which happens to you does not happen; astonishment keeps you for a time at a certain distance from the fact. Gwynplaine brought the letter up to his eyes, as a person who wished to read; then he discovered that he could not read it, for two reasons—in the first place, because he had not unsealed it; in the second place, because it was dark. Several minutes passed before he recalled to mind that there was a lantern in the inn. He took a few steps, but aside, and as though he did not know where to go. A somnambulist, to whom a ghost has delivered a letter, might walk in this manner.

At last he made up his mind, ran rather than advanced toward the inn, placed himself in the streak of light from the half-open door, and by that light examined once more the closed letter. No imprint could be seen upon the seal or the envelope. There was only, "To Gwynplaine." He broke the seal, tore the envelope, unfolded the letter, brought it fully under the light, and read what follows:

—"You are horrible, and I am beautiful. You are a stage-player, and I am a duchess. I am the first, and you are the last. I love you. Come!"

BOOK IV.—THE PENAL VAULT.

I.

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. GWYNPLAINE.

ONE jet of flame scarcely makes a point in the darkness; another would set a volcano on fire.

There are sparks that are enormous.

Gwynplaine read the letter, and then re-read it. There was, without doubt, the expression—"I love you."

Apprehensions succeeded each other in his mind.

The first was the believing himself crazed.

He was crazed. That was certain. What he had just seen had no existence. The twilight phantoms were playing with him, poor wretch. The little scarlet man was the flash of a vision. Sometimes, at night, a nonentity, condensed into a flame, will come and laugh at you. After this mocking, the illusory being had disappeared, leaving behind him Gwynplaine crazed. Such deceptions there are in the shades.

The second apprehension was the proving that he had all his senses about him.

A vision? Not at all. Well! And this letter? Had he not a letter in his own hands? Was there not absolutely an envelope, a seal, paper, writing? Did he not know from whom all this came? Nothing obscure in this adventure. Somebody has taken a pen and ink, and has written. Somebody has lighted a taper, and has made a seal with wax. Was not his name superscribed upon the letter—"To Gwynplaine?" The paper smells sweet. All is clear. The little man—Gwynplaine recognizes him. This dwarf is a groom. This glare is a livery. This groom has appointed a meeting with Gwynplaine, for the next day, at the same hour, at the entrance of London Bridge. Is London Bridge an illusion? No, no; all that holds good. There is no delirium therein. All is reality. Gwynplaine is perfectly lucid. This is not a phantasmagoria suddenly decomposed above his head, and dissipated as it melts away; it is matter of fact that happens to him. No; Gwynplaine is not mad. Gwynplaine is not dreaming. And he read the letter again.

Well, then; yes! But what next?

The what next is formidable.

There is a woman who loves him.

A woman loves him! In that case, let no one evermore henceforward pronounce that word—"incredible." A woman

loves him! A woman who has seen his countenance! A woman who is not blind! And who is this woman? An ugly one? No; a beauty! A gypsy? No; a duchess!

What was there herein, and what did it mean? What peril in such a triumph! But how avoid throwing one's self into it head foremost?

What! this woman, the siren, the apparition, the lady, the spectator from the visionary box, the radiant dark one. For she it was, she truly.

The crackling of the conflagration, thus begun, broke out all over him. It was the marvellous unknown one! the same who had caused him so much pain. And his first tumultuous thoughts concerning that woman came again upon him, as though heated in all this sombre fire. Forgetfulness is neither more nor less than a palimpsest. A certain incident occurs; and all the effaced portions revive, in the spaces between the lines of wondering memory. Gwynplaine believed that he had withdrawn this figure from his mind; and he found it there again; and it was therein impressed; and it had dug a hollow in that unconscious brain, guilty of a dream. Unknown to himself, the profound graving of his revery had bitten in, and far down. Now a positive evil had been done. And all this revery, henceforward perhaps irreparable—he laid hold on it again with vehemence.

What! love for him! What! the princess descended from her throne, the idol from its altar, the statue from its pedestal, the phantom from its cloud! What! from the depths of the impossible, the chimera had arrived! What! this divinity painted on the ceiling; what, this irradiation; what, this Nereid all moistened with precious stones; what, this beauty unapproachable and supreme had leaned down toward Gwynplaine from the height of her escarpment of rays! What! she had stayed, above Gwynplaine, her Aurora's car, drawn jointly by turtle-doves and by dragons, and she had said to Gwynplaine: "Come!" What! he, Gwynplaine! his was this terrific glory, to be the object of such a lowering down of the empyrean! And this goddess, who came to him, knew what she was doing. She was not unaware of the horror incarnate in Gwynplaine. She had seen the mask that constituted Gwynplaine's face. And this mask had not caused her to shrink back! Gwynplaine was beloved in spite of it!

Fact, that went beyond all imaginings—he was loved on this account! Far from making the goddess recoil, the mask had attracted her!

What! There, where this woman was, in the royal midst, of irresponsible splendor and of power in fullest sway, there were princes, and she could take a prince; there were lords, and she could take a lord; there were men, handsome, charming, proud, and she could take Adonis! And who was it that she was taking? Gnafron. She could choose, amid meteors and thunderbolts, the immense six-winged seraph; and she chose the larva crawling in the mire. On one side, highnesses and mightinesses, all the grandeur, all the opulence, all the glory; on the other side, a mountebank. The mountebank carried the day! What scales, then, were there in this woman's heart? By what weights weighed she out her love? This woman took from her brow the ducal cap, and threw it upon the clown's trestle. This woman took from her head the Olympian aureole, and placed it on the bristly skull of a gnome. One knows not what turning of the world upside down—the swarming of insects above, constellations below—was swallowing up Gwynplaine, distracted under a downfall of light, and making for him a halo in his cloaca. "You are horrible. I love you;" these words touched Gwynplaine on the ghastly spot of pride. Pride is the heel wherein every hero is vulnerable. Gwynplaine was flattered in his vanity as monster. It was as a deformed being that he was loved. He also, as much as, perhaps more than, the Jupiters and the Apollos, was a specialty. He felt himself to be superhuman, and so monstrous as to be a god. Horrifying dazzlement!

And now, what was this woman? What knew he of her? Every thing, and nothing. She was a duchess; he knew that. He knew that she was beautiful, that she was rich, that she had liveries, lackeys, pages, runners with torches around her coroneted carriage. He knew that she was in love with him, or at least that she told him so. The rest he knew not. He knew her rank, and he knew not her name. He knew her thought, and he knew not her life. Was she wife, widow, maid? Was she free? Was she bound to any duties whatever? Of what family was she a member? Were there around her pitfalls, ambushes, reefs? Gwynplaine suspected nothing as to what gallantry is in high and idle places; as to there being caverns on these summits wherein ferocious charmers dream, while around them lie pell-mell the bones of loves already devoured; as to essayings, tragically cynical, whereto the ennui of a woman may tend, who deems herself superior to man. He had not even in his mind the wherewithal to build up a conjecture; in the social sub-soil wherein he lived, one is badly informed herein. Nevertheless, he foresaw coming gloom. He avowed to himself that all this brilliancy was obscure. Did he comprehend? No. Did he divine? No. What was there behind this letter?—an opening of folding-doors, and, at the same time, a disquieting closure. On one side, avowal; on the other side, enigma.

Avowal and enigma—those two mouths, the one inciting and the other menacing—with the same word: “Dare!”

Never had the perfidy of chance taken its measures better; and never had it brought temptation more opportunely. It was at a troubled minute that the offer was made to him, and that there was held before him, in all its splendor, the bosom of the sphinx.

Gwynplaine was overwhelmed.

There is a certain fume of evil which precedes crime, and which the conscience cannot inhale. Uprightness, when tempted, has the faint nausea of hell. What is half-opened sends forth an exhalation, that warns the strong and makes dizzy the weak. Gwynplaine experienced this mysterious uneasiness.

Dilemmas, at once transitory and stubborn, floated before him. The misdeed, persevering in offering itself, took form—the next day, midnight, London Bridge, the foot-boy. Should he go? Yes! cried the flesh. No! cried the soul.

Let it be said, however—singular as it may seem at the first glance—that he did not once address this question to himself with perfect distinctness:—Should he go? Actions meriting reproach have their reserved corners. Like brandies that are too strong, we do not drink them at one gulp. We put the glass down; we will see, presently; the first drop has already a strange taste.

What is certain is, that he felt himself impelled backward toward the unknown.

And he shuddered. And he had a glimpse of something tottering to its fall. And he threw himself back, seized again from all sides by dismay. He shut his eyes. He made efforts to discredit the adventure in his own mind and to bring himself back to a doubt of his own sanity. Evidently this was for the better. The wisest thing for him to do, was to believe that he was mad.

Fatal fever. Every man, surprised by the unforeseen, has known in his life such tragical pulsations. The observer always listens anxiously to the echo of blows, dealt by the battering-ram of destiny against the conscience.

Alas! Gwynplaine interrogated himself. To ask questions, when duty is precisely defined, is already to be defeated.

Besides—a point to be noted—the effrontery of the adventure, which might perhaps have shocked a vicious man, was not apparent to him. He did not know what cynicism is. He saw but the greatness of this woman. Alas! he was flattered. His vanity could only verify his triumph. Much more wit than innocence has, would have been requisite for him to con-

jecture that he might be an object of wantonness rather than of love.

The mind is subject to invasions. The soul has its Vandals, evil thoughts, that come in and devastate our virtue. A thousand contrary ideas precipitated themselves upon Gwynplaine, one after another, and sometimes all at once. Then there was silence within him. Then he took his head between his hands, with an air of mournful contemplation, as though gazing on a landscape at night.

Suddenly, he was conscious of one thing—that he had ceased to think. His revery had reached that darksome moment, when every thing disappears.

He remarked, also, that he had not gone in. It might be two o'clock in the morning.

He put the letter brought by the page into his side-pocket; but perceiving that it was on his heart, he removed it thence, and thrust it all crumpled into the first handy pocket of his small-clothes. Then he turned his steps toward the public-house; went in quietly; did not wake up the little Govicium, who was waiting for him, and had fallen asleep upon a table with his arms for pillow; reclosed the door; lighted a candle at the inn lantern; drew the bolts; turned the key in the lock; took mechanically the precautions of a man who comes home late; mounted the steps of the Green-Box; crept into the old hut which served as his bedroom; looked at Ursus, who was asleep; blew out his candle; and did not lie down.

An hour passed thus. At last wearied out, figuring to himself that bed is sleep, he laid his head on his pillow without undressing, and conceded so far to darkness as to close his eyes. But the tempest, that assailed him, had not ceased for an instant. Sleeplessness is night's ill-usage of man. Gwynplaine suffered greatly. For the first time in his life, he was not pleased with himself. Inmost sadness mingled with vanity satisfied. What to do? Daylight came. He heard Ursus get up, and did not raise his eyelids. No relaxation, however. He thought over the letter. All the words came back to him in a sort of chaos. Thought becomes fluid, under certain violent blasts from within the soul. It falls into convulsions; it raises itself up; and there goes forth from it something that resembles the dull roaring of the waves. Flood, ebb, shocks, whirlings, hesitations of the billow before the reef, hail and rain, clouds with openings wherein is light, wretched clearings away of futile foam, mad acclivities suddenly crumbling away, immense efforts lost, appearance of shipwreck on all sides, shadows and dispersions—all this, which is in the abyss, is in man. Gwynplaine was a prey to this torment.

At the very height of his anguish, his eyelids being still drooped, he heard an exquisite voice that said:—“Are you asleep, Gwynplaine?”—He opened his eyes with a start, and sat up. The door of the robing-room was half-open, and Dea appeared at the entrance. In her eyes and upon her lips was her ineffable smile. She stood up there, charming in the unconscious serenity of her radiance. There was a moment of something like sanctity. Gwynplaine looked at her, trembling, dazzled, awakened. Awakened from what? From sleep? No; from sleeplessness. It was she, it was Dea; and forthwith he felt in the very depth of his being the indefinable vanishing away of the tempest, and the sublime descent of good upon evil. The miracle of the look from on high was effected; the blind one, soft and luminous, put to flight by her sole presence all the gloom that was on him; the curtain of cloud was lifted from his spirit, as though drawn off by an invisible hand; and Gwynplaine—celestial enchantment—found the azure re-entering his conscience. Through the virtue of this angel, he suddenly became again Gwynplaine the innocent, the great, the good. In the soul, as in creation, there are these mysterious concurrences. Both were silent, she the light, he the abyss, she divine, he pacified; and Dea shone resplendent above Gwynplaine's stormy heart, with the indescribable effect of a star upon the ocean.

BUTTERFLIES.

THE opening of summer suggests these "winged thoughts" or "flying gems," which have been the delight of all childhood spent in country air. We do not, however, sympathize with that taste for insects which manifests itself in collecting rare specimens, for little other purpose than to impale them on pins. Probably the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" does not concern itself with the death-agonies of butterflies, and scientific curiosity has the matter all its own way, repaying the world for its loss of these colored jewels of the air, by colorless pictures on pages that partake very little of the air and the sunshine. The worst of it is, that it is for the "rare species" that these insectarians hunt, and the game most subject to the spear and bow—we mean fingers, and nets, and pins—is the rare and beautiful thing which perhaps has not a dozen of its like in as many leagues.

But the humanity which protects animals, and the gastronomic taste which cares for fishes, and the agricultural prudence which saves the birds, have no motives for befriending these ornaments of sylvan Nature, and hence some of the most wonderful of them are passing away before the growth of towns, the destructiveness of children, and, worst of all, the nets of students of natural history.

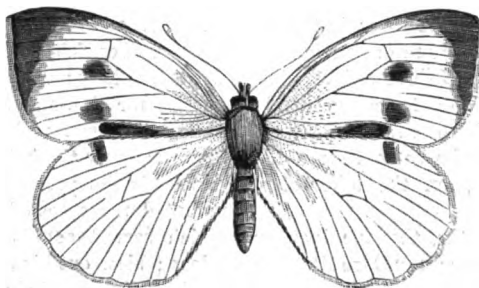
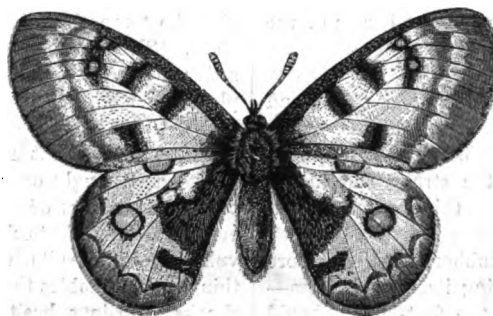
Of the known and existing varieties, we select a few for pictorial illustration and brief description. The large Tortoise-shell Butterfly has the upper part of its wings of a tawny yellow color, and of a blackish-brown below, with darker spots bordered by a black band. There is a stripe of yellowish color running down the middle of the wings. It is found in July and September on the oak, the elm, the willow, and many fruit-trees. There is a smaller variety, which has all the showy characteristics of the larger.

The larvæ of the two are different. The former is bluish or brownish, with an orange-colored lateral line, bristling with yellowish hairs. The chrysalis is angular, of a red tint, and ornamented with golden metallic spots. The caterpillar of the latter is bristly, blackish, and has four yellowish lines.

Another magnificent variety is the Peacock Butterfly. The children know it by the four beautiful peacock-eyes, one on



Large Tortoise-shell Butterfly.

Cabbage Butterfly, or *Pieris brassicæ*.

Parnassus Apollo.



Peacock Butterfly.

each wing. The eyes on the upper wings are reddish in the middle, and surrounded by a yellow circle. The other two eyes or spots are black-brown, within gray circles. The upper part of the wings is of a russet-brown, the under part blackish. This, the *Vanessa Io* of science, is met with in the woods and fields, and in flower-gardens. It seems to love to contrast itself with delicate flower-bells, or the spray of leaves, but it is probably careless of this union of insect with floral beauty, and more interested in its food.

The months of June and September also give us the *Convolutus Sphinx*, which is more of a great moth than a butterfly. It has brown wings, and the prominent abdomen is striped in transverse bands alternately black and red. It takes its name from the habit of its caterpillar, which lives on the various kinds of *convolvuli*, but chiefly the wild species. In some of the kindred of this moth, the chief attraction is in the larvæ and not in the winged insect. For instance, the caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth, when in repose, of all others of the genus *Sphinx*, most resembles the sphinx of fable, from which the genus takes its name. It is of a fine apple-green, with seven oblique stripes, half violet and half white, placed on each side of its body, and three or four small white spots beyond these stripes. The stigmata are orange, the head is green, bordered with black. The extremity of the body has a smooth horn of black and yellow. It lives principally upon the privet, the lilac, and the ash-tree.

To this class also belongs the Death's-Head Moth, the largest of the species. It derives the name from the pale-yellow outline of a human skull, on the black ground of its thorax. This funereal symbol, joined to the plaintive cry which the moth emits when frightened, has sometimes inspired the whole population of a country with terror. When its appearance has coincided with epidemic disease, this doleful sylph of the night has been looked upon as the messenger of death. Science, however, sees in it the butterfly of the shadow, only less beautiful than its winged brother of the day.

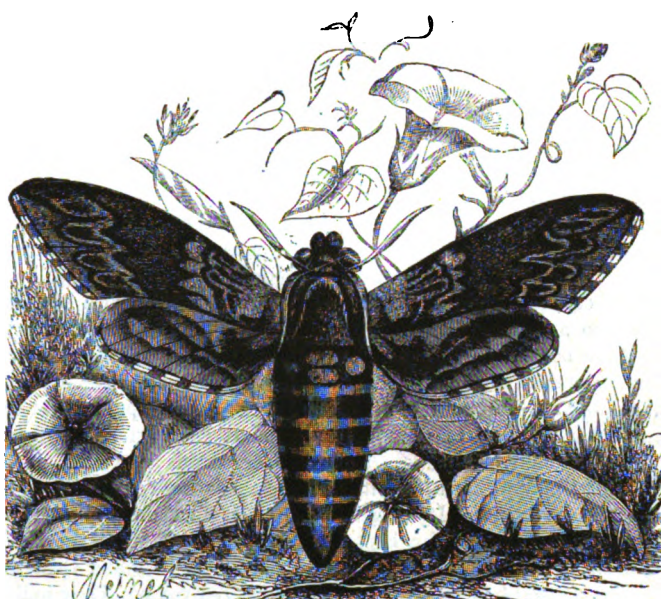
Of butterflies proper, there are some even more magnificent than those we have illustrated and described. There is the Swallow-tailed Butterfly, named

from its shape, and which is one of the largest and most brilliant of this country or Europe. The wings are yellow and black, and the broad black bands of the margin are dusted with blue, while the six yellow crescents end in reddish eyes, bordered with blue. In Corsica and Sardinia there is a very scarce species of this. The *Parnassus Apollo* belongs to the Alps and Pyrenees. Its wings are yellowish white, with ornaments of black and vermilion-red. It is, in the larva state, a silk-maker in a small way. The *Le Gaze* has black veins on white gauze wings. These have been seen, in northern Russia, so numerous as to be mistaken for flakes of snow. The Cabbage Butterfly is white, edged with black, and very common in Europe. A more beautiful kind has its white wings veined with pale green. Another white kind has orange tips. Then we have insects of brimstone-yellow, very gay; others with delicate purple streakings, and, most rare and beautiful, the glorified things of rich Mazarin blue, which color gives their name. There are occasional specimens of the *Convolvulus* Moth, with the great forewings of green, striped with pink, the hinder ones black with a broad band of pink, edged by a fine line of white. These, with wings four inches in expanse, their large brilliant eyes, and great power of flight, sometimes rival the butterflies.

To even give brief descriptions of these beautiful insects would much exceed our limit, and a mere catalogue of names would fill no small space. The Emperor Moth bears on its wings many of the marks of the rare butterflies, including the peacock-eyes and the tortoise-shell markings. The Atlas, of the *Atlæi* class, is the most magnificent of the moth family, and one of the largest, as its wings have more than four and a quarter inches' expanse.



Swallow-tailed Butterfly.



The Convolvulus Sphinx.



Death's-head Hawk-Moth.

The only specimens come to us from China. Among the singular varieties may be mentioned the Wood-Leopard, known in Europe as the Coquette.

The fine dust which gives the color to the wings, and which adheres to the fingers when we touch them, was long thought to consist of minute feathers, making the insect a kind of bird. But more powerful microscopes show us myriads of scales, each a little perfection of shape and color, and each overlapping the lower one, like the scales of a fish. Perhaps these delicate things are the armor of proof against the rain-drops!

The many processes through which the insect passes in the various stages of its life—the caterpillar that frees itself from its old skin by the exercise of wondrous art and strength, combined with the decay of Nature—the silken prison that is woven, and the little four-winged insect angel that comes forth at last—all these are matters well known and often described; never more pleasantly, however, than in Louis Figuier's "Insect World."

Another interest than that of curiosity has joined with the observation of this wonder of insect resurrection; for humanity, in its dread of annihilation, and its yearning for immortality, has caught the thought that the lesser life may image forth the greater. Certainly, to those who wish confirmation to the promises of Holy Writ, the hope is pleasant and the thought is beautiful, that poor humanity, with its caterpillar appetites and its world chrysalis, may one day cast off both, and sport as a winged immortality in the infinite sunlight. Singular but not unlovely it is, that our highest hopes compare themselves to the germination of a seed, or the life of a worm. Man, tired of work, hopes to be a butterfly.

WHAT A SNOW-FLAKE MAY COME TO.

By DR. I. I. HAYES.

STAGE THE FIRST.—THE ICE-SEA.

THE air is a universal regulator. It dispenses heat and cold, drought and moisture, life and death, to the uttermost parts of the earth. To one it brings sweet perfumes, to another noxious vapors. It blights the strong; it invigorates the feeble. It depresses the spirits; it revives the spirits. It admits the sun; it keeps away the sun. It is everywhere. It is in the earth; it is above the earth; it is in the waters that are under the earth. Invisible, it is yet a sponge. It soaks up the waters in infinite particles, and scatters them to the four quarters. When too highly charged, it gathers its hot and cold extremes together, rolls up a cloud, and flings abroad the rains and snows. This it repeats again and again, to suit its own caprice. Thus may a particle of water, perhaps a dew-drop from a tropic leaf, be transported to the Arctic regions, or to a mountain so lofty that its summit has an Arctic climate. Here the air drops it as a snow-flake. If now discovered by a ray of the sun, before the air can pick it up again, it becomes a globule of water. Then the air, grown spiteful, hardens it to a crystal, and binds it fast for untold ages.

Here begins the *ice-sea*.

From the *ice-sea* comes the *ice-stream*.

From the *ice-stream* comes the *iceberg*.

Thus have we seen already what a snow-flake may come to.

I have said the air dispenses heat and cold. These are, however, merely relative terms; yet they both produce convulsions. The thermometer is the test of force.

The greatest heat of the earth is at its centre; the greatest cold is at its extremities; that is to say, the mountain-tops. The internal heat produces the volcano and the earthquake; the external cold produces, as we have seen, the *iceberg*, and likewise the *ice-field*. This latter, however, belongs to the ocean, or to arms of the ocean, as Baffin's Bay, where it is formed, in contact with the land, and has nothing to do with the mountain, and nothing with the snow-flake. It makes the *ice-barrier*, or *ice-pack*, or *ice-belt*, as you may please to call it, of the Arctic Seas, and is the pest of the navigator. It blocks up all the gateways to the Polar Basin, and has, thus far, kept the North Pole of the earth sacred from invasion. Hence man has wooed the Polar Sea in vain. The *ice-field* forms an unbroken girdle about that chaste Queen of Oceans, and he is told, "Thus far, and no farther!"

The *iceberg* is very different from the *ice-field*. Hundreds of them may be seen at one time, but they are all separate and detached. They rarely touch each other. The name signifies *ice-mountain*, thus distinguishing it conspicuously from *ice-field*. This latter is *salt* and flat; the former is *fresh* and lofty. We have seen that the *ice-sea* begins in a snow-flake. Its growth is from an infinite number of snow-flakes, falling in annual layers, and converted into successive layers of ice. Thus formed upon the land, the *iceberg*, in the sea, is therefore a natural-born vagrant.

Its birth is the "convulsion" of cold, as the earthquake is of heat; and it is difficult to say which is the most sublime and startling, the birth of an *iceberg*, or the shock of an earthquake.

"Glacier" is the general name we apply to the whole formation which finally results in the *iceberg*, borrowing from the French. In fact, it is difficult to speak or write upon any subject scientifically without discovering that the French have been before us with an epithet.

Glaciers form upon all the lofty mountain-chains of the earth having a certain geological formation. It is even supposed by many philosophers, and among the number the eminent Professor Agassiz, that many parts of the earth, now fertile and inhabited, were once covered with ice. They have gone so far even as to add "glacial period" to geological nomenclature.

At the present time, however, glaciers are confined to the lands of the Arctic and Antarctic regions and the lofty mountain-chains: as, for instance, the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas.

No part of the Arctic regions presents such an extensive or magnificent display of glaciers as Greenland. In this respect it is truly a typical land, and might well be called the Arctic Continent. In fact, it is a vast reservoir of ice, being almost wholly covered with it. Nothing but the great headlands between the *fjords* (that is to say, the bays) and the off-lying islands escape. This covering is many hundreds of feet in average thickness, and to the eye it presents one vast illimitable waste of whiteness—a gelid cloak—an *ice-sea*—a *mer de glace*.

This is the last place in all the world where one would expect to meet with such a phenomenon, if there were any meaning in a name. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," said the gentle Juliet; and, on the other hand, Greenland, with its pleasant name, has come to be regarded as the symbol of desolation. It ought to have been Snowland, or Frostland. Yet, after all, there was meaning in the name to Eric, the Icelandic who discovered the country. He found some valleys and slopes of the headland, where he first stepped ashore, clothed with grass. Here a great herd of curious reindeer, who had never before seen human beings, were browsing, and down they came, all unsuspecting of harm, to look at Eric and his followers.

Eric wanted credit for this discovery of a new world, and he wanted likewise colonists. So he named it *Greenland*, the more conspicuously to distinguish it from *Iceland*, whence he had come.

The name took with the Icelanders amazingly, producing much the same effect upon their minds that "Valley of Eden" did upon the mind of Martin Chuzzlewit. The result, however, on the whole, was better. It gave Eric twenty-five ship-loads of colonists, a full pardon for sundry crimes, and much prosperity. It gave one of his sons an opportunity to discover America, which feat was performed in the year 1001. It brought also fresh treasures to the exchequer of Iceland, and, in time, it furnished beef-cattle for the private table of the King of Norway. But the field of the colonists was circumscribed. Still, they and their descendants flourished there for four hundred years. They built churches and a cathedral, and cultivated farms, and lived in peace and plenty—only, however, down by the sea. In the valleys alone, and in those only which were exposed to the south, was there any life. Behind and above them, all was sterility—rugged cliffs of immense height, and mountain-wastes of ice and snow.

I have climbed those cliffs, and travelled upon those mountain-wastes—upon the *mer de glace*, or *ice-sea*, as I have hitherto distinguished the interior region—reaching as far inland as eighty miles, and as far above the level of the sea as five thousand feet. There it was almost as level as the ocean in a calm, and as unbroken; as void of life as Sahara, and more dreary to look upon. The temperature was thirty-four degrees below zero, and had steadily fallen to that degree as we climbed up higher and higher by the scarcely-perceptible acclivity. Then we were set upon by a tempest. Nothing could be more terrible except a furnace-blast. The drifting snow, which came whirling along the icy plain, was like the sand-clouds of the desert, which so often overwhelm travellers. There was no chance for life except in flight. With our backs to the wind, we descended as rapidly as possible to the level of the sea, where the temperature was zero, at which degree of cold life is supported without inconvenience. My people were then all unaccustomed to such exposure; yet, while all were at first somewhat alarmed, none were, in the end, seriously touched by the frost. It would be difficult to inflict upon a man greater torture than to expose him to such a storm. The effect, after a time, is to make life undesirable—alarm first; then pain; then

lack of perception. When one dies from freezing, it is the brain which, in effect, first suffers eclipse. The cold has not solidified it, that is true, but has made it torpid—like certain animals in the winter-time, with which one may do any thing, and they will not resist, being quite incapable of receiving an impression. One of the men said, "I cannot go any farther; I do not want to; I am sleepy; I cannot walk." Another said, "I am no longer cold; I am quite warm again; shall we not camp?" Then I knew there was the greater need to hurry on, if we would not all be destroyed.

This digression may perhaps the more readily enable the reader to understand the nature of this Greenland ice-sea. The whole continent is perhaps 1,200 miles long, by, say, 600 broad. This gives 720,000 square miles of superficial area, the greater part of which is the ice-sea. Multiply this by the tenth of a mile, which may be taken as the fair average depth of the ice-sea, and we have piled up on the Greenland mountains 72,000 cubical miles of solid ice—a result which seems almost fabulous. And all this, as we have seen, is composed of successive layers of hardened snow, which is still increasing year by year, and century by century; and, while thus accumulating, the climate has been steadily growing colder. This is shown by the fact that, from the tenth to the fourteenth century, people lived in Greenland quite comfortably, while they now live there quite miserably—a change which is only to be accounted for, independent of all astronomical influences, by the circumstance that the sea, as well as the land, has more and more ice gathering upon it from year to year.

Now, it must be borne in mind that an ice-sea, such as that of Greenland, is not a stationary mass, like rock, but is a moving mass, like water. What is it but hardened water?

Take the better-known glaciers of the Alps, by way of illustration. There we find a *mer de glace*, from which are many branches extending down the valleys on every side. These are usually called glaciers. They are *ice-streams*, for they flow downward through the valleys, and are the means by which the *mer de glace*, or ice-sea, discharges itself, thus preventing an accumulation which would, but for these ice-streams, become interminable. It is estimated that the mountain-snows of the Alps would gather there at the rate of four thousand feet in a thousand years. This accumulation is, however, prevented by natural law; for the Creator, in the all-wise dispensation of His power, has made ice ductile, as if it were fluid. Hence it flows, when on an inclined plane, just as water flows, only, of course, slower. An ice-stream is, therefore, in effect, a river, and drains the mountain-ice of the Alps down to the sea, as rivers drain the rains which fall in other places. The Alpine ice-streams become, however, actual rivers in the end; for, as they flow down the valleys in a continuous stream from the *mer de glace*, the end reaches the base of the mountains, where the temperature becomes comparatively warm, and the end of the ice-stream is steadily melted off, as a candle thrust slowly into a heated stove. The water thus formed completes the circuit to the sea as a real river, and not an ice-river, the only difference, however, in the flow and the law of flow being one of *rate*. The ice moulds itself to its bed, as the river does. When the bed is wide, it expands; when the bed is narrow, it contracts and thickens; when the descent is slight, it deepens; when rapid, it hurries along, and becomes shoal. An ice-stream, like a river, has therefore its cascades, its rapids, its broad lagoons (so to speak), and its smooth, steady, even-flowing places. It carries rocks along with it upon its surface (which have been hurled down upon it from neighboring cliffs by the frost), as the river carries sticks of wood, leaves, and other light materials.

Greenland is only the Alps many times magnified—not in altitude, of course, but in extent of surface and the quantity of mountain-ice which it has accumulated. The whole interior of that continent, as we have seen, is, in effect, covered with

an ice-sea, from which flow ice-streams on either side down through the valleys.

There is, however, one great point of difference between the Alpine ice-stream and the Greenland ice-stream. While the end of an Alpine ice-stream melts in the warm air, at a lower level than that in which it was formed, the Greenland ice-stream, on the other hand, meets no such fate. The whole of Greenland, from the sea upward to the mountain-tops, has too low a temperature for that. Hence the ice-streams pour all the way down to the sea, which they usually reach at the head of the deep *fjords*. Thus does the sea take the place of the air in the melting process. But not exactly in the same manner. The sea first breaks off a mass from the end of the Greenland ice-stream, and gradually melts it, as it floats south with the current.

This mass is the *iceberg*.

Both these processes, however, have the same result—the final return of the mountain-snows to their natural home in the sea.

The flow of an ice-stream is, unlike that of a river, imperceptible to the eye; but its rate can be measured. The method is simple enough: You mount to the surface of the glacier, and stake off a base-line upon it, either in its axis or parallel with its axis. You then set up your theodolite at one end of the base-line, and connect the base-line by angles with some fixed object on the land which borders the glacier, like the banks of a river, to left and right. You go then to the other end of the base-line, and repeat the process. After, say, a week, or a month, and as many more times as you may find necessary, you go through this same operation of setting up your theodolite and measuring the angles. Then a very simple trigonometrical computation reveals the fact that the ice-stream is carrying your base-line along with it down the valley, leaving the fixed objects on the banks behind. It is as if you made a base-line on a long raft, and surveyed a river's banks as you floated down the river with the current.

To further prove the resemblance of an ice-stream to a river, you plant a line of stakes across it, from side to side, each, say, twenty fathoms from the other. Observe your stakes closely, and, after a time, your straight line has become a curve. This curve steadily increases. The middle of the glacier is flowing more rapidly than the sides. So, in like manner, does the top flow more rapidly than the bottom.

These measurements I have often made; once on an ice-stream in North Greenland. The temperature was below zero, and it was cheerless work enough. We reached the top of the glacier with much difficulty, cutting steps with an axe. Then we came upon unfathomable cracks, which made the walking dangerous, as the view was dreary. There was a strong wind howling down from the ice-sea, bringing with it sharp, cutting snow-drift. The brass instrument froze the eye, and had to be covered with buckskin. The moisture of the breath condensed upon the lenses, and the observer had to breathe through a tube. The men who carried the chain scorched their fingers with the cold metal. Under these circumstances, science becomes a species of martyrdom. Yet we completed our survey, and discovered the ice-stream to be flowing toward the ocean at the rate of five inches a day.

Many of the Greenland ice-streams are of amazing extent. There is one sixty miles wide. Its front is in the water, and it is washed by the waves like any other coast-line; for it is really a coast line—an ice coast-line. The cliffs of the land on either side of it are very lofty—from five hundred to a thousand feet. These ice-cliffs are from fifty to three hundred feet. Below the surface of the water, of course, this wall extends downward until it rests on the bottom of the sea. This great ice-stream is known as the Humboldt Glacier, and is at the head of Smith Sound, latitude 79°.

There is another Greenland ice-stream that is twenty miles wide; others that are ten, and five, and indeed of any width,

down to the quarter of a mile, or even less. Some of them have been pouring into the sea for ages; some have not yet reached the sea, but are steadily nearing it, like a flood coming down a valley from a broken dam. Not noiselessly, however; for the flow of an ice-stream is attended with continual crackings and breakings and tumbling of avalanches, which add greatly to its sublimity, and give it an aspect of terror. In fact, this whole Arctic Continent is full of startling wonders and novelties of Nature; and its whole history is so replete with violent commotions, from the time when it was a volcanic nest to the present, that it is well worthy of more consideration than it has ever yet received from the learned, or the curious, or even the adventurous.

ONLY THE CLOTHES THAT SHE WORE.*

THERE is the hat

With the blue veil thrown round it, just as they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—

Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,

And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,

With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,

Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored, and drabbled—
This you should know, without doubt, and, if so,

All else you may guess!

There is the shawl,

With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the light muslin dress,
And—that is all.

Ah, here's a ring

We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one—name or date?—none!

A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,

The gift of another, perhaps a brother,
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,
Or, was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,

With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,

Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight,
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,

And her sad history remains yet a mystery,
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until
Hope dies at last.

* Recently, at the Morgue in this city, the attire of a drowned person alone remained for identification.

Was she the prey

Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?
Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?

Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother,
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees;
Then—will it be well?

N. G. SHEPHERD.

JOHN STUART MILL ON THE "SUBJECTION OF WOMEN."

ABSTRACT OF HIS OPENING ARGUMENT.

MR. MILL states the object of his work to be, to explain the grounds of an opinion which he has long entertained, that the legal subordination of one sex to the other is wrong in itself; is one of the chief hinderances to human improvement, and ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality. The chief difficulty of the task springs from the amount and intensity of the feelings which gather around the subject and neutralize the influence of argument. It is always a hard task to attack an almost universal opinion. The burden of proof ought to rest with the affirmative, or those who maintain it. The presumptions ought to be in favor of freedom and against privilege. But in this case the rule is reversed, and a cause supported by universal usage and preponderating popular sentiment is supposed to have presumptions in its favor which ordinary logic cannot be permitted to disturb. And truly the understandings of the majority of mankind would need to be much better cultivated than has ever yet been the case, before they can be asked to place such reliance in their own power of estimating arguments as to give up practical principles in which they have been born and bred, and which are the basis of much of the existing order of the world, at the first argumentative attack which they are not capable of logically resisting. As regards the present question, I am willing to accept the unfavorable conditions. I consent that established custom and the general feeling should be deemed conclusive against me, unless that custom and feeling from age to age can be shown to have owed its existence to other causes than their soundness, and to have derived their power from the worse rather than the better part of human nature. I am willing that judgment should go against me, unless I can show that my judge has been tampered with.

The generality of a practice is in some cases a strong presumption that it is or has been conducive to laudable ends; but this is only when the practice is grounded in experience of the mode in which these ends could be most effectually attained. If the authority of men over women had been the result of a conscientious trial of equality as well as inequality, its adoption might be some evidence in its favor. But the state of the case is the reverse of this. The system which subordinates the weaker to the stronger was never the result of deliberation or forethought on social ideas. It arose simply from the fact that from the earliest times every woman was found in a state of bondage to some man. Laws begin by converting physical facts into legal rights. In early times the great majority of the male sex, as well as the whole of the female, were slaves. In Christian countries the slavery of the male has been abolished, and that of the female has been gradually changed into a milder form of dependence. This dependence is the primitive state of slavery lasting on through successive mitigations and modifications occasioned by the same causes which have softened the general manners, and brought all human relations more under the control of justice. But it has not lost the trace of its brutal origin; and no presumption in its favor can be drawn from the fact of its existence. In primitive societies the rule of action is the law of the strongest. Institutions which place right on the side of might have been clung to with great tenacity; and those who have obtained legal power because they first had physical, have rarely given up their hold of it until the physical power had passed over to the other side. Such shifting of the physical force not having taken place in the case of women, this fact, combined with all the peculiar characteristic features of the particular case, made it certain from the

first that this branch of the system of right founded on might, though softened in its most atrocious features at an earlier period than several of the others, would be the very last to disappear.

People are not aware how entirely, in former ages, the law of superior strength was the rule of life; how publicly and openly it was avowed. History gives a cruel experience of human nature, in showing how exactly the regard due to the life, possessions, and entire earthly happiness of any class of persons was measured by what they had the power of enforcing. The Stoics were, I believe, the first (except so far as the Jewish law constitutes an exception) who taught as a part of morality that men were bound by moral obligations to their slaves. To enforce this belief was the most arduous task which Christianity ever had to perform. But the power of men over women could not fail to be more permanent than those other dominations which have nevertheless lasted down to our own time. Whatever gratification of pride there is in the possession of power, and whatever personal interest in its exercise, they are in this case not confined to a limited class, but common to the whole male sex. Instead of being to most of its supporters a thing desirable chiefly in the abstract, it comes home to the person and hearth of every male head of a family, and of every one who looks forward to being so. And the case is that in which the desire of power is the strongest; for every one who desires power desires it most over those who are nearest to him, with whom his life is passed, with whom he has most concerns in common, and in whom any independence of his authority is oftenest likely to interfere with his individual preferences.

Some will object that the power of man over woman is not a usurpation because it is natural. But slavery has also been claimed to be natural. Aristotle held that there are different natures among mankind—free natures and slave natures; the Greeks were of a free nature—the Thracian barbarians of a slave nature; while American slaveholders called heaven and earth to witness that the dominion of the white man over the black was natural. Unnatural generally means only uncouth; and every thing which is usual appears natural. The subjection of woman to man being a universal custom, any departure from it quite naturally appears unnatural. That the feeling is dependent upon custom is proved by ample experience.

Again, it will be said that the rule of man over woman is not a rule of force, because it is accepted voluntarily; women are consenting parties to it. But a great number of women do not accept it. Women in various countries are demanding suffrage, and admission to various professions and occupations hitherto closed against them. How many women there are who silently cherish similar aspirations no one can possibly know; but there are abundant tokens how many *would* cherish them were they not so strenuously taught to repress them, as contrary to the proprieties of their sex. It must be remembered also, that no enslaved class ever asked for complete liberty at once. It is a political law of Nature that those who are under any power of ancient origin never begin by complaining of the power itself, but only of its oppressive exercise. There is never any want of women to complain of ill-usage by their husbands. There would be infinitely more, if complaint were not the greatest of all provocations to a repetition and increase of ill-usage. It is this which frustrates all attempts to maintain the power, but protect the women against its abuses. In no other case, except that of a child, is the person, who is proved judicially to have suffered an injury, replaced under the physical power of the culprit who inflicted it. Accordingly, wives, even in the most extreme and protracted cases of bodily ill-usage, hardly ever dare avail themselves of the laws made for their protection; and if in a moment of irrepressible indignation, or by the interference of neighbors, they are induced to do so, their whole effort afterward is to disclose as little as they can, and to beg off their tyrant from his merited chastisement.

All causes, social and natural, combine to make it unlikely that women should be collectively rebellious to the power of men. They are so far in a position different from all other subject classes, that their masters require something more from them than actual service. Men do not want solely the obedience of women, they want their sentiments. All men, except the most brutish, desire to have in the woman most nearly connected with them, not a forced slave, but a willing one; not merely a slave, but a favorite. They have, therefore, put every thing in practice to enslave their minds. The masters of women wanted more than simple obedience, and they turned the whole force of education to their purpose. All women are brought up from their very earliest years in the belief that their ideal of character is the very

opposite to that of man; not self-will and self-government by self-control, but submission and yielding to the control of others. All the moralities tell them that it is the duty of women, and all the current sentimentalities that it is their nature, to live for others; to make complete abnegation of themselves, and to have no life but in their affections.

The influence over the minds of women having been acquired, an instinct of selfishness made men avail themselves of it to the utmost, as a means of holding women in subjection, by representing to them meekness, submissiveness, and resignation of all individual will into the hands of a man, as an essential part of sexual attractiveness. Can it be doubted that any of the other yokes, which mankind have succeeded in breaking, would have subsisted till now, if the same means had existed, and had been as sedulously used, to bow down their minds to it?

Custom, therefore, however universal, creates no presumption in favor of the arrangements which place woman in social and political subjection to man. On the contrary, the whole course of human improvement up to this time, the whole stream of modern tendencies, warrants the inference that this relic of the past is discordant with the future, and must necessarily disappear.

Human beings are no longer born to their place in life, but are free to employ their faculties to achieve the lot which may appear to them most desirable. The old theory was, that the least possible should be left to the choice of the individual agent; that all he had to do should, as far as practicable, be laid down for him by superior wisdom. Left to himself, he was sure to go wrong. The modern conviction, the fruit of a thousand years' experience, is, that things in which the individual is the person directly interested never go right, but as they are left to his own discretion. In consonance with this doctrine, it is felt to be an overstepping of the proper bounds of authority to fix beforehand, on some general presumption, that certain persons are not fit to do certain things.

The social subordination of woman stands out an isolated fact in modern social institutions; a solitary breach of what has become their fundamental law; a single relic of an old world of thought and practice, exploded in every thing else, but retained in the one thing of most universal interest. This entire discrepancy between one social fact and all those which accompany it, and the radical opposition between its nature and the progressive movement of the modern world, and which has successively swept away every thing of an analogous character, surely affords, to a conscientious observer of human tendencies, conscientious matter for reflection.

It avails nothing to say that the *nature* of the two sexes adapts them to their present functions and position, and renders these appropriate to them. Standing on the ground of common-sense and the constitution of the human mind, I deny that any one knows, or can know, the nature of the two sexes, as long as they have only been seen in their present relation to one another. If men had ever been found in society without women, or women without men, or if there had been a society of men and women in which the women were not under the control of the men, something might have been positively known about the mental and moral differences which may be inherent in the nature of each. What is now called the nature of women is an eminently artificial thing—the result of forced repression in some directions, unnatural stimulation in others. It may be asserted, without scruple, that no other class of dependants have had their character so entirely distorted from its natural proportions by their relations with their masters.

Of all difficulties which impede the progress of thought, and the formation of well-grounded opinions on life and social arrangements, the greatest is now the unspeakable ignorance and inattention of mankind in respect to the influences which form human character. Whatever any portion of the human species now are, or seem to be, such, it is supposed, they have a natural tendency to be: even when the most elementary knowledge of the circumstances in which they have been placed clearly points out the causes that made them what they are.

In regard to that most difficult question, what are the natural differences between the two sexes—a subject on which it is impossible in the present state of society to obtain complete and correct knowledge—while almost everybody dogmatizes upon it, almost all neglect and make light of the only means by which any partial insight can be obtained into it. This is, an analytic study of the most important de-

partment of psychology, the laws of the influence of circumstances on character.

The profoundest knowledge of the laws of the formation of character is indispensable to entitle any one to affirm even that there is any difference, much more what the difference is, between the two sexes considered as moral and rational beings; and since no one, as yet, has that knowledge (for there is hardly any subject which, in proportion to its importance, has been so little studied), no one is thus far entitled to any positive opinion on the subject. Conjectures are all that can at present be made; conjectures more or less probable, according as more or less authorized by such knowledge as we yet have of the laws of psychology, as applied to the formation of character.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

SOLOMON must have been blind as well as *blasé* when he said there is nothing new under the sun. Had he walked out of his walls of cedar and ebony, and looked at the blossoming fields, he could not have felt that he was in a stale and wearisome world. A blossom is a new thing. What thought of age, what suspicion of flat repetition can one have, looking into its fragrant and dewy heart; what profane and polished sense dare report it to be insipid and old? Beauty is always new. Whether in sunset skies, or in the fair faces of fair women, or in flowers, it never suggests the past: it is fresh and fleeting, like a foam-wreath from the eternal sea.

Frail, and flesh-pale, the apple-blossoms have burst in soft bloom in the million orchards of the land. And what bridal adornments of color and texture they spread over the landscape! What sprays of fragrance! What crumpled loveliness of petal and bud! What softly-folded blooms! What depths of white and rose they exhibit to the gladdened and surprised sense! A miracle of beauty crowns twisted branches and stiff twigs. While the grass is greenest, the apple-blossom softly surprises and exhilarates. Who but a civilized brute can look at a blossom without a sense of sweetness, delicacy, and ecstasy? Once more after the first herald-notes of Spring we witness the magic hour of the flower-bloom of the fruit-trees. Life in one such season of fragrance and color is simple and sweet to loitering lovers and dreamers in odorous orchards; the eye has its festival, and the virginal bloom of the fruit-trees suggests perfection, is perfection, and, surrendered to Nature, we can say to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art so fair!"

The cherry-trees, plummy and foamy, with masses of white blossoms, the peach with its flower, rose-flesh, seems less than the apple-blossom, which has a transparent white and rose tint, the exquisiteness of the color of both peach and cherry blooms. The clustered profusion of the blossoms on the stem, the stillness and fragrance and wind-blown openness of their five petals, or the folded secret of the bud's hidden sweetness, make pure and voluptuous suggestion of spotless pleasure.

The country may be said to be embroidered, and festooned, and veiled in bloom; now is the bridal of earth and sun. The moist warm skies of May no more gently bathe the earth, than blossoms fill the air and rain upon the grass. The loose clouds trail over woods and fields white with bloom; the most ineffable tint, that of the pearly flesh of delicate girls, is profusely massed in fragrant domes and dewy sprays of sweetness in the orchards and woods.

One's sensations in blossoming orchards are not apart from the human and domestic, as when we walk by the sea or in the wilderness. We are not isolated by suggestions of grandeur and desolation; we are not detached from crowds by solemn sounds, as in pine-forests, as on beaten beaches, on rocky coasts that growl responses to the hoarse mutterings of the sea. The apple-orchard in bloom is a part of our most domestic experience and of our gentlest human sentiments. It is a part of the best memories of home. Every man in his boyhood has had his perfect moment under apple-blossoms. A cluster of

flesh-pale blossoms is like a group of lovely girls; they are the very smile, and visible ecstasy of vegetable life; like a sprinkling of floral foam over green trees, and, like it, a fleeting vision. Floods of perfume are carried over the fields by the loosening winds. The butter-cups, golden petalled, shine in the grass, while apple blooms and buds crowd upon and hide the maze of branch and twig and leaf. One can plunge the glance into petals softer than a caress, and scent odors that come to faint and die on the sense they intoxicate. If any thing could start the conventional man out of his reserve, and change that insensibility of Nature which he is stupid enough to think one of the objects of culture—if any thing not passionate, but something simply sweet, could break in upon the self-satisfaction of gentlemen who admire nothing and avoid effusion, as other men shun the mental barrenness in which they install their minds—it would be an untroubled hour under a May sky, and amid the blossoming orchards. The abundance of beauty, the lavishness of sweetness, the exquisiteness of the perfume, would steal into and fill the sense.

Leigh Hunt, one of the pleasantest poets, celebrates the birth of floral bloom with his sunny spirit and limpid language, and notices "apple-trees at noon with bees alive." The blossoming season suggests the wish that we could, like trees, blossom every year. Then with that shifting play of sunlight and shadow, of longing and regret which is characteristic of his mind, he checks his wish, dreading to change with the seasons, to fade every fall, and stare ghastly and naked, like leafless trees in November rains. To express a thought merely to refute it is profitable enough, if it makes us contented. A tree loaded with blossoms may certainly suggest something more abundant and beautiful than most of our fellow-beings have to offer us—something better than the trite language, the stinted if not barren expression in which their life finds a sluggish issue. If every mind had its season of flowering, if the flower of its speech had any thing of the freshness and purity and penetrating charm of apple-blossoms, or the foamy abundance of the cherry-flower, no doubt an appropriate season of merely *beautiful* expression would be recognized; our social intercourse might be graced and festooned with garlands of pleasant words; we might meet each other sometimes without baskets and quart measures to buy and sell; we might meet each other as social artists, and not as drivers and workmen. We know of no sufficient reason why we should dispense with every thing like effusion and beauty, and hold so gravely to polished and barren expression which checks enthusiasm and defrauds the sense of beauty, in our social intercourse. The grotesque and gnarled denizens of our fields do better; they break into bloom, they crest and sprinkle themselves with the most wasteful beauty, and carelessly spill the most exquisite perfume on every wandering air. They give place to the formation of fruits that never reach maturity, they crowd every twig with what will prove only "windfalls;" but then in blossoming-time they have not the fear of critics; they are not nipped in the bud by the chilling frost of criticism; they are not forbidden their joyous and maternal abundance of vain but lovely promises.

A literature without its blossoming season—a society formed to restrict expression, and conventionalize all intercourse; to start us in grooves and keep us in them, unmindful of our best and most ancient example, nature, is false and must correct itself. They understand these things better in France. The frigid and barren type does not give the law, but the natural and abundant. French literature and society have something of the effusion, something of the bloom, something of the vividness, something of the freshness of Nature. One can pluck from French books pages which breathe of lilacs and violets; one can discover words that have no other reason of being than the expression of enthusiasm and the admiration of beauty. But in our land such freedom of expression passes unquestioned only among versifiers and poets; and English prose, so much less than English poetry, is devoid of those facile and charming

tributes of expression which make French prose so attractive, so full of beauty, and wanting which, we have the *Saturday Reviewer's* English, which is English prose without grace and without beauty. Such newspaper English outside of the financial column would have no claim upon us, if we were endowed with a sense of the beautiful—the sixth sense denied to the average American and to the English mind. If we had the sense of beauty we should have a Maurice de Guérin as well as a Thoreau; a George Sand instead of a Mrs. Stowe; and, in speaking of apple-blossoms, we could do so without an apology that we dispense with the mask and fiction of verse.

INDIAN ROCK.

THE fifteen hundred visitors, who resort in the summer season to Narragansett Pier, as they cast their eyes upon the picture of Indian Rock in our present number, must have a fresh longing for the arrival of the day when they will find themselves once more drinking in the cool, bracing air of the ocean, and rambling over the sands and stones that line its shores. A few years ago, and only here and there a traveller had ever heard of the place; five little fishing-boats went off in the morning upon the broad sea, and came back to their moorings in the evening, with no crowd of curious strangers standing by, to count the lobsters, and bass, and tautog, and scup, and wheat-fish, that had been taken through the day. Uncle Jerry and Uncle Bill—they are all uncles there—with their quaint old steeple-hats—tradition says that they have been worn "for forty year"—and their oil-skin coats, had never been heard of in Detroit, and Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and the other great cities of the West and the East. Nobody dreamed that Flat Rock, and Foam Rock, and Indian Rock, would ever be painted on canvas and engraved on steel, and found "accompanying APPLETONS' JOURNAL." Quiet brooded around these rough reefs of stone, except when the southeast gales sent the great waves thundering and foaming, and dashing their spray into the air; and then there was no ear to hear the war of the waters, and no eye to behold the grandeur of the scene.

But now how changed! Umbrella'd artists plant their easels here and there, and dash away with their ochres, and chromes, and bistres, and tell you that there are no rocks on our coasts so rich and varied in their coloring as these—south of this ledge there are indeed no rocks at all on the American shore, until you reach the reef of Florida. On every pleasant summer afternoon, young men and maidens, old men and children, seat themselves by fifties and by hundreds in the shady clefts, to watch the ships that go sailing by, and gaze across the waters upon the long, leaden fog-bank, which at this time of day usually drops down upon old Newport, to hide her vanities from the sight of men and angels. Sometimes, after the sun has gone down, the thick mist covers all the sea and the land, and then strange sounds come out of the darkness.

We are wondering whether the Neptune line of steamers from Providence will venture to screw their way through the Sound to New York on such a night as this; and whether we shall hear the paddle-wheels of the splendid palaces that ply between Newport and the metropolis. How often, when we have been "cribbed, cabined, and confined" on the little dirty craft that sail on the Adriatic and the German Sea, have we wished that the wretched foreigners who crowded their narrow decks could only be dropped down for a while into the magnificent saloons of the *locomotive cathedrals*, that we know by the name of the *Bristol* and the *Providence*!

While we are thus wondering and speculating, out of the darkness there comes a scream across the waters—it is the steamer asking anxiously whereabouts she is; in an instant, "Beaver-tail light-house," which cannot shine to-night, answers from behind in a tone that sounds like the wail of a lost spirit, "You are past my jurisdiction, go ahead!" and then in another minute,

"Point Judith," from below, responds again in more cheerful notes, "All right, come along!" We would here take occasion to remark that the keeper of the Point Judith light prides himself particularly upon the liveliness of his steam-whistle, and would resent with considerable feeling any insinuation to the contrary.

But we are forgetting all about Indian Rock, and in fact there is not much to be said about it. Mr. Hazeltine shows just how it looks in calm and sunny weather; imagine now the sea dashing over the summit, thirty feet in the air, and you may know how it looks in the tempest.

There used to be an old tradition concerning this rock, and there are red stains which are said to be Indian blood, which the waves have never been able to wash off; but we have tried in vain to fish up the story out of the depths of the past.

Of the Narragansett Indians in general, we might write at length; a tribe which, in respect of culture, and what are commonly known as the arts of civilization, were far in advance of all other aboriginal inhabitants of our soil. There was no necessity for them to wander here and there in search of game, and so they had settled themselves down in towns and villages, and the resident rural population of this region is supposed to have been more numerous in their day than it is at present. With their extensive corn-fields, the furrows of which may now be seen, where they raised such crops that we read of a largess of not less than a thousand bushels of corn as having been given by the authorities at one time to certain persons whom it was expedient to conciliate; with their skill and ingenuity in various styles of manufacture (for, long before the white man built his mills, and the whirl of spindles was heard in Rhode Island, there were preshadowings of her preëminence in this department); with their enterprise in commerce and trade—for the Narragansetts built canoes, large enough to carry forty or fifty people, with their freight and luggage, and in these boats they traversed the seas, selling their goods, and their maize, and their fish, to other tribes; with their compact and well-ordered government, where we hear of no bribery, no Dorr wars, no rivalry of great families, no senatorial escapades; with their loftier views of morals and religion, as compared with the grosser beliefs of other Indians; it is easy to see how it came to pass that the Narragansetts towered above all their brethren.

And the time would fail if we should go on to tell how abominably they were afterward treated by the white men; how they were robbed, and betrayed, and massacred, until, now, there are left only a few forlorn remnants of the race, to whom the State doles out a little pittance every year to save them from starvation.

In a short time they too will have vanished from the earth; and while old Indian Rock continues, generation after generation, to defy the winds and the waves, the Indian people will all have gone where the antediluvians went before them.

A CONTEMPORARY OF NELSON AND NAPOLEON.

ON the ninth day of March, 1869, the one hundred and fourth birthday of a gallant soldier was celebrated by a breakfast-party in New York City, at which Admiral Farragut and a number of regular and ex-volunteers of the army were present. Only two years before the old hero's birth, the lot on which St. Paul's Church now stands, on the block below the Astor House, *was ploughed and sowed with wheat*, and New York had a population of only fourteen thousand souls, yet our venerable friend is still a comparatively hale and healthy man, able

"to shoulder his crutch,
And show how fields were lost and won"—

is still able to make occasional business visits to Wall Street,

is always in his seat at church on Sundays, and still finds pleasure in society and social amusements.

Captain Frederick L—— was born in Lambeth Parish, London, March 9, 1766, and for the last quarter of a century has been a resident of this city. His step is firm, and his figure erect, with unimpaired mind and a cheery manner. As a commissioned officer in the British army eighty years ago, and as a traveller and explorer in Asia, Africa, and Australia, he has probably had more varied and marvellous experiences of life than any man now living. Although born before Napoleon, or his great adversary Wellington, our old friend is still strong in body and mind, as Labruyère says of one of his characters, "years with him have not twelve months, nor add to his age."

The grandfather of Captain L—— was a native of France, and attained the rank of major in the French army; he was driven from his native land, being a Huguenot, by Louis XIV.'s revocation of the Edict of Nantes, October 22, 1685; and, in company with some of his comrades, fled to Prussia, where the Huguenot industry and skill aided in no small degree to lay the basis of the present powerful kingdom, whose helm is held in the firm grasp of Bismarck. The venerable captain's father was attached to the Prussian legation in London, where he married an English lady, the mother of the subject of this sketch. He was educated at the military academy at Croydon; entered the English army with an ensign's commission in October, 1789; fought with the Sixtieth British Rifles in Holland under the Duke of York, in 1798; served in Denmark with the troops coöperating with the navy under Lord Nelson, at the capture of Copenhagen; accompanied Lord Castlereagh as a military member of his staff to the famous Vienna Congress; witnessed the celebrated interview between Napoleon and Alexander on the river Niemen, in 1807; fought under Wellington in the Anglo-Hispano army in the Peninsular campaign, where he volunteered to lead a forlorn hope in an attack upon a French redoubt, which was carried with a loss of fifty-nine killed and wounded, out of a command of less than one hundred men. It was in this desperate assault, and in the moment of victory, that he was struck down by a blow on the head from a sabre, and was for some time insensible and supposed to be dead. For this daring deed he was promoted by Wellington and decorated with a medal which he wears on certain occasions when *en grand tenue*. Captain L—— captured an American vessel off the coast of Africa, during the second war with Great Britain, he being at the time in command of an army transport; and in 1816 he assisted for three months in guarding Napoleon at St. Helena, and held frequent conversation with the Great Captain, whom he considers was most shamefully treated by the brutal Sir Hudson Lowe. He sold his commission in the British army in 1818, and, after varied experiences in almost every quarter of the globe, took up his residence in New York. His widowed daughter and grandson, who accompanied him to the United States, have since died, leaving him childless and alone in the world, but not without troops of friends. Left for dead on the battle-field of Busaco, there is no token of what he suffered but a deep scar, showing where he was struck by the French *sabreur*, and a valued medal; taken up for a drowned man on the shores of Algoa Bay near the Cape of Good Hope, after suffering shipwreck, the only permanent consequence he has experienced has been the loss of his fortune, which went down with his wife, in the vessel. When the Prince of Wales visited the United States ten years ago, he invited the captain to return to England, promising to place him on the retired army list, on half-pay, but the old hero was too deeply attached to his adopted home to leave it. During the riots of 1863 he confronted a mob and saved a life at the imminent peril of his own. On the occasion of the reception given by Admiral Farragut on his noble flag-ship, the Franklin, before his departure for Europe, in June, 1867, Captain L——, then more than a century old, was

present, and, after being on his feet for several hours, appeared to be less fatigued than some others who were twoscore years his juniors.

His habits of life are entirely different from those of his fellow-men. He rises at three, breakfasts before daylight, dines at noon, takes his tea about five, and before fashionable Gothamites sit down to dinner the captain is comfortably ensconced in his bed. He does not retire with the birds, but before them, his hour being six o'clock. He remarked to the writer, with whom he rode home from the reception referred to above, at half-past seven, that he had not sat up so late in twenty years. For forty years his life was maintained by a daily dose of seventy-five grains of opium, having on two different occasions been compelled to increase the dose to one hundred and fifty grains. Within a few years he reduced his daily dose to forty grains, when, finding his health failing, he was entirely restored by a single dose of one hundred grains. Perhaps there is not on record another similar case of benefit being derived from the use of opium, of which for many years the veteran soldier consumed twenty-five pounds per annum.

When Captain L—— was a young man of eighteen, he often saw Dr. Johnson in the streets of London, going to or from his famous house in Bolt Court. The latter had known Alexander Pope, who knew "honest John Dryden"—who had associated with the immortal Milton—who is said to have been patted on the head by William Shakespeare. How small the number of links in the chain which connect us with the Elizabethan era! How few are the rungs of the ladder of time on which we return to the glorious days of "good Queen Bess," and the literary gayety of which the "immortal Williams" was the bright particular star. The captain, Johnson, Pope, Dryden, Milton—only five men in direct line from the time of Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh. Take the ascent only a single degree farther, and we have Elizabeth, who talked with Shakespeare, Sidney, and Spenser; and whose father was born in 1491, less than half a century from the time when John Gutenberg invented cut-metal type, and commenced working the first edition of the Bible.

In contemplating the lengthened career of the venerable captain, the mind naturally recurs to the immense changes which have taken place during its continuance. When he was born there was not a single settlement in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, or Kentucky. It was not till 1769 that the adventurous Boone left his home in North Carolina to penetrate the Western wilderness. The population of the United States was less than two millions, and was perhaps the most loyal part of the British empire. There were only four newspapers, whose combined circulation did not exceed two thousand copies, and cylinder presses, steam-engines, railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs, had not been imagined.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

WE publish this week, from advance-sheets, an abstract of the opening argument of Mr. J. S. Mill's new book on the "Subjection of Woman," which the publishers of this journal will shortly issue by arrangement with the author. It has been looked for with great interest, and will be carefully and widely read, while it cannot fail to be influential in shaping opinion upon the question. Mr. Mill's high position, both as a thinker and as a representative of advanced ideas, together with the fact that this subject is one which has long and deeply interested his feelings, will give influence and authority to his views, such as no other living man could exert.

Into the discussion of the general question it will be time enough to enter when we have completely before us the exposition of its grounds and claims by the acknowledged intellectual leader of the new movement; but there is one consideration to which it is proper to draw attention now. Mr. Mill's

frame of mind, in reference to the subject, is obviously very different from that of his American coadjutors. Recognizing its difficulties, he puts its claims on broad grounds of reason, and asks for its thorough and deliberate consideration. So far from being settled, he sees that it is hardly yet opened, and, before judgment is rendered and action taken, he demands that discussion shall go to the roots of the matter. He says:

"The least that can be demanded is, that the question should not be considered as prejudged by existing fact and existing opinion, but open to discussion on its merits, as a question of justice and expediency: the decision on this, as on any of the other social arrangements of mankind, depending on what an enlightened estimate of tendencies and consequences may show to be most advantageous to humanity in general, without distinction of sex. And the discussion must be a real discussion, descending to foundations, and not resting satisfied with vague and general assertions."

Nothing can be more just than this demand, and it should bind inflexibly all parties to the discussion. This is exactly the subject that is not to be slurred over with commonplace assumptions. The factors upon which its solution depends are undetermined questions of the highest order. The true objects of education, and how much can be accomplished by it; the grounds and proper restrictions of suffrage; the interpretation of marriage, the social evil, the rights of children, the scope of legislation, and the mental and moral constitution of the sexes—these subjects are all unsettled, and all these are wound into the very core of the woman-question. To the complexity which pertains to all the higher social problems, an element of delicacy is here added which greatly increases the embarrassment of its treatment. No subject involves such intensities of feeling, or is so enveloped in traditional prejudices which blind the judgment and baffle the reason. There are, besides, great practical evils in the circumstances of woman which cry loudly for rectification—sufferings which move the profoundest sympathies and prompt to action, whether action be wise or not. If ever a subject required to be approached with caution, and treated with deliberation; if ever a discussion should appeal to the largest knowledge and the widest experience; if ever circumspection was demanded in the use of the coarse expedients of overt reform, and the deepest faith in the slow-working, indirect agencies of social amelioration—certainly these conditions require to be fulfilled now, with all fidelity, in treating the question of the capacities, duties, rights, and social destiny of woman.

Well, therefore, may Mr. Mill demand a deliberate and searching analysis of the grounds of the subject. But this, we submit, is very far from the temper or the tactics of the managers of the movement on this side of the Atlantic. The indications that the subject is to be coolly investigated, with the view of getting down to the stable basis of Nature's truth, do not abound. There is an endless iteration of grievances and a wearisome obtrusion of political commonplaces; but, from what we can gather, one would never suspect that, beneath all this foam of passion and rhetoric, there are certain laws and principles of the human constitution and human character which it belongs to science to explain, and upon which the whole subject finally hinges. We ask for the data upon which to form a judgment of the question, and are coolly told that there is really no question about it; that it is a one-sided subject, and, its postulates being self-evident, is settled in the very terms of its enunciation. Nor is the inquirer left to draw the ungracious inference, but is plumply told that none but stupid old fogies and ignoramus will oppose the movement. Our most widely-circulated organ of progressive opinion declares, editorially, that "wisdom, eloquence, zeal, courage, practical talent, and social respectability, are all on one side, and only ignorance on the other." Nor is this all. Not only is the question settled, but we are informed that the settlement is divinely ratified. It has gone forth from our most influential pulpit that "God has called woman into a new sphere, and she must obey." And so it is agreed that, the

subject having passed the stage of inquiry, and being duly understood in all its multiplex bearings and blessed with heavenly approbation, we may now proceed to recentre the social mechanism—to abolish old spheres and create new—may now pass to the second stage, in which theoretical conclusions are to be reduced to practice. This phase of the movement has accordingly been inaugurated in true American style, with all the clatter and clap-trap of a popular agitation. The question of reconstructing the family and putting home relations upon a new basis is to be slavered through the dirty puddles of American politics. Radical claims are put forth; the watchword is "revolution;" half a race is to be emancipated; all sorts of good things per day are promised when woman shall vote, and the whole is to be carried by the excitement of rub-a-dub conventions and all the vulgar arts of election campaigning.

Here we interpose an emphatic protest. This is the one supreme question which is not to be sprung by a snap-judgment. The first stage has been "jumped." There has not been "a real discussion, descending to foundations, and not resting satisfied with vague and general assertions." The literature of the subject in this country is in the last degree superficial and chaotic. As for the divine sanction, we doubt the report. Who operates the celestial telegraph? The divine indorsement is not to be obtained for any thing but the truth; and truth, on such a subject as this, is only to be arrived at by calm, unprejudiced, and long-protracted investigation. We protest not against opening this important inquiry concerning woman's position and how it may be best improved—such an inquiry, conscientiously and ably conducted, will be productive of great good; but we protest against the complacent assumption that the case is already closed and ready for the verdict.

Mr. Mill made the wise observation years ago, that "on all great questions much yet remains to be said." Subjects of thought come down to us through centuries of sifting, and mole-eyed observers say that they are "exhausted," but clear-sighted inquirers know better. Even in the lower spheres of research, there seems no finality. The animal body has been dissected with infinite assiduity, down to its last filaments, and hunted through and through with microscopes, yet its ultimate interpretations are still before us. But, if this be true of comparatively simple subjects, how much more must it be true of those involving higher complications? If it be true of subjects with which the mightiest intellects have wrestled for ages, how much more must it be true of those which challenged scrutiny but yesterday? Let our fervid reformers, therefore, intermit a little of their impetuosity, and, recognizing as they do that this is a "great question," remember that there is much more to be thought and said about it. There is plenty of time. The Power which instituted the existing order waited through countless ages before men and women were introduced into the scheme at all; and, when introduced, long periods again elapsed before they were brought up to their present state of improvement. The policy according to which things are ruled is infinitely deliberate; and the policy by which they are to be amended must, at all events, have sufficient deliberation about it to bring out the conditions upon which all real and permanent improvement depends.

TABLE-TALK.

THE great social and political romance of Victor Hugo, now publishing in the columns of this JOURNAL, promises to be the masterpiece of this author's remarkable genius. In depth of intuition, in power of delineation, in its terrible invective, in the audacity with which masks are stripped off and the inner realities of human life laid bare, in its bold originality of plot and breadth of philosophic purpose, nothing that Victor Hugo has before done can be compared with the present performance. In his few words of preface, the author states that this is the first of three works which might be termed "The Aristocracy," "The Monarchy," and "Ninety-Three," and which

will present the social life of the eighteenth century. The present work, which opens in 1689, and closes in the reign of Queen Anne, exemplifies the life of the English aristocracy; "The Monarchy" will be devoted to France under the Bourbons; and "Ninety-Three" will take up the French Revolution. "The Man Who Laughs" is an allegorical romance. Gwynplaine, the character with the countenance mutilated in childhood into a ghastly deformity, "By order of the king," is the symbol of the people. To those who can discern the author's deeper purpose there is a tragic fascination in the movement of his dramatic elements. The Springfield *Republican* thus refers to the work:

"It may easily be understood that this is a novel of quite another fashion from those that England and America pour forth in such abundance. It is an earnest, undaunted, thrilling, but sometimes unreadable, appeal for the wretched against the heartless oppressors. It is didactic and symbolical. Toward the end, the author says that the perpetual grin of the laughing man is an image of the supposed contentment of the nations under their oppressors. 'The mutilation of his face meant *Jussu Regis*; it was solemn evidence of the crime committed by kings on him—a symbol of the crime committed by royalty upon the people.' It abounds with faults of taste and blunders in orthography, and exemplifies in the highest degree the weakness no less than the strength of Victor Hugo. But, take it for all in all, it is the book of the year."

— With the true artist, all seasons are summer, and all times suitable for the study of Nature. It is true that our painters are not yet dotting all our mountain-sides, and wandering up and down our shores, as we shall find them a little later in the season. But June has its charms no less than other seasons. The virgin grace of the young summer—the full, pure, ripe green of the first foliage, ere July suns have scorched it or August heats touched it here and there with the premonitory sere of autumn—has its claims upon the artist-eye no less potent than many-colored October. Our illustration on our first page, hence, does not anticipate the artist's vacation. A little later, such scenes will doubtless be more abundant; but, from the first swelling of the spring buds, through all the changing periods of Nature's panorama until the "melancholy days" of drear and dun November are reached, there is no time that the painter does not seek for new aspects of the face of Nature for his sketch-book, or cannot find it profitable to erect his umbrella, plant his camp-stool, set up his easel, and surrender himself to the study and the reproduction of hazy skies, or waving foliage, or far-off, mellowing hill-tops. As to the painter's companion in Mr. Winslow Homer's sketch, we will let our readers frame what romance pertaining to her they may please. A love-story could be woven out of the situation, although some crusty critic might declare that the man is far too much absorbed in his labors, too utterly heedless of the young woman at his elbow, for their relationship to be any thing else than that of man and wife. But let each of our readers decide this for himself.

— The attention of the general reader is not unfrequently attracted by the recurrence and resuscitation of old jokes or "Joos." It has been suggested that they may come round periodically, like comets, meteoric showers, pestilences, and seventeen-year locusts. Perhaps the most venerable stager is the glass of wine that was so small for its age. Mr. John Forster seriously assigns this to Foote, and another late writer gives it to a Scotch judge of the last century. It was probably an old joke already in the time of Athenæus (beginning of the third century), since he credits with it two of the frail sisterhood to whose witticisms and naughtinesses he has devoted a whole book of his voluminous work, in which, be it remarked, may be found many supposed modern inventions, *bills-of-fare*, for instance. We were for a long time in hope that a popular masonic signal would turn up somewhere in it; but we believe no curious person has ever been able to trace that farther back than Rabelais, whose hero, Panurge, makes good use of it against an English doctor of signs. The "Joe" of the travelling snip who confounded *tout à l'heure* with *two tailors* has recently been exhumed in "Notes and Queries." It is apparently very old. We first heard it located in a New-Orleans restaurant, with a supplement about *du café pour quatre et le pousse*, the sounds *cat* and *puss* completing the consternation of the unlucky *schneider*, who suspected the French of—what shall we call it, *galeophagy* or *æolurophagy*?—that is, in plain English, cat-eating. The Creoles always call the small glass of liquor, or *liqueur*, at the end of the dinner, *pousse-café*. We wonder if any philologist has ever made out a glossary of current Creole French? There are some very funny corruptions in it; *amour*, for *armoire*, is one of them. In several of our Southern cities upholsterers will call a wardrobe an *amour*, even when

the article is by no means "a love of a thing," as ladies say. It does not follow as a matter of course that a repeated jest is not original with, that is, to, the repeater. Thus, we have good reason to believe that the jokelet about tea making Poe a poet was concocted independently on both sides of the Atlantic. Bulls, Hibernian or otherwise, certainly often preserve their characteristic by being original with different persons in different places. Take the well-known *two-legged bird* that ate the fruit. He is an old Cantab, that bird; yet we have heard of him from ladies who were perfectly in earnest, and had never read "Amos on Classical Education." The last appearance of this ornithological phenomenon was two years ago, in an illustrated London paper, and he then exhibited a new tail—as it were, a very happy appendix. Hodge and Rafe, walking their cart-horses home, stop to chat. "Fine weather," says Hodge; "heard a cuckoo last noight." Rafe, sarcastically—"Get out! 'twas a two-legged cuckoo, I'm thinking." Hodge, indignantly—"Noa! it war a proper [real] cuckoo, it war." We need not question the possibility of *remaking* jokes, when we remember how all operations of the intellect have a tendency to reproduce themselves, how many antique religions and social heresies reappear as new theories, how many exploded and forgotten inventions are presented at the patent-office. Discoveries made almost simultaneously, like those of the planet Neptune, belong to a different category of mental phenomena. The higher-civilized mind has been educated and developed up to a certain point in various departments, and it is the mere accident of a day or a month who takes the next step in advance.

— A friendly correspondent writes to us in reference to the use, in "Table-Talk," a few weeks ago, of the word *humanitarian*. The term was employed as descriptive of a proposed tract-society which, as distinguished from that already existing, should have for its object the distribution of tracts on those subjects that affect the immediate and temporal well-being of the people. Our correspondent quotes to us Webster's definition of the term *humanitarian*—"One who denies the divinity of Christ, and believes Him to be a mere man"—and remarks: "I have often been puzzled at this flagrant discrepancy between our standard of language and the usage of writers and speakers. . . . Allow me to trouble you by inquiring what authority we have for the common signification of the word as applied daily by our *best authors*!" The italics of the last two words are our own. The question, by the use of these words, is really answered in propounding it. The usage of the best authors is the sole authority for the employment of words. It is the duty of dictionaries to *record* what this usage is; and, when they fail to do so, they are so far incomplete. It is not their proper province to make their own meanings, to arbitrarily limit or arbitrarily enlarge the use of words, or to do any thing more than to set down what usage is, when sanctioned by scholarly authority. Dictionaries, however, are usually more rigid than authoritative usage, and the style of our "best authors" would lose a little in flexible grace if always held to arbitrary definitions. The tendency is always to enlarge the scope of words; indeed, nearly all have their primary, their secondary, and some their tertiary meaning. The word *humanitarian* long since broke the bounds of the definition quoted by our correspondent, and is used very generally to describe the interests that pertain to humanity.

— Will the reader, before perusing this paragraph, turn to the poem in the present number, called "Only the Clothes that She Wore," and read it? It will strike him probably with awe when he learns that these tender and tragical lines only just foreshadowed the death of their author. They were, we believe, the last he ever penned. Within a few hours after parting from us and receiving the price of his verses, he died from the effects of intemperance. This was Saturday, the twenty-second of May. Mr. Shepherd—this was his name—was well known as a contributor to the magazines, and as a writer of fluent and often excellent poems, and distinguished in certain circles in New York as a representative Bohemian. He had wit, genius, and prepossessing manners, but was ruined by his passion for drink. His literary industry was of the spasmodic kind, which only exhibited activity when he was pressed by want, and then he would rapidly indite a few stanzas or a brief sketch, and, hastening with it to some newspaper or periodical, sell it for what he could obtain. The poem to which we have already referred the reader is marked by pathos and tenderness; it illustrates an incident full of tragical suggestions; and its whole mournful spirit may be accepted as a requiem for its author, as well as for the victim whose unknown fate it endeavors to imagine.

Scientific and Literary Notes.

THE Royal Geographical Society of England has awarded the Victoria Medal to Mrs. Somerville for her labors on the subject of physical geography; whereupon the editor of the *Scientific Opinion* declares that the proceeding is one that cannot be defended. In the first place, it denies that there is properly any such science as physical geography. The term is applied to a barbarous *mélange* of some two or three departments of knowledge, and has about as much claim to recognition, as a branch of scientific inquiry, as "the use of globes" in a young ladies' seminary. He affirms that the problems of so-called physical geography belong to geology, and have been elaborately and philosophically dealt with by Mr. Lyell, in his "Principles of Geology." All that relates to the various changes of the earth's surface belongs to pure geology; while the distribution of organic life belongs to its biological branch, of which the distribution of extinct forms pertains, again, to its paleontological division. He therefore thinks that the Royal Geographical Society is getting over-ambitious in its efforts to absorb what does not belong to it, and in this, the writer thinks, it is laboring under an hallucination. He says: "Mrs. Somerville is a most estimable lady, and is, in regard to knowledge of scientific facts, and, indeed, in reference to scientific research, before nearly all her countrywomen. But we candidly avow our conviction that she has not deserved the Victoria Medal for her labors in physical geography. Viewing the award of the Society from an impartial stand-point, we conclude that it was a triple mistake. It is wrong, in that, if merited, it should have been given years since; it is wrong, in that the Geographical Society can hardly include physical geology; and it is wrong, in that Mrs. Somerville's treatise is obviously a very imperfect and tolerably incomprehensive work."

It is well understood that the cause of the phenomena of seasons is the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit; and the differences of terrestrial climate from the present, which are believed to have existed in post-geological times, are supposed to be connected with a change of this inclination of the earth's axis. But what and whence are the causes which have changed it? The general opinion has been that they are astronomical, and due to the varying attractive influences of the planets. But a book has just been published by Mr. Samuel Mossman, in which the change is ascribed to geological causes. His theory is as follows: "The earth, in an early period of its history, had its axis of rotation at right angles to the plane of its orbit. At this time its surface was all of water—no land had yet been upheaved. Volcanic agencies, acting then with greater violence than in recent times, because of the less resistance of the earth's crust, cast up in a succession of upheavals the continents of the Northern hemisphere. This upheaval of land in the Northern was accompanied by a complementary depression in the Southern hemisphere; the formation of the continents in the latter hemisphere did not occur till a much later period in the earth's history. This disturbance of the position of the solid portions of the earth threw by degrees the axis of the earth's rotation into obliquity with the plane of its orbit, until this obliquity, by the succession of upheavals, became at least twice as great as it is at present. A transference of volcanic activity from the Northern to the Southern hemisphere, producing there the Southern continents, but principally that of South America, then took place, giving rise to a gradual *diminution* of the obliquity of the earth's axis, still going on at the present time. This degree of obliquity was greatest at the commencement of the older tertiary formation, and at that period, therefore, the tropical climate enjoyed by Europe began to pass away."

It is a well-known fact that, even independently from the effects of rain and wind, glass, even of good quality, is affected by sunlight. The late Dr. Faraday made some observations concerning this subject, and found that violet-colored glass became deeper and more intensely colored than it originally was, after having been exposed to direct sunlight for eight months. Mr. Graffield, of Boston, U. S., who has been for more than twenty years in the wholesale glass-trade, and is at the same time a good observer, has recently sent to the Photographic Society of Marseilles a series of the results of his researches and observations on this subject, in which he comes to the conclusion (which is especially important to photographers) that glass is even sensibly affected after one single day's exposure to the sun's rays, and that all glass, without exception, including that used for optical purposes, is more or less acted upon, even when made from the best materials and by most experienced workmen; greenish glass seems to become the least affected. The author has sent to Marseilles a series of photographs representing the tinge and changes produced in divers varieties and kinds of glass after exposing them to sunlight.—*Cosmos*.

Mr. J. Norman Lackyer, the young astronomer who has recently distinguished himself by his brilliant spectroscopic discoveries in relation to the chromosphere of the sun, has just been elected a fellow of the Royal Society.

"The Wedding-day in all Ages and Countries" is the title of a new work from the press of Harper & Brothers. In this book we find an exhaustive record of all the ceremonies pertaining to betrothal and marriage now existing, or that have existed, so far as they can be gleaned from history, in the different countries of the globe. The material thus gathered is abundantly curious. Ceremonies connected with marriage have varied greatly, and yet they seem, through all changes, to possess certain family resemblances. Almost all peoples have delighted in surrounding this event with a vast amount of ceremonious details, and, although our modern life is charged with overdoing it, yet the most pretentious celebration of our fashionable life is simplicity itself compared to what it is in some other countries, or has been in other ages. This work not only gives an account of marriage ceremonies, but includes the superstitions and folk-lore that have prevailed at different times in connection with an event which every age has seemed to consider one of the most interesting in the life of man.

The Right Rev. Thomas M. Clarke, Bishop of Rhode Island, has published a little volume which he entitles "Primary Truths of Religion," in which he designs to "meet the unsettled condition of mind, in regard to the fundamental principles of morals and religion, which prevails so extensively in our community. The writer" (we quote from the preface) "has endeavored to be candid and honest in the treatment of these subjects, and may sometimes have seemed to make concessions which will expose him to rebuke and criticism from those who, never having had any serious doubts themselves, can have no sympathy with troubles that sorely perplex the minds of others. He has, however, been careful to yield nothing essential to the truth, and nothing which the truth did not oblige him to yield." This little work may be considered as the believer's manual. It gathers the evidence of the truth of revelation, and the principles which underlie religious faith, in a form that is at once compact, clear, and comprehensive.

Messrs. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, have published, in a handsome octavo volume, a work entitled "The Mississippi Valley: its Physical Geography, including Sketches of the Topography, Botany, Climate, Geology, and Mineral Resources; and of the Progress and Development in Population and Material Wealth," by J. W. Foster, LL. D., President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This somewhat long title-page explains the character and scope of the book. The author, in his preface, further indicates the plan of his treatise. "It was," he says, "with a view of illustrating the productions between the forest, prairie, and desert; the varying conditions of temperature and moisture, and their effects in determining the range of those plants cultivated for food; and, at the same time, to trace the character of the fundamental rocks over the whole of this region, pointing out the mode of occurrence of those ores and minerals useful in the arts; and, finally, to trace the colonization of this region from its feeble beginnings to its present magnificent proportions, that this work was undertaken." This comprehensive purpose seems to be well carried out.

"Westward, ho!" is now the refrain of nearly all our plans and all our literature. Poets, essayists, journalists, historians, and writers of every kind, are mighty with this swelling theme. The press teems with records, adventures, exploits, histories, and researches, all pertaining to the Plains, the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific Railroad, and all the countries and places connected therewith. Among the numerous books of this kind, we have one before us that would seem to have considerable value. It is termed "Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains," by A. K. McClure (published by Lippincott & Co.), and contains a vast fund of information as to the people and resources of the Rocky-Mountain Territories. The greater part of the contents was first published in the form of letters to the *New-York Tribune*.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have added to their Household Edition of Dickens's works, "Master Humphrey's Clock," which of late years has not been included in either the English or American editions of Dickens's works. "Master Humphrey's Clock" originally included "Barnaby Rudge" and "Old Curiosity Shop," and consisted simply of introductory chapters to those tales, which, by Mr. Dickens's sanction, have not appeared in the recent regular editions of his works. In this volume the publishers have appended a complete list of all of Dickens's characters.

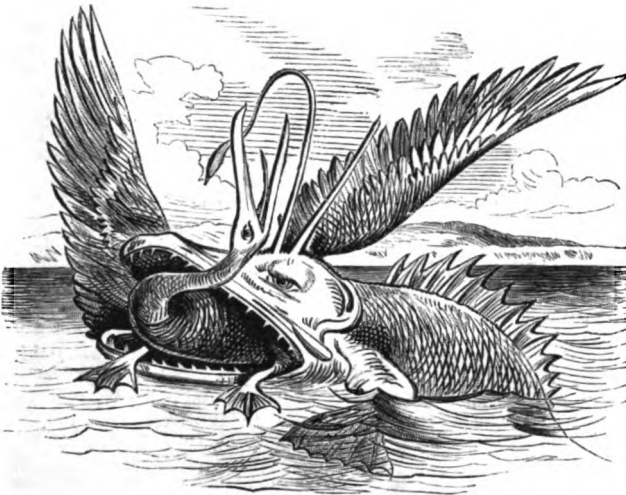
"Ten Thousand Miles of Travel, Sport, and Adventure," by Captain Townsend; "My Holiday in Austria," by Lizzie Selina Eden; "The Life of Edmund Kean;" "Rome and Venice, with other Wanderings in Italy," by George Augustus Sala; "The Life and Correspondence of Mary Russell Mitford;" "The Antipodes and round the World; or, Travels in China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and California," by Mr. Godfrey Clark—are among the new books appearing from the English press.

Wilkie Collins and Mrs. Gaskell are the most popular in France of the English authors.

The Museum.

OUR Museum, a fortnight ago, contained a representation and description of that curiosity of the waters, the angler-fish. From the London *Times* we copy an account of a remarkable exploit of this creature, in the way of catching birds, and Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins has favored us with a graphic pictorial representation of the adventure:

"On the forenoon of Saturday last, some of the fishermen resident at Ackergill, while pursuing their avocation in the bay, had their attention directed to a large fish struggling and plunging on the surface of the water, at no great distance from their boat. Presuming that the fish had got attached to some of their lines, and that, in consequence, it could be secured easily, they at once directed their course toward it; but a closer approach revealed, to their surprise, the true source of its annoyance. The fish, while swimming near the surface in search of prey, had



The Angler-Fish catches a Loon.

seized hold of some large bird, which it had partly swallowed, but which it was unable, from the size and energetic resistance of its victim, to drag beneath. The singular appearance of the widely-spread wings of the bird, which frantically thrashed the water, at one extremity, and the occasional glimpse which was obtained of the tail of the fish, at the other, induced the fishermen to believe that they had fallen in with some rare nondescript, and the sea-staff was immediately put in requisition to secure the interesting prize. By a dexterous use of this effective weapon, the fish was hooked and secured, and the whole affair incontinently hauled in triumph over the gunwale. The principal actor in this scene was then at once recognized as an old acquaintance by the boat's crew. His jaws were unceremoniously wrenched open, and the bird, still alive, released from its uncomfortable position. The victim of this novel strait proved to be a fine specimen of that large and powerful species, the great northern diver, a bird unsurpassed

for its speed and power in the water. It is generally known as the 'loon,' or 'ember-goose.' The fish, which measured between three and four feet in length, is known as the 'fishing-frog,' or 'angler,' the latter name derived from the singular manner in which it entices its prey within reach. The mouth of this fish is of extraordinary width; from the top of its head rises a series of delicate, stalk-like appendages, terminated by glistening filaments bearing a pretty close resemblance to certain marine worms. The animal remains stationary in some favorable position, and, as the vibration of these appendages attracts, small fishes are at once seized upon, and deposited in the capacious maw of the fish. It is probable that the bird, in this instance, had been deceived by the tempting lure into thrusting its head into such dangerous proximity, and that the fish had suddenly closed its jaws upon it, and refused, or was unable, to relax its hold until it was secured in the manner related above. The flesh of the fish is held in no repute."

Captain Maury considers the Gulf Stream equal to a stream 32 miles broad and 1,200 feet deep, flowing at a rate of 5 knots (33,415 feet) an hour. This gives 6,166,700,000,000 cubic feet per hour as the quantity of water conveyed by this stream. Sir John Herschel's estimate is still greater; he considers it equal to a stream 80 miles broad and 2,300 feet deep, flowing at the rate of 4 miles an hour; this makes the quantity 7,359,900,000,000 cubic feet per hour. Sir John estimates the temperature of the water at 86° Fahr.

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SPRING.



WINTER.

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[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



NOT 'A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.' BY GASTON FAY.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*

OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

II.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE.

How simple is a miracle! It was breakfast-time in the Green-Box, and Dea came, quite naturally, to know why Gwynplaine had not appeared at their little morning table.

— You! exclaimed Gwynplaine, and that was all. There was for him no longer any horizon or any vision, save the heaven in which was Dea.

He, who has not observed the immediate smile of the sea, after the hurricane, cannot comprehend these lulls. Nothing becomes calm more quickly than whirlpools. This comes from their tendency to absorb. Thus is it with the human heart. Not always, however.

Dea had but to show herself, and all the light that was in Gwynplaine passed from him to her. There remained behind the dazzled Gwynplaine only a flight of phantoms. What a pacifier is adoration!

Some moments afterward, the pair were seated one before the other, Ursus between them, Homo at their feet. The tea-urn, under which a small lamp was burning, was on the table. Fibi and Vinos were outside, and attended to serving.

Their breakfast, like the supper, was taken in the central compartment. From the manner in which the extremely narrow table was placed, Dea turned her back to the opening in the partition, that corresponded with the entrance-door of the Green-Box.

Their knees were touching. Gwynplaine poured out Dea's tea.

Dea blew gracefully into her cup. All at once she sneezed. There was at that moment, above the flame of the lamp, a smoke that was dispersing, and something like paper that was falling into ashes. It was the smoke that had made Dea sneeze.

— What is that? asked she.

— Nothing, answered Gwynplaine.

And he smiled.

He had just burned the duchess's letter.

The conscience of the man, who loves her, is the loved woman's guardian angel.

To have the letter no longer upon him comforted him strangely; and Gwynplaine felt his rectitude as the eagle feels his wings.

It seemed to him that the temptation took its departure with the smoke, and that, at the same time with the paper, the duchess crumbled into ashes.

As they mingled their cups, drinking one after the other in the same, they talked. Lovers' prattle, twittering of sparrows. Puerilities worthy of Mother Goose, and of Homer. Go not beyond two loving hearts, in search of poetry; in search of music, go not beyond two kisses that discourse.

— Do you know one thing?

— No.

— Gwynplaine, I dreamed that we were beasts, and that we had wings.

— Wings; that means birds, murmured Gwynplaine.

— Beasts; that means angels, grumbled Ursus.

The talk went on:

— If you did not exist, Gwynplaine.

— Well?

— There would be no good God.

— The tea is too hot. You will burn yourself, Dea.

— Blow into my cup.

— How lovely you are this morning!

— Imagine; there are all sorts of things that I want to tell you.

— Say on.

— I love you.

— I adore you.

And Ursus made this remark, aside:

— By heaven! these are good people.

For lovers, how exquisite are intervals of silence! Little heaps of love are piled up; and anon they break out softly.

There was a pause, after which Dea exclaimed:

— If you only knew. In the evening, when we are playing the piece, at the moment when my hand touches your forehead. . . . Oh! you have a noble head, Gwynplaine. . . . At the instant when I feel your hair between my fingers, I tremble, I have within me a heavenly joy; I say to myself: In all this world of blackness that shuts me in, in this universe of solitude, in the immense and obscure desolation where I exist, in this fearful tremor of myself and of every thing, I have one support to lean upon. It is he—that is yourself!

— Oh! you love me, said Gwynplaine. I, too, have but you upon earth. You are every thing for me. Dea, what would you have me do? Do you want any thing? What is needful for you?

Dea answered:

— I do not know. I am happy.

— Oh! replied Gwynplaine, we are happy!

Ursus lifted up his voice severely.

— Ah! you are happy! That's a contravention. I have warned you of it already. Ah! you are happy! Manage, then, so that no one may see you. Occupy the least possible space. Happiness ought to thrust itself into holes. Make yourselves still smaller than you are, if you are able. God measures the greatness of happiness by the littleness of the happy. Contented folks ought to hide themselves like malefactors. Ah! you sparkle, paltry glowworms that you are; zounds! they will tread upon you, and they will do well. What are they, all these "my loveys!" I am no duenna, I, whose business it is to watch lovers billing and cooing. In short, you weary me. To the devil with you!

And conscious that his harsh accent was softening into tenderness, he drowned this emotion in a deep grunt.

— Father, said Dea, how loud you are talking!

— It is because I don't like to have people too happy, replied Ursus.

Here Homo gave forth an echo to Ursus. A growl was heard under the lovers' feet.

Ursus leaned over and put his hand upon Homo's skull.

— There it is! You, too, you are in a bad humor. You growl. You bristle up your lock of hair on your wolf's pate. You don't like little love-affairs. That's because you are steady. It's all the same; hush! You have spoken; you have given your opinion; very well; now silence!

The wolf growled afresh.

Ursus looked under the table.

— Quiet, then, Homo! Come, come, don't insist upon it, philosopher!

But the wolf sat up, and showed his teeth toward the side where the door was.

— What's the matter with you, then? said Ursus.

And he clutched Homo by the skin of his neck.

Dea—inattentive to the wolf's gnashings of his teeth, given up to her own thoughts, and still dwelling within herself upon the sound of Gwynplaine's voice—remained silent, in the sort of ecstasy common with the blind, which seems sometimes to supply them internally with a song to listen to, and to replace by certain strange ideal music the light that they lack. Blind-

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ness is a subterranean vault, whence the profound eternal harmony is heard.

While Ursus, apostrophizing Homo, was lowering his head, Gwynplaine had raised his eyes.

He was about to drink a cup of tea, and he did not drink it. He put it down upon the table with the slow movement of a spring that is relaxed; his fingers rested open; and he remained motionless, his eye fixed, no longer drawing his breath.

A man was standing up behind Dea, in the doorway.

This man was dressed in black, with an official lawyer's cape. He wore a wig that came down to his eyebrows, and he held in his hand an iron staff, tipped with a crown at both ends.

The staff was short and heavy.

Fancy to yourself Medusa sticking her head, divided in two, out of Paradise.

Ursus, who had been startled by a new-comer, and who had raised his head without losing Homo, recognized this redoubtable personage.

He trembled from head to foot.

He whispered in Gwynplaine's ear:

— It is the wapentake.

Gwynplaine remembered.

A word of surprise was about to escape him. He repressed it.

The iron staff, terminating in a crown at both ends, was the iron weapon.

It was from the iron weapon, on which the officers of urban justice took the oath before entering upon their duties, that the ancient wapentakes of the English police drew their authority.

Beyond this man with the wig, in the shadow, one caught a glimpse of the dumfounded innkeeper.

The man, without speaking a word, and impersonating the *Muta Themis* of the old charters, lowered his right arm over the radiant Dea, and, with the iron staff, touched Gwynplaine's shoulders, while, with the thumb of his left hand, he pointed behind him to the door of the Green-Box. This double gesture, the more authoritative for having been executed silently, was as much as to say, Follow me.

Pro signo exeundi sursum trahere, says the Norman record.

The individual, on whom the iron weapon had just been laid, had no other right than the right of obedience. No reply to that mute command. The severe penalties of the English law threatened the contumacious.

Gwynplaine gave one start under this harsh touch of the law, and was then as if petrified.

If, instead of simply being touched on the shoulder with the iron weapon, he had been violently beaten over the head with it, he could not have been more stunned. He recognized the summons, to follow the officer of the police. But why? He did not comprehend.

Ursus, on his part, also thrown into poignant anxiety, saw something distinctly enough. He thought of the jugglers, and the preachers, their rivals; of the Green-Box denounced; of the wolf, that offender; of his own contest with the three inquisitors of Bishopsgate; and, who knows? perhaps—but this was terrifying—of the mischievous and seditious gabble of Gwynplaine concerning the royal authority. He trembled all over.

Dea smiled.

Neither Gwynplaine nor Ursus uttered a word. Both had the same thought, not to alarm Dea. The wolf had it also, perhaps, for he ceased to growl. It is true that Ursus did not let him loose.

Besides, Homo, upon occasion, had his own prudence. Who has not remarked certain intelligent anxieties of the brutes?

Perhaps just so far as a wolf can comprehend men, he felt himself an outlaw.

Gwynplaine stood up.

No resistance was possible. Gwynplaine knew it. He recollected the words of Ursus. And no debate was feasible.

He remained standing before the wapentake.

The wapentake withdrew the weapon from the top of the shoulder, brought it back to himself, and held the iron staff straight up in the attitude of command, an attitude of the police; understood by everybody at that time, which signified the following order:

— Let that man follow me, and no one else. Remain all of you as you are. Silence!

No spectators allowed. The police has, in every age, had a liking for these dark affairs.

That kind of seizure was called "Sequestration of the person."

The wapentake, with one motion, and like a piece of mechanism that pivots on itself, turned his back and moved with a magisterial and solemn step toward the outer door of the Green Box.

Gwynplaine looked at Ursus.

Ursus performed a pantomimic gesture, made up of a shrug of the shoulders, his elbows on his hips, with his hands apart, and his eyebrows knit like chevrons, which signifies resignation to the unforeseen.

Gwynplaine looked at Dea. She dreamed. She continued to smile.

He placed the tips of his fingers to his lips and waved her a kiss, unspeakably tender.

Ursus, relieved to a certain extent of his terror, by the turned back of the wapentake, seized the opportunity of slipping into Gwynplaine's ear this whisper:

— On your life, say not a word before you are examined!

Gwynplaine, with the caution one uses not to make a noise in a sick-room, took down his hat and cloak from the partition, wrapped himself up in his cloak to the eyes, and pulled his hat down over his forehead. Not having been to bed, he wore yet his working-dress and on his neck his leather collar; he looked once more at Dea; the wapentake, having gained the outer door of the Green-Box, raised his staff and began to descend the little stairway of egress; then Gwynplaine took up his march as if this man had drawn him by an invisible chain; Ursus saw Gwynplaine leave the Green-Box; the wolf, at this moment, began a plaintive growl, but Ursus held him in control, and said to him in a low tone,

— He will come back.

In the court-yard, Master Nicless, by a gesture at once servile and imperious, stopped the cries of terror in the mouths of Vinos and Fibi, who had seen with alarm Gwynplaine carried off, and the mourning garments and iron staff of the wapentake.

Two petrifications were these two girls. They had the fixedness of stalactites.

Govicum, bewildered, stared out of a half-opened window.

The wapentake walked some steps in advance of Gwynplaine, without turning round or looking at him, with that icy composure imparted by the consciousness of being the law.

The two men, in the silence of the grave, got clear of the court, crossed the dark bar-room, and issued out upon the square. There were some passers-by gathered before the door of the inn, and the justice of the quorum at the head of a squad of police. These spectators, amazed, without breathing a word, gave way, and got in line with English discipline before the staff of the constable; the wapentake took the direction of the small streets then called the Little Strand which ran along the Thames; and Gwynplaine, having on his right and on his left the men of the justice of the quorum moving forward in double file, pale, without a gesture, without other movement than the steps he took, covered with his cloak as with a winding-sheet, slowly left the inn, marching mute behind the silent man, like a statue following a ghost.

III.

LEX, REX, FEX.

ARREST without accusation, which would very much astonish the English of to-day, was a police procedure frequently employed at that time in Great Britain. They had recourse to it especially in those delicate matters which the *lettres-de-cachet* provided for in France, and, in spite of the habeas corpus, even under George II.; and one of the charges, against which Walpole had to defend himself, was that of having ordered or permitted the arrest of Neuhoff in this way. The charge probably had little foundation, for Neuhoff, King of Corsica, was sent to jail by his creditors.

This quiet taking in custody, of which the Holy Vehmhe made great use in Germany, was permitted by the German common-law, which governed one-half of the old English statutes, and recommended, in certain cases, by the Norman common-law, which governed the other half. The chief of police of Justinian's palace was called the "imperial dummy," *silentarius imperialis*. The English magistrates who practised this sort of arrest, fell back upon numerous Norman maxims:—*Canes latrant, sergentes silent. Sergenter agere, id est tacere*. They cited the learned Lundyphus, paragraph 16—*Facit imperator silentium*. They cited the charter of King Philippe of 1307, *Multos tenebimus bastoneros, qui, obmutescentes sergentare valeunt*. They cited the statutes of Henry I. of England, chapter 53, *Surge signo jussus. Taciturnior esto. Hoc est esse in captionis regis*. They specially relied on this prescription, regarded as constituting a part of the ancient feudal franchises of England: "Under the viscounts are the bailiffs of the sword, who ought virtuously to punish with the sword all who keep bad company, men rendered infamous by any crime, fugitives and pirates, . . . and ought so vigorously and discreetly to apprehend them, that honest people who are peaceable may be peaceably guarded, and that the evil doers may be impaled." To be arrested in this manner was being taken "at the blade of the sword." (*Vetus Consuetudo Normanniae*, MS., 1 part, Sect. 1. Cap. II.) The juriconsults invoked, moreover, in *Charta Ludovici Hutini pro Normannia* the chapter *Servientes spatha*. The *servientes spatha*, in the gradual approach of the low Latin to our own idioms, became the *sergentes spada*.

These noiseless arrests were just the opposite of the Hue and Cry, and signified that it was expedient to keep quiet until certain dark matters had been cleared up.

Their meaning was, points reserved.

They indicated, in the administration of the police, a certain amount of state policy. The law term *private*, which meant to say, *with closed doors*, was applicable to this kind of arrests. It was in this way that Edward III., according to some chroniclers, had caused Mortimer to be arrested in the bed of his mother, Isabella of France. Here, again, we may doubt a little, since Mortimer sustained a siege in his own city before being captured.

Warwick, the King-maker, freely availed himself of this mode of "entrapping the people."

Cromwell employed it, particularly in Connaught; and it was with this precaution of silence that Traillie Arklo, a relative of Count Osmond, was arrested in Kilmacraugh.

This taking in custody by the simple gesture of the officer represented more nearly an order for appearance than an order of arrest.

Sometimes it was nothing more than a process of information, and even implied, by the silence imposed on everybody, a certain regard for the person arrested.

To the people at large, little acquainted with these nice distinctions, it was particularly alarming.

England, let it not be forgotten, was not in 1705, or even much later, what she is in our day. The whole thing was exceedingly confused and exceedingly oppressive. Daniel Defoe,

who had had a taste of the pillory, somewhere characterized the social order of England in these words, "the iron hands of the law." There was not only the law, there was the despotic authority. Remember Steele driven out of Parliament, Locke driven from his chair, Hobbes and Gibbon forced to fly, Charles Churchill, Hume, Priestley, persecuted, John Wilkes sent to the Tower. Run over—the list will be a long one—the victims of the statute of seditious libel. The Inquisition had been in a measure spread over all Europe; its police practices had founded a school. A monstrous outrage upon all rights was possible in England, which is often recalled by the comedy of the *Gasité Cuirassé*. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Louis XV. caused the writers who displeased him to be kidnapped in Piccadilly. It is true that George II. seized the Pretender in France, in the very centre of the opera-house. There were two exceedingly long arms; that of the King of France reached all the way to London, and that of the King of England all the way to Paris. Such was liberty.

Let us add that they freely executed people in the interior of the jails; jugglery mixed up with death-warrants; hideous expedient to which England is going back at this moment; thus giving to the world the singular spectacle of a great people, who, wishing to improve, choose the worst, and who, having before them on one side the past, and on the other progress, make a mistake in the countenance, and take night for day.

IV.

URSUS PLAYS THE SPY ON THE POLICE.

As we have said, according to the severe police regulations of the time, the summons to follow the wapentake, addressed to one person, carried with it to all other persons present the command that they were not to budge.

Some busybodies, however, proved obstinate, and accompanied at a distance the procession that carried off Gwynplaine.

Ursus was of the number.

Ursus had been quite as much stupefied as he could well be. But Ursus, so often assailed by the surprises of his wandering life, and by unlooked-for acts of malice, had, like a ship-of-war, his "Clear the decks for action," which summoned to the post of battle all the crew, that is to say, all his wits.

He hastened to recover from his stupefaction, and set himself to thinking. The point now was not to be excited; the point was to be ready for any thing.

To be ready for any thing is the duty of whosoever is not an idiot.

Do not seek to understand, but act immediately. Ursus asked himself:

—What's to be done?

When Gwynplaine had gone off, Ursus found himself between two apprehensions: apprehension for Gwynplaine, which told him to follow; apprehension for himself, which told him to stay where he was.

Ursus had the courage of a fly and the composure of the sensitive-plant. His quakings were indescribable. Nevertheless, he made up his mind heroically, and determined to brave the law and follow the wapentake, so great was his anxiety as to what might befall Gwynplaine.

He had needs be very much frightened, to have so much courage.

To what valorous deeds fright can push a hare!

The terrified chamois leaps over the precipice. To be scared even to heedlessness is one form of fright.

Gwynplaine had been kidnapped rather than arrested. The act of the law had been so quickly executed that the fair-ground, which, indeed, was little frequented at that hour of the morning, had not been greatly stirred up. No one suspected in the booths of Tarrinzeau-Field that the wapentake had gone to look for the Man Who Laughs. Hence there was no crowd.

Gwynplaine, thanks to his cloak and his felt hat, which

came very nearly together over his face, could not be recognized by the passers-by.

Before going out to follow Gwynplaine, Ursus observed one precaution. He took aside Master Nicless, the boy Govicum, Fibi, and Vinos, and enjoined upon them the most absolute silence in the presence of Dea, who was ignorant of all; that they should take care not to breathe a word that might lead her to suspect what had happened; that they should account to her for the absence of Gwynplaine and Ursus by the business affairs of the Green-Box; that, moreover, it would soon be the hour for her mid-day nap; and that, before Dea had waked up, he would have returned, he, Ursus, with Gwynplaine—all this matter having been nothing more than a misapprehension, a mistake, as they say in England; that it would be very easy for them to enlighten the magistrates and the police; that they could put their finger upon the blunder; and that he and Gwynplaine would come back forthwith. Above all, no one should say any thing to Dea. These instructions given, he started.

Ursus could follow Gwynplaine, without being observed. Although he kept himself at the greatest possible distance, he so ordered it as not to lose sight of him. Boldness in watching is the bravery of the timid.

After all, and solemn as had been the preparations, Gwynplaine had, perhaps, only been summoned to appear before a magistrate of lower grade, for some trifling misdemeanor.

Ursus said to himself that this question was going to be determined immediately.

The answer would be given, under his own eyes, by the direction the squad carrying off Gwynplaine would take at the moment when, having arrived at the borders of Tarrinzeau-Field, they should reach the entrance to the alleys of the Little Strand.

If it turned to the left, they were conducting Gwynplaine to the Town-hall of Southwark. Nothing to fear in that case; some pitiful municipal offence, a reprimand from the magistrate, two or three shillings' fine, then Gwynplaine would be discharged, and the representation of *Chaos Conquered* would take place that evening just as usual. Nobody would be the wiser.

If the squad turned to the right, it was serious.

On that side there were some rough places.

At the moment when the wapentake, leading the two files of policemen, between whom marched Gwynplaine, arrived at the little streets, Ursus, holding his breath, looked on. There are moments when one's whole being passes into the eyes.

To which side would they turn?

They turned to the right.

Ursus, staggering with fright, leaned against a wall to save himself from falling.

There is nothing so hypocritical as the remark men make to themselves, "I should like to know what I've got to do." Really, they would like nothing of the kind. They are in great fear. The agony is complicated by a vague effort not to make up their minds. They will not admit it, but they would willingly back out; and when they have gone forward, they reproach themselves for having done so.

This is what Ursus did. He thought, with a shiver:

—Here's a matter that brings trouble. I should always have heard of that soon enough. What am I about in following Gwynplaine?

Having made this reflection, as man is nothing but a contradiction, he redoubled his steps, and, mastering his anxiety, hurried on to get nearer the squad, so that, in the labyrinth of Southwark streets, he might not let the thread be broken between Gwynplaine and himself.

The procession of the police could not move fast, by reason of its importance.

The wapentake headed it.

The justice of the quorum brought up the rear.

This order involved a certain dilatoriness.

All the majesty possible to a bailiff's deputy shone in this justice of the quorum. His costume was a compromise between the gorgeous attire of an Oxford Doctor of Music, and the sober black garb of a Cambridge Doctor of Divinity. He wore the dress of a gentleman under a long *godebert*, which is a cloak trimmed with the fur of the Norway hare. He was half gothic and half modern, having a wig like Lamoignon's, and soldier's gauntlets like Tristram the Hermit's. His full, round eye looked Gwynplaine through and through with the stare of an owl. He marched in step. Impossible to see a good man more savage.

Ursus, having lost his way for a moment, in the confused tangle of the alleys, came up again with the procession, near Saint Mary Overy. It had fortunately been retarded in the open space before the church, by a fight between children and curs, a common incident in the streets of London; *dogs and boys*, say the old police registers, which put the curs before the children.

A man carried before a magistrate by the agents of the police being, after all, a very commonplace incident, and each one having his own occupations, the busybodies had dispersed. There remained, on the track of Gwynplaine, only Ursus.

They passed in front of the two chapels, facing each other, of the Recreative Religionists and the Hallelujah League, two sects of that period which still exist to-day. Then the procession wound from alley to alley, choosing, by preference, the roads not yet built up, the rows where the grass was putting forth, and the solitary lanes, and made many zigzags.

At last it stopped.

It was in a very narrow lane. There were no houses. This lane was made up of two walls; the one on the left, low; the other on the right, high. The high wall was black and of Saxon masonry, with battlements, scorpions, and squares of heavy iron grating over the narrow breathing-places. No windows; only here and there slits, which were the old embrasures for the slingers and crossbowmen. At the foot of the high wall, like a hole at the bottom of a rat-trap, might be seen a little low-arched wicket-gate.

This wicket-gate, built in a massive semicircular archway of stone, had a grated judas-hole, a heavy hammer, a huge lock, knotty and powerful hinges, a complete entanglement of nails, an armor of plates and coats of paint, and was more of iron than of wood.

Nobody in the lane. No shops. No passers-by. But one heard an incessant roar near at hand, as if the lane had a torrent running parallel with it. This was a hurly-burly of voices and vehicles. It is likely that on the other side of the black building there was a great street, doubtless the principal street of Southwark, which terminated at one end in the highway to Canterbury, and at the other in London Bridge.

Throughout the whole length of this lane of the footpads, beyond the procession shutting in Gwynplaine, no other human face was to be seen but the wan profile of Ursus, risking observation, and half thrust forward in the shadow of a corner of the wall, looking and afraid to look. He had taken his stand at a turn where the street made a zigzag.

The squad was gathered before the wicket.

Gwynplaine was in the centre, but had behind him the wapentake and his iron staff.

The justice of the quorum raised the hammer and struck three blows.

The peep-hole opened.

The justice of the quorum said:

—By her Majesty's order.

The heavy door of oak and iron turned on its hinges, and a dark and chilling opening presented itself, like the mouth of a cave. The hideous vault stretched away into the shadow.

Ursus saw Gwynplaine disappear underneath.

V.

A BAD PLACE.

THE wapentake entered, after Gwynplaine.
Then the justice of the quorum.
Then the whole squad.
The wicket closed again.

The heavy gate refitted itself hermetically into its stone frame; one could not see who had opened or who had shut it. The bolts seemed to return into their sockets, of themselves. Some of these bits of mechanism, invented by the ancient spirit of intimidation, still exist in very old places of confinement. A gate, whereat the porter was not visible. That made the threshold of the prison resemble the threshold of the tomb.

This wicket was the lower gate of Southwark jail.

Nothing in this mouldy and crabbed edifice belied the discourteous appearance suitable to a prison.

A pagan temple, built by the old Catiuchlans for the Mogens—ancient English divinities—turned into a palace for Ethelwulf, into a fortress for Saint Edward, then raised to the rank of prison in 1199, by John Lackland; such was Southwark jail. This jail, at first divided by a street, as Chenonceaux is by a river, had been, for a century or two, a suburban gate; afterward, the passage had been closed. There remain in England some prisons of this kind: for instance, in London, Newgate; at Canterbury, Westgate; at Edinburgh, Canongate. In France, the Bastille was originally a gate.

Almost all the English jails presented the same aspect, a huge wall without, a perfect hive of cells within. No gloom could equal that of these gothic prisons, where the spider and the law wove their webs, and where that incarnate ray of light, John Howard, had not yet penetrated. They might all have been called, like the old gehenna of Brussels, Trauerberg, *the house of mourning*.

Before these harsh and barbarous buildings, men felt the same painful emotions as the ancient navigators before the slave-hells of which Plautus speaks, iron-sounding isles, *ferrirepidite insula*, when they passed near enough to hear the noise of the chains.

Southwark jail, an old abode of exorcisms and tortures, was at first specially devoted to sorcerers, as was shown by these two lines, engraved on a defaced stone above the wicket:

*Sunt arreptitii vexati demone multo.
Est energumenus quem demon possidet unus.**

Lines which paint the delicate shades of difference between the demoniac and the energumen.

Above this inscription was fastened, flat against the wall, the sign of a high court of justice, a ladder, originally of wood, but changed into stone by burial in the petrifying soil of Apsley-Gowis near Woburn Abbey.

The prison of Southwark, now demolished, looked upon two streets between which, as *gate*, it had formerly served for passage; and it had two entrances—on the main street, the show-gate reserved for the authorities, and on the lane the gate of suffering, destined for all other living men. And for dead men, too; when a prisoner died in jail, his carcass went out that way. As good a discharge as any.

Death is the being let loose into the infinite.

It was by the suffering-entrance that Gwynplaine had just been brought into the prison.

The lane, as we have said, was nothing more than a little stony road, confined between two walls facing each other. Of this sort is the passage at Brussels called *Rue d'Une Personne*. The two walls were of unequal height; the high wall was of the prison, the low wall of the church-yard. This low wall, which enclosed the putrefying dregs of the jail, was scarcely higher than a man. It had a gate opposite the jail-wicket. The dead had only the trouble of crossing the street. On the high wall

* A host of demons vex the man possessed.
One demon tears the energumen's breast.

was fastened a sheriff's ladder; on the low wall, and just opposite, was sculptured a death's head. One side did not enliven the other.

VI.

WHAT MAGISTRACIES THERE WERE UNDER THE PERIWIGS OF OLDEN TIME.

ANY one who at that moment had been looking from the other side of the prison, the front side, would have seen the main street of Southwark, and might have remarked, standing before the monumental and official gate of the jail, a travelling-carriage, distinguishable by its coach-box, with what we should call a cabriolet top nowadays. A circle of curious bystanders surrounded this carriage. It bore a coat-of-arms; and a person had been seen to get out of it and go into the prison—probably a magistrate, the crowd conjectured, since the English magistrates are often noblemen and almost always have the right to bear arms. In France, the shield and the robe were hardly compatible. The Duke of St. Simon said, speaking of magistrates, "people of that business." In England, a nobleman was not dishonored by being a judge.

The travelling magistrate is an English institution; he is called *circuit judge*; and nothing was more natural than to see in this carriage the vehicle of a magistrate on circuit. What was less easy to understand was, that the presumed magistrate had stepped, not out of the carriage itself, but down from the front box, which is not usually the master's place. Another remarkable circumstance: at that time there were two ways of travelling in England—by stage-coach, for a shilling every five miles, and by post on horseback at three pence a mile and four pence to the postilion for every posting-station. A private equipage, which treated itself to relays of horses, paid as many shillings per horse and per mile as the traveller on horseback paid pence. Now the carriage standing before Southwark jail had the princely luxury of four horses and two postilions. Finally—and this at the same time excited and disconcerted conjecture to the last point—the carriage was sedulously closed. The side panels were up; so were the blinds inside the glasses; every opening where the eye could penetrate was stopped; from without nothing could be seen within, and it was probable that, from within, nothing could be seen without. Besides, there did not seem to be any one in the carriage.

Southwark being in Surrey, the prison of Southwark was in the jurisdiction of the sheriff of the county of Surrey. These district jurisdictions were very common in England. Thus, for instance, the Tower of London was supposed not to be situated in any county, that is to say, legally. It was, in some sense, in the air. The Tower recognized no other juridical authority than its constable, entitled *custos turris*. The Tower had its own peculiar jurisdiction, its church, its court of justice, and its government. The authority of the *custos*, or constable, reached beyond London, over twenty-one hamlets. As in Great Britain, legal singularities are grafted one upon another, the Master of the Ordnance of England was necessarily an official of the Tower of London.

Other legal customs seem still more quaint. Thus the English Admiralty-Court consults and applies the laws of Rhodes, and of the French island of Oleron, which was once English.

The sheriff of a county was a very important person. He was always an esquire, and sometimes a knight. He was styled in the old charters *spectabilis*, "a man to look at," intermediate title between *illustris* and *clarissimus*, inferior to the former, superior to the latter. The county sheriffs were originally chosen by the people; but Edward II., and after him Henry IV., having reclaimed this appointment for the crown, the sheriffs had become an emanation of royalty. All received their commission from the sovereign, save the sheriff of Westmoreland, who was hereditary, and the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, who were elected by the livery in the Common Hall. The sheriffs of Wales and Chester possessed certain fiscal pre-

rogatives. All these offices still remain in England; but, gradually worn down by the contact of customs and ideas, they no longer wear the same face. It was the duty of the county sheriff to escort and protect the circuit judges. He had, as it were, two arms, his two officers; the under-sheriff his right arm, and the justice of the quorum his left. The justice of the quorum, together with the bailiff of the hundred, styled wapentake, interrogated, and, at the sheriff's responsibility, imprisoned, for trial by the circuit judges, all thieves, murderers, rioters, vagabonds, and felons generally. The shade of difference between the under-sheriff and the justice of the quorum, in their hierarchic service before the sheriff, was that the under-sheriff accompanied him, and the justice of the quorum attended him. The sheriff held two courts, one fixed and central, the county court, and one travelling, the sheriff's circuit. He thus represented unity and ubiquity. As judge, he could let himself be assisted and informed, on difficult points of law, by a sergeant of the coif, called *sergens coiffe*, that is, a sergeant-at-law, who wears, under his black gap, a coif of white cambric. The sheriff used to empty the places of confinement; when he arrived in a town of his county, he had the right of clearing out the prisoners, which might be done by discharging or by hanging them, and was called the jail-delivery. The sheriff presented the bill of indictment to the twenty-four grand-jurymen: if they approved it, they wrote on it *billa vera*; if they disapproved, they wrote *ignoramus*; in the latter case the indictment was void, and the sheriff had the right to tear up the bill. If, during the deliberation, a jurymen died, which by law acquitted the accused and rendered him innocent, the sheriff, whose right it had been to arrest the accused, had the right of setting him free. What made the sheriff especially considered and feared was, that his office authorized him to execute "all his Majesty's orders," a dangerous latitude. Arbitrary power domiciles itself in such phrases. The coroners and the officers called warders swelled the sheriff's troop; the clerks of the market lent their assistance; and he had a very handsome following of horse-men and servants in livery. The sheriff, says Chamberlayne, is "the life of law, of justice, and of the county."

In England, an insensible demolition perpetually pulverizes and disunites law and custom. In our day, we may be sure, neither the sheriff nor the wapentake nor the justice of the quorum could administer their offices as they did then. In old England there was a certain confusion of powers; and badly-defined attributes led to encroachments which would be impossible at this day. The medley of police and law has ceased to exist. The names remain; the functions are modified. We believe the word wapentake has even changed its meaning. It used to signify a magistracy, it now signifies a territorial division; it used to designate the chief of the hundred; it now designates the hundred or canton (*centum*).

Finally, at that time, the sheriff of the county combined, with something more and something less, and condensed in his authority, at once royal and municipal, that of the two magistrates formerly called in France the civil lieutenant of Paris, and the lieutenant of police. The civil lieutenant of Paris is well enough described by this old police memorandum: "The civil lieutenant does not abhor family quarrels, because the booty always comes to him" (July 22, 1704). As to the lieutenant of police, a troublesome, multiform, and uncertain personage, he may be summed up in one of his best types, René d'Argenson, who, according to St. Simon, bore in his face the three judges of hell mingled.

These three judges of hell were, as we have seen, at Bishopsgate in London.

VII.

SHUDDERINGS.

When Gwynplaine heard the wicket creaking with all its bolts, he trembled. It seemed to him that this gate, which had just shut, was the door of communication between light and

darkness, looking from one side on the crowded earth, from the other on the world of the dead; that now all things which the sun illumines were behind him; and that he had crossed the boundary of life, and was outside. His heart sank within him. What were they going to do with him? What did all this mean?

Where was he?

He saw nothing around him; he found himself in the dark. The gate, in closing, had rendered him blind for the moment. The window was shut, as well as the gate. No air-hole, no lantern. This was a precaution of the old times. It was forbidden to light the inner entrance of a jail, lest new-comers might make observations.

Gwynplaine stretched out his hands, and touched the wall on his right and left; he was in a passage. Gradually that cellar light, which oozes one knows not whence, and floats in dark places, and to which the dilated pupils adjust themselves, allowed him to distinguish a feature here and there; and the passage was dimly sketched before him.

Gwynplaine, who had never had a glimpse of the severities of criminal law except through the exaggerations of Ursus, felt as if seized by an enormous hidden hand. It is frightful to be manipulated by the unknown power of the law. One may be brave before every thing else, and yet disconcerted before justice. Why? because human justice is only a dim twilight, in which the judge gropes his way. Gwynplaine remembered what Ursus had said to him about the necessity of silence; he wished to see Dea again; there was in his situation something which might depend on his discretion, and which he did not want to irritate. Trying to explain things sometimes makes them worse. Still, on the other hand, the pressure of this situation was so strong, that he ended by yielding to it, and could not refrain from a question.

—Sirs, he asked, whither are you taking me?

There was no answer.

This was the law of silent arrests; and the Norman text is formal: *a silentiariis ostio præpositis introducti sunt*.

This silence froze Gwynplaine. Up to that time he had believed himself strong; he was self-sufficing; to be self-sufficing is to be powerful. He had lived in isolation, imagining that to be isolated is to be impregnable. And now all at once he felt himself under the pressure of this hideous collective force. How could he contend with this nameless horror, the law? He was breaking down under the perplexity. A fear of a novel species had found the weak place in his armor. Besides, he had not slept, had not eaten, had scarcely moistened his lips with a cup of tea. He had been partially delirious all night, and was still feverish. He was thirsty, perhaps hungry. An unsatisfied stomach deranges every thing. Since the previous night, he had been the prey of adventures. The emotions which tormented him sustained him; without the hurricane, the sail would be a rag. But he recognized in himself the utter weakness of the strip of stuff which the wind ruffles till it is torn. He felt himself sinking. Was he going to fall to the ground unconscious? To faint is a woman's resource, and a man's humiliation. He straightened himself up, but he trembled.

He had the feeling of a man who is losing his foothold.

MY FIRST AND LAST TRIP UP THE RHINE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

JENKINS, who occupies chambers opposite to mine at Lingray's Inn, is one of your tourist-maniacs. He is forever slipping off to the Continent—to the infinite disgust of his clients—where he can neither be found nor reached by letter.

Jenkins is a man of talent—so the brotherhood in the Hall say—can plead well, and is eloquent on all topics, from the widow's wrongs to his Alpine knapsack. But I need no other testimony than my own ears that he has the "divine gift." I have had, as I shall proceed to

relate, melancholy experience of the fact. Jenkins, by dint of glowing harangues delivered to me across a board which was always "festive," into which he introduced ravishing descriptions of Continental wonders, persuaded me to take my first—and, by the lares of my bachelor hearth-stone, my last—trip up the Rhine. Unfortunately for me, Jenkins's spirits are infectious. The dog has a fine enthusiasm about him, which it is hard to avoid catching. Now, I never had the least taste in nature for galivanting about in foreign parts; I would never, of my own accord, stir beyond the limits of Lingray's Court. But, when Jenkins, blustering and rosy, in bob-coat and leggings, came bustling into my chambers after one of his jaunts, and began to prate about the glories of travelling, the wonders he had seen, the mountains he had crossed, the enormous trout he had caught in Lake Maggiore, and the wild chamois he had brought down on the spurs of the Finsteraarhorn, and vowed, pounding his great fist upon my table, that he would never give me rest until he had seen me safely on my way to Dover, I began to think seriously of it; I continued to think seriously of it, and, every time that Jenkins attacked me, down came one of the outposts of my fortress. One night of exceeding good cheer, soon after Jenkins had returned from an ascent of Monte Rosa, and had invited me to the hospitalities of his bachelor board, decided my fate.

We were three congenial spirits—Jenkins, myself, and the milk-punch.

Man usually, if there be eloquence in him, waxes eloquent over the flowing bowl. Jenkins was resplendent. At the sixth glass the mania caught me; I knew it, for, after the seventh, I remember nothing.

"But, my dear fellow, I know nothing of French or German—"

"Pooh! you find English everywhere. I thought I was the first man up old Rosa this season; when I got to the top, I found three Englishmen squatting about a pine board, trying to make out some inscriptions which some more wide-awake fellow-countryman had left there the day before."

"Still, I can't be calling on travellers to act as my interpreters."

"No, but every decent hotel on the Continent has its *garçon* or *Oberkellner*, who can speak every thing, from English to Hindostanee."

Plea of ignorance, then, was "no go."

But the finishing touch on Jenkins's part was this: I am very fond of the study of architecture. My library (you would laugh to see the old musty concern) is full of works upon that æsthetical subject. Jenkins has caught me often studying them, and making poor attempts at drawing churches, town-halls, and such like. Here, then, was his trump-card:

"Just consider the magnificent ruins on the Rhine! There's a study for you! You've long exhausted the architecture of Britain; now, why don't you pack up pencils and sketch-book, a few authorities on the science, and bring back a thorough knowledge of real old-German feudal architecture?"

Then he went on, in a glowing fashion which it would be presumption in one so little eloquent as myself to endeavor to reproduce, and expatiated so temptingly on the antique relics to be seen on the Rhine, that, as I said before, at my sixth glass I made up my mind to go.

A man who has been all his life in musty chambers, taking delight only in books, can hardly be supposed to have any definite notions of the requirements of travelling. Jenkins acted as my Mephistopheles on the occasion, supplying me with the necessaries for a journey that I dreaded, and with good reason.

A commodious but simple portmanteau, an easy travelling-suit, a short, round straw hat, leggings, and a pair of stout boots, completed my outfit. I was to be gone a fortnight. Jenkins had promised to go with me; but, unfortunately, just as I had completed my arrangements, an uncle of his, rich and dying, sent for him to receive his last blessing; this was a matter, you see, not to be shirked. So I was to go alone; but there was no help for it, and, one drizzling morning in early July, I found myself crammed into a close second-class carriage, bound for Dover.

Whether Jenkins had persuaded me to go simply in anticipation of some fun or not, I can't tell—it looks like it, as I carry my mind backward—but, as he parted from me at the station, there was cer-

tainly a peculiar expression on his countenance resembling an ill-repressed smile.

"Good-by, old boy; don't have too many friends!"

With these mysterious words that perfidious person vanished from my sight.

It is needless to describe the journey through Kent to Dover on a drizzly day; suffice it to say that I was sandwiched all the way between a German Jew, who, in broken English, tried to persuade me to purchase a silver watch which was too palpably yellow to be genuine metal, and a French mother with three dirty cherubs.

Dover failed to impress me; after Warwick, I did not feel tempted to sketch the castle, especially in such weather.

My immediate destination was Belgium. The cathedrals and hôtels de ville of Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp were worth seeing, now I was started.

A greasy foreign-looking fellow, when I got out of the carriage, asked me (rather impertinently, as I thought) whither I was bound. Thinking on Jenkins's advice to be polite to everybody, I answered, "To Ostend;" whereupon the querist seized my portmanteau before I knew it, and made off rapidly toward the piers, grinningly beckoning me to follow him, which I did in mute astonishment. Arrived at the steamer, I found my portmanteau nicely packed away in a pile of ropes, and its obliging bearer standing with his hat off, expectancy of some kind evident in his countenance. I thanked him for his trouble, and, passing him, walked forward to inspect the steamer.

"But, monsieur," said he, blandly following me—"two shillings, if you please."

"And pray, what for?"

"For porter, guide, and interpreter," said he, still blandly smiling.

I acknowledged the first claim, but could not see where the others came in; still, as there was a small crowd gathering about us, I thought it best to pay.

"Perhaps," thought I, "it is one of the customs of travellers." Yet I had an uncomfortable feeling that I had been "taken in."

Let me pass over the five hours spent twitching and chopping about on that miserable steamer. There was the usual mixture of passengers—dowagers, carried below by thick-calved dunkeys; young ladies, enthusiastic over the Continent for the first half hour, white-lipped and despondent the rest of the way; stout foreigners, talking loud, and eating like bulls; obstinate fellow-countrymen, walking sturdily backward and forward to conquer the nausea—all distinct to me for a while, but in no long time becoming misty and spectrum-like. I laid down on the ropes (the cabin being full) where my baggage was ensconced, and stayed there, miserable, until the bustle of getting ashore became perceptible all about me.

With the rest I mounted the narrow stairs, and passed along the high piers to the shed which they dignify by the title of "Custom-House."

But I had hardly a moment to observe the new scene in the midst of which I found myself; following my fellow-passengers, I was soon in the custom-house.

Here I was besieged by a number of *commissionnaires*, who offered me their services with sad distortions of my native tongue. My faculties, which had been, like my body, horizontal during the voyage, had revived on contact once more with *terra firma*, and of a sudden I thought me of my kind "interpreter" at Dover.

"I will have nothing to do with these fellows," thought I.

Somehow or other they got to my baggage at last. When the stout man who seemed to be the chief authority came to me, he said something very rapidly in French, which, of course, I did not comprehend. I quietly put my hand in my pocket for the key to my portmanteau, thinking to open it for his inspection. The key was not in my pocket!

All the passengers had gone their various ways, and no one remained in the custom-house except a few officials, policemen, and *commissionnaires*.

I tried to explain to the official who was waiting to see the inside of my bit of luggage that I had lost my key; but, being somewhat confused at the accident, I suspect that my pantomime was not intelligible. He mumbled something gruffly to his assistants, who grouped around me with an unpleasant scrutinizing look, nodded their heads, and said something in reply. The *commissionnaire*, who had proffered "zair assuissance," stood by grinning. I began, in my dilemma, to talk in English.

The head official looked at me with a cold frown, and replied by taking up the portmanteau and walking off with it. I followed, protesting.

Going to a closet, he placed therein my bag, locked it, pocketed the key, said something to me very gruffly in French, and strode off up the street.

I thought of my cozy nook in Lingray's Inn, and mentally uttered imprecations on Jenkins.

They began to close the custom-house; a moment more, and I found myself alone outside the locked door, with a single *commissionnaire*.

He was grinning; with an obsequious air he took off his greasy hat, and said:

"Can I be off any service to you, sare? I weesh you a verra goot-eev-a-neeng!"

So speaking, he turned on his heel, and walked off, laughing. I am a harmless and usually a patient man; but this turn of affairs quite upset me.

I had been on foreign soil but a quarter of an hour, and found myself in this unpleasant situation. Imagine my feelings as I gazed up the strange-looking street, which presented to my view but one living object—a small boy clattering along in wooden shoes!

Just then I heard a slight jingle on the pavement, and, looking down, beheld the key of my portmanteau.

The wretched thing, attached to a string, had in some way slipped out of my pocket, and hung to one of my waistcoat buttons. I picked it up, and pocketed it, in complete disgust. But something must be done; the shades of twilight were waxing deeper every moment. Where to find the custom-house officer? How persuade him to let my luggage out? Where to find lodgings? These were my duties between the moment and bed-time. Next, I began to consider—Why did the fellow lock the luggage up? What did he and the rest mean by jabbering, and shaking their confounded heads at me? An idea dawned upon me—they took me for a smuggler. Me!

I remarked that I was usually a patient man; I may say, also, that I am not given to frenzies; yet I am fain to confess that, upon this occasion, I strode up the street in a fine frenzy of the gloomy sort.

I was greatly relieved, at last, to observe a hotel across the way, and my steps were not the slower when I saw that its name was *Hôtel de l'Angleterre*. I knew enough French, at least, to give me hopes from this title. As I entered the neat little *entresol*, a clerk came up, and addressed me in English, "Would you like a room, sir?"

I answered with delight that I decidedly *should*. I made a hasty toilet; for my mind was so much exercised about the mishap at the custom-house, that I had lost all curiosity to observe the strangeness of the place. I hastened down-stairs, and battered the English-speaking clerk with a torrent of questions. Where did the custom-house officer live? Could he be seen to-night? Did he think he could be persuaded to go to the custom-house? Was there another train to Bruges to-night?

"Which custom-house officer was monsieur pleased to mean?"

"Oh, I don't know—the great, stout man with a red nose."

He shook his head.

"There is no train till morning, monsieur. You had better rest quietly till morning; then we could see what could be done."

I stayed till morning, and rose more calm, though grumbling inwardly at the loss of a day which I could ill spare.

I took my first foreign breakfast in a neat little sanded room, had some poor *vin ordinaire* and a greasy beefsteak and a cup of excellent coffee. I was just about lighting my post-prandial cigar, when a sound behind me struck my ear as a voice disagreeably familiar.

I turned abruptly.

It was the great, stout man with the red nose, the custom-house officer. He was half turned away from me, and did not see me; he was taking his morning-coffee with some brother-officials, and apparently had an easy conscience, as he was laughing and talking in high glee, possibly about his English neighbor. I withdrew quietly, found the English-speaking clerk (to whom I had unboomed my troubles the night before), and, bringing him to the breakfast-room, pointed out my persecutor.

He went up to him, addressing him respectfully, and stated my case.

The official immediately got up, and came toward me with a puzzled

expression. He scrutinized me a moment in silence, and then spoke to the clerk.

"Monsieur will be at the custom-house in an hour, and will then examine and deliver the luggage."

"But when does the train go?"

"The next train, monsieur, you will miss; it goes in half an hour. The one after that goes at four o'clock."

"But won't 'mossou' be obliging enough to give me the portmanteau in time for the first?"

"Pardon, monsieur; I advise you to be content with his present promise."

Meantime the brute had returned to his friends, and had forgotten all about me. There was nothing for it, except to wander about that dull little town all day.

At the appointed time I was prompt at the custom-house door. In a few moments came blustering along my evil genius, hardly noticing me, unlocked the door, brought out the portmanteau, and held his hand out for the key.

I gave it to him. In a moment the contents of the portmanteau were emptied out upon the rude, dirty table, and went through a rigid (I considered it an atrocious) examination. My toilet-articles became mixed up with my waistcoat and stockings in a frightful manner. As for the choice bundle of Havanas I had brought with me, with which to regale myself while travelling on the Rhine, they rolled hither and thither on the table, and from this on the floor. I was picking them up, when the official, with a sardonic smile, took possession of them, and transferred them to his capacious pocket—confiscated, evidently.

In brief, so thoroughly did he pry into my little stock, that the packing would have been necessary *de novo*, had not the official, with an impatient shrug on seeing me proceed to that duty, jammed every thing in pell-mell, indicated to me the door, and, for the second time, insulted me by locking it and walking away.

The English-speaking clerk had given me, as he thought, very explicit directions as to where the station was; but, somehow or other, I soon got confused. Spying a bright-looking sailor, I mustered courage to launch my first French sentence.

That occasion is, as every tourist reader knows, almost an epoch in one's life. Beckoning to him, I delivered myself thus:

"Mo-mossou, oo ay ler-ler-ler chumang-mang der fair?"

Thank my stars, he comprehends me! For, nodding, and saying *oui, oui, oui* several times, and something else rapidly, he pointed to a very pretty, neat building which stood in full view, and which displayed on its front in large letters the words *Chemin de Fer de Bruxelles*.

In my joy to find myself at last in a fair way to leave this wretched Ostend, I forgot all about my newly-acquired French, and responded gratefully, "Thank you, sir; very much obliged indeed." He looked at me with mouth and eyes wide open in wonderment, imagined me doubtless a Hindoo or some other antipodal creature; then I remembered that I had made a little mistake.

It is a short journey, that from Ostend to Bruges.

My companions in the carriage consisted of but two persons—a bald-headed, professor-like body, in spectacles, and with a small yellow book, and a short, fat German, who insisted on having the windows shut tight, and, moreover, puffing vigorously at an enormous pipe.

Hardly any thing was said during the trip.

The professor-like body, with an engaging smile, said something to me.

Thinking he was merely remarking that it was a fine day, I nodded very politely. At this he looked very much amazed, and replied as if he were protesting against something.

The fat German also turned round, and stared at me steadily. I shook my head with an expression of mixed stupidity, deprecation, and despair, then, recalling my short stock of French, said, "Nong parle Frongsay."

At which both said "Oh!" and the professor-like body, bowing apologetically, resumed his book.

"Bruges!"

That I comprehended well enough. I stepped out of the carriage into the drowsy old capital of medieval Flanders. Passing through the station, I had the satisfaction of seeing directly before me the

Hôtel de Flandre, to which Jenkins had kindly recommended me. At the door I found a bright, pleasant-looking Flemish woman, evidently the proprietress of the house, who, as I approached, addressed me in good English—

"Would monsieur like a room?"

"Yes, madam, if you please. An old guest of yours, Mr. Jenkins, of London, referred me to you."

She conducted me to one of the prettiest little rooms I ever entered, as neat as wax, and amply supplied with comforts. I ordered dinner, and set myself to arranging my portmanteau. In this duty I observed these mishaps:

Imprimis, pomatum stopper out, pomatum vanished; after a short search, found melted on the back of my dress-coat.

Secondly, razor penetrating the knee of my best inexpressibles.

Third, my new half dozen shirts crushed, each exhibiting fourteen distinct transverse creases.

Fourth, brandy-bottle smashed over my hair-brush.

And, fifth, my best meerschaum broken at the neck. In general, I had to reduce chaos to order.

After dinner, I took out my last Havana (which luckily had been in my pocket, and so escaped confiscation), and went into the restaurant of the hotel.

I took my seat near one of the windows at a small table, and brought out my paper.

Directly opposite me was seated a group of great burly Belgian cavalry-officers, with great round faces, short hair, military mustaches, diminutive jackets, and brass helmets.

They were at a table, drinking beer and wine, talking very boisterously, and roaring with laughter at frequent intervals—in high spirits, evidently.

I had just begun my paper, when a short, fat boy, with bristly hair and waiter's apron, came up to me, and said something, I think, in Flemish.

Supposing he wished to know whether I would have any thing to drink, I shook my head. The boy did not stir, but said something more.

I again shook my head, a little harder.

He still stuck to me, and there was an alternation of Flemish and speechless head-shaking for some moments.

The burly officers had stopped talking, and were gazing at me. The landlady spoke English; perhaps this was her boy; perhaps, in his infantile days, she had taught him our language.

The more anxious to get rid of him because the officers were observing me, I resolved to venture it.

"Speak English?" said I.

Miserable venture!

The boy looked "dumfounded;" the officers broke into a burly roar, slapping one another on the backs, and staring at me; then burst out more boisterously than ever.

"Spik Ingleesh! ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, ha!"

"Spik Ingleese! au, au, au!"

In despair I got up, and went out. I found a pleasant bench under some trees outside the door, and settled myself down there. In a few moments, the burly officers came tramping out. At first, they did not perceive me; but, as they turned to go up the street, one—he who had been the loudest and most insolent of all—happened to see me, and burst out into loud laughter.

"Spik Ingleesh! ha, ha, ha!" shouted he, pointing me out to his companions, who forthwith turned and joined in his merriment.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XI.—MR. WOODVILLE REJOINS ALEXANDER.—UNPLEASANT TIDINGS, AND HASTY DEPARTURE.

At Turin Alexander found letters which made him extremely uneasy about the state of his father's affairs, and determined him to start for home as soon as Woodville joined him. He ought to have reported himself to Mr. Eglamour in strictness, but the same feeling that prompted him to shun the applause of the Valleys decided him not to do so.

He was not kept long waiting for the artist, by whose face, the moment he appeared, it was easy to divine that, like the ghost, he had a tale to unfold; and this brings us back to the point where we left Mr. Woodville suddenly interrupted at his pencil by Miss Evelyn's agitated knocking at the door of his bedroom.

Miss Evelyn was reading to her father when a servant came to inform her that a person had just arrived who desired to see her. Instead of requesting to know his name and business in the first instance, she thought it would be the shortest way to see him at once.

On entering the saloon she found a man there whom she knew only too well, and whom the reader knows also, for he was the same person who had behaved so handsomely in the inn at Chiavasso.

"You are surprised to see me, Miss Evelyn," he said, with effrontery.

"With good reason," she replied haughtily, "you cannot possibly have any business either with me or my father."

"That remains to be seen," said the fellow, in the same cool way.

"My father is determined, you well know, Mr. Hardy, to have nothing more to do with you; he has been imposed on long enough, and he will not be imposed on any more; his eyes are open; there is no use in your following us about the world—you will gain nothing by it."

"Again, my sultana, that remains to be seen—your father is imposed on, I admit, but it's not by your humble servant."

"What do you mean by that, sir!" said Miss Evelyn, her eyes flashing and her face pale with anger, no less at his vile insinuation than at the absurd title by which he had the malignity, as well as the audacity, to address her.

"Oh, you know what I mean very well, Miss Evelyn, you know who would gain and who would lose if your father were to discover his son."

"Insolent fellow!—but I'm wrong to hold any conversation with you. Go instantly about your business!"

"I have not told you my business yet," said Hardy; "you know a gentleman of the name of Alexander?"

"Well, sir."

"I met him at Chiavasso, where he met with an unpleasant accident."

"An accident—nothing serious, I hope," cried Miss Evelyn, with more emotion than, if she had been some years older, she would probably have exhibited in such company.

"Nothing more serious, Miss Evelyn, I am happy to say, since you take such an interest in the gentleman, than the loss of his purse."

"And he is kept at Chiavasso for want of money?"

"Just so, miss, and he commissioned me to come here to let you know, and request you to let him have four or five hundred francs, which he will repay when he arrives at Turin."

"Oh, of course," she said, without hesitation, "he must have whatever he wants."

But the next moment it struck her as suspicious that Alexander should not have deigned his messenger to apply to Mr. Woodville, so she thought she might as well ask a question to test the truth of the story.

"How did it happen," she said, "was his money in gold?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hardy promptly, "in gold, there were twenty Napoleons in his purse, and a five-franc piece." There is nothing like precision in details to inspire confidence in a story.

But Miss Evelyn was so far from being inspired with confidence, that on leaving the room, as it were to get the money for Mr. Alexander, she turned the key in the door as noiselessly as she could, looking Mr. Hardy up, and ran to Mr. Woodville's apartment, thinking how nicely she had caught the rat in a trap.

When Woodville came to this part of the story (for the reader will remember that he was the narrator) Alexander exclaimed with delight—

"Capital!—how well done!—and you played your part just as well, I have no doubt—of course, you took the fellow prisoner!"

"I did no such thing," replied Woodville dryly; "let me finish my story."

"Go on, go on—what a pity you let the rascal escape! You knew I had no gold, so of course the fellow was a swindler. How could you throw away such a splendid opportunity?"

"Opportunity of getting my head broken!—You are every bit

as bad as Miss Evelyn. I'm so well cut out, am I not, for a thief-catcher? She wanted me, of course, to secure him—'Now do, Mr. Woodville,' as cool as Beatrice asking Benedick to challenge Claudio."

"Well, but, as you had him locked up, what did you do with him?"

"Why, as soon as I showed her—and it was no easy matter, she is such a pig-headed thing—that there was nothing in prudence to be done but let him go about his business, we went back to the room, and found nobody there; he must have discovered that he was locked in, and jumped out of the window."

"His alarm was superfluous," said Alexander. "I see, Woodville, you are of Dogberry's way of thinking in such cases."

"Well, I am—there's no more about it—but I'm not an officer of justice like Dogberry. I'm neither a doctor nor a constable, and I have been expected to perform the duties of both; it's rather hard, but it's all over now; only wait until you catch me on this side of the Alps again!"

Alexander only smiled, and observed that the gendarmerie at least might have been set on Mr. Hardy's traces.

"Oh, that all was done, but without result. I forgot to tell you, that the fellow must have hurt himself; under the windows of Mr. Evelyn's apartment, the lake had shrunk and left the stones dry. It seems he cut himself badly, for there was a quantity of blood found on them.—You had a better time of it, I hope."

Poor Woodville forgot all his own little troubles when he heard what his friend had gone through.

"One of us is a hero, at all events," he cried; "you came into the world too late; you ought to have appeared with the dragons and griffins. Have you any more tasks to perform?"

"Nothing more here: I shall have enough to do when I get back to England. How did you leave Mr. Evelyn?"

"Out of all danger for the present; but I agree with his physician, who knows his constitution well, that his life will not be protracted long. I doubt if he will ever revisit Orta."

"And you learned nothing of his past history?"

"Oh," cried Woodville, "but I did, a great deal; and the strangest history it is you ever heard."

Alexander was of the same opinion when Woodville repeated all that Dr. Lawrence told him, and which he would doubtless have heard from Hardy had he not repelled his impertinent communicativeness.

"When do we start?" said the artist.

"As soon as ever you are ready. I am as anxious as you are to get on the other side of the Alps."

In a few hours the two young men were in the diligence that crosses Mont Cenis, and Woodville was showing his friend his sketches of Miss Evelyn and the villa she was to build herself some day or other on the banks of her beloved lake. Alexander would perhaps have regarded them with greater interest had he not been so deeply absorbed in the painful news he had received from home, and haunted by the features of Hardy, so strangely like those of his father's partner. Woodville sympathized strongly with him, and was lost in admiration of the rare modesty which made him leave Turin without either visiting the British minister, or even writing to Miss Evelyn an account of his adventures. But the artist had another occupation for, his silent musings, the impression which he could not help thinking Miss Evelyn must have made on his friend to inspire him both with the skill of a Talleyrand and the force of a Hercules; for, with the consciousness of his own weaker metal, no parallels seemed too high for Alexander's achievements. But, in overrating them, Woodville probably equally overrated the effect of the lady's attractions, misled by the tacit reference to himself. Had Woodville for a moment got entangled among the myrtles, he would probably have lain in the amorous thicket all his days, while his friend was the man gallantly to pluck a sprig, then brush them aside with gallantry of another kind, perhaps, indeed, to make his way back to them after many years.

At all events, if the young lawyer was smitten, he was not wounded; but, if he had been, he was soon under the best possible regimen for an incipient disease of the heart.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CRASH IN CHANCERY LANE, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS AUTHOR AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

PERHAPS, indeed, few young men of his time, in any of the professions, went through a greater amount of hard work, rendered still more

severe by the trying circumstances hereafter to be mentioned, than Frederick Alexander, in the ten or a dozen years that ensued after his vacation tour with Woodville. He was a man of mature years before the multiplicity of his affairs and his intense devotion to business permitted him again to revisit the scenes in which we have made his acquaintance, or allowed him, indeed, to dwell very often on the agreeable recollections they had left behind them. For a life of labor he was fully prepared on his return to England; but the peculiar difficulties in which that active life was to commence, and the change in his own career destined to result from them, he could not possibly have foreseen. His father, a man far advanced in years, had for nearly half a century been a solicitor of the first eminence in London. He had a partner, as the reader already knows, named Moffat, much his junior, a very clever man—many people thought too clever: a remark often made of attorneys; the meaning of it in general being, that their honesty is not on a par with their ability. Certain it is that at no time did Nicholas Moffat possess the personal character of his partner. There had been an early speck upon his name, arising out of transactions not immediately connected with his profession; but old Mr. Alexander had always been of opinion that there was no solid ground for the imputations under which he labored, and that opinion (corroborated as it was by the continuance of the partnership) carried a weight with it which had the effect, in the course of time, of almost effacing the blot altogether. There was, indeed, another thing against Moffat, which was evidently not his fault, but his misfortune. He had the ill-luck to have a brother who had been clerk to a stock-broker in the city, and in that capacity had committed a series of frauds, which, having been at length detected, led to his sudden disappearance, to keep out of the reach of the law. Of this scamp of a brother, however, less and less had been heard of late years, and at the present period he was almost beginning to be forgotten altogether; or, if his name did occasionally turn up, it was only when some one who had known him wondered what he was about, or in what part of the world he was pursuing his old practices. Upon the whole, the moral reputation of Nick Moffat (as he was familiarly called) was steadily rising to the level of his character for cleverness, and, as Mr. Alexander waxed old, the junior partner naturally became the main-stay of the business. Popularity of a certain kind Moffat always enjoyed; he had a winning address and convivial talents of no common order—at least, they were so considered in the circle he moved in. He was a very entertaining fellow; told a good story well; had a great many odds and ends of reading, chiefly in plays and facetious authors, English and French; sang a comic song now and then when he was pressed; and was, besides, a very good mimic, though that was a gift which he was too discreet to exhibit except under still higher pressure. Those who met Nicholas Moffat at a dinner-table or a supper, could hardly believe he was the same man whom they had seen at his desk in the morning, up to his ears in business, and every inch an attorney. These pleasant qualities were one cause of the ascendancy he had over old Alexander, who loved to be amused when he was not at his desk, and enjoyed nothing so much as his partner's fun, with a good dinner and a bottle of good wine to draw it out. Mrs. Alexander, however, our friend's mother, an excellent woman, of the strictest principles and rather severe notions of propriety, was not by any means so fond as her husband of Moffat's company, which she only tolerated, and not always with a good grace. With feminine tenacity and, as it turned out, with feminine penetration, she persisted in regarding him with distrust. The original black spot on his name was always floating before her eyes, like one of the *musca volitantes* before the vision of an habitual dyspeptic. She used to call his pleasantries buffooning, and particularly detested a habit he had of winking with one eye by way of giving humorous emphasis to his observations, which were often more highly spiced than either delicacy or good taste would have exacted. On the whole, she disliked him extremely, and infinitely preferred the society and quiet conversation of such a plain man as Mr. Marjoram, another member of the same profession, and a great friend of the family. As for Frederick, our acquaintance, he rather took his mother's view of the question, though he never showed any actual aversion to Mr. Moffat, except that he would occasionally leave the dinner-table to join his mother and her female guests sooner than was flattering to the comic solicitor.

Such was the state of things in Chancery Lane and at the Regent's Park, where the Alexanders lived, when Frederick, on the point of being called to the bar, went abroad on his vacation-tour. He had

originally been intended to step into his father's shoes, and, after leaving the public school where he was educated, had actually complied with the conditions necessary for admittance on the roll of attorneys; but his superior abilities, and an aptitude he had shown for public speaking in a debating-society, had induced his father to change his plans, and destine him for that more elevated walk of the legal profession which leads to the highest honors of the state.

A very short time elapsed, however, after Frederick's return to England, before the events occurred which the distressing letters he received at Turin had foreshadowed. He returned to London toward the end of September, and, before the term commenced in which he was to have been called to the bar, his father was a ruined man—ruined by the villainies of his clever and entertaining partner.

For some time previous, not only were the original causes of suspicion against Moffat the topic of private conversation in professional circles, but fresh impeachments of his probity were in everybody's mouth; and only the Alexanders themselves were unaware that the firm itself was spoken of as being involved in ugly transactions. Old Mr. Alexander had just at this time one of his periodical fits of the gout—a disorder to which he had always been subject—and connected, it may be presumed, with his partiality to the bottle. During his confinement on such occasions, it had always been the practice for Mr. Moffat to come daily to his house and talk over such matters of business as required their joint consideration. During the present fit, Moffat came for some days as usual, and all seemed going on well; though Mrs. Alexander, with her sharp eyes, as she watched him going away from over the blinds of the dining-parlor window, was positive she saw something dangerous in his face, and told her son, in the course of the evening, that she was confident that a screw was loose. The next day, instead of Moffat himself, came a note from him: he was obliged to stay all day in one of the courts where a great case of theirs was to be tried or argued. The next day brought neither Moffat nor any communication from him. Still the old man in his great chair was perfectly easy in his mind, nor had his muffled foot a single twinge more than usual; but the old lady could stand the suspense no longer, and insisted on her son going at once to Chancery Lane and seeing how matters stood.

The crisis had come—the bird of prey had flown. Poor Frederick found Mr. Potter, the conducting clerk, a faithful old officer of the firm, with the tears running down his cheeks, and wringing his hands over the wreck of the great business of Alexander and Moffat.

Scores of clients, and several whole families, were deeply injured or utterly ruined with it. The precise nature of Moffat's various malpractices is not material to the main course of our story. Suffice it to say that the branch of business in which he was most eminent was also that which enabled him to perpetrate his greatest frauds. If any one had a sum of five, or ten, or twenty thousand pounds which he wanted to lay out on a good mortgage, or in the purchase of a handsome annuity, Moffat was the man for his purpose. He was believed to obtain the best investments for his clients of any member of his profession; and, as to security, he made himself notorious for carrying his scruples on that subject to excess. If ever Moffat lost the command of his temper, it was with a client who was so eager to come into the receipt of six or eight per cent. for his money, as not to be as nice as his attorney about the title to the estate on which the money was to be lent. He did not decline the largest transactions of this nature; but he was best known for his success in small ones, and had reasons of his own for preferring them. When an elderly maiden lady, living in the suburbs on a modest income in the Three per Cents., grew suddenly discontented with so shabby a return, and determined to better herself; or when a retired major in the army in a boarding-house at Cheltenham or Bath came into a legacy of a few thousands, and wanted to make the most of it, they knew where to go, both one and the other, if the name of Nick Moffat had ever reached them. There was a score of such cases—for the most part spinsters, struggling widows, officers on half-pay, or poor country clergymen with large families. Moffat was an habitual frequenter of boarding-houses, hydropathic establishments, and other such asylums of widows and old maids, who were generally the birds he spread his nets for. The sharpest widow in England found some one sharper than herself in the wily attorney, who almost literally picked her pockets while he made her die of laughing with his endless tricks and pleasantries, for it was in those miscellaneous resorts where he gave the fullest fling to his diverting talents, as well as to his fraudulent designs. The former,

indeed, were as much the instruments of the latter, as the centre-bit and jimmy are of a burglar's profession. Up to the final blow-up, his victims received their interest pretty regularly; but, as to the principal, when Moffat disappeared on that fine autumn morning, it was either in his pocket or the moon—that fabled repertory of every thing lost on earth. The nature of such title-deeds as any of his dupes had may be conjectured, but many of them had none at all. Moffat had a great iron safe, or rather an iron fortress, looking solid enough to resist a park of artillery, and which held tons of parchments, and, when one of these unfortunates called at his office to receive his interest, or complain of some delay in paying it, he would open the ponderous door of the receptacle, point to a bundle of papers, and say:

"There are your title-deeds, Miss Fazakerly, just under the Duke of Marlborough's;" or, "There are yours, Mr. Shepherd, beside the Earl of Winchelsea's"—a proximity which, it is to be presumed, as Mr. Moffat knew something of human nature, conveyed to the worthy lady or poor vicar the idea of as great security as is to be had here below.

The good old gouty attorney might have stood the crash, had it involved only pecuniary loss; but the blow to the credit of the house was sentence of death to him; and, when he died in a few weeks, it was doubtful whether a thousand pounds would remain for the Alexander family, after fully satisfying the claims of every one who had been plundered.

The family fortunately consisted only of Frederick and his mother, whose position, suddenly reduced from affluence to the verge of poverty, became an object of the deepest concern and commiseration of their numerous friends and acquaintance. Fortunately, also, they possessed in Mr. Marjoram, whose name has already been incidentally mentioned, an intelligent, honest, and devoted friend, who, with the general consent of the clients, undertook the winding-up of the affairs. There was occasion now for all this gentleman's energy and experience, and he did more than enough to earn for himself the lasting gratitude of the Alexanders. But the mischief done was not to be repaired in one year, or two; and a less diffident man than Marjoram might have confessed that there was too much work for one head, or a single pair of shoulders. In short, if the firm was not only to be extricated from its difficulties, but its business and character revived, it was soon apparent, not only to Mr. Marjoram himself, but to the wisest of the late Mr. Alexander's friends, that it could only be done by the aid and instrumentality of his son. In other words, it was considered absolutely necessary that Frederick should relinquish the bar, with all its hopes and aspirations, and embark in the humbler walk of the profession for which his father had originally intended him. It was a great sacrifice which young Alexander was called upon to make, and he had sanguine friends and relatives who doubted if it was prudent for him to make it. But he himself took the sober view of the question, and only asked himself which was the surest and speediest way to reestablish the good name of his family, and recover for his mother the position, independence, and comfort from which she had been abruptly hurled. In a very short time, accordingly, he was enrolled a solicitor, and the advantages of the arrangement were soon evident in the more rapid disentanglement of affairs and the restoration of the confidence and respect which his very name was calculated to command. Almost his first client, when he entered his new walk of life, was Mr. Eglamour, whose friendship he had made at Turin. Mr. Eglamour placed all his affairs in his hands, and served him further by many hearty recommendations to influential people. In short, in five or six years from his father's death, not only were the bulk of the obligations discharged to the utmost that the most scrupulous conscience could have held the firm honorably bound, but his mother was again in the enjoyment of a decent competency, to which every year made an increase. At the time of which we now speak, when as many more years had elapsed, the names of Marjoram and Alexander stood among the foremost members of their profession.

Mr. Marjoram had great oddities as well as great virtues, though they would hardly have been oddities at all in a man of any calling but his. They were of a rural character, and chiefly shown in a passion for flowers and horticulture. He lived in a cottage at Twickenham with two maiden sisters who shared his devotion to Flora; indeed, there was only one thing on earth they loved better than their garden, and that one thing was their excellent brother. It was rarely, indeed, that these innocent tastes interfered perceptibly

with Marjoram's attention to business; and it is only just to say that they never interfered with it at all during the lengthened period when the interests of others so vitally depended upon his diligence and exertions. During that crisis, for the first time in his life, he almost forgot his flowers, or thought of them only on the one welcome day of the week, when he rested from his professional labors. But he indemnified himself amply for the sacrifices of that busy and trying time by the redoubled ardor with which he returned to his pinks and roses as soon as prospects brightened and the firm began again to prosper. He was always, however, a conscientious, hard-working attorney, and, though far inferior in ability to his young partner, was so indispensable to him that, even had the ruling passion betrayed itself more provokingly or inopportunately than in fact it ever did, Alexander would have borne it with the most good-humored equanimity. On the whole, they worked admirably well together; they were not only strongly attached to one another, but they were thoroughly agreed upon the principles on which their business was to be conducted. Prudent men, involved in litigation, will always look narrowly to the reputation of their solicitors; but Messrs. Marjoram and Alexander looked just as narrowly to the reputation of their clients. They shunned the business of the greatest mercantile houses, whose system of trading they had reason to suspect of being fraudulent and hollow. They refused to have anything to do with the banks that commenced the business of the day with prayers and psalmody, and took only evangelical clerks into their service. Thus, when such a house broke and spread misery and ruin far and wide, they were in a position to throw their talents and activity into the scale of the widow and orphan, instead of being committed to the defence of the blackest criminals that can stand at the bar of the Old Bailey. In prosecuting cases of this description, they had repeatedly distinguished themselves; and it was notorious that they never looked to pecuniary remuneration alone when once they were engaged in tracking the mazes of a dishonest bankruptcy, or arresting the career of a bubble company. But for some time back, owing to Alexander's versatility, and the necessity his active mind was under of finding new scope for the ability which had been diverted from its original proper destination, the firm had been to some extent engaged in the management of landed property. This, which began with mere auditorship and by degrees went further, was particularly Alexander's province. It was not an extension of the business which Mr. Marjoram quite relished, and latterly Alexander himself had been rather disposed to contract than increase it. But more than enough has been said of these dry matters.

The handsome youth of the Orta days was now one of the finest men of mature years in England. His personal attractions, with his social qualities and old devotional dispositions to the fairer part of the creation, led him, it will easily be believed, into many other resorts besides the courts of law or the committee-rooms of the House of Commons. Such a man was sure to be a welcome guest wherever he appeared. Whether it was accident, as probably it was, or whether it was owing to his popularity with the sex, certain it is that he had not been many years in his father's shoes before his office counted an unusual number of lady-clients—dowagers, heiresses, fair wards-in-chancery, etc., the only serious result of which as yet was that it gained for Alexander the *sobriquet*, by which he often went in legal circles, of "the Lady's Attorney."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SOUL OF PLANTS.

THE veneration with which some plants and trees were regarded in the earlier ages of the world survives; and, although one of our modern bards has complained that—

"The earth is ripe
With the teeming life
Of the golden tribes no more,"

we find that the old-time love of the people still clings to many a shrub and tree and flower, even in our matter-of-fact generation.

Madame Dudevant has written some very pleasing letters on botany in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and Victor Meunier, a graceful writer in the outskirts of the scientific world, comments upon them. Both refer to a very attractive and original work, by the botanical savant Boscowitz, entitled "The Soul of Plants"—the designation which is placed at the head of this sketch.

Says Meunier, with a touch of sarcasm at the point of his pen, "In our time, the *human* soul is so frequently a subject of dispute, that it is not without some surprise that one hears any thing said about the *souls of plants*! We are ready to believe that the phrase is merely a figurative expression, and that, by the word *soul*, are meant the hue, the grace, the charm, the attraction, of the plant; its vivacious, majestic, or languishing attitude and presence—in fine, all that goes to make up its external aspect and effect. But, no; it is really the vegetative psychology of plants that the author means.

Professor Boscowitz propounds the following clearly-defined question: "Is the plant an animated creature, capable of voluntary acts?"

In replying to this query, he cites some of the most curious facts of vegetative life. Studied with penetration and sagacity, grouped with skill, and poetically interpreted, these facts seem absolutely new to us, although they are taking place before our eyes every day.

The opinion, that the motions of plants are not merely mechanical and physical, or, in other words, produced by blind force, but are determined by a perceptive intelligence, partaking of the nature of the instinct that governs animals, has already been enunciated by several men of learning, and, among them, by Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of the celebrated naturalist of our time, the elder philosopher having lived in the eighteenth century. The two most fervent partisans of the same doctrine, nowadays, are De Martius and Theodor Fechner, in Germany.

Among the ancients, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Plato, and others scarcely less eminent, acknowledged their belief in the existence of an intelligent principle, or soul, in plants. The laws of Manou, even, consecrate the idea, for, they say:

"Plants and animals have, within them, a sense of their existence, and have also their pains and pleasures."

Admitting this doctrine, for a few moments, if we suppose that the variety of sensations is as multiple in plants as their varieties of species, what an enchanting stir of life must play through that vegetative realm which comprises within its vast boundaries the violets and daisies of our meadows, the superb flowers of our gardens, and the odd or magnificent products of the tropical flora, and embraces those mysterious plants whose sensitiveness and capacity for transformation of hue and shape border on the marvellous.

Professor Boscowitz particularly mentions two or three of these exceptional plants, which reveal a wonderful vitality.

The *Mimosa* is the first he selects. It, upon the slightest shock, or the least agitation of the ground it stands in, closes its leaves, bends its tendrils downward, and seems to fade with terror, as a frail child might turn pallid in swooning.

The *Flower of Mary*, also called the Rose of Judea, the Rose of Jericho, and, scientifically, the *Anastatica*, is another of these remarkable plants. The Arabs give it the name we have first used, and hold it in great reverence. When it has expanded in a soil not well adapted to the fructification of its seeds, it detaches the root that kept it in its place, holding on by a very delicate little fibre only, and, at last, letting that go, abandons itself to the wind, that sweeps it away to some moister and more invigorating soil, in which it may drop its ripened seed without apprehension.

Proned on the ground, and withered after having disengaged its roots, it at once brightens up again, and recovers its freshness for the duration of this new but brief existence. Sometimes it repeats this process several times, but the exhaustion experienced during its journey through the air leaves it sterile ever after.

The *Resurrection Flower* is still more amazing. Only two individuals of the species have been known, and they grew on the same plant. The latter was given to Dr. Deck, the naturalist, by an Arab whose life he had saved. Some time afterward, the doctor gave one of these precious flowers to the celebrated Humboldt.

The Arab's gift was by no means attractive, at first sight—a slender stalk supporting two small, dry and scorched-looking pellets! But the son of the Desert strenuously affirmed that this treasure had been found in a tomb, upon the bosom of an ancient Egyptian priestess, and loudly vaunted its wonderful properties. In truth, the professor had hardly moistened the flower, ere he saw that "the Arab was right. This plant exerts a powerful, an ineffable charm over the man who beholds it for the first time. Scarcely has one sprinkled a little water on it, ere it begins to stir; the stalk rises erect; the flower slowly opens; and the frail petals unfold one by one,

to dispose themselves in radiating order around a central point. At this moment, the flower looks like a little field daisy, but, after a moment of hesitation, it abruptly turns over its corolla, and exhibits its bosom, on which the seeds are seen deposited."

In this crowning phase of its existence, it offers a vague resemblance to the *passion flower*. Although smaller than the latter, it has its bearing and, to some extent, its shape and outlines. If it lacks the perfume and the glowing beauty of the passion flower, it has, on the other hand, those extremely delicate rainbow tints and diaphanous petals that make it a flower with which it is difficult to compare any other. After some moments of active life this resurrected bloom begins to fade again; the stalk loses its strength; the flower contracts and closes; the petals fold themselves gently over each other, and all at once the plant shrinks together as though struck with a sudden stupor.

Pliny, the naturalist, mentions a tree that stood at the port of Acacia, in the outskirts of Memphis, whose leaves, shaped like plumes, drooped when its boughs were touched, and afterward rose again.

The leaves of certain plants have a sort of revolving motion, which takes place in a curve, and describes a kind of cone in the air. The tendrils of the *briony* and of the domesticated *cucumber* have this incessant motion, the duration of which depends upon the temperature.

In the *oscillating demondia*, the lateral leaves move continually by little jerks very similar to those of the second-hand on a watch! The leaves grow in couples, and, while one is ascending, the other is descending, in an exactly equal ratio. The rapidity of these movements increases with the heat and moisture. In the East Indies, there have been sixty of these motions noticed in one minute, and thus the idea of a vegetative timepiece is curiously carried out. This plant was discovered by Mrs. Monson, a distinguished English naturalist, who died in the East, during her scientific journeys. It was first seen by her at Bengal.

The *Fly-catcher* is another remarkable plant, indigenous to the American Continent. It ranks high in the possession of faculties hitherto ascribed to animals. John Bartram first sent a specimen to Europe, and his son, William Bartram, poetically describes it. A drop of honey distilled in its own laboratory is revealed between two roseate petals. A fly, gnat, or even a little worm, attracted by the luscious food, becomes entangled; the petals, moved by vigorous springs, close upon it and it is stifled.

The naturalist Pouchet goes far in his enthusiastic appreciation of these phenomena, but the ancient writers exceeded him. Empedocles did not hesitate to assign very high powers to plants, and some of the successors of the philosopher of Agrigentum even claim more than he does. They said that the wonderful mandragora or *mandrake*, the roots of which so remarkably resemble the human form, uttered the most lamentable groans when pierced or broken, and those who went out to gather it prepared themselves by the performance of solemn religious rites. Thomas Moore perpetuates this fiction in his "Nourmahol."

In modern times, Adamson gave plants not one but many diverse souls. Hedwig, the profound botanist, Bonnet, and Edward Smith, claimed that plants have a sentient life. Camille Debans compares the fading rose to a dying beauty, conscious of her approaching dissolution.

After all, perhaps, it is not in these quite exceptional phenomena of the vegetating world that we should look for proof, that plants possess an instinct which impels them to such or such an act or movement. An exceptional case neither proves nor refutes a rule. It is in tracing the history of all the phases of a plant's existence that we may come upon a demonstration of the instinctive intelligence that seems to direct its internal and external activity.

The first point of approximation that exists between plants and animate creatures is the phenomenon of respiration. "Life," says the author, "is known by the breathing process. Plants breathe like men and animals, absorbing oxygen and throwing off carbonic acid.

"Under the action of the sun's rays, plants absorb a great quantity of carbonic acid; at the same time, they are exhaling oxygen. But, this is the effect of another operation of life, namely nutrition. The plant is, at that moment, decomposing the acid in order to feed on the carbon. The work of nutrition does not prevent that of respiration, and these two acts are performed simultaneously. Thus, most naturalists have confounded the two, by errone-

ously supposing that plants had two kinds or sets of breathing, one diurnal and the other nocturnal.

"The analogy between the circulation of the sap in plants and that of the blood in animals has not yet been positively demonstrated. But the phenomenon of *transpiration* presents very plain approximations between the animal and the vegetable kingdom. The transpiration of the plant, like that of the animal, varies according to different hours and seasons, and the degree of elevation of temperature."

There is the same analogy between the two kingdoms, in the successive periods of growth and decay, as observed in single specimens, and in the laws that control their reproduction.

Then life, presenting the same phenomena in all animated beings, must also awaken in them the same faculties, very unequally developed, no doubt, yet at least possessing the power of existence.

"The faculty of sensation," says Professor Boscowitz, "being in the animal kingdom as closely linked with life as the faculty of growing, taking nourishment, propagating, etc., are we not singularly inconsistent in refusing this faculty of feeling to the plant, when we can see that it grows, feeds, reproduces, and, in fine, lives like the animal?"

This faculty of feeling, again, never leaves the creature completely passive. It is in the growth of plants that this initiative shows itself with the most positive energy, and Professor Boscowitz has clearly proven the real nature of the phenomenon when he points it out, not merely as the development of the plant, but as its special exhibition of motion.

"*Growing is action*, in plants."

Very numerous and careful experiments and close observation have shown that plants diversify their mode of growth according to their nature, their requirements, their positions, and their relations to outside influences. Sometimes they hasten it, sometimes they slacken it; but, above all, they are seen directing it to this side for a point of support, to that in order to get light, to take root in a nutritious soil, or to clasp some other plant on which to depend for nourishment. Plants exert themselves to reach their object; they feel their way; if needs be, they will change their direction, not once, but often; they will even modify their organs. Thus climbing plants will *make abortions of their leaves and flowers, in order to transform them into hooks or hands*.

In a word, activity and variableness of growth in plants do not appear to be either the effect of chance nor always that of the vitality of the individual, but the result of an impulse communicated by a sort of intelligent combination, and consequently possessing the characteristics of spontaneous and voluntary action.

POPULAR FALLACIES CONCERNING HYGIENE.

BY GEORGE M. BEARD, M. D.

I.

DIETETICAL FALLACIES.

THERE are more fallacies abroad among the people in regard to diet than on almost any other subject of hygiene. These are not confined to the ignorant and uneducated. They are accepted among the most learned and by those in the highest literary and social positions. These errors are due partly to the fact that the subject of food is a very difficult one, and cannot be entirely understood without some study and care.

Most of these errors, however, are the result of the false teachings of writers on health. Alcott, Graham, President Hitchcock, all sincere, honest men, but thoroughly at fault on nearly all their ideas of hygiene, exercised a powerful influence in their day, and the evil effects of their teachings still remain, and work terrible mischief.

I will briefly point out some of the errors that have been taught by these and others, and which are still abroad among the people.

In the *first* place, it is a fallacy to suppose that *people, as a rule, eat too much, and that most of the diseases of the world come from over-feeding*.

The truth is that, among all decent or civilized people, the

tendency is directly the reverse. In our country, and especially in our large cities, far more are underfed than overfed. In civilized, hard-working communities, excessive alimentation is the exception, and not the rule. Throughout our land, thousands and thousands die every year from actual starvation. Some of these unfortunates are little children whose parents are too ignorant, or too poor, to give them what is necessary to sustain life. But many of them are adults, whom hard poverty, or sad ignorance, has forced into a habit of systematic though undesigned starvation. Day after day their stomach receives less nutriment than the system demands. Day after day the vital powers slowly fade, the strength grows less, the spirits become morbid, and the face wan and dejected. Disease now steps in, attacks and carries by force some important citadel of the body, and death follows. The process is a slow one—sometimes very slow—extending, perhaps, over many years, but it is oftentimes just as sure as it is slow.

As a rule, the savages eat less than the civilized. They may gorge themselves at long intervals, like the Bushmen and Hottentots of South Africa, and the Greenlanders and Esquimaux; but between these seasons of hideous gluttony many days often intervene. The average quantity of nutriment that most of the barbarous tribes consume is unquestionably less than that of the civilized, who take three regular meals daily. Indeed, most of the wild races lead a very precarious existence in regard to food. They subsist on snails, bugs, clay, insipid or bitter fruit, unsightly worms, and other substances equally abominable, which are neither nutritious nor agreeable.

I say, then, that the civilized eat more than the savage, and that they ought to do so. The reason is clear. They work harder. They use their brains more. Labor of the brain is always accompanied by waste of tissue. It has been estimated, by Professor Houghton, that three hours of brain-work cause as important changes of tissue as a whole day devoted to mere muscular labor.

There are drones, all through society, who do nothing but live on others. There are gluttons and gourmands, all through society, who do nothing but eat and drink. But gluttons and gourmands are exceptions in civilized lands. Many children undoubtedly eat too much and too often; but they almost always break off the habit before reaching adult age.

Even among our rich and luxurious classes, the number of those who injure themselves by over-eating is far less than the number of those who injure themselves by under-eating. Rich and fashionable people use their brains very actively—oftentimes, it must be allowed, in acts of frivolity and dissipation—are usually hard-working men of business, and need more and a greater variety of food than those who do little or nothing, or who live by muscular toil alone.

In the *second* place, it is a fallacy to suppose that vegetable food is healthier and easier of digestion than animal.

Comparative anatomy, physiology, experience, our natural appetites, and the history of the world, all show us that man should have a mixed diet—flesh, fish, fruit, and vegetables.

The contrary doctrine is one of the most monstrous errors that ever infested society. It has carried hundreds and thousands to early graves. The popularity of this error, at one time, was partly the result of the popularity of the men who advocated it.

In this country, we love extremes, and roll them as sweet morsels under our tongues. Vegetarianism is an extreme, and therefore Americans cherished it. At the present time it is not practically advocated by any large or influential number; but there are very many who theoretically believe in the heresy, and who think that they do wrong when they eat flesh or fish. Thus they go on all their lives violating their consciences. "Woe unto the man who creates a sin!"

The truth is, that vegetables, potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc., are not only less digestible than fresh beef and mutton, but they are also less nutritious. They linger longer on the stomach, and,

being composed mostly of water, give less nutriment to the system. Therefore, many, who cannot digest vegetables at all, can eat and relish and assimilate beefsteak, mutton, lamb, chicken, turkey, etc., without difficulty. Chronic invalids and dyspeptics should, as a rule, eat largely of fresh meat and fish, and very moderately of vegetables.

It is true, however, that vegetables, bread, and fruit, are all necessary, and all should be used under the guidance of experience, and the taste of each individual.

But it must not be forgotten that more *acute* diseases—far more—arise from fruit and vegetables than from flesh and fish. Each individual must, therefore, find out for himself, by his own experience, what he can indulge in, and what he must forego.

Another fallacy, *in regard to diet*, is to suppose that the *natural appetite is not the best guide as to the quantity and quality of our food*.

It is true that the appetite does sometimes become perverted. It is true that it does become sometimes a symptom of disease. But these cases are exceptional.

Hideous doctrines have been taught on this subject. We have been solemnly told to rise from the table as hungry as when we sat down. We have been told to be always ready for a meal—in other words, to live in a state of perpetual hunger. We have been told to eat those things that we most hate, and to avoid those things that we most love—that to have a longing for any article, is the very reason why we should be denied it.

These doctrines are monstrous. They are unworthy of the nineteenth century. They are a libel on the Creator who gave us taste and appetite, in order that we might know what to eat and drink, and gave us also judgment to direct appetite and taste when the system becomes diseased.

Notwithstanding all its liability to perversion, the appetite is, on the whole, a better guide in selecting food, and in measuring its quantity, than all the books on hygiene that have ever been written.

The practice of weighing the food, which was introduced to the world by the example and teachings of Cornaro, the Italian, cannot be too strongly reprobated. It is impossible for the *scales* to tell us how much to eat. The quantity of food that we need depends on the amount of labor that we do, on the nature of the constitution, on our mental moods, and on the quality and variety of the food which is served.

To weigh or measure the food habitually is not only silly, unnecessary, and useless; it is actually a crime. It wastes valuable hours that should be better employed. It makes us miserable, and that fact alone is argument enough against it. It brings on indigestion and all other woes, and therefore prevents us from getting the best advantage of what we eat.

Another common fallacy, *in regard to diet*, is the theory that *one or two kinds of food, at each meal, are more easily digested, and more wholesome, than a large and palatable variety*.

Our books on health tell us over and over again that *two articles* at each meal are sufficient, and that we shall be liable to eat more if the table is covered with a generous variety.

My advice is emphatic and clear. Let there be as generous, agreeable, and attractive a variety at each meal as we can afford. Let the limits of that variety be determined by our purses, our tastes, our appetites, and our talent in cooking, and not by the books.

It is possible for nearly every family to have a good variety of food at each meal, or, at least, at the principal meal of the day, without great expense. Cookery is one of the fine arts. It should be made a study. We have good books on cookery at the present time, and every young wife who loves her household, and every young maiden who hopes to have a household to love, should study the best works on this subject, just as they study grammar, arithmetic, and geography in the schools; and, above all, should practise the art *with their own hands* at home.

Genius never made any lady a good cook. The art is ac-

quired by close study and patient practice, by many and repeated failures. A good cook can make a pleasant and healthful meal out of a few simple articles. A poor cook will make a wretched dinner, even with the whole market at her disposal. I hope to see the day when the art of preparing food will be taught in our schools, like other important branches; when young girls and young wives will go to the cooking-school as they now go to the dancing-hall, and when even ladies of fashion will boast of their bread and their puddings as they now boast of their acquisitions in music and French.

A variety of food is more healthful than one or two kinds, because it is more easily digested. This is a law of Nature. Appetite teaches us to combine sweet with sour, vegetables with meat, dry food with watery, etc.

A meal composed simply of dry Graham bread, or of potatoes, or of fruit even, is far, far less palatable and less digestible than a meal composed of all three varieties at once. Science and experience are here in perfect accord.

If, therefore, we must eat candy, let it either be with or just after our meals. If we must eat sweets in the evening, let us have sour fruit—apples, or lemons, or oranges—at the same time, and we shall be less injured. We should never eat a large quantity, either of sweet or of sour substances, on a perfectly empty stomach.

Still another common fallacy is, that brain-workers need less nutriment than those who live by their muscles.

This idea would never have been entertained if people had depended on their own observation and experience. But we have been influenced by false teachings and erroneous theories.

Any one who has attended associations of clergymen, or alumni meetings, or has boarded with students, has had opportunity to see that brain-workers are large eaters, as indeed they should be if they are really hard workers. The *changes of tissues* in the brain, that take place *during study and thought*, are very important and very *rapid, and must be replaced* by abundant food.

A LAMANTIN CHASE ON LAKE MABUISSO.*

A FEW days after our excursion to Lake Palta Cocha, as John, the padre's steward, was serving us at dinner with slices of delicious fried manatee, or lamantin, my host, inspired by its flavor, invited me to a hunt of these herbivorous cetaceans. I signified my acceptance, and several Indian neophytes were notified to be in readiness.

It was in the month of February, when the manatees seek their mates, and when this preoccupation of the male and female gives to the hunter-naturalist his best chance for success. The next morning, by seven o'clock, our pirogues were descending the current of the Ucayali, and soon reached the mouth of a natural canal, which we entered through a thick growth of water-plants, a resort of the mosquitoes, which levied on us their accustomed toll. This canal led to Lake Mabuissso, which is about nine miles in area. Its low banks are bordered with false maize, a choice food of the manatee. On entering these still waters, our pirogues turned toward the left bank, the rowers quietly took in their oars, and, enjoining upon the women not to talk, our harpooners standing at the bows, took a general survey of the lake. After some minutes of suspense, a little noise drew all eyes to our right. The dark muzzle of a manatee appeared among the water-plants. Blowing out the vitiated air from its lungs, it made several rapid inspirations, and, having thus satisfied its amphibious exigencies, swam toward the middle of the lake. Suddenly five other muzzles popped up in various places. Perceiving the first manatee, they manoeuvred to meet it in the centre of a circle. When close upon it they stopped to breathe a moment, and then rushed together, while the other evaded them by diving. The water flew up as they met, belabored by their rapid evolutions and by the violent slaps of the tail which they freely administered to each other. Amid these muddy billows, tossed as by fires beneath, snorting muz-

zles, fleshy flappers, and large spatula tails, flirted with such queer bounds and somersets, that I asked Father Antonio, with bated breath, what manner of insane gymnastics these manatees of Lake Mabuissso practised. But what my ignorance took for sport, was a combat among a group of males, struggling for the possession of a female. The conflict was soon over, then all being quiet again, two emerged together at a little distance from the battle-field, and, swimming in company, gained the middle of the lake, where we lost sight of them. But, while I was lamenting our disappointment, these fugitives, as it from regard for natural science of which I was the humble representative, deigned to reappear amid the flooded meadows. Two brown curves sallying parallel above the waves, two swimming paws beating with rhythmical movement, announced that in the waters, as on land,

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

Among the manatees, the males are said to be more numerous than the females, and it is not very rare to see one of the latter surrounded by several of the ruder sex, and liable to be crushed by their impetuous ardor.

When, by signs that rarely cheat their practised eyes, the manatee-hunters have ascertained the presence of a female in one of these lakes, they bar its affluent canal so as to retain the pretenders of her suite. These victims sooner or later succumb to the harpoon. Their temptress is sometimes comprised in the massacre, but, oftener distinguished by her form and style of movement, she is allowed to reënter the Ucayali, so that with innocent perfidy she may again serve the sinister designs of the hunter.

From the seventh degree of south latitude, between the missions of Sarayácu and of Tierra Blanca, begins that great series of canals and lakes which so curiously profile both sides of the Ucayali. Their formation is due to the continued degradation of its banks, from the territory of the Sensis to the Marañon. Their inundations, consequent upon the melting of the mountain snows, are formidably impetuous, and, when they subside, the depressions of soil, far and wide, remain as lakes. Surplus waters find their way back to the river by ravines, and thus permanent communications or canals are formed between the river and the inland lake. Cetaceans, turtles, alligators, and fishes, coming from the river in its overflow, accustom themselves to the newly-filled lakes and there multiply.

From the 15th of August, to the 15th of November, the Ucayali is lowest, receiving then no snows from the Sierra, and then, as it ceases to flow back into the canals, this communication with the lakes is cut off, and their waters settle clear and limpid.

When rains fall in the valleys, and snows on the hills, the river, again rising, amply indemnifies the lakes for their losses during the dog-days. By favor of this second overflow, most of the species imprisoned in the lakes regain the river, while others come out of it and take their place.

Nothing can be simpler than the manatee-chase in these small lakes or ponds. Guided by the sound of its blowing (as it must emerge about every ten minutes to renew its breath), the boat is softly paddled within harpoon-range of the cetacean. Hurled into almost any part of its body, this weapon suffices to stun the beast, and the clumsy but powerful bulk, that looks as though it might resist the shock of a battering-ram, succumbs to the first wound.

Of three male manatees that we took in Lake Mabuissso, the first was struck in the folds of the neck, the second in the middle of the body, the third between the caudal vertebrae. The death-blow was given to each, and their bodies, attached by the swimming-paws, were towed to the Ucayali, then dragged upon a beach, which afforded all conveniences for a grand roast. Fat, three inches thick, covered flesh so rosy and firm, that it made our mouths water to see it.

The manatee, or lamantin, is a very singular-looking creature, appearing like a curious mixture of several dissimilar animals, the seal and the hippopotamus being predominant.

Of the several species, two are found in America and one in Africa, but always on the Atlantic shores.

The manatee is seldom permitted to attain its full growth, and, instead of the fifteen feet accorded to it by zoologists, the largest of the Ucayali-Amazon measure but six or seven feet from tail to muzzle. For the last two centuries, commerce, under the insidious pretext of affection for their flesh and esteem for their oil, has waged upon them an exterminative warfare. Their meat is jerked, and their fat tried out for exportation. Deserting the deltas of rivers, they have sought refuge in the lakes of the interior, where their massacre is now con-

* From Paul Markoy's Travels in South America. Hachette & Co., Paris.



CAPTURE OF LAMANTINS ON LAKE MABUISSO.

tinued, so that, at no distant day, in the present course of things, this species will have disappeared from South America.

At the mouths of such rivers as the Orinoco and the Amazon they congregate to feed upon the algae and other herbage, so plentiful there. By some writers the animal is said to leave the water entirely, and to seek its food on land; but Wood, in his great work on natural history, has disproved this. It does, however, crawl partly out of the water, and, in its strange elevation of the head and shoulders above the water, there is some resemblance to a human being.

The young of the manatee swims by its side, like the whale-cub by the whale. The tender mother guides it, watches over it, frolics with it, calls it to order by a flap of her paddle, will defend it, if necessary, against the brutality of the males, lets it suck at discretion, but would be considerably puzzled to hug it in her swimming-paw, like a nurse with her nursing.

The skin of the manatee is so tough, that the wretched steel sword-knives of the natives are useless for attack; and the harpoon is often pointed with the common three-cornered file. This tough hide makes "cow-hides" equal to that of the hippopotamus.

On one occasion, when a few hundred yards from the mouth of the Rio Tapichi, our pirogue was coasting a tongue of land planted with the chilcas and dwarf willows peculiar to the low grounds of the Ucayali. As we doubled this promontory, a beating of the water and cracking of branches suddenly drew our attention. Our men quit paddling, and, catching the pendent boughs of a willow, brought the boat under this curtain of verdure.

At twenty paces from us, on the bank in front, some three feet high, a jaguar of the largest species, with tawny robe magnificently ocellated, was proudly crouched in act to spring, ears straight and body motionless. The bright, golden disks of its eyes were implacably following every movement of a poor manatee, occupied in grinding, between its flat-crowned molars, stalks of the false maize and water-plantain that grew there.

At a precise moment, as the cetacean raised its shapeless, clumsy head above the water, the jaguar pounced on it, and, burying its left claws in the folds of the neck, tamponed the muzzle with its right paw, and held it under water as in chancery.

The manatee, feeling itself stifled, made a tremendous leap, in order to throw off its adversary; but it had met its master, and the jaguar, either plunging or emerging with his struggling victim, never loosed its grasp.

After a few minutes, the manatee's movements were enfeebled; presently, it ceased to struggle; it was dead. Then the jaguar backed out of the water, squatted on its buttocks, and, arch-buttressed upon one fore-paw, contrived with the other to haul up on the bank the huge, clumsy body ploughed with wounds. We were so spell-bound in attention, that the jaguar, which had uttered a peculiar cry, as if to call a female, with, perhaps, her cubs, would have vanished with his prey, if one of our Indian oarsmen had not let fly an arrow. This whizzed by the beast's head, and stuck in a tree beyond. Surprised by such aggression, the jaguar leaped aside, and turned on our curtain of willows his round eyes, the yellow of which now reddened as with flame. A second arrow missed him like the first, but the outcries of our oarsmen, who assailed him with the abusive epithet of *sua-sua* (double robber), made him regard discretion as the better part of valor, at least on this occasion. Before he vamoosed in the thicket, he turned his eyes once more toward us, and then toward his manatee spoils upon the bank, regretfully abandoning to intruders the trophies of his prowess.

The abandoned booty was cut up and jerked upon the spot by our boat's crew, while I rambled in the forest, at the risk of being called to personal account by our jaguar purveyor. But we saw no more of him, and the only living things I met with were large sphinx-moths, with gray and blue fringed mantles, flitting from tree to tree with that undecided movement peculiar to bats and to the butterflies of twilight. It was a fine occasion to philosophize on this creation, ever in disturbance, and on its creatures, always at war; to count, as the beads of a rosary, the links of that chain of destruction which begins with the infusoria and ends with man; to shrink with terror before blind Force, or to kneel before the Supreme Intelligence, so awful in its causes, so sublime in its effects, which brings the order, the harmony, the beauty, the preservation of this universe, out of the inveterate conflict of the elements that compose it and the incessant destruction of the beings that people it.

SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWES.

III.

May 4th.

I LED Mr. Powers to-day to speak as minutely as I could of the early history of his own life.

I was born (he said) in Woodstock, Vermont, early in the century. My father was a small farmer, half blacksmith and half ox-yoke-maker, who had served an apprenticeship to nothing, but possessed a certain skill in whatever he undertook. He valued himself on the curves of his ox bows and yokes, and could *strike* with the blacksmith himself. We lived over the river, just opposite the village. My father became bondsman for a friend, and lost all the little property he had laid up. Then came a dreadful season, when famine threatened our whole neighborhood. I recollect we cut down the trees, and fed our few cows on the browse. We lived so long wholly on milk and potatoes, that we got almost to loathe them. There were seven of us children; *five* at home, and it was hard work to feed us. One of my brothers, who was bright, had picked up enough education to keep school, and at school-keeping picked up enough money to keep himself a-going at Dartmouth College. He had gone to the West, and had charge of a newspaper at Cincinnati. Perhaps this prompted my father to emigrate. At any rate, in 1819, in three wagons, and in company with another family, we started for Ohio with all our household goods and what little money we had left. I was about fourteen. We got to the Holland Purchase, about twenty miles from Niagara Falls, and there stopped awhile. When the wind was favorable, I could hear the growl of the cataract, but it was too far to go, although I was burning with desire to see it. Soon after we took a flat-boat, and floated down the Ohio. We soon hitched to a raft, nearly an acre square, on which were a few board-houses and several emigrants, among them some soldiers of the War of 1812. I remember, one evening, as we had tied up to the land for the night, I was going ashore on the plank, and saw a young girl caught by her clothes in the bushes, hanging senseless, with her head and arms in the water. I screamed for help, and ran to her relief. Fortunately, she was not so far drowned but that, with immediate care, she came to. She turned out to be the daughter of the family travelling in company with us, a girl of thirteen. But this was not so marked as another incident of the same kind. Our great raft had many openings in it, through which the water could be seen, and, as I was walking over it, I suddenly caught the gleam of a child's arm in one of these cracks. I plunged my own arm instantly down and caught hold of it. The hole was too small to pull the body through it, but the men succeeded in moving it along to an opening through which it could pass, and the child was thus restored and resuscitated. The little creature, of two and a half years, had fallen in at another opening in the raft, and, floating down a few rods, had come up in the hole in which I saw her! It seemed to me directly providential, and made a deep impression on my mind.

We finally reached Cincinnati, then a city of fourteen thousand inhabitants, and, by the aid of my elder brother, my father settled himself upon a small farm, not many miles out of town, and we all went to work. Unfortunately, we were near a marsh, whose pestiferous influence we did not know enough even to dread, and the first summer saw us all prostrate with ague and fever. My poor father died with it. I was sick and helpless a whole year, and made incapable of hard work. The family was scattered, and I finally got a place in a produce-store in Cincinnati, where it was my business to watch the wagons that came into town, bringing wheat and whiskey, and direct them to our store, where my employer was ready to deal for them. Rolling in and out these barrels was another part of

my duty. It went on well enough until this concern broke up, and I had to seek other employment. My brother, the editor, made an agreement for me with a hotel-keeper to furnish a reading-room in his house with his exchange-papers, which was to be free to his guests, but to which the landlord was to procure a certain number of paying subscribers. I was to have charge of the room, and to enjoy whatever could be made out of it. The room was established, but the landlord neglected his agreement, and I was soon obliged to give up this enterprise.

About that time, looking round anxiously for the means of living, I fell in with a worthy man, a clockmaker and organ-builder, who was willing to employ me to collect bad debts in the country. He put me on an old horse, which had one very bad fault. He was afflicted with what the Western people called the "swaleys," and could not go down-hill. I frequently had to dismount and back him down, as the only way of getting along. The road often lay through forests and clearings, in mire, and among the roots of the beeches, with which my poor beast was constantly struggling. I would sometimes emerge from a dark wood, five miles through perhaps, and find myself near a clearing where the farmer's house I was seeking lay, a half a mile off the road. Picking up a stout club to defend myself against the inevitable dog which, in the absence of men-folks, guarded every log-house, I plodded across the ploughed field, soon to be met by the ferocious beast who, not seeing a stranger more than once a month, was always furious and dangerous. Out would come, at length, the poor woman, too curious to see who it was that broke up her monotonous solitude, to call off the dog, who generally grew fiercer as he felt his backer near him, and it was commonly with a feeling as of a bare escape of my life, that I finally got into the house. It was sad enough, too, often to find sickness and death in these fever-stricken abodes; a wan mother nursing one dying child, with perhaps another dead one in the house. My business, too, was not the most welcome. I came to dun a delinquent debtor, who had perhaps been inveigled by some pedlar of our goods into an imprudent purchase, for a payment which it was inconvenient or impossible to make. There, in the corner, hung the wooden clock, the payment for which I was after, ticking off the last minutes of the sick child—the only ornament of the poor cabin. It was very painful to urge my business under such circumstances. However, I succeeded, by kindness, in getting more money than I expected from our debtors, who would always pay when they could. I recollect, one night, almost bewailing my success. I had reached the entrance of a forest, at least nine miles through, and, finding a little tavern there, concluded it was prudent to put up and wait till morning. There were two rough-looking fellows around—hunters—with rifles in their hands, whose appearance did not please me, and I fancied they looked at each other significantly when the landlord took off my saddle-bags and weighted them, feeling the hundred dollars of silver I had collected. I was put into the attic, reached by a ladder; and, barricading the trap-door, as well as I could, went to sleep with one eye open. Nothing, however, occurred; and, in the morning, I found my wild-looking men up as early as I, and was not a little disturbed when they proposed to keep me company across the forest. Afraid to show any suspicion, I consented, and then went and looked at the little flint-pistol I carried, formidable only to sparrows, but which was my only defence.

About two miles into the wood, my fierce-looking friends, after some exchange of understanding as to their respective ways and meeting-point, started off on different sides of the road in search of game, as they said, but, as I feared, with the purpose of robbing, and perhaps murdering, me at some darker spot in the forest. I had gone perhaps two miles farther, when I heard the breaking of a twig, and, looking on one side, saw a hand signalling me to stop. Presently an eye came out behind the tree, and then an arm, and I verily thought my hour

had come. But, keeping straight on, I perceived, almost instantly, to my great relief, two fine deer, who appeared not at all disturbed by a man on horseback, though ready enough to fly from a gun, and began to suspect that the robber I was dreading was, after all, only a hunter in the honest pursuit of his living. The crack of the rifle soon proved that the deer, and not my saddle-bags, were the game aimed at, and I found my imagination had, for twelve hours, been converting very harmless huntsmen into highwaymen of a most malicious aspect.

My employer was so well satisfied with my success that he took me into his family on my return, and, when I had collected all the bad debts, proposed to me to try my hand in the clock-and-organ factory. He thought he had some rough work there, he said, which even so wholly unskilled a hand as mine might perform. I could afford to refuse no proposition that promised me bread and clothes, for I was often walking the street hungry, with my arms pressed close to my sides to conceal the holes in my coat-sleeves. So I went into the shop, and the master gave me some brass-plates to thin down with the file. They were parts of the stops of an organ he was building, and required to be very nicely levelled and polished; but my business was only to prepare them for the finisher. The boss was to come in, after a day or two, and see how I got along. Now, I always had a mechanical turn, and had whittled out a great many toys, and made a great many pewter guns, in my boyhood. I took hold, therefore, of the brass plates and the files with a confidence that I could surprise my employer; and, although I blistered my hands badly at once, I stuck to them with a will. My employer did not look in for several days, and, when he did come, I had already finished several plates. He took one up, and cast his eye along it; then put it upon a level table, and cast his eye under it; and, finally, bringing it down face to face with another of my plates, lifted that up by mere cohesive attraction. He said nothing to me, but, calling in his head workman, he cried, "Here, Joe, is the way I want them plates finished!" The truth was, I had, at once, greatly surpassed the finisher at his own business, by mere nicety of eye and determination of spirit. From that moment my employer took me into his confidence. He really seemed to love me. He soon gave me the superintendence of all his machinery; I lived in his family, and I felt my future secure.

There was a machine for cutting clock-wheels in the shop, which, though very valuable, seemed to me capable of being much simplified and improved. The chief hands, jealous of my favor with the boss, laughed at my suggestions of improvement in a machine which had come all the way from Connecticut, where "the foreman guessed they knew something about clocks." There was an old silver bull's-eye watch hanging in the shop—too poor to steal—which had, however, excited my cupidity. I told the master that, if he would give me that watch, I would undertake to make a new machine—a much simpler and more efficient than the old one. He agreed; and, after ten days' labor, I so simplified and improved the plan, that my new machine would cut twice as many wheels in a day, and cut them twice as well. This established my reputation with him and the workmen. The old watch has ticked all my children into existence, and three of them out of this world. It still hangs at the head of my bed.

About this time, I recollect visiting the museum in Cincinnati, and noticing particularly two things—first, an elephant's tusk, broken, and held together by iron hoops; and, secondly, a plaster cast of Houdon's "Washington," the first bust I had ever seen. It excited my curiosity strangely, and I wondered how it was made.

There was a German in Cincinnati at this time, who, I found out soon after, made and cast busts. I formed his acquaintance, and he taught me all he knew about it. I found a sitter in the little daughter of Mr. John P. Foote, who was willing to come to me at off-hours, often early in the morning, but more commonly after the day's work was over. Knowing that my job

would be a long one, I was afraid to begin with clay, which was liable to harden or freeze, and I made my first bust in bees'-wax—here it is—and, so far as the flesh and the likeness are concerned, I don't believe I have done any better since. The hair and the drapery I could better. I found I had a correct eye, and a hand which steadily improved in its obedience to my eye. I saw the likeness, and knew it depended on the features, and that, if I could copy the features exactly, the likeness would follow just as surely as blood follows the knife. I found early that all the talk about catching the expression was mere twaddle; that the expression would take care of itself, if I took care to copy exactly the features. He that can copy a potato precisely can copy a face precisely. I found I could copy pretty accurately, and was encouraged.

Soon after this, Mrs. Trollope and the French artist came along; but I think I told you all about that.

There was, however, a long interval between these first beginnings in modelling and the real commencement of my artist-life.

A Frenchman from New Orleans had opened a museum in Cincinnati, in which he found his fine specimens of natural history less attractive than some other more questionable objects. Among these were certain wax figures. He had, however, one lot which had been badly broken in transportation, and he had been advised to apply to me to restore them. I went to the room, and found Lorenzo Dow, John Quincy Adams, Miss Temple, and Charlotte Corday, with sundry other people's images, in a very promiscuous condition—some with arms, and some with noses, and some without either. We concluded that something entirely new, to be made from the old materials, was easier than any repairs; and I proposed to take Lorenzo Dow's head home, and convert him into the King of the Cannibal Islands. The Frenchman was meanwhile to make his body—"fit body to fit head." I took the head home, and, thrusting my hand into the hollow, bulged out the lanky cheeks, put two alligator's tusks into the place of the eye-teeth, and soon finished my part of the work. A day or two after, I was horrified to see large placards upon the city-walls, announcing the arrival of a great curiosity, the actual embalmed body of a South-Sea man-eater, secured at immense expense, etc. I told my employer that his audience would certainly tear down his museum, when they came to find out how badly they were sold, and I resolved myself not to go near the place. But a few nights showed the public to be very easily pleased. The figure drew immensely, and I was soon, with my old employer's full consent, installed as inventor, wax-figure maker, and general mechanical contriver in the museum.

One of the first things I undertook, in company with Hervey, was a representation of the infernal regions after Dante's description. Behind a grating I made certain dark grottoes, full of stalactites and stalagmites, with shadowy ghosts and pitch-forked figures, all calculated to work on the easily-excited imaginations of a Western audience, as the West then was. I found it very popular and attractive; but occasionally some countryman would suggest to his fellow-spectator that a little motion in the figures would add much to the reality of the show. After much reflection, I concluded to go in among the figures dressed like the Evil One, in a dark robe, with a death's-head and cross-bones wrought upon it, and with a lobster's claw for a nose. I had bought and fixed up an old electrical machine, and connected it with a wire, so that, from a wand in my hand, I could discharge quite a serious shock upon anybody venturing too near the grating. The plan worked admirably, and excited great interest; but I found acting the part of wax-figure two hours every evening in the cold no sinecure, and was put to my wits to devise a figure that could be moved by strings, and which would fill my place. I succeeded so well, that it ended in my inventing a whole series of automata, for which the old wax-figures furnished the materials, in part, and which became so popular and so rewarding, that I was kept

seven years at the business, my employer promising me, from time to time, an interest in the business, which he quite forgot to fulfil. When, at last, I found out the vanity of my expectations, I left him. He knew I kept no accounts; but he did not know that I reported all the money he gave me to my wife, who did keep our accounts. He tried to cheat me; but I was able to baffle him through her prudence and method. For I had married in this interval, and had a wife and children to support.

About this time, Mr. Nicholas Longworth, who, it seemed, had formed a good opinion of me, voluntarily came to me, and offered to buy the museum out and set me up in it; or, if I did not like that, he would send me to Europe to study the art of a sculptor. I only accepted a third offer, which was, to send me to Washington to try my fortunes with the public men of the country. Accordingly, I left my family, and for a whole year and more labored at the national capital. There I made the busts of Jackson, J. Q. Adams, Calhoun, Chief-Justice Marshall, Woodbury, Van Buren, and others. Jackson seemed to me, then, a man of the finest manners, and the most fascinating gentleman I had ever known. I succeeded in my likenesses, and am not ashamed to-day of what I did then. Mr. Senator Preston interested his brother in Columbia, S. C., who had never seen me, so much in my promise, that he wrote me to draw upon him for a thousand dollars, and go at once abroad, and to draw annually, for several years after, for as much more. After returning to Washington for three sessions, I accepted Mr. Preston's noble offer, and came abroad. He is alive still. I have endeavored to requite his kindness by sending him works of mine, equal in money value to his gifts; but I can never extinguish my great obligations. I fear he don't like me now, since the war—for I could not suppress my strong national feelings for any man's friendship—but I like and honor him; I would do any thing in my power to show him my inextinguishable gratitude.

Just before I left Washington the first year, I was very reluctantly detained a whole month to make the bust of a military man who was very solicitous to be put in marble. I made it; but it was never paid for, and payment was shabbily evaded. When Olevinger the sculptor was here in Florence, I told him the story, and he said, turning to the bust, "Such a fellow ought to lose his nose." "Why don't you cut it off, then?" I cried. Seizing a hatchet, he asked, "Are you in earnest?" "Certainly," I said; and down came the hatchet, and off went the nose. "Don't you think his ears should come, too?" he cried. "Surely," I answered; and two blows brought off both ears. "Now let us scalp him," said the sculptor; and another blow took off the top of his head. And, after a few more strokes, we pitched out the wreck into the yard, satisfied with an artist's revenge, and rejoiced that no chances of immortality remained for a person so reckless of his obligations as this military defaulter.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE completion of the railway across the American Continent, which will make the present year memorable in all future time, has an interesting aspect as the grand fruition of a century of inventive labor. The hundred years that are crowned by this event, began with signal promise. The year 1769, the birth-year of Humboldt, Cuvier, and Napoleon, is marked in the calendar of science by unusual achievements in the infant branches of experimental investigation. Chemistry had emerged from the mystical stage of alchemy, and was planted upon its firm inductive basis. Bergman had just made the first analysis ever made of mineral waters. Black, Cavendish, and Priestley, had commenced investigations into the nature of different kinds of air; and, in 1769, Scheele first discovered the existence of phosphate of lime in bones. The experiments of Bakewell in sheep-breed-

ing, the first step in the art of improving stock, which has been carried to such perfection during the last hundred years, also date their success from 1769. But the event which will distinguish that year preëminently as a new starting-point of civilization, was the invention of the present double-acting steam-engine by James Watt, which was patented in 1769; its illustrious projector being then thirty-three years of age. Exactly a hundred years have thus elapsed from the time of the introduction of the great modern motor and the completion of the iron highway across our continent, which is its last and largest consequence. The present is, therefore, a fit occasion to call attention to some of the higher influences of that invention.

The conception of great power working vast effects is one of man's sources of mental enjoyment. There is a fascination in beholding it, and, if it cannot be seen, there is pleasure in imagining it. Hence, the poetic creations of gods, giants, and magicians who can do prodigious things. The ancients gave play to this feeling by the invention of a fanciful Hercules, to whom they ascribed wonderful imaginative tasks. Watt, on the other hand, invented a Hercules in the world of the actual, with limbs of iron and a soul of fire, who would perform the most stupendous labors without weariness and as long as metal lasts. The mythical Hercules ended his twelve exploits, and left no sons to emulate them; the Titan of Watt has filled the world with his progeny of swarthy giants, which are ever augmenting the renown of their race. When the earthly labors of the elder Hercules were closed, he went into retirement among the constellations; our modern heroes, earth-born and dingy though they be, have also their heavenly dignities; they borrow their life from celestial sources. Steam-engines derive all their energy from the central star of our planetary group; they are but extensions of the enginery of the solar system.

Nearly three hundred years ago, before man had gained control of the forces of Nature, and was yet fighting for the bare liberty to study them, Lord Bacon thus estimated the import of inventions in the world's affairs: "*The introduction of new inventions seemeth to be the very chief of all human actions. The benefits of new inventions may extend to all mankind universally, but the good of political achievements can respect but some particular cantons of men; these latter do not endure above a few ages, the former forever. Inventions make all men happy without either injury or damage to any one single person. Furthermore, new inventions are, as it were, new erections and imitations of God's own works.*"

There are many who do not share this reverent feeling of Bacon, and who look upon the steam-engine as the most potent agency yet devised for sinking society deeper and deeper in the slough of materialism and matter-worship. But this is a superficial view of the case. The steam-engine is one in origin and destiny; it was born of mind, and it is to the mental and moral improvement of society that it gives its final and highest services. Let us glance at a few aspects of this truth.

There are two kinds of education: that which people get outside of their vocations, and that which they get through them. The first has been long recognized; the second is but just beginning to be considered. General mental cultivation depends upon relief from the burdens of oppressive labor, and in past times has been confined to the classes exempted from it. The higher education depends upon that concentrated accumulation of wealth in a few hands which permits the founding and endowment of universities; the education of the masses of the people depends upon that diffused accumulation of wealth which confers something of independence and allows a little leisure for study. The life of man is a struggle with the elements of Nature. At first it is a fight for life; at length it becomes a conflict for the opportunities of improvement. Ordained to subdue the earth, and in subduing it to unfold and perfect himself, every thing depended upon the resources of power which he could bring to the task. His first conquests were the beasts, the waters, and the winds, and with these he began the work of civilization. But the steam-engine, by utilizing the vast and before unused reservoirs of power laid away in the coal-vaults of the planet, millions of years ago, has taken hold of the solid work of the world, and carried it farther in a century than all the other instrumentalities had been able to do in thousands of years. It was a new capacity for action, more adaptable, universal, and perfect, than any other; and in multiplying the powers of human accomplishment, it raised man upward into the liberties of his higher nature. Toward this emancipation of man from the drudgeries of excessive toil, and that creation of surplus wealth, which is indispensable to educational opportunity, nothing in the history of the world has contributed that can compare with the invention of the steam-engine. Various influences have, of course, been at work in the direction of human improvement, but

the steam-engine, by lightening and abridging the tasks of industry, by multiplying wealth, and diffusing the facilities of knowledge, has supplied the first great condition of our modern mental progress.

If we now turn to that phase of general education upon which the present age is entering—the education which the laboring classes are destined to acquire in connection with, and by means of, their practical occupations—the bearings of the steam-engine upon it are still more direct and determining. At the time of its invention, mechanical skill was at a very low standard. The first engineer in England, John Smeaton, told Mr. Watt he did not believe his invention practicable, because it would be impossible to make machinery work perfect enough for his purpose. In a letter to Boulton, Watt gives an amusing account of one of the first engines erected at Cornwall, and of the state of mind with which it was regarded. "At present," he says, "the velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine give unusual satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its stroke gently and make less noise; but Mr. ——— cannot sleep



James Watt.

unless it is quite furious, and so I have left it to the engine-man. And, by-the-by, the noise seems to convey great ideas of the power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man."

The manufacture of steam-engines at once became a means of raising the grade of mechanical workmanship. Its success demanded a perfection of skill which introduced new notions and compelled new attainments of industrial execution. Mechanical labor rose in the direction of intelligence, and the higher possibilities thus reached were carried into all departments of construction. The advance of inquiry into the knowledge of Nature depended upon the perfection of the instruments of investigation, and these were again dependent upon the standard of skill among practical mechanics. Thus, the steam-engine not only gave an enormous impulse to manufacturing industry, and raised the quality of mechanical performance, but in doing these things it brought out, as never before, the question of the mental preparation and training of the workmen themselves. As work became more varied and difficult, demanding increasing thought and skill, the laborers themselves fell into a scale of values, and the hinderances of ignorance were more and more clearly disclosed. Nations are made up of individuals, and the character of nations results from the qualities of their units. It thus comes about that the competition of different countries for the sale of manufactured products in the markets of the world has in an eminent degree its determining element in the mental qualities of the laboring-classes. Hence, out of this vast development of manufacturing industry, which is mainly due to the introduction of the steam-engine, and to the resulting conflict and competition of national interests, has sprung the system of technical and scientific education which is so marked a feature of our own age, and which is destined to revolutionize the chaotic system of instruction which we have inherited from the past. England, for example, is being rudely awakened to the fact that she must free herself from the incubus of traditional culture, which has kept its ascendancy through the combined influence of her hierarchy and her oligarchy—must educate her people to a better understanding of the ways and laws and activities of Nature, or her manufacturing and commercial prosperity is at an end. While for fifty years the enlightened men of that country have denounced the classical despotism of her Universities, and the baneful influence they have exerted in preventing the rise of a rational system of instruction among the common people, Watt's steam-engine, the great democratic educator, is beginning to teach the lesson in a way that will be heeded.

Our estimates of the values and influence of human actions and our scales of greatness are thus undergoing revision. While kings have played at the game of government, and politicians have been making their transient ripples "among particular cantons of men," a self-taught mechanic is bringing the nations to judgment and developing the programme of the world's advancing civilization.

If we confine our attention to a single influence of this great invention, the application of the steam-engine to locomotion, of which the Pacific Railway is now the greatest exemplification, the mental, moral, and social results are still conspicuous. It is not that railway construction has created a host of new industries and given occupation to millions of men; it is not that more capital is invested in them than this whole continent would perhaps have sold for at the time the steam-engine was invented; it is not that the productions of different localities are equalized by the facilities of interchange, and numberless articles of comfort and use cheapened to consumers; it is not that new regions are opened to inflowing populations and social pressures elsewhere relieved; nor is it that cheap literature is widely disseminated and cheap postage makes correspondence universal, but it is that all these influences are bringing about a new social order and affecting every member of society in his actions, thoughts, and feelings. Whatever multiplies and diver-

sifies human experience enlarges thought and develops character, and nothing conduces more to this end than travel. The locomotive liberates man from the monotonous narrowness of his locality, and makes all climates and countries accessible to him. Every one may now travel, and travel enriches the mind with new ideas, furnishes the material of agreeable recollections, dispels narrow prejudices, widens the sympathies, liberalizes opinion, and brings the individual into kindlier and more intelligent relation with his fellow-beings. The locomotive is thus turning the earth into a school, and making the very globe upon which we live, with all its peoples, products, and curiosities, one great object-lesson. However numerous the causes which conspire to produce these effects, none can compare in efficiency with that increased facility of human intercourse which is one of the great results of the invention of James Watt.

R O M E .

"Roma, Roma, Roma!
Non è più come era prima."

STILL the city stands:

Fallen away

From its old renown,—

The wonder and the terror of the Lands!

Temple and tower gone down—

Nothing left to fall

But weeds upon the wall;

All decay—

Utterly desolate!

Haunted by the ghost of its dead state,

Memory of its men who ruled like gods,

Memory of the gods who ruled its men,

Dreaming in despair of what was then,—

Flamens, augurs, lictors with their rods,—

Legions on their marches

Through triumphal arches,—

Cæsar in his car

With the spoils of war,—

From Carthage, from Egypt, from all the realms afar,

And, drooping in his train,

Proud kings overthrown,

Their sceptres now his own,

And palest queens disrowned, superb in their disdain

Of Cæsar marching home

Victorious to Rome!

Who on her Seven Hills

Sits, Mistress of the World

Which she with carnage fills;

Hated of men, but to the gods austere

Dear,

For does not mightiest Jove protect, defend?

And his eagle send

To perch upon her standards? Look above,

There where his million altar-smokes are curled—

The Capitolian Jove!

And Mars—Mars,

He of the shield and spear,—

The stern, the cruel, the Invincible,

Whose only thought is *kill*!

How dear

To him and his this Rome of never-ending wars!

—Hidden in the secret shrine,

(Stately Juno, come not here,

Chaste Diana, disappear—

These are none of thine !)
 Where they wreath the roses,
 Where they pour the wine,—
 Who on that couch reposes,
 With arms that twine and twine ?
 —Venus Aphrodite,
 Goddess of the Sea,—
 She is the most mighty,
 And the sweetest, she !
 Venus ! Venus ! Venus !
 Thou alone of all the Powers
 Dost from sorrow screen us,
 Thy power alone in all the hours
 Lets nothing come between us,
 Who adore thee, Venus !—
 Nothing part
 Heart from heart
 In thy bliss of blisses—
 But our delaying kisses !
 —Horror !—Who are These ?
 Shapes, or Shadows rather,
 Which like the Night do gather—
 From where ? for what ? To seize !
 —Who ? what ? what gods are These ?
 The Fates ! The Fates !
 —The Hun is at the gates !

Still the City stands !
 Fallen away
 From its old renown—
 The wonder and the terror of the Lands !
 Temple and tower gone down—
 Nothing left to fall
 But weeds upon the wall ;
 All decay—
 Utterly desolate !

R. H. STODDARD.

AMONG THE ALLIGATORS.

ONE day last spring, during an excursion up the St. John's River, Florida, in a small sail-boat, I entered, late in the afternoon, the mouth of one of the numerous creeks which empty their waters into that magnificent stream. I had observed, on the point of land lying between the river and the creek, which run for some distance nearly parallel to each other, a fine, open, and somewhat elevated spot, which seemed to offer me a desirable camping-ground for the night, and my principal object in entering the creek was to catch a trout for my supper.

Running in close to the shore, which was here bordered with pond-lilies, *Pistia* (*P. spathulata*, a singular aquatic plant peculiar to these waters), and tall grass, I soon caught, with a small hook and line provided for the purpose, several little yellow perch to serve as bait for the trout. Attaching one of these to my large trout-hook, I threw it out into the stream. I did not have long to wait. Soon the float attached to my line went under the surface of the water with a sharp percussion, and a jerk with the pole showed that I had hooked a large fish. Hauling in the line cautiously—I dared not make use of the pole, which the weight of the trout would have broken—I succeeded in bringing into my boat one of the largest specimens of this fish that I had ever seen, weighing, probably, not less than sixteen pounds.

The trout of the rivers and creeks of Florida is quite unlike

the brook-trout of Northern streams. It is of a lead-color, inclining to blue, with fins and tail of a light reddish purple. It has a remarkably large head, the body tapering therefrom to the tail, and is exceedingly ravenous, nothing that it can lay hold upon seeming to come amiss; but it prefers the smaller fish, which live in perpetual terror in its presence. Birds, frogs, lizards, and even snakes, are frequently found in its stomach.

Desiring no more fish, and having still a little time on my hands, I decided to proceed farther up the creek, the picturesque shores of which strongly attracted me. The breeze was light, and I sailed slowly, enjoying the prospect spread out before me. The mocking-bird's inimitable song came to my ear from the wild-orange grove, the cooing of the turtle from the pine openings, and the great black woodpecker's loud drumming from the swamp; and the airs wafted from either shore were heavy with the fragrance of the grand magnolia, now in full bloom.

The scene was beautiful beyond description. Before me lay the still waters of the creek, half in sunshine and half in shade; on either hand its densely-wooded shores; behind me the broad expanse of the noble St. John's River, here three miles wide; and overhead the glorious, deep-blue skies of the South. Several tall cranes wading and fishing in the shallows near the shore; a pair of bright-plumaged summer ducks floating in and out among the reeds; a swift-winged osprey poisoning himself watchfully over the stream; and a flock of snowy curlews rising, falling, and wheeling far up in the bright sunshine—helped to make up a picture suggestive of some enchanted island in far-off tropical seas.

On my left, the shore, though but little elevated above the surface of the water, was dry and sandy, and had a growth of evergreen oaks and magnolias, with some deciduous trees of lighter and more delicate foliage interspersed. Some of the magnolias were not less than a hundred feet in height, and formed almost perfect cones of glossy dark-green foliage, studded with great, white, polypetalous blossoms. These blossoms are so large, and contrast so strongly with the dark leaves which form their background, that they can be distinguished at the distance of a mile.

The other shore was swampy, and displayed a gigantic growth of cypress, maple, sweet gum, ash, and oak, with thickets of myrtle, green briers, and entangling vines. From every limb depended streamers and festoons of gray moss, in some cases twenty or thirty feet in length. The bignonia wreathed the gnarled limbs of the oak with its masses of gorgeous bloom; and the brilliant blazing star, the golden hibiscus, the scarlet cardinal-flower, the crimson-eyed convolvulus, and a thousand other blossoms, to me nameless, adorned the banks and gave a tropical richness to the never-to-be-forgotten scene. As I look back upon it now, it seems only half real; and yet Florida abounds in such scenes.

Alligators are abundant in all the waters of Florida, and one gets so accustomed to them that they attract little more attention than so many lizards or frogs; but as I sailed up this stream I found them more and more numerous as I advanced, till at last I looked around in absolute astonishment at their number. Some lay basking in the sun on the eastern shore, others protruded their hideous jaws among the water-lilies which bordered it, while hundreds were swimming about in the deep water above, below, and on either side of my little boat. I had never seen so many before, at one time, and I recalled the account published by William Bartram in his "Travels in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida," which I had hitherto considered somewhat fabulous. He states that on one occasion, on the upper waters of the St. John's River, "the alligators were in such incredible numbers, and so close together, that it would have been easy to walk across the river, there half a mile wide, on their heads, had the animals been harmless." He speaks also of being several times attacked by them,

both on the river and at his encampments on the shore. This was nearly a hundred years ago, and I was inclined to believe that the alligators had, since that time, contracted a wholesome fear of man; for I had generally found them apparently more than willing to give my little vessel a wide berth. I now, however, began to look upon the legions of monsters by which I was surrounded with a little apprehension. Some of them were not less than fifteen feet in length, and could have lifted me and my skiff together out of the water in their powerful jaws. I was about to tack, for the purpose of retracing my course toward the mouth of the creek, when a singular appearance on the western shore attracted my attention. This shore, hitherto, as I have observed, dry or hummock-land, here became somewhat wet or marshy, and I had now arrived nearly opposite a little cove, on the borders of which I discovered an alligator nursery or breeding-place. Arranged in an irregular semicircle around the cove, and about fifty feet from the brink of the water, were a large number of cone-like hillocks of mud. These I knew to be the nests of the alligators, having seen their structures before, though not in such numbers. They were four or five feet in diameter at the base, and from three to four feet in height. These nests are constructed, as shown by an examination of similar ones, in this way: First, the female alligator lays a floor of mud-mortar, mixed with coarse marsh-grass and other herbage. She next deposits on this a layer of eggs, which she then covers with a layer of mud and grass about six inches in thickness, upon which is placed another layer of eggs, and so on, nearly to the top. Each female lays from fifty to sixty eggs, about the size of those of the goose, which are hatched by the heat of the sun, aided, perhaps, by the fermentation of the vegetable substances made use of in the construction of the nests. She stations herself near the place to watch the nest, and protect the eggs against the vultures, which are accustomed to commit depredations upon them whenever opportunity offers. When hatched, the young alligators are from five to six inches in length. The mother leads them at once to the water, where she does her best to defend them against their unnatural progenitors, who destroy as many as they can lay hold upon. Many escape the jaws of the male alligators, only to fall into those of the numerous ravenous fishes which abound in those waters; so that probably less than one-fourth of those that are hatched live to reach their full growth. Some of the old ones are of enormous size and strength. Bartram mentions having seen them twenty feet in length, but I have never seen one quite so large. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet long, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. The whole body is covered with plates or squamæ, impenetrable, at a hundred yards distance, to a rifle-ball, except under or just behind the forelegs, and on the head.

It seemed to be the hatching-season, for I observed many egg-shells scattered about on the black, oozy ground, and numerous young alligators, under convoy of their mothers, swimming along near the shore.

The breeze had gradually died away, and I was now floating slowly down the stream with the ebbing tide. Being intently engaged in observing the alligators' encampment on shore, I had not noted the movements of the animals themselves in the water, till, happening to turn my head, I saw two very large ones approaching from the eastern shore, in different directions, apparently with the purpose of attacking me. The nearest was within a dozen yards of my skiff. I saw at once that, if an attack were intended, it was now too late to attempt an escape by resorting to my oars; so I snatched my rifle and fired at once, aiming at his eye. Fortunately, I was cool enough to make a good shot. With a terrible splash, the monster plunged beneath the surface and disappeared.

My second assailant paused for a moment at the sharp crack of my rifle, and then advanced with increased rapidity, as if to

take advantage of my unprepared condition. My rifle was one of Howard's breech-loaders, and could have been quickly charged, but, having had no apprehension of an attack from enemies of any sort, my ammunition was not at hand. I perceived my peril in an instant. Seizing a boat-hook, I prepared to defend myself as well as I could, for I had no reason to doubt the animal's hostile intentions, contrary as its conduct was to my previous experience of alligator policy. Had my presence of mind deserted me for a moment, I think I should have been lost. As soon as the animal came within reach, I struck him upon the head with the armed end of the boat-hook, putting all the strength of my arms into the blow. The stroke evidently astonished if it did not hurt him, for he drew back for an instant and then plunged beneath the surface of the water, passing directly under the boat, and nearly upsetting it. He quickly reappeared on the other side, with his monstrous jaws extended. I waited till he was close upon me, when, making a sudden thrust, I plunged the boat-hook down his throat. The pole was at once wrenched from my hands, but the alligator, being somewhat disconcerted by this new mode of defence, and not being able readily to disgorge the implement, was put temporarily *hors du combat*; so, taking up my oars, I availed myself of the opportunity to withdraw as rapidly as possible toward the mouth of the creek. This was hardly the movement of a victor, but I consoled myself with the reflection that I had at least made a good fight against fearful odds.

Several other alligators passed quite near me during my passage down the stream, but I was not again attacked. Getting my ammunition from the box in which I had deposited it, I revenged myself by firing upon all who came sufficiently near, but only occasionally with effect.

I ate my supper of trout with a good appetite, made my bed of grass under a clump of wild orange-trees, and slept soundly in spite of the hooting of the owls, the barking of the young alligators, and the terrible roaring of the old ones, with which I was too familiar to be much disturbed; but the cheerful call of the wild turkey-cocks who had roosted in the neighboring trees, as they saluted each other at daybreak the next morning, was a much pleasanter sound to hear.

TABLE-TALK.

MR. DARLEY'S illustrations of the seasons, which form the cartoon for this number of the JOURNAL, tell their own story sufficiently well. It will be observed that they depict the life of man in correspondence with the unfolding of the seasons. First, for Spring we have girlhood and boyhood, the plough in the unsown furrow, and all Nature just awakening to life and love under soft airs from the south; then Summer shows us manhood and womanhood, the full-blown rose, and the harvest of the early grain; next, Autumn depicts mature and perfect woman, with the gathering of the hop-harvest; then comes Winter, bracing and crisp, with life yet strong and hale, the aged brows, however, sprinkled with venerable snows. Mr. Darley has adopted the costume of an earlier period for his characters, as better suited for picturesque effect than the rigid lines of modern dress. The experienced critic will observe that the engraving of this series is no less excellent than the designs are felicitous, and will give Mr. Bogert the praise he deserves.

— M. Sardou's drama of "Patrie," which has been the talk so long in dramatic and literary circles, has been produced at the Grand Opera House, in this city. As an historical pageant, the play, as produced here, is supremely fine; but it is not altogether so well acted as it should be, and its success, while we write, is somewhat problematical. The scene of this play is in Brussels during the subjection of the Netherlands to Spanish rule under the Duke of Alva, and the story turns upon an attempted revolt of the Flemish, which is thwarted by the revelations of a woman, who is the wife of one of the conspirators, and has for her lover another. To save her lover, and be revenged upon her husband, she hurries to the duke to expose the plot, but the wily Spaniard extracts more from her than she intended to reveal;

obtains the names of all the leaders, crushes their plot, and brings them to the scaffold. The woman forces from the duke the pardon of her lover, who, afterward discovering in his mistress the traitress who had ruined the patriotic cause, stabs her to the heart. The play is full of horrors; but it is admirably constructed, is full of telling situations, and has several scenes which, in the hands of great actors, would be of immense effect. Its pictorial accessories have all been copied from those of the Parisian theatre, and are not only really splendid, but afford perfect historical pictures of the time.

— The word *cartoon*, which we use to designate the large wood engravings that at intervals accompany the *JOURNAL*, has prompted a correspondent to invite us to a consultation of the dictionaries as to the meaning of this word. As in the case of the word *humanitarian*, in regard to which we made a few remarks last week, the dictionaries fail to record the larger and more liberal interpretation now by common consent given to "cartoon." Primarily, it is from the Latin *charta*, paper; next, we have it in Italian, *cartonne*, pasteboard; then we find it employed in painting, as a term for designs made on strong or thick paper, and intended as models for fresco-painting. They were at first only rough outlines of figures, which were cut out and attached to the wall, in order to trace the design upon the fresh plaster; but after a time they became more finished in character, until we find them attaining in some instances a very high art-value. The famous cartoons of Raphael, now at Hampton Court, England, and which were made for designs in tapestry, are described as "not excelled in beauty and completeness by any paintings in existence." Recently the word has been largely employed in England to designate engravings printed in journals separately from the text. The engravings in the *Illustrated News*, printed in with the text, have not received this title; but in *Punch* the large picture given each week, which, although printed on the same sheet, is apart from the text, is now very generally designated as a cartoon. In *Echoes from the Clubs*, and other papers of the class, the term in question is always used to describe the accompanying illustrations. It has not, as yet, been applied to steel engravings, the early significance of the term so far retaining as to exclude its application from pictures elaborate and delicate in character, like those engraved on metal. The convenience of the term must be conceded, there being no satisfactory equivalent in the language.

— The leading periodical of France is the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which commands the best literary talent of Paris. Not long since it made the following extraordinary concession to Protestantism: "Much may be said of Protestant diversities and sects, but one fact remains certain; it is, that nations where the Bible circulates and is read have preserved a strong, deep, and enduring religious faith, while, in the countries where it is not known, one is obliged to deplore a moral superficiality and want of principles, for which a splendid uniformity of rites cannot compensate. Let the learned theologians discuss certain passages, or the authenticity of such and such texts; what are such matters compared to the healthful and pure atmosphere which the Bible spreads wherever it is read, whether in low or elevated classes?"

— Some people have singular ideas of perfect happiness. An industrious Scotchman who resided near New York for a quarter of a century, and who had accumulated a very handsome property, recently sent to the "auld countrie" for his father, with the view that he should share his prosperity, and slip away from his lease of life as smoothly as possible. One day a friend of the family paid a visit to the elegant mansion on the Hudson, where the old gentleman was living with his son, and took occasion to compliment the proprietor of the estate on its surpassing loveliness and cosy comfort. The owner, full of love for his beautiful home, said he looked upon it and its surroundings as "a perfect heaven on earth."—"Heaven on earth!" growled the venerable Scot—"heaven on earth, and no' a thimblefu' o' whuskey in the hail hoose!"

— Mr. Gaston Fay's idea of "Not a Girl of the Period," which ornaments our first page, is a timely contribution to a subject that now, more than almost any other, occupies the public mind. We all know the domestic young lady who is not a "girl of the period," and, thank Fortune, she is far more abundant than certain censorious critics would have us believe. Even the *Saturday Review*, which originated the clever satires on the girls of the period, in a recent number prints an article on "Dovecots," in which we find an honorable testimonial

to the class Mr. Fay has depicted. "In the midst of the reign of the girl of the period," says the *Review*, "we come, every now and then, upon a group of good girls of the real old English type, the faithful few growing up silently among us, but none the less valuable because they are silent and make no public display—doves who are content with life as they have it in the dovecot, and have no desire to be either eagles dwelling on romantic heights, or peacocks displaying their pride in sunny courts. We find these faithful few in town and country alike; but they are rifest in the country, where there is less temptation to go wrong than there is in the large towns, and where life is more simple, and the moral tone undeniably higher. The leading feature of these girls is their love of home and of their own family, and their power of making occupation and happiness out of apparently meagre materials. If they are the elders, they find amusement and more in their little brothers and sisters, whom they consider immensely funny, and to whom they are as much girl-mothers as sisters; if they are the youngers, they idolize their baby nephews and nieces. For there is always a baby going on somewhere about these houses, babies being the great excitement of home-life, and the antiseptic element which keeps every thing else pure." This description tallies so well with Mr. Fay's picture, that nothing more need be said, excepting to commend this ideal of young womanhood to the consideration of our fair young readers everywhere.

— It is said that there is no panoply so invulnerable as self-conceit; but there are occasional instances in which a well-spiced arrow has found its way through the joints in the harness. The following is a record of one of them: A certain young lawyer was riding from one country-town to another, in company with a judge more famed for his wit than for his legal acquirements. The young gentleman brought his horse alongside that of the other, and began by saying that he considered it highly improving for one gentleman to know the opinion entertained of him by others, and proposed to pass away the time by an interchange of such opinions with the judge. The reply was, "Well, begin." Upon that hint, the young lawyer spoke, and gave an exceedingly flowery description of such qualities as the other might wish to possess—such as a logical mind, great knowledge of human nature, eloquence, and even including the only good quality the judge really did possess—inflexible integrity. Thereupon he took breath, and, flattering himself that he was pretty sure of certain law-points in his favor at the approaching court, closed with "Now, my dear sir, that is my honest opinion of you, without a particle of flattery. I only hope that you will be equally free with me." "Certainly," said the judge, with the utmost coolness; "I think you are a fool." The young lawyer had evidently not seen it in that light, and fell back to reflect.

— A pleasant essayist in *All the Year Round* inquires what it is in the reading of newspapers and periodicals that misguides men into tricks, or certain nervous and restless habits extremely annoying to others. We have all experienced this annoyance when visiting reading-rooms, and could wish that this intently-absorbed reader would not so persistently swing his leg, that another would clear his throat, once for all, and not keep an incessant hemming and coughing, and still another would cease his habit of resting his toe on the ground and causing his leg to vibrate. Our essayist thinks this latter trick especially distressing. "The more interested the reader gets in what he is reading," says this writer, "the faster goes the limb, and you cannot defend yourself, as in the case of the swinging nuisance, by holding a broad sheet before your eyes, and so shutting him out of sight, for after a little time the vibration becomes perceptible over the whole room, until you might imagine yourself on board a steamer. Nay, it is far worse than the shaking caused by paddle-wheel or screw, for that is so honestly violent that the system soon becomes accustomed to it; whereas the tremulous motion excited by the vibrating leg is of an irritating description ever young and fresh. A constant reader at our local Athenæum (who, indeed, almost lives there) has all these tricks and one more. On Wednesdays and Saturdays he collects the weeklies as they are brought in, and sits upon them while he studies the newspapers. Then he draws them out one by one, and reads them in a very leisurely manner. The committee have several times been appealed to, to point out to him what a selfish and exasperating habit this is; but they insist on condoning his peculiarities because he is a learned man, and took a high degree at his university. But this is wrong. Tricks should surely count before honors."

Literary and Personal Notes.

"HOW Lisa Loved the King" is a new poem, by George Eliot, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* by Fields, Osgood & Co. The story is founded upon one of Boccaccio's tales, and the source is acknowledged in the closing lines as follows:

"Reader, this story pleased me long ago,
In the bright pages of Boccaccio;
And where the author of a good we know,
Let us not fail to pay the grateful thanks we owe."

The story is of Lisa, a rich trader's daughter of Sicily, who had dreamed

— "how heavenly it would be
To love some hero noble, beauteous, great,
Who would live stories worthy to narrate;"

and, seeing the king at a tournament, who is described as the "king of cavaliers," and whose face, once seen,

"Gave to the promise of his royal mien
Such rich fulfilment, as the opened eyes
Of a loved sleeper, or the long-watched rise
Of vernal day, whose joy o'er stream and meadow flies"—

she became filled with the "supernal fire of young ideal love," whose "passion is but worship of the best," and became so entranced with a rapt ecstasy of admiration, that father and friends wondered, and saw her cheek grow paler, her form thinner. She seemed like one fading out of life in a dream. The story proceeds to tell how the maiden pined away; how, at last, a famous musician, one who sung at the court, came, at her wish and her father's behest, to sing a few ballads to her; how the girl, moved by the tender compassion of the musician, told her story; how, then, the musician made a song of her story, and sung it to the king, and the king, charmed by the verses, asked questions which led to an explanation of Lisa's strange affection; how, then, the king,

— "revolving in his thought
That innocent passion, was more deeply wrought
To chivalrous pity,"

visited the trader's daughter, and talked with her. His words, the

— "touch upon her hand from him
Whom her soul worshipped, as fair seraphim
Worship the distant glory,"

thrilled her frame—

"With such deep joy she seemed in paradise,
In wondering gladness, and in dumb surprise,
That bliss could be so blissful."

From this moment, the girl began to mend; she was no longer "too weak to bear the golden yoke of thoughts too great for her," but seemed to find, in the fact that the "high loved one saw her love aright," ample peace and content. The king told her—

"We, while we live, your cavalier will be:
Nor will we ever arm ourselves for fight,
Whether for struggle dire, or brief delight
Of warlike feigning, but we first will take
The colors you ordain, and for your sake
Charge the more bravely where your emblem is;"

and urged her to marry one Perdicone, who loved her, and she,

— "wrapt, in virgin wonderment,
At her ambitious love's complete content,"

assents. Our brief synopsis necessarily gives but an inadequate idea of this charming idyl. The poem is brief, and one of rare grace, simplicity, and beauty.

Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce an English edition of Spielhagen's works, consisting of "Problematic Characters," "Through Night to Night," "The Hohenstein Family," "Hammer and Anvil," "In Rank and File," and "Rose and the Village Coquette." These are to be translated by Prof. Schele De Vere. The first of the series, "Problematic Characters," the work upon which the author's reputation is founded, has already appeared. Spielhagen is but little known to the American public, but he has long enjoyed a great reputation in Germany. "As a delineator of individual characters," says the *Westminster Review*, "as a painter of various situations, scenic and social, he appears to us unequalled by any modern German writer of fiction." Spielhagen is a student of English literature, has translated into German several English and American works, and is the author of two appreciative essays on Bryant and Poe.

The Life of Audubon, the naturalist, by his widow, has been published by Putnam & Son. Few lives had more varied adventure and incident than that of Audubon, the scene of his numerous exploits extending from Labrador to Texas, from the Atlantic to the great Western prairies. He hunted seals, panthers, buffaloes, deer, turtles, and birds

of every kind; was at one time portrait-painter, at another dancing-master; experienced vicissitudes of many kinds, but, at all times, and in all places, was possessed of an abounding courage and enthusiasm. Much of this book is composed of Audubon's own narratives of his travels and adventures, all of which are related in a spirited and highly entertaining manner. Whether hunting eggs in Labrador, deer in Florida, buffaloes on the prairies, panthers in Louisiana; whether among Maine lumbermen, Southern planters, or Kentucky backwoodsmen; whether describing the mocking-bird, or the Florida doves, or other varieties of our ornithology, nothing can excel his spirits, his courage, his zeal, and his enthusiasm. Many of these adventures are related in his various works; but they have not hitherto been in so accessible a form as we find them in this biography.

"Waterloo," the third of Scribner & Co.'s English editions of the Erckman-Chatrian novels, has just been published. The work is a sequel to "The Conscript," and exhibits the same charm of style, fidelity to nature, and freshness of characterization, that mark the other novels of the series. It is somewhat singular that these Erckman-Chatrian novels enjoyed a great popularity for some years in France, before their reproduction here was attempted. How far success has now justified the enterprise we cannot say, but it is quite certain that recent literature has afforded little that is so fresh, so true, so admirable as these unmilitary pictures of military life.

We find it announced in the English journals that a want of a thoroughly impartial literary and critical paper is felt, and that "arrangements are in progress for a new journal which shall deal with new works strictly according to their merits." If the almost innumerable literary and critical papers already established do not supply this want, is it likely any new one can? Impartiality in criticism is always the great desideratum, but we imagine that, as long as human nature remains as it is, criticism will be more or less prejudiced, and always suspected of partiality, let it be as impartial as it may. Another new journal is announced in England, which shall be "anti-Romanist, anti-Ritualistic, and anti-Rationalist."

According to the Paris *Temps*, on the day when Victor Hugo's new novel, "L'Homme qui Rit," was published in Paris, the following translations appeared: Three in English, viz., one in London, and one in Leipzig, and the other in New York; one in German, at Berlin; four in Spanish, viz., two in Madrid, one at Havana, and one in Paris; two in Portuguese, viz., one in Lisbon, and the other at Rio Janeiro; one in Russian, at St. Petersburg; one in Polish, at Warsaw; one in Dutch, at Rotterdam; and two in Greek, viz., one at Athens, and the other at Constantinople; one in Hungarian, at Pesth; one in Swedish, at Stockholm; and one in the Czechian language, at Prague.

Ernest Feydeau, the author of the infamous "Fanny," was recently stricken with paralysis of the right side and leg. He suddenly fell on his face, and his wife, who stood close to him, thinking that he was dead, dropped senseless to the ground. The servants rushed into the room, and, seeing the two bodies lying on the floor, they thought they had committed suicide, and sent immediately for the police. An immense concourse of people assembled in front of the house, and, for a short time, all Paris believed that Feydeau had murdered his wife and then committed suicide.

Certain French journals are teeming with violent attacks upon Victor Hugo, but the meanest of the articles published against him are those written by Henri Maquet (McKeat), formerly an ardent friend and admirer of Victor Hugo's, but of late years one of his most truculent and vindictive assailants. In the last article which this reckless man publishes against Victor Hugo, he charges him with being "morally insane," with a predilection for the filthiest things to be found in the world, and with being "a wonderfully impudent political weathercock." Such attacks refute themselves.

"Red as a Rose is She" is the title of a new novel by the author of "Cometh up as a Flower," the publication of which is just commenced in *Temple Bar*. Other new English novels are: "Found Dead," by the author of "Lost Sir Massingbred;" "The Girl he Married," by James Grant; "Stretton," by Henry Kingsley; "False Colors," by Annie Thomas; "True Love," by Lady Di Beauclerk; and "A Brave Lady," by the author of "John Halifax," commenced in the May number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

The fourteenth edition of Gustav Freytag's "Debit and Credit" has just been published in Germany. D. Appleton & Co. will publish, in June, a new novel by this author, entitled "The Lost Manuscript," which will be found to possess a singular freshness of plot and characterization.

Five translations of Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" are announced in Germany.

Matters of Science and Art.

WE have received, from a Paris correspondent, the subjoined account of the Annual French Exhibition of Paintings and Sculptures: "This season, the number of works submitted to the jury amounted to the enormous figure of seven thousand, of which, however, only two thousand four hundred and fifty-two were admitted to the exhibition—a fact sufficiently indicative of a highly-advanced state of art in this country. Of course, among such a collection, there is a great deal of what is worthless; still the experience of every year shows that the standard of excellence is slowly but surely increasing, and the encouragement now given to works of high-class art has drawn into the field superior talents and capacity. To give any thing like a comprehensive view of the works exhibited, in a limited space, would be an impossibility; and perhaps the only way of appreciating fairly the merits of the whole will be to fix our attention on the productions of a few of the best artists, who are the recognized leaders of their various arts. The great work of M. Chenavard, one of the best exponents of modern art in France, is pronounced by competent critics to be the finest he has yet produced, and is probably the best painting exhibited this season, as regards comprehensiveness and greatness of sustained effort. The subject treated is "Divina Tragodia," or end of religions. The end of ancient religions and the entry into heaven of the Christian Trinity are represented by Death striking the gods who are destined to perish, aided by the Angel of Justice and Mind. In the centre, the new God expires on the cross on the Father's bosom, whose head is veiled in clouds; while above, in the seraphic heavens, the blessed long separated meet again, embracing each other. A few winged cherubs bear the features of Death, which is everywhere present. Behind the central group appear on one side Adam and Eve, and on the other the Virgin Mary with the Child Jesus, representing the Fall and Redemption; while, lower down, under the rainbow whereon the Father sits, on one side Satan wrestles with the Angel, and on the other the vulture devours Prometheus chained to the rock. At the bottom, old Maia, the Indian, weeps over the bodies of Jupiter-Ammon and Isis Cybèle, her contemporaries, who have died in the act of shaking hands. On the left, Minerva, accompanied by the serpent consecrated to her honor, is armed with the head of Medusa, whose blood has given birth to Pegasus mounted by Hercules, a popular emblem of the poetic strength of antiquity. The demi-god is astonished in presence of the entirely moral strength of the new God. Diana-Hecate lets fly her last arrows against Christ. Behind, Apollo flays Marsyas alive, typifying, apparently, the triumph of Understanding over Bestiality. In the shade, Odin advances, leaning on an ash-tree branch, listening to two crows, one relating the past, the other predicting the future, followed by the ever-furious wolf Fenis. Near Odin, his son Hemdall sounds his horn, to summon the other Northern divinities; above, are the inexorable Fates, under the changing star; and higher up, the immortal Androgynus, symbol of the harmony of two natures or contrary principles, covered with the Phrygian bonnet, and seated on her chimera. On the right, Thor, armed with his ponderous hammer, gauntlet, and baldrick, fiercely combats the monster Jormungardour, a struggle which will only end with the world, the monster being emblematic of good and evil. Bacchus and Love form a triad with Venus, whom they bear away asleep. Behind, Mercury carries away Pandora, who has fainted while opening the fatal box. Above, Death, the Angel, and Mind hurl into the abyss the Egyptian Typhon with his dog's head, the black Demiurgus, the lion-bodied Persian, besides winged planets and flaming stars. In the lower right angle, a spectator, placed upon a segment of the earth in front of the city of Rome, indicates the place of vision. While the style of M. Chenavard shows that, in developing his powers, he has taken for his model the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the erudition displayed in the present effort forcibly reminds us of the peculiar features of some of the German masters. The title, "End of Religions," which troubled some of the managing committee, might, with equal propriety, be changed to "Triumph of Christianity," since it was in presence of Christ triumphing in death that the last defenders of vanquished Paganism vanished. His identifying of Hercules with poetry is not precisely correct, he being rather the warlike and civilizing genius of antiquity—the benefactor of humanity, devoted to its happiness and prosperity. Poetic genius would have been most worthily represented by Apollo, who is always associated with inspiration and the Muses. Apollo, indeed, is not forgotten, but he is engaged in the repulsive attitude of flaying alive his rival Marsyas, and rather shocks our traditional feelings with the impression that, in this attitude, he is sadly out of place—he, who is the orthodox personification of poetic genius in antiquity. Many of the groups are powerfully delineated, and show in every touch the hand of a master; others, again, are deficient in precision and certainty, and of inferior merit as regards coloring, which, however, is not at all surprising in a work of this magnitude. Barring a few defects, the effort, as a whole, betokens talents of a very high order, combined with painstaking skill and unwearied industry. He has

aimed high, and we cannot say unsuccessfully, since he has produced an historical painting in the fullest sense of the word, certainly unsurpassed by any in the exhibition, which cannot fail to be a source of gratification to all lovers of art in Paris. Surrounded by much that is silly and commonplace, his work shows the distinction that may yet be achieved by a superior mind in the higher walks of art."

The firing of coal-mines which are filled with combustible materials, gaseous and solid, is easily understood; but, how a silver-mine, like those of Nevada, can get on fire, as has recently been the case, is not so obvious. This is readily explained, however, by a reference to the conditions of their excavation and working. The Comstock Mine, having been opened at various places for the distance of about two miles, and the excavations below the surface made by one company being frequently connected with those made by another, a miner can oftentimes pass from the former into the latter. The mine averages from forty to sixty feet in thickness, and pitches into the earth at an angle varying from sixty to eighty degrees. As most of the vein-matter between the upper or hanging wall of the ledge and the foot-wall has been removed to the depth of eight hundred to one thousand feet, the superincumbent mass of country-rock that overlies the hanging wall would cave in, were that wall not supported and upheld by enormous timbers. As the mine is pumped comparatively dry, these timbers season after a time. The miner carries a candle, with a wire thrust through it, which he uses as a handle, and also as a means of fastening the candle to wood or timber, or into the crevices of rocks. A candle, thus placed too near a piece of wood or timber, doubtless set it on fire, and, before the fire could be extinguished, it sent its smoke and flames into the adjacent mines. There was no evidence of any fire-damp, no smell of gases, no volcanic or earthquake action, none of the symptoms of the fire having been caused by internal heat.

It is proposed, by Rear-Admiral Jachmann, of the Prussian Navy, to construct, between the Jahde, the Weser, and the Elbe, a kind of railway composed of a great number of parallel rails bearing a dock capable of transporting the heaviest iron-clads from one river to another. In the event of a blockade by a foreign fleet, this ingenious mechanism would enable the Federal fleet to assemble at any point against the aggressors. This project, however, is only the reduction of M. Dupeyrat's idea, whose inventive boldness and technical knowledge did not recoil before the difficulty of transporting ships by land from the Channel seaports to those of the Mediterranean, and *vice versa*.

It is a remarkable fact, says the *Engineer*, that the lavas of Vesuvius contain a greater amount of minerals than, perhaps, any others in the world. Many mentions, that out of three hundred and eighty simple minerals known to him, no less than eighty-two have been found on Vesuvius; and of these several are peculiar to the locality. Sir Charles Lyell expresses the opinion that these have not been thrown up in fragments from some older formation, through which the gaseous explosions have burst, but have been sublimed in the crevices of lava, "just as several new earthy and metallic compounds are known to have been produced by *fumeroles* since the eruption of 1822."

Horse-eating does not appear to be making much progress in France, notwithstanding the exertions of the authorities to push the sale of horse-flesh. The poor people do not believe in the fancy accounts, got up by the medical non-eaters, of the nutritious qualities of the animal, and still prefer their beef and mutton, at whatever price it may be. Statistics just published show that the amount of horse-flesh sold for human food throughout the whole of France does not exceed four tons per day, which is about the thirtieth part of the supply.

The Museum.

THE polish of which the surfaces of certain bodies, such as steel, the diamond, and other precious stones, are susceptible, is an evidence at once of the limited sensibility of our organs, and the unlimited divisibility of matter. This polish is produced, as is well known, by the friction of emery-powder or diamond-dust, and, consequently, each in dividial grain of such powder or dust must leave a little trench or trace upon the surface submitted to such friction. It is evident, therefore, that, after this process has been completed, the surface which presents to the senses such brilliant polish, and apparently infinite smoothness, is, in reality, covered with protuberances and indentations, the height and depth of which cannot be less than the diameter of the particles of powder by which the polish has been produced.

The old habit of mixing up theology and mechanics is illustrated by a curious relic which was presented by Mary, Queen of Scots, to her maid of honor, Mary Seaton. The watch is of silver, in the form of a skull. On the forehead of the skull is the figure of Death, with his

scythe and sand-glass: he stands between a palace on the one hand, and a cottage on the other, with his toes applied equally to the door of each, and around this is the legend from Horace, "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.*" (Pale death strikes with equal foot the huts of the poor and the palaces of kings.) On the opposite, or posterior part of the skull, is a representation of Time, devouring all things. He also has a scythe, and near him is the serpent with its tail in its mouth, being an emblem of eternity; this is surrounded by another legend from Horace, "*Tempus edax rerum tuque invidiosa vetustas.*" (Time, the consumer of things, and thou, envious age.) The upper part of the skull is divided into two compartments: on one is represented our first parents in the Garden of Eden, attended by some of the animals, with the motto, "*Peccando perditionem miseriam æternam posteris meruere.*" (By sinning, they merited perdition and eternal misery for their posterity.) The opposite compartment is filled with the subject of the salvation of lost man by the crucifixion of



A Memento-Mori Watch.

our Saviour, who is represented as suffering between the two thieves, while the Marys are in adoration below; the motto to this is, "*Sic iustitia satisfecit, mortem superavit salutem comparavit.*" (So He satisfied Justice, conquered Death, and provided salvation.) Running below these compartments on both sides, there is an open work of about an inch in width, to permit the sound to come more freely out when the watch strikes. This is formed of emblems belonging to the crucifixion, scourges of various kinds, swords, the flagon and cup of the Eucharist, the cross, pincers, lantern used in the garden, spears of different kinds, and one with the sponge on its point, thongs, ladder, the coat without seam, and the dice that were thrown for it, the hammer and nails, and the crown of thorns. Under all these is the motto, "*Scala celi, ad gloriam via.*" (The ladder of heaven, the way to glory.) The watch is opened by reversing the skull, and placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and then lifting the under-jaw, which rises on a hinge. Inside, on the plate, which thus may be called the lid, is a representation of the Holy Family in the stable, with the infant Jesus laid in the manger, and angels ministering to Him; in the upper part an angel is seen descending with a scroll, on which is written, "*Gloria ex-*

celsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ volu-" (Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good volition.) In the distance, are the shepherds with their flocks, and one of the men is in the act of performing on a cornemuse. The works of the watch occupy the position of the brains in the skull itself, the dial-plate being on a flat where the roof of the mouth and the parts behind it under the base of the brain are to be found in the real subject. The dial-plate is of silver, and it is fixed within a golden circle, richly carved in a scroll-pattern. The hours are marked in large Roman letters, and within them is the figure of Saturn devouring his children, with this relative legend round the outer rim of the flat, "*Sicut meus sic et omnibus idem.*" (As to mine, so also to all.) Lifting up the body of the works on the hinges by which they are attached, they are found to be wonderfully entire. There is no date, but the maker's name, and the place of manufacture, "Moysse, Blois," are distinctly engraven. Blois was the place where it is believed watches were first made, and this suggests the probability of the opinion that the watch was expressly ordered by Queen Mary at Blois, when she went there with her husband, the dauphin, previous to his death. The watch appears to have been originally constructed with catgut, instead of the chain which it now has, which must have been a more modern addition. It is now in perfect order, and performs wonderfully well, though it requires to be wound up within twenty-six hours to keep it going with tolerable accuracy. A large silver bell, of very musical sound, fills the entire hollow of the skull, and receives the works within it when the watch is shut; a small hammer, set in motion by a separate escapement, strikes the hours on it.

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No. 14.—WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

MR. STEWART'S HOTEL FOR WORKING-PEOPLE.

THE city of New York will soon rival London in the number and magnitude of her institutions of charity; and it is to be hoped that, by different management, our metropolis may escape the transatlantic experience of a steady increase in

the pauper population. The recent reports of the city of London for this year reveal the startling fact that, in the last three years, there has been an increase of pauperism to the extent of forty-five per cent. These recruits of poverty have come in two ways: *First*, from the institutions of charity themselves, where idleness has been encouraged by the indiscriminate supplies of lodging, food, and clothing, to children and adults, with little or no attempt to develop habits of industry and self-reliance in the

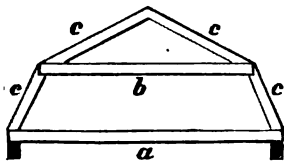


MR. STEWART'S HOTEL FOR WORKING-WOMEN, ON FOURTH AVENUE.

recipients. *Second*, by the fact that in many cases the expense of living—including room-rent, fuel, food, and clothing—has been greater than, or at least equal to, the ordinary wages earned. Consequently, a failure to get a situation or to keep one, or an illness of sufficient length to vacate the place held, involves the person in debt, and starts the machinery of ruin, which begins with pawning clothes, which drives the victim from poor tenements to poorer ones, and which ends at last in utter pauperism.

The solution of the first of these social difficulties lies in a sweeping reform of all institutions for the care of children and adults, to which necessity the English public is now fully awake. The second is in suitable provision whereby persons of industrious and steady habits may live in an economical way, and be enabled to save money, however little, from their regular earnings. Of this class of benevolent enterprises, by far the most promising of good results is, the erection of permanent buildings in which lodging, food, and warmth, with other essentials, may be furnished at the lowest possible rates. The buildings, in such cases, must be erected by benevolent persons who expect little or no interest on what they invest, and the expenses of the enterprise—the taxation, steam-power, salaried superintendents and matrons—to be in part paid by the returns from business-stores in the first floor of the building, or from other property set apart for the purpose.

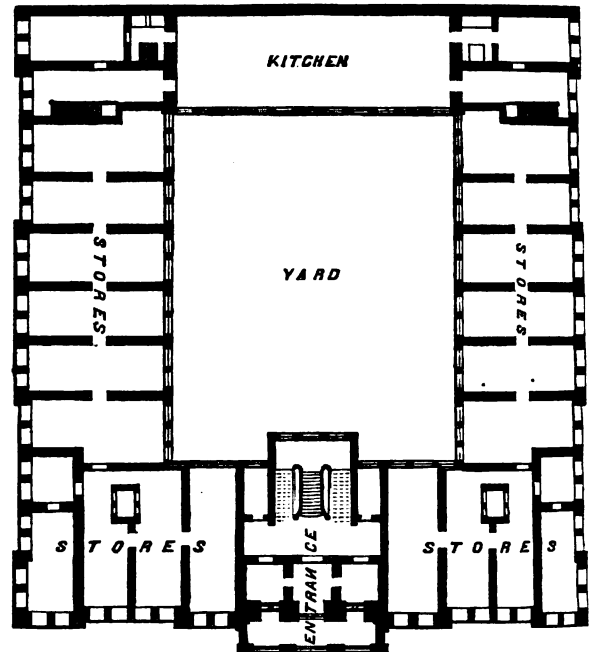
In order to provide, according to this plan, suitable homes for industrious young men and women, Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, of this city, has devoted six millions of dollars to the erection of buildings for our work-people. His plan includes the construction of two grand structures, which may be called hotels. On Fourth Avenue, between Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, the excavation is already made, and the foundations begun, for the first building, which is intended as a home for young working-women. It is to be constructed of iron, thoroughly fire-proof, and will have three fronts upon the three streets named. On Fourth Avenue the frontage will be one hundred and ninety-two feet six inches; on Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, respectively, two hundred and five feet. The area covered by the whole structure will be forty-one thousand square feet. It would be useless to encumber our space with architectural details that would convey no idea to the general reader. The illustrations which we give of the principal exterior and interior features of this building will reveal more to the eye than any elaborate description. The main building will be six stories in height, with an additional story in the Mansard roof. This style of roof, named from Mansard, the French inventor, who died in 1666, has for



its peculiarity an upper and an under set of rafters, the upper set more inclined to the horizon than the under set; or in this form, in which *a* is the tie-beam, *b* the collar-beam, and *c c c c* the rafters. The steep

or other pitches of this roof will be of slate, upon iron laths. Over the central portions of each front, and extending a space or width of one hundred feet on each, will be an additional story, with a superimposed Mansard roof, making the centre of each front eight stories high. At the extremities of each of these central elevations, as well as upon the street-angles of the building, the design shows turreted towers, each twenty-four feet in width and height. These towers are ten in number, and varied in design. With pinnacles rising from their angles, they will doubtless form graceful crowns to the whole structure, and give lightness and airy elegance to the otherwise heavy mass of columns and windows. The color—pure white—will also assist in this respect. The entire central height will be one hundred and nine feet. The main portion of the building to the entablature will be ninety feet, and the roof adds to this twelve feet at the sides and eighteen feet at the centres. The general effect of the architect's idea will undoubtedly be very imposing.

The principal entrance on the Fourth-Avenue front will have a width of forty-eight feet. The portico will be two stories in height, and unique and beautiful in design. It will consist of massive cluster-columns, with foliated capitals and bases, on octagon-shaped pedestals. The designs of the different stories—their piers, columns, pilasters, and arches—are shown in our illustration. The first story will contain twenty-four stores, each fifty-two feet deep by seventeen wide, and hand-

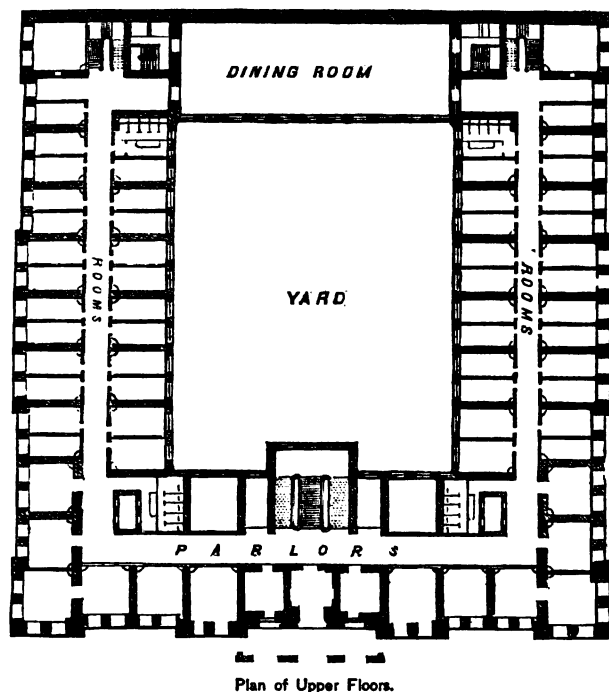


Plan of Ground Floor.

somely finished with plate-glass windows. The rents from these will materially assist in meeting the pecuniary needs of the institution.

The interior will be reached by a wide staircase through a vestibule, which, with its tall and massive pillars, will more nearly deserve the descriptive term *grand* than many places to which the word is applied. Beyond the vestibule will be a hall paved with marble, thirty feet wide, with double flights of stairs leading upward, and these having spacious landings. Those whose knees quake at the thought of eight stories to climb will feel relieved at the sight of the comfortable elevators on each side of the staircases, and running from the first to the upper story. Enough space for fresh air in the rooms will be secured by the height of the stories—the first (for stores), nineteen feet six inches; second, fourteen feet two inches; third, thirteen feet seven inches; fourth, twelve feet six inches; fifth, twelve feet; sixth, eleven feet five inches; and the roof-story, seven feet eleven inches. The interior court-yard will be ninety-four feet by one hundred and sixteen, affording thus a fine breathing-space for the occupants of the interior rooms. The hollow square thus formed by the surrounding walls of the building will be something imposing, even beautiful, with the goldfish and the fountain. The basement will be fourteen feet below the level of the street, and its vaults will reveal the massive masonry which, Atlas-like, will shoulder the peopled iron world above. There will be a great engine for generating steam for heating the building, for raising and lowering the great elevators, for driving the vast fans that are to cool the summer air, and for lending iron sinews to the kitchen and the laundry. There are to be ventilating-shafts from top to bottom, eight by ten feet square. The kitchen and the laundry arrangements are to be upon the most improved hotel plans. The hotel-offices are to hold the persons who are to aid in the comfort of the inmates. Let us hope that the conventional

hotel-clerk, with his unapproachable dignity, will not be there. In the back part of the building, where there can be no stores, and where the contact with other buildings would impede the free access of air and light which all of the rooms are to have abundantly, the laundry and kitchen will be situated, and, above them, the large halls for various purposes. One of these will be the dining-room, conducted on the restaurant plan, thirty feet by ninety-two in dimensions. The great halls for lectures, concerts, and other recreations, and for the reading-room and library, will be of the same size. The sleeping-rooms will be of two kinds—the larger ones sixteen by eighteen feet in



space, and intended for two sisters or two friends rooming together; the smaller ones, eight feet by nine, for one person only. Experience in institutions of the kind shows that applicants usually have a marked preference for single rooms, and the moral advantage of this is no doubt very great.

The entire arrangement promises, to each working-girl who becomes an occupant, the comfort and convenience of a hotel, at an exceedingly small cost. Each one pays at the fixed rate for lodging; the *benevolence* of the idea consisting in the fact that each occupant is enabled to secure more of comfort and elegance than is ordinarily in the reach of the honest poor, at a cost even less than would otherwise attend the cramped and squalid rooms of the ordinary tenement-houses. The food will be furnished at cost, and each person will be enabled to regulate her expenses in proportion to her ability or inclination.

The Working-Woman's Home, at 45 Elizabeth Street, is under excellent management, and the only institution of the kind now in the city. It was built for tenement purposes, and the rooms are rather large for the present use, but it has answered the purpose well. Here the cost to each person is from three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents per week. This is much less than the usual expenses of a working-woman. A hall bedroom in any part of the city, convenient to business, costs at least four dollars a week, or a double-room with fireplace, seven dollars. Then fuel costs at the rate of thirty cents a day; and laundresses charge a dollar a dozen for plain clothes. Add to these, board or restaurant expenses, at from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and it will be seen that the present home in Elizabeth Street, organized as a club of two hundred and sixty residents for mutual economy, affords a great saving in the cost of living. It is to be regretted, however, that the present institution has

been classed as a city *charity*, for the honest independence of these working-girls revolts from charity, however kindly or delicately tendered. Their independent self-reliance is, next to purity of heart, the noblest thing in the class, and one well worth preserving.

At Mr. Stewart's great hotel, built expressly to foster individuality and self-dependence, the club for mutual economy may consist of fifteen hundred persons, and it is thought that all needed comforts can be covered by the small sum of two dollars per week.

The critic who gazes up at the great fronts, or wanders through the lofty halls, may ask if the extra money expended upon ornament, beauty, taste, comfort, splendor if you will, would not have erected two houses of a plainer structure? Perhaps it would. But it was not only the projector's purpose to secure strength, durability, space, lightness, and suitableness to the end in view, all of which could only be attained by liberal expenditure, but the elegant and the tasteful are ennobling, and the poor love the grand and the beautiful. It is even possible that some pure-hearted girl may forsake the little den, close to darkness, and shame, and crime—where she had lived because its vile filth was cheap; and may go to sleep in those white, cool rooms, with eyes dimmed with happy tears, and her thankful prayers going up to heaven, like the bright spray of the fountain that she still sees in dreams. Mr. Stewart's theory seems to have been that self-respect, which is—next to religion and virtue—the foundation of moral character, depends greatly upon the surroundings of the person. There was truth, which many have realized, in the maxim of Judge Whitner, of South Carolina, "Success in life depends upon dress and address." But the impression we make upon others is less important than the impression we make upon ourselves. To a person who dresses like a vagabond, there is but a step from the *feeling* of vagabondage to the *life*. To the person who lodges and feeds in the midst of pauper or criminal surroundings, there is but a step down to the class with which he has become assimilated by sight and contact. There is some guarantee of respectability in the beautiful home in which the very atmosphere is that of respectability, and where the expenses of life are so low, that each girl may attain to the graceful and appropriate in dress.

In this institution, the plan of combined economy with liberality is good, and, best of all, the resolve of the originator and founder, that no one shall make money out of what he *gives*. But it is all for *young* women, the orphans of society if not orphans in law, and there rests the grave responsibility. Girls are not to be taken from their city homes, unless poverty, or drunkenness, or crime, makes home no fit place for them. In this, the charter from the State should be liberal and broad in its incorporating powers. Strong but carefully prepared laws should make it a veritable house of refuge, for all those driven by necessity to its shelter.

In the similar building to be erected at equal cost for young men, the problem of the internal regulations will be much less difficult of solution. For the girls, it is to be hoped that this will be the next thing to those perfect homes over which fathers and mothers preside in love, and from which they can go forth to their own future homes, where husband and children will atone for the bereavements or misfortunes of childhood.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—THE NEW CAREER.

It was twenty-four hours before the brothers met to consult over their darkened prospects. Their mother could kiss and weep over them, but she was not the kind of woman to direct or guide her boys. Such faint idea as she had in her mind was of a kind which would have en-

tirely defeated their father's purpose. "Never mind, my darling boy," she had said, soothingly, to her eldest son, though he was already a bearded man, with the stern Renton lines of resolution about his mouth. The poor little woman knew no better to console him than as if he had lost a toy. "We can all go on living at Renton all the same. I shall only have you so much the longer. We shall only want a little more economy, my dear," she said. "Perhaps that was what your dear papa meant. He knew how lonely I would be. Why can't we all live together as we have done? I have enough for you all by my settlement, and I am to keep Renton; and, when the seven years are past, it will be quite time enough to think of marrying. I should not be against you travelling—or any thing, Ben, my dear boy," the poor mother added, faltering, seeing the sternness on his face.

"No, mother dear," said her son. "No. What you have is for yourself. We shall all come to see you; but we are not such mean creatures as to live on you. Besides, that was not what he meant."

"Then, what did he mean?" said Mrs. Renton. "Oh, boys, that I should be driven to blame your dear papa! What could he mean if it was not to keep you a little longer with me?"

"He meant to put us on our mettle," said Laurie; "and he was quite right. We would be a set of sad lazy fellows if we stayed on here. We'll come and see you, mamma, as Ben says. Don't cry. We none of us want to marry, thank Heaven—at least," said Laurie, thoughtfully, "I hope so; that complication is spared at least."

"Dear boys, it is so much better you should not marry too soon," said Mrs. Renton, drying her soft eyes. "He must have been thinking of that. Oh, believe me, Ben, my own boy, it will turn out all for the best!"

"Yes, mother," said Ben, with the sigh of submission, perforce, and he went away with his own thoughts; Laurie followed him after a little interval; and Frank, upon whom the shock had fallen more lightly, stayed with his mother to amuse and cheer her. But they all met in the library in the afternoon to have a consultation over their fate. They were brothers in misfortune—a bond almost as strong as that of nature. It hurt their pride to go over the ground with any other creature, even their mother, who could not refrain from a hundred suggestions as to their father's meaning. But among themselves they were safe, and could speak freely, with the consciousness of having the same meaning, the same impulse, the same pride. They now discussed the will, but accepted it proudly, owing it to themselves, as their father's sons, to make no question. Already their hearts had risen a little from the blank depression of the previous night. It was Frank who was the first to speak.

"I'll tell you what I shall do," he said, with the rapid decision of youth. Frank had never been thought clever, though he was so candid and high-spirited; and, consequently, the decision to him was a less complicated business. "I shall exchange into the line, and go to India if I can. More fun," said the young soldier, trying hard for his old gayety, though there was still the gleam of a tear in his eye, "and little pay."

"Well, that is easily settled," said Laurie; "and I think very sensibly too. Only one thing we ought to think of. Whatever we others may decide upon, let one of us always be at hand for the sake of my poor mother. He always took such care of her. She wants to have one of us to refer to. We might take it in turns, you know."

"All right," said Frank, to whom, if he carried out his own plan, such a turn would be simply impossible; but the boy did not think of that. As for Ben, he was very hard at work considering his own problem, and knitting his brows.

"We are like the three princes in the fairy tales," said Laurie, "sent out to find,—what?—a shawl that will pass through a ring, or a little dog in a nutshell. That was to see which should reign, though. I hope our probation does not include that."

"I have made up my mind it does," said Ben, with a darker contraction of his brows; "it would be unmeaning else. When the seven years are over, we shall be judged according to our works. It's rather a startling realization, you know—"

"Old fellow," said Laurie, hastily, "of course I stand up for my father's will through thick and thin; but, will or no will, you know Frank and me too well to think either of us would ever take your place."

"I should hope so," said young Frank, leaning half over the table in his eagerness. "Ben can't think us such cads as that."

"I don't think you cads," said Ben; "but I shall stand by the will, whatever it is. I'll fight for my birthright, of course; but, since we are placed in this position, Laurie, it's no use talking. He that wins, must have. I shall stand by that."

"Well," said Laurence, "it is easy to tell which is most likely to win; so we need not dispute about it beforehand. The thing in the mean time is—what to do. I wonder how the fellow set to work who had the ten talents. As for me, I am the unlucky soul with one. You need not say pahaw! so impatiently. We have got into the midst of the parables, and may as well take example—"

"The question is," said Ben, "not what we have got into the midst of, but what you mean to do?"

Laurie shrugged his shoulders. "It is a great deal easier to talk than to do any thing else," he said, "for me at least. I suppose I must take to art. You need not tell me I have no talent," he added, with a slight flush. "I know it well enough to make my way. But what else can I take to? Moralizing is not a trade; or, at least if it is, it's overstocked; and I can't moralize on paper. I must go in for illustrations and that sort of thing. Undignified, perhaps, but how can I help that? There is nothing else I can do."

"A fellow with a university education, and as good blood in his veins as any in England," said Ben, with a little impatience, "might surely do better than that."

"What will my good blood do for me?" said Laurie. "Get me a few invitations, perhaps. And as for a university education—I might take pupils, if I had not forgotten most of what I've learned; or I might take orders; or I might go and eat my terms at the Temple. And what would any of them do for me? Fellows that have meant it all their lives would, of course, do better than a fellow who never meant till now. No; I have a little taste for art, if I have not much talent. I might turn picture-dealer, perhaps. Don't look so black, Ben. A man must make use of what faculty he has."

After that there was a pause, for Laurie did not care to put the same inquiry which he had just answered to his elder brother. And Ben did not volunteer any information about the part he meant to take. Ben could not evaporate in talk, as Laurie could. He could not make up his mind to his fate, and adapt himself to circumstances. Though his pride had forbidden him any struggle against his father's will, yet in his heart he was embittered against his father. There was injustice in it. Of course, he repeated to himself, fellows who had meant it all their lives must do better than fellows who only began to mean it in necessity. Laurie was right so far. And under this frightful disadvantage their father, of his own will, had placed them. Frank had a profession, and might be not much the worse. But Ben himself had been brought up to be heir of Renton. His heart grew hard within him as he thought it all over. It seemed to him that, if he had known it from the beginning, he would not have cared. He would have gone in for any thing—what did it matter?—professional work, a trade, or any thing, so long as he started fair, and had the same advantages as his neighbors. Now he must thrust himself into something which was already full of legitimate competitors. He sat and looked into the flame of the lamp, and took no notice of his brothers. But their fate added an aggravation to his own. Frank was not so bad: it made less difference to Frank than to any of them. An officer in a marching regiment was as good a gentleman as a Guardsman. But Laurie a poor artist, and himself he could not tell what! The thought galled him to the heart.

"And, Ben, what will you do?" said Frank. "We have told you, and you ought to tell us. I don't suppose you mean to stay on with mamma. What shall you do?"

"I don't know," said Ben, with a sudden descent into the depths of despondency—he had almost wept as he spoke. One had his profession, the other at least a taste, if nothing more. Poor Ben, the firstborn, had no speciality. He might have been a political man, with a hand in the government of his country, or he might have been a farmer, or he might have gone to Calcutta, as Dick Westbury had done; whereas, now, at four-and-twenty, he could not tell what to do.

"Never mind, you'll do the best of us all—you were always the cleverest of us all," said Frank, shocked at his brother's dejected looks; and then it flashed across them all what their father had said, that it would be most hard upon Ben.

"It's you who have the ten talents," said Laurie, "and Frank has the five; and you will go away one to your farm, and the other to your merchandise—isn't that how the story runs?—while I am

left with one in my napkin. Or, if that is too serious for you, let's take it on the other side. But, whatever you do, beware of the old woman whom we are all sure to meet as we set out, who will ask us to help her, and give us three gifts. I shall keep a very sharp lookout for that old woman," said Laurie, breaking the spell of stillness, and getting up. "Laugh at it? Yes, I am trying to laugh a little. Would you rather I should cry?" he said, turning upon his brother, with tears glistening in his eyes. It was a question which it would be. They were all, at this point, standing upon the alternative, between such poor laughter as might be possible and bitter tears.

All this sad and wonderful overthrow had come from Mrs. Westbury's indiscreet taunts to her brother upon the up-bringing of his sons. If that could have been any comfort to them, their Aunt Lydia was very miserable. They had never allowed her to finish her confession, and her heart was very sore over the injustice that had been done them. That same night she stole to Ben's door, and would have wept over him had that been possible. She was not an unkind or hard-hearted woman. It had been a kind of pleasure to her to contrast her nephew's idleness with the Renton traditions; but she was a true Renton, strong in her sense of justice, and there was nothing she would not have done for them now.

"Ben, let me speak to you," she said. "I did not mean it, far from that—Heaven knows. I wish my tongue had been cut out first. I know it would go against you to admit such a thing, if any one else said it; but, Ben, your father could not have been in his right senses. He never could have done it, if he had known."

"It is a question I can't discuss with you, Aunt Lydia," said Ben, standing at the open door and barring her entrance. "I think you are mistaken. I don't think it could be any thing you said."

"Ben, I know it!" said Mrs. Westbury. "I could not be mistaken. Let me come in, and I will tell you. It was done on Friday, and the unfortunate conversation was on Thursday night. He was very snapping to poor Laurie when we went back to the lawn;—but oh, if I could have known what was to follow it! Ben, I must come in and speak to you; I have a great deal to say. You know, there is our Dick—"

"Yes," said Ben. He had to let her in, though he did it with an ill grace. He placed his easy-chair for her, and stood leaning against the table, to hear what she had to say. He would not countenance or encourage her to remain, by sitting down, but stood with his candle in his hand, a most unwilling host.

"You are angry with me," said Aunt Lydia, "and you have reason. But what I want to say is about Dick. If your father had made this move at the right time, it is you who would have gone to Calcutta, Ben. You have the best right. My boy only went, as it were, to fill your place; and he ought to give it up to you now. Of course it was to my brother he owed the appointment. I don't say Dick should come home; but he has made some money and some friends; and, I think, he might do something for himself still, in another way, instead of taking your place."

"It is nonsense to call it my place," said Ben.

"I don't think it is nonsense: for my part, I think of justice," said Mrs. Westbury. "It would have been yours, had you been sent off six or seven years ago, as you ought to have been. Yes, I say as you ought to have been, Ben, like all the Rentons. None of us were ever fine gentlemen. The men always worked before they took their ease, and the women always managed and saved in our house; but you should not be turned out now, when you were not brought up to it. Ben, my brother was very cross to me that Thursday night. It was not he, poor fellow, it was illness that was working on him. He was not in his right mind; and the will ought to be broke."

"I can't have you say this," said Ben. "I can't let anybody say it. Aunt Lydia, we had better not discuss the question. We have all made up our minds to my father's will, such as it is."

"Then you are very foolish boys," said Mrs. Westbury; "when I, who would stand up for him in reason or out of reason, tell you so. Your father's good name is of as much consequence to me as it is to you. There never was a Renton like that before; but still, if it was to stand in the way of justice—And about Dick. You ought to write to him at once, to tell him he is to look out for something else for himself, and that you mean to take your own place."

"I shall never go to Calcutta," said Ben, shortly.

"Then, what will you do?" said his aunt. "You can't live on two

hundred a year—at least, you were never meant to live on it—you know that. And you can't live on your mother. Unless you are going out to India, what are you to do?"

"I shall find something to do," said Ben, briefly; and then he softened a little. "I know you mean to be kind," he said. "I am sure you meant to be kind; but I can't do any of the things you propose. I can neither question my father's will, nor live on my mother, nor turn out Dick. Let him make the best of it. I should think he had got the worst over now. And don't blame yourself. I don't think you were to blame. There must have been some foundation to work on in my father's thoughts; and it is done; and I will never try to undo it. We must all make the best of it now. Will you do one thing to please me, Aunt Lydia? Let Mary be with my mother as much as you can spare her. She will feel it when we are all gone."

"I will do any thing you please," said Mrs. Westbury, melted to tears. "Oh, to think I should have done you so much harm, and be so powerless to do you any good! But, Ben, you have not told me what you are going to do?"

"Because I don't know," said Ben, abruptly. He could not come to any decision. His aunt left him reluctantly when they had resolved this point, thinking, notwithstanding her compunction, or perhaps in consequence of it, that if his petition about Mary meant any special regard for her, she would not hesitate to give him her child. "He will make his way," she said to herself; "he will make his way." It was because he was a little hard and stern in his downfall that she thought so well of him; and her feelings were very different as she went prowling through the passages in her dressing-gown to knock at Laurie's door. Poor Laurie! nobody entertained any such confidence about him.

When Mrs. Westbury paused at Laurie's door, he was seated with his head buried in his hands before his table, on which lay the ruins, so to speak, of various youthful hopes. Though he had said so confidently that none of them wanted to marry, yet there were one or two notes on the table before him, in a woman's hand, which he had been looking over, poor boy, with a certain tightening of his heart. And there were hopes, too, of another kind: plans for travel, plans for such study as suited his mind, which it had been his delight to form for some time past, and which he had so little doubt of persuading his father to let him carry out. His little maps and calculations lay before him, all huddled together. That chapter of his life was over. He could smile at the change when they were all together, to help the others to bear it; but grief, and disappointment, and downfall, all fell upon him with additional force when he was alone. His eyes were wet when he sprang up at Aunt Lydia's summons, and shouted a "Come in," which was as cheerful as he could make it, sweeping his papers away as he did so into the open drawer of his table. He thought it was one of his brothers, perhaps Ben, come to get some comfort from his lighter heart. When Mrs. Westbury came in he was taken aback, poor fellow; but Laurie was too tender-hearted to be any thing but kind to his aunt. He cast down a heap of books, which were occupying the most comfortable seat in the room, and made a place for her, glad to turn away his face for the moment and conceal the tears in his eyes; but these tears would not be concealed. They kept springing up again, though he kept them from falling; and though he smiled, and began cheerfully, "Well, Aunt Lydia!" there was a sufficiently melancholy tone in both voice and face.

"We shall be going away to-morrow, Laurie," said Mrs. Westbury, "and I could not go without speaking to you. Oh, what a week this has been! When I think that it was only that last Thursday night—"

"Don't speak of it, please," said Laurie; "one has need of all one's strength. It is bad enough; but we must make the best of it. I wish you were not going away. I thought Mary would stay with my mother. How is she to get on when we are all gone?"

"I might leave Mary, for a little," said Mrs. Westbury, doubtfully; "and then we shall be close by at the cottage, where your mother can send for us when she pleases. Ah, Laurie, if you had only had a sister of your own!"

"If we had only had a great many things!" said Laurie, with an attempt at a smile; "but, as for that, Mary is as good as a sister. I never knew the difference. I think she is the best creature in the world."

"Yes," said Aunt Lydia, looking at him keenly, with an inspection very different from her manner to Ben; "she is a good girl; but you always used to quarrel, Laurie. I did not think she was so much to you."

"She always thought me a good-for-nothing fellow," said Laurie, with a little laugh, "like most other people. I must show you now, if I can, that I've got some mettle in me. But, Aunt Lydia, you have not come to say good-by?"

"No," said Mrs. Westbury, and then she made a pause. "I can't rest, Laurie; I can't keep quiet, and see you all in trouble—when it is my fault!"

"That is nonsense," said Laurie, decidedly. "You may be quite sure it had been turning over in his mind for some time; and quite right, too," the young man added, bravely. "How could we ever have known what stuff we were made of, else? If there is any good in being a Renton, as you have so often told us, now is the time for it to show."

"Oh, Laurie," said his aunt, weeping; "that is what breaks my heart. You have not a chance now, with the up-bringing you have had, and your poor mother's soft ways—not a chance! If my brother had only thought in time. This will could never stand if it were brought into a court of justice. He could not be in his right mind. Ben would not listen to me when I said so; but I must speak to you."

"You shall speak to me as much as you like," said Laurie, with his mother's soft ways; "but not on that subject. It is sacred for us, whatever other people may think. And, after all, you know," he said, with a smile, "it is only for seven years. I shall only be about thirty at the end of the trial—quite a boy!"

"Quite a boy!" said Aunt Lydia, very seriously; "but still I can't bear it. And, Laurie, though you are the least like a Renton of any of them, I have always been the fondest of you."

"Thanks, dear aunt," said the young man, and he kissed her, and led her half resisting to her own room. "All this excitement and want of rest will upset you," he said to her, tenderly; "and, Aunt Lydia, don't say any thing to Frank."

Laurie went back to his musings and his papers when she had made him this promise; and Mrs. Westbury had a good cry over the whole miserable business. "Upset me!" she said to herself, "as if I was a woman like his mother to be upset! Oh, if I could but do any thing for these poor boys!"

But at the same time she was glad in her heart that Laurie thought of Mary only as his sister. A mother has to consider every thing; and that could never have been, though it was a different thing with Ben.

These preliminaries being told, and the singular and unexpected nature of this family crisis fully explained, the historian of the Renton family feels justified in proceeding to his narrative of the fortunes of the three boys, and their adventures in the big changed world, upon which they were launched so abruptly. They all left the Manor together, in a sultry September day, just the day on which, under other circumstances, they would have been off to shoot grouse, or to climb Mont Blanc. Their mourning prevented such invitations as even in their changed fortune they would certainly have received, and the shock was so fresh on all of them that pleasure-making of any kind would have been impossible. They went out as if they had been putting to sea each man in his own bark, with no very sure compass or chart to rely on, and with minds braced high by resolution, but altogether unprepared for the trial, and unaccustomed to the labor. Perhaps it was as well for them that their ideas were so utterly vague and undefined touching the rocks and shoals and dangerous passages that lay in their way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY FIRST AND LAST TRIP UP THE RHINE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

"THE Rhine at last!"

There was the broad, sweeping river, yellow and glistening, moving grandly off to the sea; the noble bridge (which I sketched in rapture) spanning it directly before me.

The great cathedral, dark with age, loomed just to the left; the derrick on whose summit, to my amateurly architectural eye, being a

foul blot upon its beauty, and a silent reproof to the generations which had left it there to say, "Not finished."

I made my preparations for departure in the morning boat; received minute notes of advice from the Ober Kellner, who spoke English; got through the "City of Odors" to the steamer-landing, thanks to good fortune, without mishap.

I found myself on one of the prettiest little steamers in the world, under an awning, and surrounded by a gay group of tourists.

I settled myself cosily on one of the little chairs, and gave myself up to placid reverie.

A familiar voice startled me from it.

"Why, as I live, if that isn't Demosthenes Dixon!"

It was my maiden aunt.

My maiden aunt, I must tell you, was Miss Wilhelmina Slatterscutt, a very stout, rich old lady of sixty—my departed mother's next younger sister. Miss Slatterscutt labored under the singular delusion that "something was the matter with her;" what, has never been sufficiently determined; something she had internally wrong, which gave her faint-fits, hysterics, and so on. She had been the favorite of a wealthy bachelor uncle, who had left her his property in a lump. I, in turn, was her favorite nephew. Her imaginary ills prompted her to travel a great deal for her health, and she had often urged me to accompany her, always in vain; thus she was, you may conjecture, surprised to see me on the Rhine boat.

My aunt was eccentric; if she hadn't died last spring and left me some cool thousands, I should say that she was very selfish, always pressing everybody into her service when occasion required.

So that, although it gave me some satisfaction to see a well-known face on board, my satisfaction was dampened by the fear that I should now be tied to my aunt for the rest of the journey.

The boat was off, and, in the interval between Cologne and the Seven Mountains, there was so little worth observing, that the time passed very pleasantly in conversation with my aunt, talking over family matters, and being regaled with a complete history of my maternal relations for the past three months.

I will be frank; my aunt was not alone.

She had a valet and a "companion," but that is not what I mean.

There was a young lady sitting by her side.

I am not in the least what they call a "lady's man;" nay, my cousins have often declared me (though in this they exaggerate somewhat) a "woman-hater." I had always, to tell the truth, been quite indifferent to ladies' society; thought it a terrible bore to "get myself up" for a *soirée* or tea-party; considered myself as wedded to my books and my pipe. From afar, I admired, and rather stood in awe of the sex; had a vague idea that they were too excellent to approach—far from "woman-hating," therefore, you observe.

Still, somehow or other, I was pleased to see this young lady sitting by my aunt's side—her face was a pleasant, inviting one; the ease with which she received me when we were introduced by my aunt, and with which she made me entirely at home in her company in five minutes, made me grateful; and more, "Miss Weldstone is a niece of your Uncle Warton's," said my aunt.

On which, I surprised myself in a gallant speech—the first I ever knew myself to utter, about being very happy of an excuse to be considered her cousin, etc., not relevant to this narrative, and as I look back on it shockingly silly.

I took a seat opposite my aunt and the young lady.

After the history of my maternal relations, before referred to, had been happily finished, and my own explanation given, my aunt, always blessed with an appetite, ordered up some sandwiches, ale, and strawberries, and fell to eating them.

My aunt being thus for the while reduced to silence, a little disjointed conversation sprang up between the two unoccupied months.

About the weather, and the Rhine; the London season, travelling in general, life in chambers, hateful clubs; growing all the while imperceptibly more free and personal.

At last I found myself by Miss Weldstone's side, conning Bradshaw's Rhine with her, little side remarks edging in here and there, occasionally of the delicately complimentary sort; then little attentions, exhibitiv of increased thoughtfulness and interest on my side; aunt still occupied with her lunch.

Plainly, there was an incipient flirtation; after a while it seemed to be recognized on both sides (this is not said from vanity, as the sequel will show) that there was a full-blown flirtation.

I was beginning to be absolutely happy; "This," thought I, "is well worth coming to the Rhine for. What a stupid dog I have been not to appreciate female society before!"

Just as these reflections were passing through my mind, a shadow fell upon me. I looked up.

A large, awkward-looking German, with a red mustache, a short coat, and dandy travelling-gear, opera-glass pendant at his side, fat hands covered with rings of huge dimension, was standing directly in front of us.

He was bowing very overwhelmingly at Miss Weldstone; she, with faint blush, was returning the salutation.

I shouldn't care a penny for that; but, confound the fellow, he was interrupting the most charming *tête-à-tête* I ever had.

It was all the worse because we had now passed Bonn, and Drachenfels was looming in sight, and becoming more distinct every moment.

The German opened a conversation with Miss Weldstone in his guttural native tongue; she replied in the same.

My aunt having finished her lunch, and settled herself comfortably for a good view of Drachenfels, I returned to her, and left the others to themselves.

But now there was a catastrophe.

My aunt, of a sudden, while I was gazing rapt on Drachenfels and Rolandseck, had one of her "bad turns."

The valet was out of the way—also the "companion."

I, therefore, had to perform their duty. This was, to aid my aunt in getting to the cabin, and to wait on her, assiduous, there. She insisted upon my being with her and ministering to her wants. She was so fond of me, she said, no one else could make her so comfortable. When such little necessities as brandy, bouillon, salts, etc., had been duly procured, I thought I might safely leave the old lady to her servants; "I am missing Drachenfels," thought I, "and, worse than that, I am being supplanted by that German bore on the settee above-stairs."

Yes, jealousy began to sprout up within me; I began to be nervous, though the calmest of men.

But, alas! it was *not* enough to bring my aunt her restoratives. "I must have some rest here," said she; "it will not do for me to go on deck."

"Now, Demosthenes, dear, there is no one in the world whom I love so dearly to hear read as you. I know you like to please me, don't you, now? Well, there is 'Arabella Stuart,' by dear Mr. James, in my little bag. You can't object to get it and amuse your poor sick aunt!"

There was no help for it. Though not lustful of riches, I have that ordinary prudence which suggests complaisance to those from whom we have "expectations;" my only course was to smother my twofold disappointment; for my aunt had, among other qualities, a temper.

For two hours or more I sat in that dark little cabin, reading about Arabella Stuart in the Tower, and thinking about Jennie Weldstone under the awning. Then, thanks to some peculiarly prosy moral reflections in the narrative, my Aunt Slatterscutt dropped off to sleep. Consigning my precious charge to her companion, I ascended the stairs with a light step.

He was not with her; she was alone, intent on Bradshaw, looking somewhat red, I thought. He was just walking away to a group of German ladies.

"Why, Mr. Dixon! Where can you have been all this while? and where is Miss Slatterscutt? I thought you must have both fallen overboard!"

"Ah, you were so engrossed with that German gentleman, that you would not have heard the splash if we had, then."

"Pooh! How foolish! He is the silliest, awkwardest, stupidest fellow I ever knew! Why didn't you come sooner, and rid me of him? I just talk to him to make sport of him, he is so dull."

Double consolation here; thinks he's silly—wants *me* to come in his stead! Being totally ignorant of the woman-nature, I was delighted.

"And pray who is he, if I may ask?" said I, laughing heartily.

"A great clumsy count from the Upper Rhine—Count Stingenbengenheimer. You know counts *count* for nothing in Germany. I met him at Uncle Warton's *soirées* last spring. I assure you, Mr. Dixon, he is a great ninny."

So she went on, laughing about him, relating anecdotes of his clumsiness, repeated silly remarks he had made, and mimicked his scrappy voice, in which merriment I joined with great glee. Meantime, up came my aunt, restored to temporary vigor by sleep and a *carafou* of Rhine wine, and we passed to nobler themes.

I was more than satisfied with Miss Weldstone's treatment of me; she certainly acted as if she were beginning to like me very much. A little quick look of her eye now and then, or a delicately-worded compliment upon my taste, glowing enthusiasm over the little sketches I made of the ruins as we passed, and hopes, timidly expressed, that I should continue in the company of herself and my aunt as far, at least, as Mayence, made me thrill as I had never thrilled among my books, and more intoxicated than I had ever been over Jenkins's best milk-punch.

I verily think I was in love. I thanked Jenkins, from the depths of my heart, for sending me hither.

I had intended to stop at several points between Bonn and Coblenz; but, as my aunt and Miss Weldstone were going directly through, I determined to make the stops returning, and to proceed with them. Several times, before we reached Coblenz, the German count came up and talked with my fair companion, but, as the conversation was in German, I could not tell whether she really made fun of him or not. She laughed often, and blushed often as well; seemed to be very much pleased—probably with his silly sallies.

We landed about the middle of the afternoon—and a lovely afternoon it was: old Ehrenbreitstein towering loftily on the other bank; Stolzenfels peeping from its wreath of foliage beyond; the sun glancing luminously across the yellow waters.

The German count went ashore also, with his troop of fat German dames; and, I observed, spoke to Miss Weldstone, and pressed her hand at parting. When his back was turned, she looked at me with a pretty sneer, as if to say, "Well rid of the goose."

Our quarters were at the "Hotel of the White Bear" (as Miss Weldstone—Jenny, I began to call her to myself—translated the gibberish on the signboard).

After seeing the ladies comfortably stowed away in two front-chambers, I went below to the reading-room to look at the English papers.

I there fell in with an old friend and brother Lingrayite, who always passed his summer on the Rhine, and was "up to every thing"—Ned Clipper. Mutual welcomes over, we sat down and had a cosy talk about London matters; then he proposed a walk, and took me over to the palace of the Prince of Prussia. I returned and took supper with my aunt and Miss Jennie. Clipper dining in mess that day with some officer-friends, I was much disappointed, on asking Miss Jennie to take a promenade with me by moonlight along the bank of the Rhine (alas, I had come to be thus sentimental!), when she regretfully declined, said she was dreadfully tired, thought Miss Slatterscutt would need to be taken care of. My aunt, hearing my invitation, looked at me in utter amazement, and said, "Yes, Demosthenes, don't take her away from your poor old aunt. Go off with your friend Clipper, and leave us to ourselves this evening."

Oh, Aunt Slatterscutt, were you a traitor, or a dupe?

Clipper was lounging about the reading-room when I entered. He came up to me with a quick step, saying—

"I say, Dixon, old boy, the fellows over at the mess tell me there is to be some fine fun going on the other side of the river to-night—a peasant's house-warming. The dancing, costumes, and eating, will be something quite original. You'll go, of course?"

Of course I would. It would be an excellent distraction to my thoughts, which were not such as were proper to a determined bachelor.

I will not describe what I saw—accounts of the same sort have been made by a hundred note-book tourists.

We returned about ten in the evening. As we approached the "White Bear," I observed, a short distance in front of us, a couple walking slowly—a tall, stout man, a medium-sized, graceful woman—arm-in-arm. I thought I recognized the female figure, and hastened my steps. Before, however, I got near enough to recognize them fully, they had vanished into the hotel.

"No, no," thought I, "away with suspicion! It could not have been she—and with *him*."

But—if it *were* she?

The next morning, when I met the ladies at breakfast, Miss Weld-

stone was more complacent and delightful than ever. She began, of her own accord, to make fun of Count Stingenbingenheimer.

That certainly could not have been she, then, last night.

Throughout the meal our conversation ran on unceasingly. I described my adventures over the river, she laughing heartily, and looking at me with an almost tender expression; and, after we had adjourned to my aunt's sitting-room, I had the satisfaction of observing what seemed to me certain indications of unceasing interest on her part.

Flattered so, I was deeper in love than ever.

My aunt, who had been taking a morning nap, finally came out of her chamber, and announced that we should depart for Mayence tomorrow morning.

A servant brought a note to her.

"Ah," said she, after reading it, "this is from Mrs. MacStork, an old friend of mine, who has a villa a little out of the town. I sent to inform her of our arrival yesterday, and she invites Miss Weldstone and myself to dine this afternoon. Of course we shall go. Shall we not, Jennie?"

"Oh, yes, it will be something quite new to see a Rhine villa and eat a Rhine dinner *en famille*."

"And, meanwhile," said my aunt, looking toward me—and I trembled, for I knew some sacrifice was coming—"meanwhile, Demos-thenes, I am sure, will oblige us by going before and securing us rooms at Mayence. Travel is so great this year, and I *must* have nice accommodations."

Oh, certainly, I would go, with great pleasure.

So, about two o'clock, the ladies set out in a carriage for Mrs. MacStork's, I standing in the door, waving them off with my hat. A little distance up the street, the everlasting German count was coming toward the hotel. As he met the carriage, he waved his hat too, and I saw a head bow low at him from the vehicle—which was *not* my aunt's.

Then he came toward me, and, with a smile and bow, actually addressed me.

"Zis is Mr. Dixon, I pelieve," said he, "ze cousin of zat chaiming Mees Weldstone?"

I responded, rather surlily, that I *was* Mr. Dixon.

He continued to talk in an easy, good-natured way, so that I really began to think him a *not* disagreeable person.

Finally, I found myself chatting to him quite familiarly. I remembered Miss Jennie's fun-making, and was no longer jealous.

I saw a boat standing at the wharf; it had just arrived from below, and was evidently preparing to resume its trip up the river. I asked the count if that was the boat which was bound to Mayence. He looked at it a moment, and then, as if struck with a sudden idea, said:

"Yees, sare. I pelieve it ees. You will haf to hoory if you wish to catch it."

To rush into the hotel, get my portmanteau (which I had packed and brought down from my room after receiving my aunt's instructions), pay my bill, bid a hasty adieu to the count (whom I thus left on the field), was accomplished with a celerity quite unusual to me.

I reached the boat just as she was beginning to move off, and jumped on board. I had no sooner got there, however, than I observed that she was *turning round*.

I rushed to the edge of the boat, flung my portmanteau ashore, and prepared to follow it.

As I was about to jump, I felt myself held by the arms. Turning, I found that one of the employés of the steamer had me fast, and was grinning and shaking his head. Desperate, I wrenched myself from him. But it was too late; the boat was in the middle of the stream. Its bows were majestically turning toward *Cologne*; she was going *down* the river.

I was alone going back, going back on my tracks!

And, as I receded from the landing, two objects most prominently presented themselves to my despairing gaze: my portmanteau, lying there quietly, unnoticed, and Count Stingenbingenheimer, in the distance, shaking with laughter, and mockingly beckoning to me to come back!

My next step was to remedy the blunder—which was not so easy, as I spoke not a word of German (Miss Weldstone had promised to instruct me), and could find no one who spoke English.

I dashed about frantically, the wonder of all who saw me. At last a young man came up who had been in the English army before Sevastopol; he "spoke a little."

To him I explained my dilemma.

He in turn explained it to the captain, who promised to let me off at the first village. He was as good as his word; a boat was lowered from the steamer, in which I took my place, and was soon put on shore.

Just then it began to rain—one of those murky, drizzling rains which have a tendency, particularly when in distressing circumstances, to make one blue.

The "village" (the name of which I neither know nor care to know) was the most desolate place I ever set foot in.

It consisted of about a dozen low mud-huts, and perhaps had a population of fifty or sixty peasants. There was no such thing as a tavern.

But there was a pretence of an office for steamboat-passengers, though why anybody should stop here I could not imagine. The office, it appears, was also a beer-saloon. Thitherward I directed my steps, stared at by the villagers. In the small room wherein was situated the office there were a fat, red, good-natured woman selling beer and "pretzels;" two or three stupid-looking villagers, drinking and talking; a soldier, on leave from Ehrenbreitstein; and a dauntless tourist, a German, who had evidently met with a mishap similar to my own.

And now came the rub: to make them understand how I came there, and what I wanted to do—return to Coblenz as soon as possible.

My attempts throughout were a mortifying failure. I tried English and poor French upon each in turn, in vain; then resorted to pantomime, in which I only succeeded in making them stare, and then laugh. Even the dandy, who certainly looked intelligent, shook his head in despair when I tried to make him comprehend me.

This lasted until the day waned, and the fast-deepening twilight warned me that I must look out for a lodging.

Meanwhile, in despair, I saw two or three steamers go straight by, up the river to Coblenz; not being able to make anybody understand that I wanted to take them. For this was one of those way-stations where the steamer does not stop, but takes up any passengers who come out to it in small boats. This was dismal enough. After searching through the village for a lodging, it became evident that none was to be had, except on the benches of the "office;" the use of which, after much difficulty, I procured from the old woman, on tender of a couple of thalers.

The miseries of that damp, rainy night, I will not attempt to depict: suffice it to say that the rain dripped through the slatternly roof, upon me; that the villagers came and went for beer, noisily, till toward the small hours, keeping me awake; that when I did at last get to sleep, I slept till far into the next morning, and was awakened by the old woman, who seemed to have reflected and at last comprehended my desires, for when I rose and went to the door, she pointed out the first steamer of the day, rolling slowly up toward Mayence.

For breakfast I had pretzels and bad wine, which was like unto vinegar.

Then the old woman, whom I plied continually with loose gröschen, intimated to me, by pointing to the clock and then waving her finger up the river, that the next boat went at eleven.

I nodded my head violently in token of comprehension and assent.

At eleven, the boat was perceptible, coming thitherward. By dint of laborious pantomime, I understood that two men would row me out to her, for two gröschen; so bidding adieu to the unknown hamlet, I at last reached Coblenz again. As for my portmanteau, the German count had kindly put it in charge of a porter from the "White Bear," where I found it safe.

Where were my aunt and Miss Weldstone—and the count? Went this morning to Mayence.

It is quite needless to say that my solitude at the hamlet had intensified my feelings in regard to the latter lady.

I resolved on instant pursuit.

I took the rail at two, reached Mayence at four, and proceeded directly to the Hôtel de Mayence, where I knew they were to stop.

After making my toilet, I asked to see my aunt. Miss Slater-scutt was asleep—couldn't be disturbed; Miss Weldstone was out.

I had nothing to do but to have a look at the town. Is it not

strange—I had forgotten all about castles and architecture for the last few days?

So I took a long promenade, went out to the quays, saw Gutenberg's statue, mounted into the park, and at last arrived at the cathedral, where, Bradshaw told me, "Charlemagne divided his empire among his degenerate sons."

It was growing twilight, and I had forgotten my recent troubles in the noble arches of the old edifice.

In one of the chapels were two persons, talking in undertone. They saw me, and drew back a little. Not being curious, I walked on unobservant.

Presently one came out, a gentleman, and strode rapidly off out at the side door near the altar. The other—a lady—came out also, and advanced toward me.

"I am so glad to see you once more, Mr. Dixon," said the voice of Miss Jennie Weldstone. "How on earth came you here?"

She was blushing somewhat, I saw; a man had just lit a candle near by.

I related my adventures in detail, edging in at intervals regrets at not having been able to accompany her to Mayence.

Somehow she was not particularly interested in my adventures. When I had finished she changed the subject abruptly.

"Do you know, dear Mr. Dixon," said she, with great hesitation and shyness, "that you may, if you will, do me a very great favor?"

No task she could put upon me could be too great.

"Well, well, the fact is, Mr. Dixon—now do bear with me—but but that German count—you, you know—at this I laughed, anticipating something ridiculous, at which she was more confused than ever, well, for all his awkwardness and foolish ways, I—like him ("Ghost of St. George!" thought I)—and—and—he wants me to marry him, and—well, I have told him I would! There it is! and now you will do me the greatest favor in the world if—if you will—break it to your aunt!"

Instead of visiting castles on the Rhine, I had been building castles in the air.

Here, in Mayence Cathedral, where cracked and broke in sunder the Carolingian empire, lay my castles in the air, shivered into atoms, whiffed off in smoke.

It was the crowning mishap of all. I, a sober bookworm of a bachelor, had been dragged out of my cosy corner at the inn, had gone through what has been related, to arrive here, and meet this!

What an account there was to settle with Jenkins!

There remains little to be told to those who have visited Rhineland in the flesh or with type's-eyes.

With a stoical composure, to which I look back with some pride, I acceded to the request of Miss Weldstone, and, taking my aunt in one of her amiable after-dinner humors, persuaded the good soul to consent as proxy to the young lady's guardian. But I could not stay in the region of the happy pair; so, after bidding adieu to the ladies with the excuse that I must hurry back to town, and swallowing my ill-will toward Count Stingenbingerheimer in a bottle of sparkling Moselle, which we drank together in the saloon below-stairs, I returned slowly down the Rhine. I visited a few castles and churches, making sketches thereof, which I must say are very much poorer than usual; thence found myself back in the dear old rooms, from which I hope never to stir to any great distance again.

How I settled with Jenkins, is not a matter of public interest, but I did settle with him.

If, from these my misadventures, any may derive a maxim or two of wholesome moral, I shall not regret having unbosomed myself.

A NIGHT IN PÈRE LA CHAISE.

NEAR the gravelled carriage-road that winds around one of the most elevated and picturesque spots in the historic cemetery of Père la Chaise, is my uncle's family vault—a plain, solid, and rather unsightly structure, built in sepulchral chapel form, with but little regard to beauty of finish or architectural taste, and contrasting strangely with more modern and elaborately finished tombs surrounding it.

The exterior walls, though blackened by sixty years' or more exposure to wind and weather, are but little defaced, and give

promise of standing out stoutly against the inroads of Time for a good century to come.

My uncle has a reverential regard, amounting almost to devotion, for this ancient vault, and, our family being an old Catholic one, the interior was adorned, like nearly all the chapels in Père la Chaise, with the symbols of our faith. It contains the remains of my uncle's father and mother, his wife and only child, whom he loved better than all the world besides, and other near and dear kindred.

Time and time again has he been entreated to erect another monument more worthy of our name, and more in harmony with modern surroundings, but he has invariably and stoutly refused to entertain the idea. Even after the adventure I am going to relate, and but a few months prior to my departure for the United States, I took the liberty of suggesting some improvements or modifications that would tend to beautify the external appearance of the ungainly structure, when he warmly chided me for my importunities, saying that they were useless and annoying, since, on that point, he would remain inexorable, and would never consent, while he was living, that the pick and saw and hammer should work sacrilegious discord over the dust of his treasured dead.

Since the death of his wife, I had lived with him as an adopted son and heir-prospective to a considerable fortune, which his business tact and industry had enabled him to accumulate. I had grown up, under his tutelage, tenderly loved, and gratified in almost every wish that reason could suggest, wealth procure, or indulgence accomplish, save, perhaps, the unreasonable one, as he declared, of tearing down one of the first monuments erected in our beautiful cemetery, simply because its exterior did not happen to accord with my ideal of beauty and symmetry.

"You might as well," continued he, on one occasion, "go ask the friends of Dupuytren, whose tomb is so near ours, to remove the time-stained obelisk that marks the resting-place of the most distinguished surgeon France has ever produced, because the Countess Demidoff, or General Foy, or Casimir Periere, is honored with a more imposing and handsomer monument!"

The truth is, a place in this same vault is reserved for my humble self when I shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil," and I have never relished the idea of being stowed away in so dreary and repulsive-looking a receptacle. Often in my boyhood had I wondered if Gabriel's trump on the final day would open those solid walls and release the imprisoned dead; often, in the quiet of my little chamber, had the thought of one day lying there haunted my restless hours, when I vainly courted sleep to dispel childish fears; often, in later years, have I visited the spot while paying a tribute of respect to the dead, and never yet have I succeeded in overcoming that repugnance acquired in early life, and since deepened by the horrors of a night never to be forgotten.

Once, annually, the strong iron door, on ponderous hinges, that guarded the entrance to the vault, opened to admit relatives and friends who came, on the solemn *jour des morts*, to renew the *immortelles* and souvenirs of regret that ever adorned the little well-preserved altar inside.

I had been a regular attendant for years past, and, as the day was now fast approaching for the annual pilgrimage, was awaiting the return of my uncle, who had gone on a visit to Brussels, to bear my votive offerings, and with him mingle my tears of regret.

The evening before the *jour des morts*, I received a letter from him, stating that his stay would be protracted some weeks longer than he had expected. He could not, therefore, be in Paris on the morrow; so, after giving me many and minute details as to the management of his business and domestic affairs, earnestly urged me by no means to neglect paying the customary visit to the family vault, and renewing, as heretofore, the souvenirs of affection.

Matters of considerable business importance engaged my attention so much of the day, that it was after three o'clock before I returned home, preparatory to setting out for the cemetery, several miles distant from that quarter of the city.

As I proposed dining with a friend that evening, and should not return till late, I did not deem it necessary to call our carriage for the trip; so, hastily making necessary preparations, and instructing the *valet de chambre* not to expect me to dinner, but to await my return that night, I entered a cab, and, in due time, reached the "classic grave-ground of France."

The day was waning, and most of the visitors were returning from their pious pilgrimage when I arrived. Pushing my way through the crowd that encumbered the principal avenue in the cemetery, I hurried on, and soon reached my destination. The old vault, in the midst of declining day, looked more sombre than ever, and, as that part of the cemetery was now quite deserted, I inwardly resolved to make short work of my devotions, and return to more agreeable scenes outside of this city of the dead. Placing the *immortelles* and other tasty mementos on the marble slab of a neighboring vault, I applied the key to the lock, and endeavored to open the door. The rust and dirt, that had accumulated on and around it, seemed to have sealed it hermetically, and every effort to force it inward only served to show me that time was being wasted, when time was valuable indeed if I expected to get out of the cemetery that evening. The lock was of that spring-latch kind which requires constant pressure from the key in order to keep the bolt withdrawn, and this necessity prevented me from exerting full strength against the massive door. I had almost determined to abandon the undertaking, or hurry off in quest of assistance, when I concluded to make one more tremendous trial. Bracing my feet against a large stone, which I contrived to roll near, and turning the latch, I lay to with might and main. The dirt and rust commenced cracking; the hinges gave forth a hoarse, grating sound; the door yielded suddenly, ere I could recover, and I fell headlong inside the vault. The door closed behind me with a heavy jar, and I was left in total darkness. Stunned by the fall, it was some moments before I was able to rise, and it was only after groping my way back to the door, and finding it closed—the key outside, and I a helpless prisoner—that I began to realize all the horror of my situation. In vain I shouted for help; in vain I pounded the solid iron with feet and hands; I might as well undertake to lift the stern walls that imprisoned, and now almost deafened me with the echo of my feeble voice and frantic efforts, as seek to make myself heard by any one outside, even had there been any remaining straggler in that locality. I tried the door again and again, only to find that it was securely and solidly fastened. Instinctively I put my hands in my pockets—thank Heaven, my cigar-matches were there, and I could, at least, have a temporary gleam of light to relieve the painful and almost *tangible* darkness that enveloped me! I struck one. Was it fatality, was it nervousness, or was it humidity, that prevented one, two, three, four, five, from lighting? I felt again, determined to be more cautious—a few only remained in the box—the sixth was tried, and succeeded. Eagerly looking around, I discovered—with what inexpressible joy I will leave the reader to imagine—the two long wax-tapers, standing on either side of the small ivory crucifix on the altar, just as I had placed them there one year before! They were intact, and, after cutting off a small part of one, I managed to make the wick burn. This was temporary relief. It was something to be able to see around me, and, if I had to die from starvation or suffocation within those dreary walls, I could look upon the cross, and the meek and holy countenance of the Virgin Mary, who now seemed to whisper words of comfort from the little mouldering frame that hung over the altar.

The air was becoming painfully close and oppressive—the sulphur-smell of the match I had lighted almost stifled me—the taper soon began to burn feebly and indistinctly as in a

mist. More and more oppressive grew the atmosphere of my prison-vault—dimly and more dimly flickered the feeble rays from the long taper. Great God! what should I do to avoid a horrible death by suffocation? Something must be done, and done quickly, or a few moments more would seal my fate! Gasping for breath—my brain reeling—I snatched the crucifix from the altar—pressed it to my bosom, and, appealing to Holy Mary and all the saints in the calendar for deliverance from the terrible death that threatened me, rushed frantically to the door—with difficulty inserted my knife-blade between its upper edge and the iron frame that fitted it, and pried away with all my remaining strength. All efforts were in vain until the crucifix was used as a fulcrum, when, pressing my mouth to the spot, I felt—sweeter than the nectared sweetness of beauty's lip—a light kiss of fresh air that entered, reviving my fainting spirits, and, ere long, giving me light and atmosphere enough to see and breathe.

I looked at my watch. It was after seven o'clock. I had been nearly three hours a prisoner. I knew the gates of the cemetery were closed, and darkness reigned without. There was no hope for my deliverance that night. Would there be the next day, or the next, or ever? Would my friend, who expected me to dinner—would the servant, who vainly awaited my return that night—ever think of looking for me in the cemetery? Would the small key in the door outside ever attract the attention of any one passing, and, if so, would curiosity prompt a turning of the latch? Would the souvenirs, deposited on the other tomb, be noticed, and, if so, would any one suppose they belonged to other than the friends of him or her upon whose tomb they rested? How long could life be sustained without food or water in my narrow cell? How long could frail humanity hold out against the crushing agonies of moments and hours that seemed eternities? All these and a thousand other thoughts crowded upon my aching brain, until my senses became bewildered, nature was exhausted, and, fearing that I was destined to be entombed alive, yet hoping and praying for rescue, I sank upon the stone that separated me from the buried dead, and slept.

Visions of the sheeted dead haunted my feverish slumbers, and hideous ghouls held revel over my helpless body. Old Dupuytren, with grim, sepulchral visage, stood over me, scalpel in one hand and a ponderous volume of pathological surgery in the other. With a Satanic grin of satisfaction, he cut away piece by piece, referring now and then to his favorite volume, by way of reassurance, until my whole body was laid open to the researches of science. Powerless, motionless, I lay until the old man finished the dissection, and left, disgusted at finding no other elements of disease than those originating from excessive fear and physical prostration. Next came, in grim procession, all the aunts, cousins, second cousins, and numerous kindred, that I had seen interred since my childhood. One by one they welcomed me to the land of spirits; then, gathering around, began, with mocking laugh and unearthly yell, to dance the *can-can* on my poor body. My aunt, who in her lifetime was remarkable for muscular strength and wonderful activity, danced longer and *heavier* than all the rest, fairly outstripping the belles of the *Jardin Mabille*. She threw herself in wild contortions, and, lifting her foot high in air, brought it down with such tremendous force, that I awoke, to find anxious friends who had found me at last, and came to rescue me from the dread terrors of a living tomb.

Not returning home as expected, my faithful servant had set out in quest of me early that morning; my friend, with whom I was to have dined, was alarmed; other friends were put on the track; foul play was suspected. The city was searched, and, finally, the cemetery, where I was found, more dead than alive, after eighteen hours' imprisonment.

Weeks passed before I recovered from the fever and delirium which followed that fearful night with the dead. Its horrors have prematurely silvered locks that were once golden,

and its memories yet rush upon my mind with terrible vividness whenever I recall the gloomy old vault in the cemetery over the water.

A. C. R.

THE NEST.

At the poet's life-core lying
Is a sheltered and sacred nest,
Where, as yet unfledged for flying,
His callow fancies rest:

Fancies, and thoughts, and feelings,
Which the mother Psyche breeds,
And passions whose dim revealings
But torture their hungry needs.

Yet—there cometh a summer splendor
When the golden brood wax strong,
And, with voices grand or tender,
They rise to the heaven of song.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

A STATESMAN'S WIFE.

[The subjoined sketch of an incident in the life of Mrs. Thomas H. Benton was furnished by a relative of the late Mr. Benton's family, and, as we are informed, has not hitherto been published.—Ed.]

NOTHING has been written of Mrs. Benton, the wife of one who has been called "the Warwick of the Democracy." Yet hers was a brilliant life for nearly twenty years—brilliant it would have been from her own great powers of mind alone.

In person she resembled so closely Girard's portrait of Madame de Staël, that the family think it better than portraits made from life of herself. Her health was always good till in her early married life she received a shock which entailed on her years of suffering, finally causing her death.

A young girl, the daughter of an innkeeper, in a village near Mrs. Benton's Virginia home, had been betrayed, and through sorrow and shame had lost her reason. In her frenzy she had destroyed her babe. Mrs. Benton, who knew her well, interposed in her behalf, and had her sent to the lunatic asylum in Staunton. When she became calm and docile, she was discharged as incurable but harmless.

She was accustomed to wander about the neighborhood of Mrs. Benton's residence, and to visit frequently the house. When the family came from Washington, she would come to receive the presents brought her by the lady, and manifested the most extravagant joy over them. She would take home the pretty articles of dress, put them on, and tell everybody that she was expecting "him;" "he" was to return in the spring to marry her; and "see, dear Miss Betsey" had brought her these wedding-things.

The servants at Mr. Benton's called her "Old Sally;" for she was no longer a pretty girl, but an anxious, weather-beaten, demented woman—and the white ribbons, and flowers, and bits of white finery, were always kept for her. When wandering through the woods and orchards in spring, too, she would cover herself with white blossoms, and go on singing in a high, wild key. She always carried a heavy staff—usually the bough of a young tree—but never offered to harm any one. The only thing that moved her anger was to hear any one say "he" was not coming. This would bring back her madness.

Whenever "Miss Betsey," as she always called Mrs. Benton, was at home, Sally was fond of coming to the house; was gentle, and pleased to be noticed and humored, in her sad fancy of making herself beautiful for eyes that would never look on her again.

In the warm weather all the doors of the house stood open all day. One day Sally came in a stern mood—some one, child or servant, having crossed her—and, entering unperceived, passed through the rooms to the chamber where Mrs. Benton was lying on a couch, resting after a walk. Sally regarded the lady attentively as she slept. Full of love and gratitude to her kind friend, she would have done any thing to please her.

Some wild thought stirred in her tangled brain as she gazed. She afterward described it as a vision. "I saw her," she said, "sleeping there, happy, in her father's house; I knew that when her baby was born her father would curse her, and put her out of doors; and then 'he' never would come back to her. I was determined to kill her before she could wake up and be made miserable."

The wretched experience of the poor woman had seared her brain, and she nerved herself for her dreadful task. Mr. Benton was in an adjoining room, and heard the strange whispering, broken by wild sobs. He came in, and saw the woman with her heavy bough uplifted, and ready to dash it with all her force upon the head of his unconscious wife. Springing forward he was just in time to arrest it, and avert the death-blow. The maniac struggled violently in his grasp, as he strove to hurl her away.

Mrs. Benton, suddenly awakened, saw the furious madwoman intent on her deadly purpose, the descending bough, and the desperate struggle that ensued. The fright almost paralyzed her. The death of the infant born soon after, and a severe illness that followed, prevented her recovery from the fearful shock she had undergone. Thus was her constitution impaired, and the suffering begun, which ended in a complete breaking down of the nervous system.

The seven years of invalid life that followed, brought out the unselfish and loving care of Mr. Benton, and won from all who saw him more esteem than his greatest public services could command. The nature of one had acted on the other during their time of health; and, even when health had departed, Mrs. Benton's noble principles, and the consistent use she had made in full strength of all her powers for good, still guided her husband. Her numerous and sustained acts of charity may never be known; for she was always reticent, and, though cheerful, and quick of wit, shy of revealing her deeper feelings. But the poor who came to her funeral—the men in high position, who, standing by the dead, said to her daughter, "But for her I was a lost man," "What I am now I owe to her admonitions and encouragement"—the women, respected by all, who there confessed that she had secretly helped them through the black hours when suicide or open braving of dishonor seemed the only alternative left them—these, and the testimony of her faithful colored servants, who, freed by her, remained with her on wages—witnessed, and showed by their grief, that neither station, nor wealth, nor worldly honors, nor great powers of mind, nor the allurements of fashionable society, had been able to win her to live for herself.

Some observations, often made by Mr. Benton and his gifted wife, illustrated the character of each. Passionately fond of poetry, flowers, music, and little children, Mrs. Benton especially loved the writings of Scott. Jeannie Dean's speech to the queen—"It's not what we hae done for ourselves, my leddy, but what we hae done for others, will help us then;" and the bailie's remark that "some are o'wre gude for banning, and o'wre bad for blessing, like Rob Roy"—expressed her ideas and feelings. Mr. Benton's well-known opinion that "party was too tremendous an engine to use against a poor clerk, whose salary was all that stood between his family and starvation, and too small a consideration where the national honor was involved," was a saying in the same spirit.

Thus harmonious and elevated were the views of those two noble beings, so united that the memoir of one is incomplete without that of the other.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*

OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

VIII.

GROANING.

THEY moved.

They advanced in the passage.

No preliminary record. No registrar's desk. The prisons of that day were not given to scribbling. They contented themselves with closing on you, often without knowing why. To be a prison, and to have kept prisoners, was enough for them.

The company had to spread itself out and take the form of the passage. They walked almost one by one, first the wapentake, next Gwynplaine, then the justice of the quorum, lastly the policemen, moving in a body and stopping up the passage behind Gwynplaine like a plug. The way grew narrower; Gwynplaine now touched the wall with both elbows; the vault overhead, made of pebbles embedded in cement, had, at intervals, coverings of granite that projected so as nearly to block the path; it was necessary to lower one's head in order to proceed; no running possible in this corridor; a man escaping would be forced to go slowly; the gut twisted about; all entrances are winding, a prison's as well as a man's. Here and there, now to right now to left, square cuttings in the wall gave glimpses, through heavy grates, of staircases, some rising, some sinking. They came to a closed door; it opened; they went through; it closed again. Then they found a second door which gave them entrance; then a third, which similarly turned on its hinges. These doors opened and shut of themselves, as it were. No one could be seen. And, while the passage grew narrower, the vaulted roof grew lower, so that it was necessary to walk with the head bowed. The wall distilled moisture; drops of water fell from the roof; the stones which paved the passage were as slimy as intestines. The pale, scattered gleams, which did duty for light, grew more and more opaque; the air was giving out. And, saddest of all, they kept going down.

It required attention to perceive that they were going down. In the dark, a gentle slope is ominous. Nothing so terrible as obscurities, on which we come by imperceptible descents.

To descend is the entry into the fearful unknown.

How long did they walk thus? Gwynplaine could not have told.

Minutes lengthen themselves out immeasurably, when passed through the rolling-mill of anguish.

Suddenly they stopped.

The darkness was dense.

The passage was, somehow, wider.

Gwynplaine heard close to him a noise, of which the Chinese gong alone could give an idea; something like a blow struck on the diaphragm of space.

It was the wapentake, who had just struck his staff against a sheet of iron.

This sheet was a door.

Not a door which opens on hinges, but a door that is pulled up and let down. Almost like a portcullis.

Something creaked harshly in a groove, and Gwynplaine had suddenly before his eyes a square patch of light.

The iron had been drawn up into a cleft of the vault, much as the door of a mouse-trap is lifted.

An opening presented itself.

The light was not daylight; it was a mere glimmer; but to the fully dilated eyeballs of Gwynplaine, this sudden though pale illumination was at first like the shock of a flash of lightning.

It was some time before he could see any thing. To distinguish objects, when dazzled, is as difficult as in the dark.

As by degrees his pupils adapted themselves to the light, as they had done to the darkness, he at length saw; the light, which had at first appeared to him too vivid, grew softer and pallid to his eye; he risked a look into the opening that yawned before him, and beheld a fearful sight.

At his feet, some twenty high steps, narrow, dilapidated, nearly perpendicular, without a rail on either hand, forming a sort of stone crest, like a piece of wall bevelled into a staircase, entered and sank into a very deep cellar, reaching the bottom of it.

This cellar was round, with a vaulted roof on cross-arches; and these arches were inclined—by reason of the imperfect level of the lintels—a displacement peculiar to all excavations upon which very heavy buildings have been piled.

The sort of cutting which took the place of a door, and which the sheet of iron had disclosed, was made in the vault, so that from this height the eye plunged into the cellar as into a well.

It was a huge cellar, and if it were the lower part of a well, the well must have been gigantic. The old phrase, "bottom of a den," could not have been applied to this cellar, unless you imagined a den of lions or tigers.

The cellar was neither paved nor flagged. It had for floor the moist and cold earth found at such depths.

In the middle of the cellar, four low and shapeless columns supported a canopy with heavy cross-arches, the four branches of which, joining inside the canopy, made something like the inner part of a mitre. This canopy, like the shrines under which sarcophagi were formerly kept, rose up to the vault and made in the cellar a species of central chamber, if the name of chamber can be given to a compartment open on all sides, having four pillars instead of four walls.

From the keystone of the canopy hung a round copper lantern, barred like a prison window. This lantern cast around—on the pillars, the vaulted roofs, and the circular wall seen dimly behind the pillars—a wan light, checkered with lines of shadow.

It was this illumination which had dazzled Gwynplaine at first. Now it was nothing more to him than a ruddy glow scarcely distinct.

No other light in this cellar. Neither window, door, nor air-hole.

Between the four pillars, precisely under the lantern, in the spot where there was most light, a pale and fearful outline was laid flat on the earth.

It was stretched on its back. You saw a head whose eyes were closed, a body whose trunk was hidden under an indistinct, shapeless mass of something, four limbs united to the trunk in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, and drawn toward the four pillars by four chains fastened to the feet and hands; these chains ended in iron rings at the foot of each column. This shape, fixed in the horrid attitude of a victim about to be quartered, was icy and livid as a corpse. It was a naked man.

Gwynplaine, petrified, stood on the top of the staircase and looked.

Suddenly he heard a gurgle.

The corpse was alive.

Close to this spectre, in one of the arches of the canopy, one on each side of a large arm-chair raised upon abroad flat stone, stood upright two men dressed in long black wrappers, and in the arm-chair was seated an old man covered with a red robe, pale, motionless, ominous, a bouquet of roses in his hand.

This bouquet of roses would have given information to a person less ignorant than Gwynplaine. The right to sit in judgment, holding a nose-gay, distinguished a magistrate at the same time royal and municipal. The lord-mayor of London

* EXTERRED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

still sits thus. It was the duty of the first roses of the season to aid the judges in their duty.

The old man seated in the arm-chair was the sheriff of the county of Surrey.

He had the rigid majesty of a Roman senator.

The arm-chair was the only seat in the cellar.

Alongside of it might be seen a table covered with books and papers, on which was placed the long white wand of the sheriff.

The men standing on the sheriff's right and left were two doctors, one of medicine, the other of laws, the latter distinguishable by the sergeant's coif on his wig. Both wore the black gown; one as judge, the other as physician. Men of these two classes wear mourning for those whom they kill.

Behind the sheriff, on the edge of the step made by the flat stone, was crouched—with a writing-desk near him on the flag, a pasteboard portfolio on his knees, and a sheet of parchment on the portfolio—a recorder's clerk in a round wig, pen in hand, like a man ready to write.

This clerk was of the class called "bag-keepers," as shown by a bag lying before him at his feet. These articles, formerly employed in lawsuits, were called "justice-bags."

A man, entirely clothed in leather, leaned his back against one of the pillars, crossing his arms. He was the executioner's servant.

These men seemed fixed by enchantment in their gloomy position around the chained prisoner. Not one of them stirred or spoke.

A monstrous tranquillity reigned over all the scene.

What Gwynplaine saw there was a torture-cellar.

These cellars abounded in England. The crypt of Beauchamp Tower was long used for this purpose; so was the vault of the Lollards' prison. Of this sort was the underground cell called "Lady Place Vaults," which may still be seen in London. There is a fireplace in it, to heat irons, if necessary.

All the prisons of King John's time—and Southwark jail was one of these—had their torture-cellar.

What follows frequently happened in England then, and might literally, in a criminal case, be done there even now, for all those laws still exist. England presents the singular spectacle of a barbarous code living on good terms with liberty. We must confess that the family arrangement works well.

Still, a little distrust might not be out of place. Let a crisis come, and vengeance may possibly awake. English legislation is a tame tigress. She shows her velvety paws; but her claws are there still.

It is wise to cut the claws of the law.

Law almost ignores right. On one hand penal enactments, on the other humanity. Philosophers protest; but much time will yet elapse before human justice shall have become one with real justice.

Respect for the law; that is the English motto. In England the laws are so much venerated, that they are never abolished. The escape from the consequences of this veneration is the not executing them. An old law fallen into disuse is like an old woman; but it is not necessary to kill either of the venerable ladies; you merely let them alone. They have the right to think themselves perpetually young and beautiful. They are allowed to dream that they still live. This politeness is called respect.

The Norman practice is aged and wrinkled enough; that does not prevent more than one English judge from casting sheep's eyes at it. Any atrocious bit of antiquity is lovingly preserved, if it be Norman. What more barbarous than the gibbet? In 1866, a man* was condemned to be quartered, the quarters to be placed at her Majesty's disposal.

But the torture has never existed in England.

History says so. The assurance of history is charming.

Matthew, of Westminster, notes that "the Saxon law, very clement and kind," did not punish criminals with death, and he adds that it only "cut off their noses, put out their eyes, and castrated them!"

Gwynplaine, bewildered, at the top of the staircase, began to tremble in every limb. He experienced every kind of shudder. He tried to remember what crime he could have committed. To the wapentake's silence had succeeded the vision of punishment. A step forward, but a tragic one. He saw the gloomy legal puzzle, in which he felt himself trapped, growing darker and darker.

The human form on the ground uttered a second gurgle.

Gwynplaine felt his shoulder gently pushed.

This push came from the wapentake.

Gwynplaine understood that he must go down.

He obeyed.

He descended the staircase step by step. The steps were very shallow and eight or nine inches high. Moreover, there was no hand-rail. It was not possible to descend without care. Two steps behind Gwynplaine came the wapentake, holding the iron weapon erect; and behind him, at the same distance, came the justice of the quorum.

Gwynplaine, while descending these stairs, felt his hopes strangely swallowed up. It was a sort of death, step by step. Each successive stair put out a light in his soul. Growing paler and paler, he reached the bottom of the staircase.

The species of ghost chained on the ground to the four pillars continued to gurgle.

A voice in the obscurity said:

—Come forward.

It was the sheriff who addressed Gwynplaine.

Gwynplaine took a step forward.

—Nearer, said the voice.

Gwynplaine took another step.

—Quite near, repeated the sheriff.

The justice of the quorum murmured in Gwynplaine's ear, so gravely that the whisper was solemn:

—You are before the sheriff of the county of Surrey.

Gwynplaine walked up to the tortured man whom he saw stretched in the middle of the cellar. The wapentake and the justice of the quorum remained where they were, and let him advance alone.

When Gwynplaine, fairly arrived under the canopy, had a near view of the wretched object which he as yet had only seen from a distance, and which was a living man, his fear became terror.

The man bound on the earth was entirely naked, except that hideously decent rag which might be called the fig-leaf of torture, which was the Roman *succingulum*, and the Gothic *christipannus*, and of which our old Gaulish jargon made the word *cripagna*. Christ on the cross had only this scrap of covering.

The awful sufferer, whom Gwynplaine regarded, seemed to be a man of from fifty to sixty. His chin was rough with the white stubble of a beard. His eyes were shut and his mouth was open. All his teeth could be seen. His thin, bony face was like a death's head. His arms and legs, fastened by the chains to the four stone posts, made the figure of an X. On his chest and belly was an iron plate, and on this plate were placed in a heap five or six large stones. The gurgling sound which he uttered was sometimes a respiration, sometimes a groan.

The sheriff, without letting go his bouquet of roses, took from the table, with the hand which he had free, his white wand, and raised it perpendicularly, saying:

—Obedience to her Majesty!

Then he replaced the wand on the table.

After which, slowly as a death-knell, without a gesture, motionless as the sufferer, the sheriff raised his voice.

He said:

* The Fenian Burke, May, 1866.

— You, prisoner, who are here bound in chains, listen for the last time to the voice of justice. You have been taken from your cell and brought to this jail. Properly questioned in the legal forms, *formaliis verbis pressus*, without regard to the summons made to you by reading, and which will be made again, inspired by a spirit of wicked and perverse obstinacy, you have enveloped yourself in silence, and refused to answer the judge, which is a detestable license, and constitutes, among the actions punishable with seclusion, the crime and misdemeanor of overt-ness.

The sergeant of the coif, standing at the sheriff's right, interrupted him, saying in an indifferent tone that was inexpressibly mournful:

— *Overhernessa*, Laws of Alfred and Godrun, Chapter Sixth.

The sheriff resumed:

— The law is revered by all, save the robbers who infest the woods where the hinds bring forth.

Like one bell tolling after another, the sergeant repeated:

— *Qui faciunt castum in foresta ubi dama solent fouininare*.

— He who refuses to answer the magistrate, continued the sheriff, is obnoxious to every charge. He is considered capable of every vice.

The sergeant broke in again:

— *Prodigus, devorator, profusus, salax, ruffianus, obrius, luxuriosus, simulator, consumptor patrimonii, helluo, et gluto*.

— All vices, said the sheriff, suppose all crimes. He who admits nothing confesses all. He who preserves silence, before the judge's questions, is virtually a liar and a parricide.

— *Mendax et parricida*, said the sergeant.

Then said the sheriff:

— Prisoner, you are not allowed to exile yourself by silence. The counterfeit fugitive wounds the dignity of the law. He is like Diomed wounding a goddess. Silence before justice is one form of rebellion. Treason to justice is treason to the sovereign. Nothing can be more detestable or more rash. He who withdraws himself from examination steals the truth. The law has provided for him. In such cases, the English have from all time enjoyed the right of fosse, fork, and chains.

— *Anglica Charta*, year 1088, said the sergeant.

And he added with the same mechanical gravity:

— *Ferrum et fossam et furcas cum aliis libertatibus*.

The sheriff continued:

— Therefore, prisoner, since you have not chosen to quit your silence, although of sound mind, and perfectly understanding what the judge asks you, since you are diabolically refractory, you have incurred an infernal punishment, and you have been, in the terms of the criminal statutes, put to the torture called *la peine forte et dure*. This is what has been done to you. The law demands that I should declare it to you officially. You have been brought into this underground dungeon, you have been stripped of your garments, you have been laid on your back upon the ground, your four limbs have been stretched and bound to four columns, as the law commands, a sheet of iron has been placed upon your belly, and as many stones laid on your body as you can bear. "And more than he can bear," says the law.

— *Plusque*, added the sergeant, in confirmation.

The sheriff continued:

— In this position and before prolonging the question, there was made to you by me, sheriff of the county of Surrey, repeated summons to speak and answer, and you satanically persevered in silence, although in hold of fetters, chains, stocks, shackles, and irons.

— *Attachamenta legalia*, said the sergeant.

— On your hardened refusal, said the sheriff, it being proper that the obstinacy of the law should equal the obstinacy of the criminal, the question continued as the edicts and texts order.

— The first day, you had nothing either to eat or drink.

— *Hoc est superjejunare*, said the sergeant.

There was a moment's silence. The horrible hissing respiration of the man under the pile of stones was audible.

The sergeant-at-law completed his interruption.

— *Addé augmentum abstinencia ciborum diminutione. Consuetudo Britannica*, five hundred and fourth article.

These two men, the sheriff and the sergeant, spoke alternately; nothing could be more gloomy than their immovable monotony; the mournful voice answered the ominous voice. It was like the priest and the deacon of torture celebrating the ferocious rites of the law.

The sheriff recommenced:

— The first day, you had nothing either to eat or drink. The second day, you had food, but no drink; three morsels of barley bread were put into your mouth. The third day, you had drink, and no food. There was poured into your mouth, at three times and in three glasses, a pint of water taken from the gutter of the prison drain. The fourth day has come. It is today. Now if you still refuse to answer, you will be left there till you die. Such is the will of justice.

The sergeant, always ready with his refrain, expressed his approval:

— *Mors rei homagium est bonæ legi*.

— And while you feel yourself dying thus lamentably, continued the sheriff, no one will assist you, even though the blood should start from your throat, from your beard, and your armpits, and out of all the pores of your body from your mouth to your loins.

— *A throtobolla*, said the sergeant, *et pube et subhirrois et a grugno usque ad erupponem*.

The sheriff went on:

— Attention, prisoner, for the rest concerns you. If you renounce your execrable silence, and confess, you will only be hung, and you will have a right to the *meldefeoh*, which is a sum of money.

— *Dammum confitens*, said the sergeant, *habeat meldefeoh. Leges Inæ*, chapter twenty.

— Which sum, urged the sheriff, will be paid you in doittins, suskins, and gallihalpens, the only case in which this coinage can be used, according to the terms of the statute of abolition, in the third year of Henry V., and you will have the right and enjoyment of *scortum ante mortem*, and then you will be hanged on the gallows. Such are the advantages of confession. Will you answer the judge?

The sheriff stopped and waited. The sufferer remained motionless.

The sheriff recommenced:

— Prisoner, silence is a refuge in which there is more danger than safety. Obstinacy is a damnable wickedness. He who is silent before the judge is a felon against the crown. Do not persist in this unfilial disobedience. Think of her Majesty. Do not resist our gracious queen. When I speak to you, answer her. Be a loyal subject.

There was a rattle in the prisoner's throat.

The sheriff recommenced:

— Thus, after the first seventy-two hours of the question, we are here at the fourth day. Prisoner, this is the decisive day. It is for the fourth day that the law assigns the act of confrontation.

— *Quarta die, frontem ad frontem adduca*, murmured the sergeant.

— The wisdom of the law, continued the sheriff, has chosen this supreme hour, in order to secure what our ancestors called "judgment by mortal cold," since it is the moment when men are believed on their yea and nay.

The sergeant-at-law once more enforced and supported the statement:

— *Judicium pro frodmortell, quod homines credendi sint per suum ya et suum na*. Charter of King Athelstan, volume first, page one hundred and seventy-three.

They waited a moment; then the sheriff bent his stern face toward the sufferer:

— Prisoner on the ground there . . .

And he paused.

— Prisoner, cried he, do you hear me?

The man did not stir.

— In the name of the law, said the sheriff, open your eyes.

The man's eyelids remained shut.

The sheriff turned to the physician standing on his left.

— Doctor, make your diagnosis.

— *Proba, da diagnosticum*, said the sergeant.

The doctor descended from the flag-stone with magisterial stiffness, approached the prisoner, stooped down, placed his ear close to the sufferer's mouth, felt his pulse at the wrist, the arm-pit, and the thigh, and stood up again.

— Well? said the sheriff.

— He still hears, said the doctor.

— Does he see? asked the sheriff.

The doctor replied:

— He can see.

At a sign of the sheriff, the justice of the quorum and the wapentake came forward. The wapentake placed himself near the prisoner's head; the justice of the quorum stopped behind Gwynplaine.

The physician retreated a step between the pillars. Then the sheriff, raising his bouquet of roses as a priest elevates his sprinkling-brush, addressed the sufferer in a loud and terrible voice:

— Speak, wretch! The law entreats you before exterminating you. You wish to seem dumb—think on the tomb which is dumb; you wish to seem deaf—think on the judgment which is deaf. Think on death, which is worse than yourself. Consider, you will be left in this cell. Listen, O fellow-being, for I am a man! Listen, O brother, for I am a Christian! Listen, O son, for I am old! Beware of me, for I have the control of your suffering, and I shall presently be terrible. The terror of the law makes the majesty of the judge. Think that I myself tremble at myself. My own power terrifies me. Drive me not to extremes. I feel myself full of the hallowed ornelty which punishes crime. Wherefore, O unfortunate man, have a healthy and honest fear of justice, and obey me. The hour of confrontation has come, and you must answer. Be not obstinate in your resistance. Take not the irrevocable step. Hear me, incipient corpse, and think that I have the right to finish you! Unless you choose to perish here through hours and days and weeks, in a long and fearful agony of hunger and filth, under the weight of those stones, alone in this dungeon, abandoned, forgotten, blotted out, given to the rats and the weasels for food, eaten by the vermin of darkness, while men come and go, buy and sell, and carriages roll over your head; unless it suits you to gasp without respite in this deep despair, gnashing your teeth, wailing, blaspheming, without a doctor to tend your sores, without a priest to administer the balm of divine compassion to your soul; unless you wish to feel the fearful foam of death slowly gathering on your lips, I entreat and adjure you, hear me! I call you to your own help; have pity on yourself, do what you are asked, yield to justice, obey, turn your head, open your eyes, and say if you recognize this man.

The sufferer neither turned his head nor opened his eyes.

The sheriff cast a glance at the justice of the quorum and the wapentake in turn.

The justice pulled off Gwynplaine's hat and cloak, took him by the shoulders and turned him, facing the light, toward the chained man. Gwynplaine's features, fully lit up, stood out in strange relief from the abundant shade.

At the same time the wapentake stooped, took the prisoner's head by the temples between his hands, turned his motionless head toward Gwynplaine, and with his thumbs and forefingers separated the closed lids. The wild eyes of the man appeared.

The sufferer saw Gwynplaine.

Then, lifting his head himself, and opening his eyes wide, he looked at him.

He shook as much as a man can shake with a mountain on his breast, and cried out:

— It is he! yes, it is he!

And, terrible to hear, he broke out into a laugh.

— It is he! he repeated.

Then he let his head fall back on the ground, and closed his eyes again.

— Clerk, said the sheriff, write that down.

Gwynplaine, though terrified, had nearly kept his countenance up to that moment. The cry of the prisoner, *It is he!* overwhelmed him. The words, *Clerk, write that down*, froze him. He seemed to make out that a criminal was dragging him into his own fate, though he, Gwynplaine, could not guess why, and that the unintelligible confession of this man was closing on him like the clasp of a fetter. He imagined this man and himself bound on the same pillory to two similar posts. Out of his depth in this terror he struggled wildly. With the thorough confusion of innocence, he commenced to stammer incoherent expressions; trembling, terrified, bewildered, he threw out at random the first cries which occurred to him, and all those words of anguish which are like the missiles of a madman.

— 'Tis not true. 'Tis not I. I don't know this man. He can't know me, because I don't know him. I have my representation of to-night waiting for me. What is wanted of me? I demand my liberty. That is not all. Why have I been brought into this cellar? There is no more law then! Say at once that there is no more law. Judge, I repeat that it is not I. I am innocent of all that can be said about me. I know it well, I do. I want to go. This is not right. There is nothing between that man and me. You can inquire. My life is not a hidden matter. They came to seize me like a thief. Why did they come so? That man there, do I know who he is? I am a travelling clown who makes fun at fairs and markets. I am The Man Who Laughs. Plenty of people have come to see me. We are in Tarrinzeau-Field. I have been practising my business honestly these fifteen years. I am twenty-five years old. I live at the Tadcaster Inn. My name is Gwynplaine. Judge, do me the favor to make them dismiss me. It is not right to take advantage of the weakness of poor wretches. Have pity on a man who has done nothing, and who is without protection and without defence. You have before you a poor mountebank.

— I have before me, said the sheriff, Lord Fernain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, peer of England.

Rising, and offering his chair to Gwynplaine, the sheriff added:

— My lord, will your lordship deign to be seated?

BOOK V.—THE SEA AND FATE ARE STIRRED BY THE SAME BLAST.

I.

SOLIDITY OF FRAGILE THINGS.

DESTINY sometimes holds out to us a glass of madness to drink. A hand emerges from the cloud, and offers us the sombre cup, wherein is drunkenness unknown.

Gwynplaine did not comprehend it.

He looked behind to see who was addressed.

Too sharp a sound is none the more distinguishable by the ear; emotion, too sharp, is none the more distinguishable by the intelligence. There is a limit for understanding, as for hearing.

The wapentake and the justice of the quorum approached

Gwynplaine, and took each an arm. He felt that they had seated him in the arm-chair, whence the sheriff had risen.

He let them do it, without explaining to himself how this could be.

When Gwynplaine was seated, the justice of the quorum and the wapentake fell back some steps, and held themselves upright and motionless in the rear of the arm-chair.

Then the sheriff placed his nosegay of roses on the flagstone, put on a pair of spectacles presented to him by the clerk, drew out, from under the bundles of papers heaped upon the table, a sheet of parchment, spotted, turned yellow, turned green, gnawed, and frayed in places, that seemed to have been folded up in extremely narrow folds, and one side of which was covered with writing. Then, standing up under the light of the lantern, and bringing the document up to his eyes, he read as follows:

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,

"This day, twenty-ninth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety of our Lord.

"Has been wickedly abandoned, on the desert coast of Portland, with the design of letting him perish, of hunger, of cold, and of solitude, a child aged ten years.

"This child was sold at the age of two years, by order of his most gracious Majesty King James the Second.

"This child is Lord Fermain Olancharlie, only legitimate son of Lord Linnaeus Olancharlie, Baron Olancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Italy, peer of the kingdom of England, defunct, and of Ann Bradshaw, his wife, defunct.

"This child is heir of the possessions and titles of his father. That is why he was sold, mutilated, disfigured, and put out of the way, by the will of his most gracious Majesty.

"This child has been brought up and trained to be a mountebank at markets and fairs.

"He was sold, at the age of two years, after the death of the lord his father; and ten pounds sterling were given to the king for the purchase of this child, as well as for divers concessions, tolerances, and immunities.

"Lord Fermain Olancharlie, aged two years, was bought by me the undersigned who write these lines, and was mutilated and disfigured by a Fleming of Flanders named Hardquanonne, who alone is in possession of the secrets and processes of Doctor Conquêt.

"The child was intended by us to be a laughing mask. *Masca ridens.*

"With this design, Hardquanonne practised on him the operation, *Bucca fissa usque ad aures*, which stamps an eternal laugh upon the face.

"The child, by means known to Hardquanonne only, having been put to sleep and rendered insensible during the work, does not know that he underwent this operation.

"He does not know that he is Lord Olancharlie.

"He answers to the name of Gwynplaine.

"This comes of his tender age and imperfect memory when he was sold and bought, being scarcely two years old.

"Hardquanonne is the only person who knows how to perform the operation *Bucca fissa*; and this child is the only living person on whom it has been performed.

"This operation is unique and singular in this respect, that, even after many years, the child—were he an old man in place of being a child, and had his black hair become white hair—would be immediately recognized by Hardquanonne.

"At the hour when we write this, Hardquanonne, who knows pertinently all these facts and took part in them as the principal actor, is held in the prisons of his highness the Prince of Orange, vulgarly called King William III. Hardquanonne has been apprehended and seized, as being one of the so-called Comprachicos or Cheylas. He is shut up in the strong keep at Oatham.

"It was in Switzerland, near the Lake of Geneva, between

Lausanne and Vevey, in the very house where his father and mother had died, that the child, in conformity with the king's commands, was sold and delivered to us by the last servant of the deceased Lord Linnaeus, which servant died soon after his masters; so that this delicate and secret affair is at these presents known to no person here below, except to Hardquanonne, who is in a dungeon at Oatham, and to us who are about to die.

"We, the undersigned, have brought up, and kept for eight years, the little lord bought by us from the king, so as to make use of him in our business.

"On this day, flying from England, to avoid the hard fate of Hardquanonne, we have, through timidity and fear, on account of the prohibitions and penal fulminations enacted in Parliament, abandoned at nightfall, on the Portland coast, the said child Gwynplaine, who is Lord Fermain Olancharlie.

"Now, we have sworn secrecy to the king, but not to God.

"This night, at sea, assailed by a severe tempest, according to the will of Providence, in absolute despair and distress, kneeling before Him who can save our lives, and may perhaps be willing to save our souls, having nothing more to expect from men and every thing to fear from God, having, for anchor and resource, repentance of our evil deeds, resigned to die, and content if justice on high be satisfied, humble and penitent and smiting our breasts, we make this declaration and confide it and throw it into the furious sea, so that the sea may use it for advantage in obedience to God. And may the Most Holy Virgin be our help! So be it! And we have signed."

The sheriff, interrupting, said:

— Here are the signatures, all in different handwriting.

And he went on to read:

— "Doctor Gernardus Geestemunde.—Asuncion.—A cross, and by the side of it: Barbara Fermoy, of Tyrryf Island, in the Hebrides.—Gaizdorra, chief.—Giangirate.—Jacques Quatourze, called the Narbonne.—Luc. Pierre Capgaroupe, from the galleys at Mahon."

The sheriff, pausing again, said:

— Note, written in the same hand as the text, and as the first signed name.

And he read:

— "Of the three men of the crew, the master having been washed away by a wave, only two remain. And they have signed.—Galdezura.—Ave-Maria, thief."

The sheriff, commingling the text and the interruptions, continued:

— At foot of the sheet is written:

— "At sea, on board the *Matutina*, Biscayan ork, of the Gulf of Pasages."

— This sheet, added the sheriff, is a chancery-office parchment, bearing the water-mark of King James the Second. On the margin of the declaration, and in the same handwriting, there is this note:

— "The present declaration is written by us on the back of the leaf of the royal order that was handed to us, as our license for buying the child. Let the leaf be turned over and the order will be seen."

The sheriff turned over the parchment, and raised it up in his right hand, exposing it to the light. A white page was visible—if the term "white page" can be applied to such a mass of mouldiness—and in the middle of the page three written words: two Latin words, *jussu regis*, and one signature: *Jeffroy*.

— *Jussu regis*. *Jeffroy*, said the sheriff, changing his voice from grave to loud.

A man on whose head a tile from the palace of dreams has fallen—such was Gwynplaine.

He began to speak as one speaks in a state of unconsciousness.

— Gernardus; yes, the doctor. An old man, and sad. I was afraid of him. Gaizdorra, *captal*, that's to say the chief. There were women, Asuncion, and another one. And then the

Provençal. That was Capgarroupe. He drank from a flat bottle; and there was a name written on it in red.

— Here it is, said the sheriff.

And he placed an object upon the table, that the clerk had drawn out from an official bag.

It was a gourd, with handles, and covered with wicker. The bottle had evidently passed through adventures. It must have made a sojourn in the water. Shell-fish and sea-weed were sticking to it. It was incrustated and embossed with all the mildews of the ocean. The neck had a circlet of pitch, indicating that it had been hermetically sealed. It was unsealed and open. At the same time, a sort of stopper, of a rope's-end pitched, which had been the cork, was replaced in the mouth.

— It was in this bottle, said the sheriff, that the declaration that has just been read was enclosed by those persons who were about to die. The message addressed to justice has been faithfully remitted to it by the sea.

The sheriff added something to the majesty of his intonation, and continued:

— Just as Harrow Hill excels in corn, and supplies the fine wheat flour from which the bread is baked for the royal table, so does the sea render to England all the services that it possibly can; and when a lord is lost, it finds him and brings him back.

Then he resumed:

— There is, in fact, a name inscribed in red upon this gourd.

And raising his voice, he turned toward the motionless sufferer:

— Your name, yours, malefactor, here present. For such are the mysterious ways by which the truth reaches the surface, after being engulfed in the whirlpool of human actions.

The sheriff took the gourd, and turned toward the light one of the sides of the waif that had been rubbed clean, probably for the ends of justice. There was seen, winding through the wicker-work interlacings, a narrow strip of red cane, become black in spots by the action of water and of time. The cane, notwithstanding some fractures, traced distinctly in the wicker-work these twelve letters: *Hardquanonne*.

— Hardquanonne! When by us, sheriff, this gourd whereon is your name, was, for the first time, shown, exhibited, and presented to you, you recognized it at once and in good grace as having belonged to you. Then, having heard read to you, in its tenor, the parchment that was folded up and enclosed therein, you were not willing to say further, and refused to reply, in the hope without doubt that the lost child would not be found, and that you yourself would escape punishment. In consequence of that refusal you were subjected to the *peine forte et dure*, and a second reading was made to you of the aforesaid parchment, whereto were consigned the declaration and confession of your accomplices. Without avail. This day, which is the fourth day, and the day legally appointed for confrontation, having been brought into the presence of him who was abandoned at Portland, on the twenty-ninth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety, the diabolical hope has faded away in you, and you have broken silence and recognized your victim.

The sufferer opened his eyes, raised up his head, and essayed to speak in a voice wherein was the strange sonorousness of agony, with an inexpressible calmness qualifying the throat-rattle, and pronouncing, tragically, under that mass of stones, the words, for each one of which he had to lift up the sort of sepulchral lid that covered him.

— I swore secrecy; and I have kept it to the utmost of my power. The men of gloom are the faithful men; and there is honor in hell. To-day, silence has become useless. So be it. That is why I speak. Yes, then; it is he. We did it jointly, we two, the king and I; the king for his good pleasure—I for my art.

And, looking at Gwynplaine, he added:

— Now, laugh forever!

And he himself broke out into a laugh.

This second laugh, more savage still than the former one, might have been taken for a sob.

The laugh ceased, and the man laid himself down again. His eyelids were reclosed.

The sheriff, who had given up the word to the tortured man, went on:

— On all which action is taken.

He gave the clerk time to write; then he said:

— Hardquanonne, by the terms of the law, after confrontation carried out, after the third reading of the declaration of your accomplices, furthermore confirmed by your own recognition and confession, after your repeated avowal, you are to be relieved from these shackles and handed over to her Majesty's good pleasure, in order that you may be hung as a plagiary.

— Plagiary, chimed in the sergeant-at-law; that is to say, buyer and seller of children. Visigoth law, book seven, chapter three, paragraph *Ueupaverit*; and Salic law, chapter forty-one, paragraph two; and Frison law, chapter twenty-one, *De Plagio*. And Alexander Nequam says:

*Qui pueros vendis, plagiarius est tibi nomen.**

The sheriff put the parchment on the table, took off his spectacles, resumed his nose-gay, and said:

— End of the *peine forte et dure*. Hardquanonne, thank her Majesty!

By a sign, the justice of the quorum set in movement the man clad in leather.

This fellow, who was a valet of the executioner—"groom of the gibbet," say the old titles—stepped to the sufferer, took off one by one the stones that were on his stomach, lifted off the iron plate, and thus brought to sight the ribs of the poor wretch thrown out of shape, and then unfastened from wrist and ankle the four iron shackles by which he was secured to the pillars.

The victim, relieved of the stones and released from the chains, remained flat upon the ground, his eyes closed, his arms and legs apart, like one crucified and unnailed.

— Hardquanonne, said the sheriff, stand up!

The sufferer did not budge.

The groom of the gibbet took one of his hands, and then let it go; the hand fell down again. The other hand, on being lifted up, fell down again in like manner. The executioner's valet then laid hold of one foot, then of the other; the heels flopped down upon the ground. The fingers remained inert, the toes motionless. The naked feet of a body lying thus have almost the effect of bristling up.

The doctor came up, drew from a pocket in his robe a small steel mirror, and held it before Hardquanonne's gaping mouth; then with his fingers he opened his eyelids. They did not close themselves again. The glassy eyeballs remained fixed.

The doctor resumed his standing posture, and said:

— He is dead.

And he added:

— He laughed; that killed him.

— That's of small consequence, said the sheriff. After the confession, living or dying is a mere formality.

Then, indicating Hardquanonne by a wave of his nose-gay of roses, the sheriff flung this order to the wapentake:

— Carcass to be removed hence to-night.

The wapentake expressed obedience by a nodding of the head; and the sheriff added:

— The prison burial-ground is opposite.

The wapentake made a fresh sign of assent.

The clerk was writing.

The sheriff, having the nose-gay in his left hand, took his white wand in the other, placed himself immediately in front of Gwynplaine still seated, made him a low bow, and then—another solemn attitude—threw his head back, and, looking Gwynplaine in the face, said to him:

* Thou who sellest children, thy name is plagiary.

— To you who are here present, we, Philip Denzil Parsons, knight, sheriff of the county of Surrey, assisted by Aubrey Docminique, Esquire, our clerk and registrar, and by our ordinary officers, duly warranted by special and direct order of her Majesty, in virtue of our commission, and of the rights and duties of our charge, and by authority of the Lord-Chancellor of England—official report being made and action taken, in view of the documents communicated by the Admiralty, after the verification of attestations and signatures, after declarations read and heard, after confrontation had, all the legal statements and informations being completed, exhausted, and brought to good and just conclusion—do signify and declare to you, so that the right may come of it, that you are Fernmain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, and peer of England! And may God have your lordship in good keeping!

And he bowed down.

The sergeant-at-law, the doctor, the justice of the quorum, the wapentake, the clerk, all the assistants, except the executioner, repeated this salutation more profoundly still, and inclined themselves to the earth before Gwynplaine.

— Ho, some one, cried Gwynplaine, wake me!

And he stood up, deadly pale.

— I have effectually wakened you, said a voice that had not yet been heard.

A man stepped out from behind one of the pillars. As no one had penetrated into the vault, since the sheet of iron had given passage on arrival of the police procession, it was clear that this man was thus lying hid, previous to Gwynplaine's entrance; that he had a regular part to play as observer; and that it was his mission and duty to hold to it. This man was thickset and portly, in a court wig and travelling-cloak, rather old than young, and very neat.

He saluted Gwynplaine with ease and respect, with the elegance of a gentleman in service, and without any magisterial awkwardness.

— Yes, said he, I have wakened you. You have been asleep for twenty-five years. You have had a dream, and you must emerge from it. You believe yourself Gwynplaine; you are Clancharlie. You believe yourself of the people; you are of the nobility. You believe yourself of the lowest rank; you are of the uppermost. You believe yourself an actor; you are a senator. You believe yourself poor; you are rich. You think yourself small; you are great. Wake up, my lord!

Gwynplaine, in a voice very low and that bespoke a certain terror, murmured:

— What does all this mean?

— It means, my lord, replied the fat man, that I am named Barkilphedro; that I am an officer of the Admiralty; that this waif, Hardquanon's gourd, was found on the sea-shore; that it was brought to me to be unsealed by me, as is the business and prerogative of my office; that I opened it, in presence of two sworn jurymen of the office Jetsam, both of whom are members of Parliament, William Blathwaith for the city of Bath, and Thomas Jervoise for Southampton; that the two jurymen described and certified the contents of the gourd, and signed the official report of the opening, conjointly with myself; that I laid my report before her Majesty; that by the queen's order all necessary legal formalities have been fulfilled, with the discretion that so delicate a matter requires, and that the last, the confrontation, has just taken place. This means that you have a million for income. This means that you are a lord of the United Kingdom of Great Britain; legislator and judge, supreme and sovereign legislator; clothed in purple and ermine; the equal of princes and the like of emperors; that you have upon your head the peer's coronet; and that you are about to espouse a duchess, daughter of a king.

Beneath this transfiguration, coming down upon him like a thunderbolt, Gwynplaine fainted away.

WHAT A SNOW-FLAKE MAY COME TO.

By DR. I. I. HAYES.

STAGE THE SECOND.—THE ICE-STREAM.

I had once occasion to stop at Upernavik, the most northern of the Danish-Esquimaux settlements, or colonies, on the Greenland coast; and, having heard much of a famous ice-stream in that neighborhood, I availed myself of the opportunity to pay it a visit. It lies at the head of a fiord which is fifty miles long, measured from the outer coast line, and is from ten to fifteen miles wide; in one place it is twenty. It is dotted here and there with little rocky islands, and is lined on either side by dark reddish-brown cliffs of great height and of forbidding aspect. The color of the rocks gives the native name to the fiord. *Auk-pad-lar-tok*, they call it—signifying "The Place of the Red Rocks." The glacier at the end of it takes its name from the fiord.

This fiord is in its general appearance like all the other deep inlets which give such peculiar character to the outline of Greenland. They are, as it were, deep cuts in the land. The coasts are tortuous; they are very barren; the water is very deep; the fiord is encumbered with ice; it is inhabited by bears and seals; and, in the summer-time, the islands swarm with different varieties of water-fowl—chiefly gulls, ducks, geese, and auks, which have come there from the south, to breed in the perpetual sunshine of the summer.

The fiord of *Auk-pad-lar-tok* lies immediately north of Upernavik, in latitude 73°. In fact, Upernavik stands upon an island at the southern horn of the fiord, in latitude 72° 40'; and it is not only the most northern of the Danish colonies in Greenland, but it is the most northern Christian settlement on the globe. One would think it the most northern border of human occupation; but it is only the dilute margin of civilized existence; for I have discovered savages much farther north—traces of them within five hundred miles of the pole, and actual residents within seven hundred. These were the Esquimaux—the true hyperboreans—a fish and blubber-eating, furred, broad-visaged, black-haired, leather-complexioned race of nomadic hunters, who have wandered thither, no doubt, from Asia,—crossing Behring Strait, into Alaska, in canoes. Moving thence eastward along the north coasts of America (they are an exclusively coast people, and are nowhere tillers of the soil), they have finally reached Greenland in the same manner as they had before reached America.

Upernavik is a kind of polar Long Branch (its name signifying "Summer place," from *Upernak*, "summer," and *avik*, "place"), being, during the summer-time, a great resort for the natives, who flock thither for no discoverable purpose except to make themselves and others as uncomfortable as possible. It is very barren and desolate, and is much exposed to the sea. Besides, it has that inevitable odor belonging to all fishing-towns—once perceived, never to be forgotten. It wells up from the rocks, from the huts, the boats, the store-house;—everywhere the smell of decomposing fish and blubber; and it is so peculiarly penetrating and demonstrative in its character, that one is seized immediately with a desire to get away, and permanently with a desire never to go back again.

Having brought my vessel to an anchor in the little harbor, in such a position as best compromised between the disagreeable odors on the one hand and the dangerous breakers on the other, I made preparation at once to visit *Auk-pad-lar-tok* glacier; and I was soon off in a whale-boat with a full crew, camp equipage enough for any number of days' absence; scientific instruments for any amount of exploration; and guns and rifles enough for any quantity of shooting. These latter were indeed most important, as they were our chief reliance for supplies. The birds, as I have said, were very numerous. That they were very fishy (living wholly on shrimps), we had long since ceased to remember.

We were two days in reaching our destination, during which time the weather was fine, the temperature ranging at about 60°. The sun did not leave us at midnight; and altogether it was rather a holiday excursion than a "hard experience." The shooting could not be excelled, but the work for the sailors was, it must be owned, rather severe. The fiord was crowded everywhere with ice to such an extent that it appeared, on all sides of us, as if covered with a canopy; and among the masses we were compelled to pick a devious passage, which was often attended with excessive labor, and was not without danger. First, there were the fields of ice, large and small, some very thin and rotten, others thick and solid, which sometimes, by completely blocking up the way, compelled us to make, over the ice-fields, a sort of portage,—dragging our boat and cargo. Then again came the icebergs, great and little, of every size, from a hen-coop to a city, and of every height, from almost no height at all to the dome of the national capitol. Some were wall-sided, like a fort; some were rounded, like a huge pot turned upside down; some had spires, like a church; some had blue and green caverns in their sides, which led the imagination off into a great glacial mammoth cave: no two were alike, and there was nothing the fancy might conjure up that did not take shape in the endless blocks of glittering crystal—a dog here, a bear there, a bird in another place; then a Greek temple to the right, a mosque to the left; the gable-end of a country-house in front, an unfinished city hall behind, and ruins everywhere. Being for the most part transparent, the play of light upon them was very wonderful. Being angular, they dissolved the sun's rays; being glassy, they reflected the hues of the clouds. Filling the fiord within its walls, they scattered at its mouth, and dotted with sparks of light the deep-blue waters of Baffin's Bay.

To reach the end of the fiord we required a guide; so, agreeably to the directions of the Governor of Upernavik, we hauled in to a tall cliff, which is about thirty miles up the fiord. At the base of this cliff we find a narrow ledge of rock, and on this we discover a rude hut overgrown with turf. Here lives the guide—at his feet the sea, above him as gloomy a wall as eye ever lighted on, where the croaking ravens have gathered for an evening concert. Great numbers of wolfish-looking dogs bay a deep-mouthed defiance rather than a welcome; that is, they howl it as we approach; while the inevitable odor of fish gives us a Greenland greeting.

It is a dreary and solitary place for human residence; but, for all, our guide is a cheerful-looking man, as he meets us at the beach. He is a flaxen-haired man, and is dressed partly in the skins of wild beasts, and partly in clothes of European fabrication. He is a Dane, and, strange to say, of his own free will and accord came to this wild and solitary place some five-and-twenty years gone by, and has lived there happy as a clam at high water ever since. At least his cheery weather-beaten face makes you think so. His name is Philip.

Philip's history has not been a peculiarly eventful one—hunting and fishing, year in and year out; trading what he did not need for home consumption to the Governor of Upernavik, and receiving in return all sorts of domestic luxuries, such as coffee, tea, sugar and tobacco, which his family seem to know well how to dispose of. For Philip has a family.

On his way into the fiord, "in the days of his youth," he stopped at Upernavik long enough to fall in love; no very uncommon thing to happen to a young bachelor, of high or low degree, at any time or in any place; but Philip's Dulcinea was a full-blown Esquimaux, with high cheek-bones, and jet-black hair, and jet-black eyes, and a very dark complexion. "She isn't lazy," said Philip, growing sentimental, "and she has been a good wife to me, very good indeed." I did not inquire whether she had been converted from the religion of her people, but suppose so, from the fact that she had taken the first great step toward godliness, according to St. Paul—in being clean. The inside of her hut was polished like

the deck of a man-of-war, and, although there was but one room, yet this was partitioned off into a number of stalls, which were filled half-way up to the roof with what looked like bags of air; in one of which, under the firm impression that I was floating in space, and rolling in a cloud, I slept (between two bags of eider-down, as it proved) the sleep of a weary man, after having eaten the meal of a hungry one; the meal being mainly composed of a fine salmon freshly caught in some neighboring lake, and venison from a neighboring valley.

Philip's wife has brought into the world a numerous progeny. Some are flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, like the father; others black-eyed and black-haired, like the mother; and they are of all sizes, from a babe at the breast to a full-grown hunter. But midway in the series is a phenomenon—a bright girl of fifteen summers, very fair, with eyes of the father and hair of the mother—a wild-flower, truly, in the wilderness. What a commentary, thought I, upon "the eternal fitness of things," as Square would have said! This pretty creature is to become the bride of a savage hunter lately converted and baptized Jens by the missionary at Upernavik. And so once more is a

"flower born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But, alas! Christina wears seal-skin breeches; and who could weave a romance of such materials?

Leaving the good wife and the fair Christina and the solitary hut, we once more threaded the fiord, over the dead waters and among the shifting ice that was grinding noisily with the tide.

We had a hard pull of it, and at length were brought to a stand five miles from the end of the fiord. We tried first one opening, then another, not without serious danger to our boat; and at length, convinced that we could proceed no farther, on account of the closely-impacted ice, we made our way to the land, drew the boat up on the beach, so far that it was perfectly safe from any waves which the crumbling icebergs might set in motion; and then, after a good rest, we mounted a neighboring hill for observation.

To reach the summit we find to be no easy task, the ascent being through a steep gorge, which is filled with sharp rocks that the frosts had hurled down from the cliffs above. But at last we come upon a tolerably level plain, across which we walk half a mile, and then we stand upon the edge of a precipice about a thousand feet high, facing the ice-encumbered fiord through which we have made our way.

Never did eye of man light upon a more marvellous spectacle. Below us the winding fiord, with its vast forest of icebergs glittering there in winding procession between the dark coasts and islands, made darker by the contrast. There, over the tops of the great icebergs, rose the opposite wall of the fiord to a great altitude, terminating in rounded bluffs that were partially covered with snow, and these blended with hills that rose still higher and higher in the distance, and these again into great cones of spotless whiteness, leading the imagination away, in the pearly distance, to the gates of some hitherto-undreamed-of paradise.

But down at my right was the object which I most rejoiced in—the phenomenon which I had come to see—the great glacier of Auk-pad-lar-tok, an immense wall of white and blue and green, crossing the waters from shore to shore, a distance of about ten miles. Behind this wall, like the snow-covered roof of a house, sloped up the white surface of the ice-stream, resting in the valley between the great bluffs and cliffs, which border it with a dark and dwindling line, until, in the far distance, this inclined plain has carried the eye up to the altitude of the most distant and lofty mountains, where it is lost in a great level line of bluish whiteness, stretching away to the north and south. This is the surface of the great ice-sea—the *mer de glace*.

As my eye lingered upon this far-distant line of the ice-sea, this boundless waste of accumulated snows, my imagination

wandered back to the time when the great ice-stream first emerged from it, when the valley in which it now rests was clothed with verdure, when sparrows chirped among the branches of its stunted trees, when herds of reindeer browsed upon its abundant pastures, and drank from a stream of limpid water which poured from the front of the *mer de glace*—at a time when the climate was warmer than it is to-day. Then I fancied myself standing where I am standing now (ages and ages ago), and saw the ice-stream first come in sight far up the winding valley, its front hundreds of feet high, and miles across; and I fancied myself watching the icy flood twisting and turning, widening and narrowing, sometimes moving with comparative rapidity, sometimes very slow, but steadily, year by year, coming toward the sea. I see it swallowing up rock and pasture; I see the deer retire farther and farther down the valley with each returning year; I see the hills within the valley overwhelmed, the crystal stream pouring over and around them as if the ice were soft putty; I hear the cracking of the ice, as the strain here and there becomes too great; and I hear the echoing sound of the avalanche of ice and snow crumbling from its front, and crashing far down into the plain beneath. All this seems to be passing before me. I watch the stream until the front of it has reached the sea. But here it does not stop. The bed of the sea is but a continuation of the same inclined plain as the bed of the valley, and its onward course is continued. It presses back the water; it makes now a coastline of ice where there had been a beach; and a white wall stretches from one side of the fiord to the other. As it flows onward, it gets into deeper and deeper water, its foot still resting on the bottom of the fiord. Thus the icy wall sinks gradually down, as it moves along, and, in course of time, it has almost gone out of sight. Then it gets beyond its depth.

When ice floats freely in water, there is one-eighth of it above the surface, to seven-eighths below. If these proportions become disturbed, then the buoyancy of the water will lift the end of the ice-stream up until it reaches its natural equilibrium. But for a long time the continuity of the ice is not interrupted—so great is its depth (many hundreds of feet), so great is its width (ten miles). But finally it is forced to give way. A crack is opened. It widens. A fragment is detached. It is lifted upward. When free, it bounds to its natural floating level; and, while the loud voice of the disruption is echoing among the hills, and the great waves of its creating are rolling down the fiord, the monstrous fragment is coming to its natural rest, ready to float away with the current to the sea.

This fragment is the *iceberg*.

Have I made the *ice-stream* clear?—its great width and depth, its length, its steady flow, the boundless sources of its origin? It is the Arctic river. To Greenland it is what the Amazon is to South America. The one drains down to the sea the precipitations of the air which fall as rain upon the slopes of the Andes and the mountains of Brazil and the plains between; the other drains to the sea the precipitations of the air which fall as snows upon the Greenland hills and mountains. The parallel is complete.

The surface of the ice-stream is, however, far from smooth, or its flow noiseless. Its substance is not so plastic that it yields to pressure readily. The movement of its particles in the moulding process is very slow. The pressure hence sometimes becomes too great. Cracks are opened, perhaps down through all the hundreds of feet which compose its depth; and, beginning as a loud peal, it becomes in the end a crash. This particularly happens when the bed over which the stream is flowing is very rough, and the descent rapid. Here the surface of the stream, losing its generally smooth character, is crossed with great crevasses in every direction. On the Auk-pad-lar-tok Glacier this was nowhere so conspicuous as about the point of a sharp headland, which, projecting far out into the valley, caused the ice-stream to narrow itself, and to flow more rapidly. This same effect was observable a little higher up, where

it had wound around a hill which it had not quite covered, the dark rocky crest showing conspicuously above the white surface of the stream, as an island in a river.

CLASSICAL STUDY AS A MENTAL TRAINING.

MANY admit that classical study does not impart much useful knowledge, and they do not advocate it on any such ground. They maintain that the true value of these studies lies in their superiority as an intellectual exercise, as a *training*.

This idea of training upon a foreign language has grown up in modern times. The Greeks did not train upon Persian or Scythian; they knew no language but their own. The Romans read Greek, but not for training; they read with a design to imitate, and signally corrupted their own idiom. The Medievals studied Latin because they had to make use of it. With them Greek was an after-thought, and was resorted to for the information it contained. It is only in these enlightened times that youth is wasted over laborious acquisitions for the sake of the exercise. Why have we never extended the principle beyond classics? Why do we not train our soldiers on the bow and arrow and the tomahawk, our deer-stalkers on a revived breed of the boar, our masons on towers of Babel, our clergymen on Druidical dances, chants, and whoops?

What faculty or faculties may classics be said to train? Whether the argument be of ancient or of modern device, let us consider it seriously and in detail.

First, of the *memory*. I am not aware that any special efficacy is claimed for classics in the training of memory. Naturally some people have more retentive memories than others, and retentiveness in a particular department is the result of familiarity with that department and interest in it. A Latin student of many years' standing easily remembers the peculiarities of a new Latin word. The experienced man of commerce easily remembers the peculiarities of new goods or a new customer; a woman of fashion, the peculiarities of a new dress. Every professional man takes up with ease what would be an utter puzzle to the uninitiated in his subject, simply because nearly all the novelty has occurred to him before in other forms. It is a matter of grave doubt whether such a familiarity with one subject is a help to the acquisition of another, unless of a kindred character. Experience points the other way. The Latin scholar rarely succeeds in commerce, beginning at mature age; the man whose youth has been spent in business rarely succeeds as a student of Latin. The late learner, in whatever field, is at a disadvantage, not so much because he is intellectually incapable of mastering the subject, as because he is preoccupied by other interests.

Next, of the *reason*. Let us examine the different operations in classical study, and see how far they may be said to give a special training to the reason.

That there is no discipline in *Latin Grammar* unattainable through English Grammar we shall show further on. In both cases the pupil is exercised in classifications of particles and usages, and applications of general rules to particular cases. Once the materials are collected—and that is not a grammatical process—construing English, as an intellectual exercise, is not different from construing Latin.

Is there a special discipline of the reason in *translation from Latin into English*?

In translation there are three distinguishable stages:

The first is to look out the different English equivalents for the Latin words. There is no discipline of the reason in that. The third stage (passing over the second for the moment) is the arrangement of the selected equivalents, more or less in

accordance with English usage. But that is obviously an exercise in correcting bad English.

It remains, then, to consider the intermediate stage. There being no peculiar exercise in the other two stages, the peculiar exercise of translation must be found here, if such peculiar exercise there be. The exercise alleged is an exercise of judgment. When the pupil has run over various equivalents of a Latin word, he is called upon to select the one appropriate to the context. Now, in the first place, there is in the actual practice of this operation very little exercise of judgment. Beginners are never asked to make the effort. They are supplied with vocabularies, exhibiting only one or two meanings. The exercise of judgment is thus reduced to a minimum for the early lessons, and, by the time the pupil is advanced to the dictionary, he has learned, by rote, such a number of usages in particular situations, that he merely recollects them to suit, and exercises very little more judgment than at the beginning. In the second place, the exercise, of whatever extent or value, is not peculiar: it may be obtained in English. Precisely the same faculty is called into play for the choice of words to suit the exigencies of metre, rhyme, or melody.

Finally, to call this process of selection a training in probable reasoning, as has been lately done, is an error arising from misconception of what probable reasoning is. In choosing a word, the boy does not calculate the probabilities for and against the chances of a translation being right or wrong. Hence the astonishment of a schoolmaster if his pupil should say—"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres." The chances are three hundred and sixty-seven to one that it means, All Gaul divided into three parts, and not, All Gaul eats things divided into three parts, for *est* means *is* three hundred and sixty-seven times for once that it means *eats*."

There is, then, no special training of the reason in translation from Latin into English. This will be generally conceded. The favorite gymnastic for the reason is not translation from Latin into English, but translation from English into Latin—Latin composition.

Is there a special exercise of the reason in Latin composition?—Let us analyze composition as we have analyzed translation, with an eye to the alleged exercise of reason.

That there is little exercise of reason in looking out and setting appropriate Latin words will be at once acknowledged. Everybody knows that the suitable words are chosen mainly, not solely, on authority. Such exercise as there may be, is not equal to English composition, where there is greater latitude of choice.

Although little judgment is exercised in choosing the words, there is, undeniably, some discrimination required in combining them according to their several usages.

First, what is the amount of discrimination?—Whoever chooses to reflect on the process will see that it involves more memory than judgment. For example, in construing "utor" with the ablative, the pupil remembers that "utor" takes the ablative, and what the ablative form is. There the exercise of judgment is at a *minimum*. Construing "in," signifying "motion," with the accusative, the pupil has to remember the accusative form: he has to distinguish between "motion" and "rest." There the exercise of judgment is at a *maximum*. The first example is a type of the usual exercise.

Secondly, granting a much greater exercise of judgment is apparent, I would ask whether it is peculiar to Latin composition?—On the contrary, it is an exercise performed daily and hourly by us all, in every case where we do not act without thinking—in deciding whether we shall buy a new hat, whether we shall cross the street, what we shall have for dinner, or where we will go to-morrow. There are abundant exercises of judgment in the study of English composition, as we shall endeavor to show in considering the educational resources of our own language.

Finally, and the remark applies to all alleged *general* training

of the reason, delicacy of discrimination in one material is very little help toward delicacy of discrimination in another material, of a different kind. This is a matter of every-day observation. A good judge of cloth is not a better judge of a speech or a poem than a bad judge of cloth, and conversely. Instances might be multiplied without end. In fact, so far from being trained in general judgment, a good judge of one thing is presumably a bad judge of any other thing—a good judge of Latin composition presumably a bad judge of English composition. This is acknowledged by Mr. Sidgwick, an able advocate of classical training. He says: "When people talk of 'training the memory, judgment, etc.,' they often ignore the difference between a general and a special development of these faculties. *There is a great danger lest, if trained to a pitch in one material only, they will not work well in any other material.*"

The plain argument that memory and judgment are exercised in Latin composition is not enough for one class of eulogists. Perhaps they see that memory and judgment are exercised in a great many things quite as much as in Latin composition. They defend composition as a training in the management of principles.

It so happens that the amount of this training in principles can be measured by arithmetic. There is a book entitled "Principles of Latinity and *Melviniana*," a hand-book of Latin composition, compiled by an Aberdeen professor, who, with the metaphysical acuteness of his province, may be supposed to have evolved all the principles applied to the art of composing in Latin. If, therefore, we count the number of principles in this book, we shall know to a tolerable certainty how much training in principles is given by Latin composition.

How many principles occur in this book of principles?—Twenty-two pages, about one-third of the "Principles," are devoted to the structural usages of verbs. Now, if verbs and phrases conforming to one construction fell under general principles, the elaborate lists would be unnecessary. But there they are, verbs "admitting the *dare* infinitive" in one list, verbs taking "ut" in another, verbs taking "quin" in another. Whence we infer, either that Latin verbs are of an arbitrary turn with their "followings," or that the learned author of the "Principles" thought principles too hard for youthful composers, and so gave them particular usages. Again, ten pages are devoted to the different Latin equivalents of our participial clauses; a considerable space to the different ways of expressing in Latin "Whether—or;" and about one-half of the whole book to "Miscellaneous Observations," "Cautions in Declension," "Cautions in Conjugation," "Melviniana," and "Synonymes treated *more Melviniano*"—comical pabulum for a young Briton. All these are regulations touching particular usage; by them the pupil is no more elevated to general principles than is the coach-driver by the notice, "Caution. When you hear a horn blow, etc."

This book of principles, then, contains how many? Just two. I think I have detected two. The "Laws of the Sequence of Tenses," and the "Laws of the Indirect," do prescribe community of usage under difference of matter. And these two are so spread out and clothed in examples, that, as principles, they are almost wholly superseded by the exhibition of details.

The classical pupil, then, gets no special training in memory or in judgment. Does he get any mental training worthy the name?

We have still to consider the strongest argument of the disciplinarian—insisted upon by many that readily allow other arguments to be fallacious. It is asserted that the peculiarly trying character of classical study has a unique efficacy in stimulating the intellectual powers, in teaching habits of studious application, habits of concentrating the attention upon mental work.

The confinement of the attention to the work in hand is

of vast importance. If this habit can be gained in no other way than by the study of Latin and Greek, it would be a serious offence to propose a discontinuance of these studies.

What are the conditions of attention? They are simple enough: *interesting work, and plenty, but not too much, of it.* Work may be interesting in two ways: it may be intrinsically attractive, or it may be made attractive by the good old plan of penalties and rewards.

In confirmation of what I have given as the conditions of attention, I may quote from Arthur Helps: "Give children little to do; make much of its being accurately done. This will give accuracy. Insist upon speed in learning, with careful reference to the original powers of the pupil. This speed gives the habit of concentrating attention, one of the most valuable of mental habits."

Nobody will maintain that in classical study alone are these conditions realized. Nothing could well be more uninteresting. It needs to be largely stimulated by flogging and prize-giving. There could be no difficulty in finding a substitute for classical study in that respect. Its only good point as an educational instrument is its quantity. Can any other subject or subjects be conceived ample enough to occupy the school-boy brain, and suited for the school-boy capacity?

But why, it may be asked, seek a substitute for classics? Show cause for change.

Some months ago, a professor drew a distinction between *training* and *cramming*. To train a boy is to "fit him for making a proper use of his faculties, and prepare him for getting up and using those particular branches which are fitted specially for the profession he has to follow." To cram a boy is to "stuff his mind full of an enormous mass of facts which, when his education is finished, he does not know what in the world to do with."

Granting, then, that classics train the attention, what if they cram? That is sufficient cause for change, if there be any other subject that trains equally well without cramming.

A knowledge of classics is cram. It must be owned that, gauged by the above definition of cramming, classical education is one of the purest cases of cramming that could be imagined. When school-boys were taught Latin in mediæval times, they found a use for it afterward: they read and wrote in Latin. Our boys, packed with some thousand words of a strange and obsolete tongue, find no use for their attainments: they read and write in English. They are not even educated to the pitch of reading a Latin or Greek author for amusement. They are educated to the moderate pitch praised by Lord Stanley at Glasgow: a suicidal moderation. Hear the confession of Dr. Smith, for fourteen years Classical Examiner in the University of London: "Judging from the examinations in the University of London, and the examinations which I have conducted elsewhere, I have rarely met with boys who can translate the easiest piece of Latin or Greek *ad aperturam libri*." And yet, in the schools and colleges preparatory for such examinations, classics "occupy a very considerable part of the education in point of time." The fact, therefore, is incontestable. Nearly all our classical pupils are crammed: "stuffed full of an enormous mass of facts, which, when their education is finished, they do not know what in the world to do with."

Is there any study that would train without cramming? Is there any subject ample enough for training, and, at the same time, generally useful—useful not to a few only, but to all English school-boys?

A knowledge of English would not be cram. All would be better of knowing how to record and communicate their thoughts clearly and effectively. "There are," says Locke, "so many advantages of speaking one's own language well, and being a master of it, that, let a man's calling be what it will, it cannot but be worth our taking some pains in it." And Cicero says, "*Not to be well acquainted with one's native language is a great disgrace.*"

The leaders of education in the times of the Reformation acted on a similar principle. In their day, all literature judged worthy of scholarly study was written in Latin; and they arranged school studies to correspond. I quote from Mr. Parker's *Essay on the History of Classical Education*, the advice given by Melancthon, and subsequently acted upon by himself and other schoolmasters:

"His (Melancthon's) report on churches and schools (1528) became the basis in Saxony of a reformed scholastic as well as ecclesiastical establishment, independent of Rome. The example was followed in other German states. The report recommends the following regulations for schools: 1. The children to be taught Latin only, not German, Greek, or Hebrew. Plurality of tongues does them more harm than good. 2. They are to be kept to a few books."

On entering school, the boys were set to learn lists of Latin words, or, as in Sturm's system, were taught the Latin names of every thing they saw about them. The end being the attainment of the Latin language for practical purposes, speaking Latin was strictly enforced in school, and even in its neighborhood. The master, as far as might be, spoke nothing but Latin.

If we obey the principle on which the Reformers acted, and refuse to be led away by externals, how should we organize our schools? Latin was their literary language: in their schools they made every thing subordinate to the teaching of Latin. English is our literary language: in our schools should not every thing be subordinated to the teaching of English?

The only doubt that can arise is, whether the study of English affords material enough to train upon. It is beyond dispute that English is a no less interesting study than Latin or Greek. And we all agree that a knowledge of English is valuable. But many are dubious whether English can become a school-boy discipline ample enough to take the place of Classics. Let us next consider what can be made of English as an instrument of education.

THE LATEST ESTIMATE OF POSITIVISM.

WHEN a philosophic system is put forth, which aspires to guide the thoughts of mankind, and through their thoughts to determine their actions; and when the scheme is so ambitious as not only to map out the course of all scientific inquiry, but completely to reorganize man's social and religious life—if such a system finds response in the general state of mind, and has any considerable number of adherents, it is of great importance that its claims and its value should be carefully weighed by those competent to the task, and their conclusions made known for the benefit of all interested. Such a system is the so-called Positive Philosophy of M. Comte. By putting forward large scientific claims, by its vehement repudiation of out-worn ideas, by allying itself with the spirit of progress, and by the happy adoption of a term to characterize it, which seems to distinguish it from all uncertain speculation, and fix it upon a basis of certainty, the "Positive Philosophy" of Auguste Comte has undoubtedly exerted a strong influence upon many minds. Thoughtful persons, therefore, cannot fail to look with interest upon all analyses and criticisms of this scheme of doctrines, which came from men whose eminent positions give force and authority to their utterances. In his lecture upon the "Physical Basis of Life," Professor Huxley spoke of Comte and his system in terms somewhat depreciatory. His strictures were replied to in the *Fortnightly* by Mr. Congreve, a thorough-going disciple of the French teacher—in fact, the established preacher to a London positivist congregation. Mr. Huxley replies, at length, in the June *Fortnightly*, and we subjoin a portion of his statement:

It is now some sixteen or seventeen years since I became acquainted with the philosophical works of Auguste Comte. I was led

to study these works, partly by the allusions to them in Mr. Mill's "Logic," partly by the recommendation of a distinguished theologian, and partly by the urgency of a valued friend, the late Professor Henfrey, who looked upon M. Comte's bulky volumes as a mine of wisdom, and lent them to me that I might dig and be rich.

After due perusal I found myself in a position to echo my friend's words, though I may have laid more stress on the "mine" than on the "wisdom." For I found the veins of ore few and far between, and the rock so apt to run to mud, that one incurred the risk of being intellectually smothered in the working. Still, as I was glad to acknowledge, I did come to a nugget here and there, though not, so far as my experience went, in the discussions on the philosophy of the physical sciences, but in the chapters on speculative and practical sociology. In these there was indeed much to arouse the liveliest interest in one whose boat had broken away from the old moorings, and who had been content "to lay out an anchor by the stern" until daylight should break and the fog clear. Nothing could be more interesting to a student of biology than to see the study of the biological sciences laid down as an essential part of the prolegomena of a new view of social phenomena. Nothing could be more satisfactory to a worshipper of the severe truthfulness of science than the attempt to dispense with all belief, save such as could have the light, and seek, rather than fear, criticism.

Great, however, was my perplexity, not to say disappointment, as I followed the progress of this "mighty son of earth" in his work of reconstruction. Undoubtedly, *Dieu* disappeared, but the *Nouveau Grand Être Suprême*, a gigantic *fétich* turned out bran-new by M. Comte's own hands, reigned in his stead; *roi* also was not heard of, but in his place I found a minutely-defined social organization, which, if it ever came into practice, would exert a despotical authority, such as no sultan has rivalled, and no Puritan presbytery, in its palmy days, could hope to excel. While, as for the *culte systématique de l'humanité*, I, in my blindness, could not distinguish it from sheer popery, with M. Comte in the chair of St. Peter, and the names of most of the saints changed.

Rightly or wrongly, this was the impression which, all those years ago, the study of M. Comte's works left on my mind, combined with the conviction, which I shall always be thankful to him for awakening in me, that the organization of society upon a new and purely scientific basis is not only practicable, but is the only political object much worth fighting for. As I have said, that part of M. Comte's writings which deals with the philosophy of physical science appeared to me to possess singularly little value, and to show that he had but the most superficial and merely second-hand knowledge of most branches of what is usually understood by science. I do not mean by this merely to say that Comte seemed to me to be behind our present knowledge, or even that he was unacquainted with the details of the science of his own day. No one could justly make such defects cause of complaint in a philosophical writer of the past generation. What struck me was his want of apprehension of the great features of science, his strange mistakes as to the merits of his scientific contemporaries, and his ludicrously-erroneous notions about the part which some of the novel scientific doctrines current in his day were destined to play in the future. With these impressions in my mind, no one will be surprised if I acknowledge that, for these sixteen years, it has been a periodical source of irritation to me to find M. Comte put forward as a representative of scientific thought, and to observe that writers whose philosophy had its legitimate parent in Hume, or in themselves, were labelled "Comtists" or "Positivists" by public writers, even in spite of vehement protests to the contrary. It has cost Mr. Mill hard rubbings to get that label off; and I watch Mr. Spencer, as one regards a good man struggling with adversity, still engaged in eluding its adhesiveness, and ready to tear off skin and all rather than let it stick.

Mr. Congreve, in a peroration which seems especially intended to catch the attention of his readers, indignantly challenges me to admire M. Comte's life, "to deny that it has a marked character of grandeur about it," and uses some very strong language because I show no sign of veneration for his idol.

I confess I do not care to occupy myself with the denigration of a man who, on the whole, deserves to be spoken of with respect. Therefore, I shall enter into no statement of the reasons which lead me unhesitatingly to accept Mr. Congreve's challenge, and to refuse absolutely to recognize any thing which deserves the name of gran-

deur of character in M. Comte, unless it be his arrogance, which is undoubtedly sublime. All I have to observe is, that if Mr. Congreve is justified in saying that I speak with a tinge of contempt for his spiritual father, the reasoning for such coloring of my language is to be found in the fact, that when I wrote I had but just arisen from the perusal of a work with which he is doubtless well acquainted, M. Littré's "Life of Comte."

I have now to justify the opinion I have expressed concerning positivism, in the following paragraph from my former lecture:

"In so far as my study in what specially characterizes the Positive Philosophy has led me, I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as any thing in ultramontane Catholicism."

Here are two propositions: the first, that the "Philosophie Positive" contains little or nothing of any scientific value; the second, that Comtism is, in spirit, anti-scientific. I shall endeavor to bring forward ample evidence in support of both.

No one who possesses even a superficial acquaintance with physical science can read Comte's "Leçons" without becoming aware that he was at once singularly devoid of real knowledge on these subjects, and singularly unlucky. What is to be thought of the contemporary of Young and of Fresnel, who never misses an opportunity of casting contempt upon the hypothesis of an ether, the fundamental basis not only of the undulatory theory of light and of so much else in modern physics, and whose contempt for the intellects of some of the strongest men of his generation was such that he put forward the mere existence of night as a refutation of the undulatory theory? What a wonderful gauge of his own value as a scientific critic does he afford, by whom we are informed that phrenology is a great science, and psychology a chimera; that Galt was one of the great men of his age, and that Cuvier was "brilliant but superficial!" How unlucky must one consider the bold speculator who, just before the dawn of modern histology—which is simply the application of the microscope to anatomy—reproves what he calls "the abuse of microscopic investigations," and "the exaggerated credit" attached to them; who, just as the morphological uniformity of the structure of the great majority of plants and animals was on the eve of being demonstrated, treated with ridicule those who attempt to refer all tissues to a "tissue generateur," formed by "le chimérique et inintelligible assemblage d'une sorte de monades organiques, qui seraient dès lors les vrais éléments primordiaux de tout corps vivant!" Who finally tells us that all the objections against a linear arrangement of the species of living beings are in their essence foolish, and that the order of the animal series is necessarily linear, when the exact contrary is one of the best established and the most important truths of zoology! Appeal to mathematicians, astronomers, physicists, chemists, biologists, about the "Philosophie Positive," and they all with one consent begin to make protestation that, whatever M. Comte's other merits, he has shed no light upon the philosophy of their particular studies.

TABLE-TALK.

WE have received from a correspondent in Paris a few interesting items in regard to the elections recently held in France. The contest seemed to have excited great interest, and the fact that the emperor abstained from naming and supporting official candidates, as had been his previous custom, rendered the elections much more genuine than former ones. "In the handbills and programmes," says our correspondent, "stuck up all over the city, some of the principles advocated were exceedingly curious if not instructive. One calls upon the workmen, the serfs of civilization, to return him as their representative, and he will do every thing that lies in his power to destroy the tyranny and influence of employers and bankers, whom he qualifies as the feudality of capital in conspiracy against the natural rights of man.

"Another says, 'Being a straightforward man, my candidature has a significance which is at least precise; it is an act of protest against the overthrow of the 2d of December; and, if you send me to the Chamber, I will go there for the sole purpose of waving before a satisfied majority everlasting remorse and a pitiless demand for justice.'

"Another (the brother of M. Baudin, who was shot at the *'coup d'état'*), in soliciting votes, and identifying himself with his brother, says: 'What he thought, I think; what he wished, I wish; what he did I am ready to do, willing at all times to act and live, and, if need be, die with the vile multitude.'

"Another, with the proper dose of self-conceit, begins with—'Electors, you trust in me, and in so doing you are right,' and then recounts his sufferings, and asks for his just reward.

"A member of a philanthropic family reminds the recipients of his father and grandfather's munificence that he is their descendant, entitled to their gratitude, bound by tradition to do them good, if they only treat him with consideration.

"A medical man says, with considerable modesty, that the only claim he lays before them, in asking for their suffrage, is, that he practised during twenty-six years in the various walks of his useful calling.

"A socialist also, of the good old dividing and equal-sharing school, informs us that he has an immense deal of work before him, and begs us to lift him into the seat of honor, to enable him at once to set about his mission, the least difficult part of which consists in extinguishing poverty, misery, pauperism, and crime, and dispensing generally with the superintendence of Providence."

It will be seen by these citations that the art of politics is not confined to America. The demagogue flourishes in all countries.

— It is remarkable, and sad to contemplate, how few of the eminent discoverers and conquerors of the New World died in peace. Columbus went to his grave broken-hearted; Roldan and Bobadilla were drowned; Ovando was harshly superseded; Las Casas sought refuge in a cowl; Ojeda died in extreme poverty; Encisco was deposed by his own men; Nicuesa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party; Vasco Nunez was disgracefully beheaded; La Salle, "who delighted marvellously in adventures," was brought to a sad and untimely end by one of his lawless followers, who murdered him in a dreary Texas wilderness; Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon, and afterward died of hardship; Cortez was dishonored; Alvarado was destroyed in an ambush; Almagro was garroted; Pizarro was murdered, and his four brothers cut off; and there was no end of the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs among the energetic Spanish adventurers; Marquette, who, on the morning of the 20th of June, 1678, "with a joy that cannot be expressed," discovered the Mississippi River, died alone on the banks of Lake Michigan, and was buried near the mouth of that river which has ever since borne the faithful missionary's name.

— Art-galleries are always sought for by our country visitors, but unfortunately, and to our disgrace, we are without a public collection of pictures that is at all commensurate with our metropolitan dignity. The annual exhibitions of the Academy of Design in a measure supply the place of a public gallery, while open, but, as this is only for a few months each season, the greater part of the year leaves us without a gallery. We should, indeed, be without the opportunity of seeing pictures at all, did not private enterprise in a degree supply the need. Mr. Knoedler, Mr. Snedecor, Mr. Schaus, and Mr. Avery, each, collect in the tastefully-fitted-up rooms connected with their warerooms, some of the very best of modern American and foreign pictures. Mr. Knoedler's new gallery (better known as Goupil's), at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, is an elegant apartment, where at present is a grand "Niagara" by Church, a superb winter scene by James Hart, a deer-study by Hays, a cabinet gem by Shattuck, and numerous foreign pictures, the most striking of which is one by Brion, illustrating an incident of the French Revolution—a group of peasants, laden with their household goods, escaping to the mountains before the advance of a hostile army. At Snedecor's gallery (on Broadway, near Tenth Street) we find a large landscape by Mr. Inness, called "Peace and Plenty," representing a wide valley, with busy farmers gathering in their wheat and hay harvests; a superb fruit-piece by Mr. George Hall; a marine piece by De Haas; and a multitude of minor paintings, with a few by noted French painters. At Mr. Schaus's there is a goodly display of German and other foreign paintings, several of which are of a very pleasing character. Mr. Avery's gallery consists of private rooms, at 88 Fifth Avenue, to which the connoisseur is always invited. Mr. Avery has just received the latest picture of Mr. George Boughton, entitled "The First Sabbath at Plymouth." According to Bancroft, ten persons were

sent ashore from the Mayflower, to explore the coast and select a suitable landing. These were absent three days, one of which was Sunday, and, although in urgent need of expedition, the scruples of these pioneers forbade them to pursue their search on the Sabbath. It was a bleak, cold December day; and the picture shows the pilgrims assembled at prayer on the beach, around a small fire they have kindled on the sand. It possesses Mr. Boughton's striking qualities of breadth, simplicity, careful drawing, and conscientious delineation of every detail. These small private galleries are one of our town features. Even while utterly unsatisfactory substitutes for public galleries, which should include well-known representatives of past and present art, these minor rooms afford us good opportunity for the study of some of the best pictures by living artists. American painters are always fairly represented in them, and they frequently have pictures by Meissonier, Frère, Bonheur, Gérôme, and many other celebrated continental artists.

— Of the seven theatres now open in New York, six are devoted to burlesque or pantomime. Only one house attempts to give a higher order of play, and this is Booth's, where Mr. Adams is repeating the oft-played "Lady of Lyons." Pantomimes may be of a low intellectual order, but their fun has long been legitimized. We know what Harlequin and Columbine and Pantaloon are; they have many funny tricks, surprising transformations, and amusing changes; they make us laugh at their absurdities, but they rarely shock us with the indecent, the irreverent, or the slangy. But the burlesque is a different thing. It sets out with respecting nothing—neither taste, propriety, virtue, nor manners. Its design is to be uproariously funny and glaringly indecent. It seeks to unite the coarsest fun with the most intoxicating forms of beauty. It presents women garbed, or semi-garbed, in the most luxurious and seductive dresses possible, and makes them play the fool to the topmost bent of the spectator. One is dazzled with light and color, with gay songs, with beautiful faces and graceful limbs, and startled at the coarse songs, the vile jargon, the low wit, and the abandoned manners of the characters. The mission of the burlesque is to throw ridicule on gods and men—to satirize everybody and every thing; to surround with laughter and contempt all that has been revered and respected. For instance, in a recent London burlesque, the heroine is Joan of Arc, who is acted by a low comedian, dressed as a girl of the period, wearing an extravagant chignon and flourishing a slim umbrella, while the play is filled with slang songs and negro dances. It is this sort of thing that has almost entirely taken possession of our stage. At Booth's and at Wallack's we usually have the regular drama; and there are signs that the public are wearying of these brazen shows, so that, by another winter, the better theatres are likely to get back to more honorable and dignified performances.

— Every day in New York imposes upon nearly all of us two dire necessities—one is, to get down-town in the morning, and the other back again at night. With many of us our dormitories are far too remote from our offices or shops to have the labor of walking the distance added to our other daily fatigues, and hence, night and morning, we are packed, perspiring, crushed, and miserable, in the cars and omnibuses provided for the purpose. But what seems strange enough is, that while the interiors of these vehicles are crowded to an almost intolerable excess, a large space without remains unutilized. Why, the suffering passenger inquires, cannot seats be placed on the roofs of these vehicles? London omnibuses have outside seats; why cannot American ones? These outside seats, in good weather, would be cool, airy, and altogether preferable to inside ones. We know of no reasonable objections against them, and hope the proprietors of these vehicles will take the matter into their merciful consideration.

— The death of an actor is not always of interest, excepting to those who have enjoyed the manifestations of his skill; but the recent demise of Mrs. Vernon, of Wallack's Theatre, possesses more than ordinary claims upon public attention. This lady, although only two months ago appearing on the Wallack stage, was nearly eighty years of age at the time of her death, and for forty-two years has contributed widely to the pleasure and happiness of the New-York public. For years we have enjoyed something more than the mere skill and genius of her performances, her presence always awakening many old associations and pleasant reminiscences. She has been a sort of cherished relic of the past; as a contemporary felicitously expressed it, she has been to us like a piece of rare old China or antique lace,

invaluable on account of the remembrances that cling around it. It was, moreover, remarkable to see a lady of such advanced age possessing to the last her flow of spirits, her genial humor, her fine perceptions of character, her ability to surrender and merge herself into the individuality she was assuming. But the feelings of kindness and respect that Mrs. Vernon always awakened in her audience were due, not merely to her talents, or to her venerable age, or to her unmistakable breeding as a lady, but supremely to her virtues as a woman. Mrs. Vernon gave the world proof that a lady might live a long life upon the stage, and not merely escape reproach, but remain acknowledged as an example of propriety, and an object of affectionate esteem. She was a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church. With the exception of decaying eyesight, her faculties had all remained unimpaired. She was very slight of build, exceedingly graceful and pleasing in manner, and age had touched her so lightly that she really seemed scarcely older this past winter than she did twenty years ago.

— A novel guest recently arrived at the Central Park of New York—a colossal female elephant named Andra, nearly twelve feet in height, and weighing eighteen thousand pounds. She is but thirty-eight years old, and has a prospect of growing taller until fifty, at which age elephants attain their full stature. Even now, however, Andra is the tallest of her species that has been seen in the United States, although elephants sometimes grow to a height of fourteen feet. This huge animal consumes twenty-five four-pound loaves of bread daily, together with three hundred pounds of oats and half that number of pounds of hay. She drinks twenty pails of water in the morning, and the same quantity each evening. As we were looking at Andra following her keeper in the meadow in front of the arsenal, and halting occasionally to eat a little grass, two sturdy-looking females, who were evidently new-comers from the Emerald Isle, and were gazing for the first time on an elephant, stopped near us, when one exclaimed to her companion, "D'ye see the craythur a nibblin' up the grass with his tail?"

Literary, Art, and Personal Notes.

THE English literary journals have been devoting large attention to the discussion of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," and, though they do not invariably coincide with the views of the author, or approve of his treatment of the subject, the fact, that the work is one of importance and great ability, is conceded by all. The *Saturday Review* considers Mr. Lecky's work as a complement to Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization," and states that his aim has been to "supply what is wanting or kept out of sight in Mr. Buckle's generalizations; to recall a great and broad side of historical truth at least as important as that on which he has dwelt, and one which is absolutely necessary as the counterbalance and correction of his powerful representations; to trace, in their early stages and early changes, the springs and beginnings of the great ideas of duty and right which make European civilization what it is, and which mark it with its peculiar and characteristic notes as much as its conquests in the realms of knowledge; and to compare the different steps and alternations of the long battle between what raises and what depresses and injures man's moral nature." The *Review* in some things differs radically from the philosophy of Mr. Lecky, but, looking upon his work as a history, says: "He has drawn a most impressive picture of the evolution of Christian morality, especially in its early stages, out of the civilization of the pagan empire, of the various changes of moral type and standard, of the successive degrees of prominence or decay shown in different classes of virtues, of the proportion between different virtues in the ideal character of the time, and of their influence on one another, to be remarked in the course of this great moral recasting of society." Mr. Lecky's views as to the effect of Christianity, and especially of asceticism, do not meet with approval, although it is admitted by the writer that he "does full justice to Christianity as a moral movement, though he is apparently unable to make up his mind what to think of its supernatural pretensions. What heathen morality attained to under the empire was, he says, a very high standard of the heroic virtues in a very select class; but, even in that class, there was an insensibility to the social and benevolent virtues, and still more to those of purity, though this hardness was much softened down in characters like M. Aurelius and Julian; while in the multitude there was a degradation without control and without hope, going deeper and deeper down, in every generation, in brutality, licentiousness, vileness of feeling and deed. Wherever Christianity came from, it brought the remedy for this. With its strong leaven of charity, of purity, of fearless assertion of conviction, and with its immense sympathy for the despised and lost,

it gave the impulse which began the regeneration of the world. All this is vividly and forcibly exhibited." The *Spectator*, in a review of this work, devotes its attention chiefly to the manner in which the author treats the question of the influence for good or evil which the ascetic Christianity exerted over the ethical development of Europe, and comments upon his position as follows: "He is only just in his estimate of the stimulus which this prolonged and internecine struggle between flesh and spirit gave to the popular confidence in human free-will, and he may perhaps be equally just in the opposite direction when he condemns the heroism of the saintly ascetics as compared with the patriotic heroism of Greece and Rome, on the ground that the former proceeded from an intense and almost frantic religious selfishness—a profound terror of the penalties of the next world, and a fierce desire to escape them, while the latter was truly disinterested after its kind. He is, at all events, warranted by every sound system of *absolute* morality in speaking as severely, and even scornfully, as he does of the deliberate cruelty with which the Catholic saints scorned and trampled on the tenderest domestic ties, in the interest, as they asserted, of their religious faith."

We continue, from the last number, our correspondent's account of the Paris Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture: "M. Puvis de Chavannes, in his two representations of the city of Marseilles, destined to adorn the principal staircase of the Marseilles Museum, has shown his usual good taste and skill in the conception and execution of his subjects, unconfined by the mere technicalities of art, in his congenial theme of symbolical compositions. The one, *Massilia*, the ancient Greek colony; the other, *Marseilles*, the gate of the East—are the first paintings that attract attention, being placed at the head of the great staircase at the entrance to the principal gallery. Nothing can be more ingenious than the arrangement and disposition of these two paintings. In *Massilia* the first plan is drawn from a terrace, from which the rising city is perceived stretching along the sea-shore, brightened by the first rays of dawn, emblem of the poetry and freshness of infant states, purified from the vices of older communities, looking to the future instead of the past; in *Marseilles*, the foreground represents the deck of a ship, arriving from the East, carrying richly-clad Orientals of divers ages and sexes, who, under the swelling sails, regard the distant port full of animation, the busy mart of nations, with its forest of shipping, its towers and domes, that betoken prosperity and wealth, emblematic of the period when states arrive at maturity, unbroken by misfortune, and still sound at the core. The surroundings of these paintings are indeed remarkable; full of light and warmth, and the elegance of figure, the beauty of profile, and the style of design of the personages represented, leave nothing to be desired. The Prometheus chained to the rock, by M. Bin, is also a work of great merit—the best he has yet produced. Strength and Power, with an air of indifference, order Vulcan to nail Prometheus, the rebel Titan, to the sharpest rock in the Caucasian Mountains—'crucibus Caucasorum,' as Tertullian said of this mythological Christ, who, in his own way, wished to save humanity. A great effort has been made here by M. Bin to infuse into his composition some of the grander effects of the ancient masters, in which, to some extent, he has succeeded. The painting, by M. Brion, of a Protestant Marriage in Alsacia, which obtained the first prize, this year, offered to young artists (viz., a gold medal), is a sober and harmonious composition, characterized by correctness and precision, even in the smallest details, qualities which place it in the front rank among the works of *genre* in the Exhibition. The Protestant Marriage faithfully represents the simple ceremony as performed in Alsacia, the most Protestant district of France, the country that has best preserved its poetic traditions, costumes, dwellings, originality, and picturesque physiognomy. With one hand leaning on the Bible, the minister is in the act of bestowing on the newly-wedded couple the nuptial benediction; while the relatives and friends of both surround them, every face expressing kindly interest and satisfaction, among whom are conspicuous the father and mother of the bride, who, like Burns's cotters, are evidently "weel pleased tae see their bairn respectit like the lave." In the principal gallery is a highly-meritorious work of large dimensions, representing Apollo and the Muses in the Olympus, by M. Bugureau, intended for the ceiling of the concert-hall of Bordeaux Theatre. Apollo, radiant in his office of high-priest of poetry and song, strikes his golden lyre. At the right, Jupiter and Juno sit enthroned, with a lion couching at their feet. Venus, holding Cupid by the hand, with Vulcan in the distance, listens enraptured. Mars, like a Grecian warrior, sits with his back turned, looking only half pleased. On the left, the nine Muses sing in unison with Apollo, and the three Graces listen, entwined in each other's arms. Underneath, Bacchus reclines, surrounded by Bacchantes; while Mercury, with Phrygian bonnet, wings his way through the general harmony, supporting a goddess. The composition of this piece is remarkable for the lightness and ease displayed by the different figures, the groups being well distributed, the design correct, and the coloring clear and lively. In the same gallery M. Mouchablond's beautiful picture of "The Burial

of Moses" is the theme of general admiration, and is regarded by the best-authorized critics to be almost the perfection of art. Two angels, with faces of surpassing sweetness, bear the body of the ancient law-giver down through the cleft of a mountain; while a third, with a beautiful expression of hope, looks and points upward. Through the cleft a glimpse of the blue sky is seen, and a ray of light breaking in illuminates the dead features of the leader of Israel, and reveals a head that is in itself the highest expression of what is most noble, most august, and most venerable. This painting has already been secured by the minister of the emperor's household, and will probably be deposited in the museum of the Louvre.

"Our Acre and its Harvest" is the title of a handsome, illustrated volume of over five hundred pages, published in Cleveland, and which gives the history of the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio—a branch of the Sanitary Commission.

The first part is from the pen of Miss Mary Clark Brayton, the secretary of the society, and is a general history of the organization from its inception in April, 1861, when it commenced its labors as an "aid to soldiers' families," until its dissolution at the close of the war.

This narrative is gracefully written, and describes what was accomplished by a voluntary association of ladies, bound by no pledge, remunerated only by the satisfaction of doing good, and restrained by no written constitution. Historical and business details are interwoven with incidents both pleasing and painful, with personal reminiscences, and with grateful acknowledgments for favors conferred. A practical view is here obtained of the working of the great Sanitary Commission, with its admirably-organized system of collection and distribution; drawing its resources from the school-house, the farm, the workshop, and the parlor, from lectures, fairs, and public amusements, and then by a system of depots centring these stores where they could at any moment be distributed to the sick and wounded, by its efficient agents.

The second part of the work, written by Miss Ellen Terry, treasurer of the society, is devoted to the subject of "Special Relief," which comprises all the aid rendered to soldiers individually, both through the Homes and Lodges and from the depots of supplies. It is a clear statement of the home operations of the society, the principal of which were, assisting the relatives of those in the army, in their inquiries as to the whereabouts and condition of their loved ones; in receiving, feeding, and caring for all who returned from the army; in establishing "homes and hospitals" for the sick and helpless; in securing employment for discharged soldiers; and in collecting gratuitously for soldiers, their widows and heirs, the pension, arrears of pay, and bounty due them. The immense extent of the special relief afforded may be inferred from the fact that sixty thousand five hundred and ninety-two persons were registered as having received aid through this Cleveland branch alone.

Phillippe Burtz, in his "Chefs-d'œuvre of the Industrial Arts," urges the use of *terra-cotta* in familiar and realistic art. His rule is, "Let our artists use bronze for heroic, marble for ideal statues, but take the clay and the modelling-tool more often in hand to reproduce the features of their contemporaries, or embody some pleasing fantasy." The groups by Mr. Rogers, so deservedly famous with us, exemplify the suitability of this material for subjects of homely or familiar interest.

There are now in Russia three hundred and sixty printing-offices, four hundred and thirteen bookstores, two hundred and eighty-six lithographic establishments, and two hundred and twenty-one circulating libraries. Of these there are, in St. Petersburg, respectively, seventy-seven, eighty-five, ninety-three, fourteen; in Moscow, fifty-seven, ninety, eighty-two, sixteen; in Riga, eight, twelve, thirteen, eight; in the whole government (province) of Tver, there are only six printing-offices, two bookstores, and three lithographic establishments.

In Rome, there died, a few weeks ago, Rosa Taddei, who forty years since enjoyed a European fame as a wonderfully clever improvisatrice. She was very beautiful, and her charms did not fade until she was nearly fifty years old. She died in her seventy-ninth year, in a state of great poverty.

During the recent political campaign in France, Victor Hugo wrote upward of one hundred letters in favor of the election of certain liberal candidates for the Corps Législatif. These letters, many of which are exceedingly characteristic and beautiful, are now to be published in book form.

Gutzkow, the eminent German poet, dramatist, and novelist, it will be remembered, suddenly went mad three years ago. Since he recovered from his alienation, he finds that his mental vigor is by far greater than before his reason became obscured. His working powers, despite his advanced age, are also greater than they ever were before in his life.

The German newspapers seem bent on proving that nearly all American celebrities are descended from German ancestors. Thus, the Mag-

deburg *Gazette* says that Abraham Lincoln's grandfather's name was Lingen, and that he lived at a village in the neighborhood of Magdeburg.

There are, in Paris, forty-two correspondents of German newspapers, nineteen of English journals, sixteen Americans, fourteen Belgians, twenty-one Spaniards, seven Italians, four Swiss, three Dutch, and two Russians.

Arsène Houssaye's recent biographical work, "The Life of Leonardo da Vinci," is as much praised by the French writers as his latest novels are censured.

Victorien Sardou received from French managers, up to the first of May, as *tantièmes* for his new play "Patrie," fifty-one thousand francs. He wrote it in twenty-one days.

Scientific Notes.

M. BOURBOUZE, the eminent experimentalist, and **M.** Wiesnegg, one of the best makers of lighting-apparatus in Paris, after much labor and study, have succeeded in constructing a new apparatus which gives every promise of becoming the most practical one of the kind yet discovered. The gas for lighting, previously compressed, arrives in a tube in which it mingles with the air which is allowed to enter by a few holes left open on purpose. The tube bears in its axis, jutting out in the upper part, a magnesia pencil, which reduces the opening, at first cylindrical, to a simple crown of given surface. All around this pencil the tube is prolonged by an almost conical covering of platina cloth, between which and the magnesia the gas is inflamed. In a few moments the metallic cloth becomes red, next white, and then completely dazzling. The magnesia itself becomes incandescent, and, by the color it then takes, transforms the color of the platina to pure white. The new arrangement has done away with the inconvenient buzzing noise of the first models, the burner in question making no more noise than the electric arch so frequently employed in the public schools for making projections. **MM.** Bourbouze and Wiesnegg have made a long series of experiments to ascertain the lighting power and net cost of their new apparatus. The supply of gas has been measured by means of the meter, and the luminous intensity by the aid of Foucault's light-measurer, the result of numerous trials being that the new burner consumes a little less than three Bengal burners, and lights a little more than six—a saving, therefore, of above fifty per cent. **MM.** Bourbouze and Wiesnegg's lamp will probably be applied to many uses, especially to projections in public schools and to scenic effects on the stage. For lighting towns, the necessity of compressing the gas will perhaps be an obstacle; but the inventors have strong reasons for supposing that this compression is not indispensable, and, if they succeed in doing without it, as is not at all unlikely, their light will evidently defy every kind of competition.

A vessel, named the *Boreal*, is being fitted out in Havre for a voyage to the north pole by the way of Behring's Straits. It is of seven hundred tons' burden, and will be provisioned with all the requisites for a four-years' stay in the Arctic regions. The expedition, under the direction of **M.** Gustave Lambert, will be composed of a crew of fifty men, six officers, three doctors, and two *savants*. The vessel, up to the water-mark, is protected by an outer covering of wood ten inches thick, and strengthened on the inside by strong transverse beams, to enable her to resist the shocks to which she will be exposed when penetrating the ice-fields. Every precaution will be used to insure the health and comfort of all on board during the perilous voyage, the cabins of officers and men being well packed with wool for the purpose of preserving and retaining heat in those high latitudes. **M.** Lambert builds all his hopes of success in the fact of there being an open polar sea, free from ice the greater part of the year, and easy of access by the route north of Behring's Straits, his theory being based upon the experience and observations of Captain Kane and Dr. Hughes, Americans who wintered in sight of the open Polar Ocean, in the years 1853 and 1861, in latitudes 78° and 82°, corroborated by the testimony of the Esquimaux, who all along maintained that such was the case. Let us only hope he may succeed in planting the flag of his country on the spot that has attracted so many gallant hearts to an untimely end, and bring back in safety his good ship and crew to the haven from which he is about to set sail.

Mr. J. Hamilton, of Dordrecht, has patented a method whereby artificial fuel possessing very superior qualities may be manufactured. About 20 cwt. of the coal known as "duff," or other carbonaceous material in a pulverized state, and from 1 to 4 cwt. of the residuum known as stearine pitch, palm-oil pitch, or cotton-seed-oil pitch, or other animal or vegetable residuums, are mixed with from 1 to 3 cwt. of chloride of sodium in the form of rock or other salt. The mixture of these ingredients is effected in a pug mill, or other analogous appa-

tatus, by first placing the carbonaceous material and the chloride of sodium therein, and then pouring the pitch or residuums before mentioned, or one of them, in a heated state over the same. In order to facilitate cohesion between the ingredients so combined, the waste substances resulting from the manufacture of farina, or the silicates of soda or potash, may be added thereto. The resulting compounds may be formed into bricks or balls for use, as may be desired. The above-mentioned proportions of the ingredients employed are approximate only, as they may be varied according to the bituminous or non-bituminous nature of the carbonaceous materials.—*Mining Journal*.

MM. Niepce de St. Victor and Lavater give the following method of producing several copies of manuscripts, whether fresh or of old date: Let the copying-paper be first lightly wetted with a sponge in the ordinary way, and after the copy is made submit it to the vapor of ammonia, which will bring out the writing with great distinctness. Another plan is to wet the paper with a solution of sugar, glucose, sugar of milk, honey, or other mucilaginous, gelatinous, or resinous matter. Paper thus wetted will copy writing in ordinary ink. This is in fact only using the saccharine matter in connection with the paper, instead of introducing it into the ink in the old fashion, but it has the great advantage of leaving the latter limpid, or, in other words, of doing away with the necessity for special copying-ink. The receipt is so simple that any man can test its value for himself.

M. Coignet, in his report to the Society of Civil Engineers, shows what perfection the art of manufacturing artificial stone has reached in France.

In the composition of this stone the following indications are given: for walls, four or five parts of sand and one part of lime; a line of masonry one yard high can be raised daily. For the lighthouse of Port laid, with an elevation of fifty-five yards, to be finished within five months, the sand of the desert will be used; it will be run up without any danger at the rate of half a yard daily. For vaults, from a quarter to a half part of cement is added to the above composition, for the purpose of increasing security.

For pavement, able to resist hard scrubbing, the composition is four or five parts sand, one part lime, and one part cement. Quarry-sand and ordinary lime may be safely used; in the forest of Fontainebleau the stone is made with sand of almost impalpable fineness.

In constructing artificial stone the compression of the four sides of a lock is by no means sufficient, for then the middle would not be solidified; the recent accidents that happened in America are more than sufficient to prove this assertion; the composition must be made in successive layers, each of which must be properly compressed. By acting in this principle, M. Coignet has obtained pavements, flag-stones, ricks, etc.; the last, made by an automatic machine, cost very little.

The maximum of hardness is obtained with a mixture of four to five parts sand, one part lime-powder, and one-half part cement.

Artificial stones can be hewn like pudding-stones, and present then wrinkled appearance.

Only a section of five miles in length remains to be cut, before the waters of the Mediterranean mingle with those of the Red Sea; in excavating which, twelve thousand laborers and artisans are daily employed.

It appears certain, therefore, that the canal will be opened on the day fixed by M. de Lesseps, viz., on the 1st of October next. The new ports and towns on the route are rapidly increasing in importance, even before success is certain; one of the most interesting being the town of mails, built on the shores of Lake Timsah, which at present covers an area of six miles, entirely filled with the waters of the Mediterranean.

Whether, however, it will really prove to be a maritime canal, and allow the passage of first-class steamers, and long ships requiring a great depth of water, remains to be seen—the general opinion among engineers, and seafaring men not interested in the undertaking, being, at only a certain class of short ships will ever be able to go through the canal.

The joining of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, likely soon to be accomplished, is not to be regarded as an entirely modern scheme. Even the ancient kings of Egypt who built the Pyramids, thought of connecting the two seas by means of a canal, from the Red Sea to the Nile; but they were deterred (so say the historians), from trying out the undertaking, by the fear that the Red Sea was, much higher than the Nile, and might, if a channel were opened, inundate Egypt. With the rude appliances of those remote times, it was of course impossible to verify this supposition. It is now known, however, that their conjecture was not altogether without foundation. From October to May, when south winds prevail, the water rises in the north of the Red Sea, which then attains an elevation much higher than the Mediterranean; but from careful levellings it has been ascertained that at the low-water levels of the Red Sea and Mediterranean are equal.

A discussion of the question of water analysis, with a view to the determination of the best method of discovering the presence of insalubrious elements, has lately somewhat excited the London scientific world. Dr. Frankland, the present analyst of the metropolitan waters, not satisfied with existing methods of testing water, has, in conjunction with Mr. Armstrong, invented one which the *Lancet* fully indorses, one of its principal points being that the presence of nitrogen in water is a proof of sewage contamination. Dr. Letheby objects *in toto* to the method of analysis and the deductions drawn therefrom, deducing strong arguments from the fact that nitrogen is found in deep chalk-wells, where the water must be pure; while the supporters of the opposite side use the same wells as an argument in support of their position, that chalk permits of the passage of sewage contamination.

Edwin Smith, M. A., being conversant with the fact that a voltaic combination might be made between two liquids and a metal, if one of the three acts chemically upon one, and only one, of the other two, concluded that the cause of two flavors, in eating, being mutually improving might be on account of the development of electric action. He, therefore, employed platinum as a conductor, and found his theory correct; vegetable substances, with a metal, acting in the same manner as liquids and a metal, and he thus proved that, in almost all popular combinations, such as sugar and coffee, raisins and almonds, salt and mustard, the one is an electro-negative, the other an electro-positive.

In a report on the Edinburgh Observatory, it is stated by Professor Piazzi Smyth, that, in trying some mechanical means of ventilation for carrying off from the top of a room the effluvia of gaslights, there were obtained five pounds of water so acid as at once to redden litmus-paper, by the constant burning of one gaslight for a week; a result completely explaining, it is considered, the circumstance of the corroding and falling off of the covers of books in the Observatory.

The Museum.

HARVEY'S doctrine of the circulation of the blood met with much opposition for a time. Aubrey says of Harvey: "He told me himself that, upon his publishing that book, he fell in his practice extremely." This result might have been expected from the inability of the majority of people to weigh the merits and demerits of the question. But, even by those learned in the science of the day, he was treated no better, or, rather worse. Dr. Elliotson tells us that "the medical profession stigmatised Harvey as a fool." Such, indeed, is generally the reception that has in every age awaited each advance of science and thought.

Agriculture in France occupies twenty millions of individuals; it employs a capital of four thousand millions of dollars; the value of working-implements is one million of dollars; of horses, cattle, sheep, etc., eight hundred millions of dollars; of products of the soil, two thousand eight hundred millions of dollars. The culture of the vine alone supports a population of eight millions of individuals, and yields a yearly income of two hundred millions of dollars.

The salaries of the different monarchs of Europe are given as follows by a German statistician:

Alexander II.\$3,250,000, or \$25,000 a day.
Abdul Aziz.6,000,000, or 18,000 "
Napoleon III.5,000,000, or 14,219 "
Francis Joseph.4,000,000, or 10,050 "
Frederick William I.3,000,000, or 8,210 "
Victor Emmanuel.2,400,000, or 6,840 "
Victoria.2,300,000, or 6,270 "
Isabella II. (had).1,800,000, or 4,643 "

In addition to this salary, each sovereign is furnished with a dozen or more first-class houses to live in without any charge for rent.

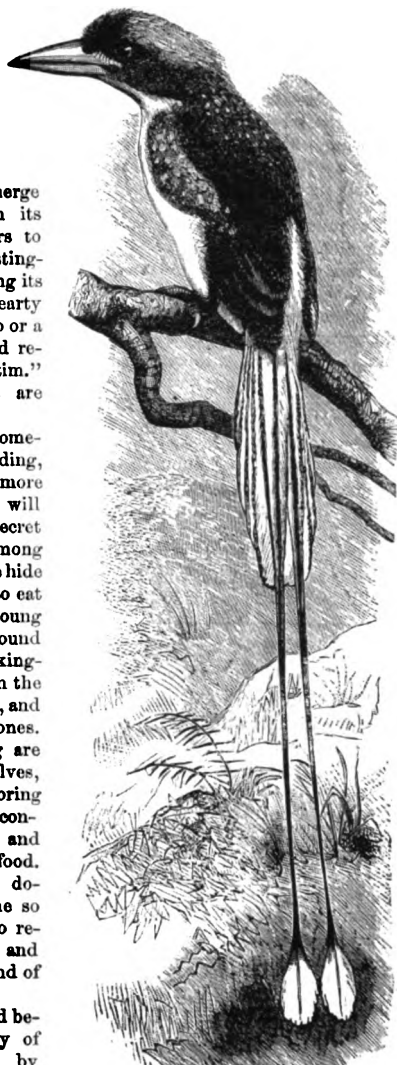
Ghazepore, in Hindostan, is famous for the manufacture of attar of roses. The rose-gardens surround the town: they are fields, with low bushes of the plant grown in rows, red with blossoms in the morning, all of which are, however, plucked long before mid-day. The petals are put into clay stills, with twice their weight of water, and the produce exposed to the fresh air for a night, in open vessels. The unskimmed water affords the best, and is often twice, and even oftener, distilled; but the fluid deteriorates by too much distillation. The attar is skimmed from the exposed pans, and sells at ten pounds the rupee weight, to make which twenty thousand flowers are required. It is frequently adulterated with sandal-wood oil.—*Dr. J. D. Hooker*.

The kingfishers are a most interesting family of birds. They are widely but thinly distributed over the country, their habits being lonely rather than gregarious. The belted kingfisher is a variety widely known in this country, which migrates northward or southward according to the season of the year; so that Wilson, the ornithologist, observed that "mill-dams are periodically visited by this feathered fisher, and the sound of his pipe is as well known to the miller as the sound

of his own hopper." Its sight is singularly keen, "and, even when passing with its meteor-like flight over the country, it will suddenly check itself in mid career, hovering over the spot for a short time, watching the finny inhabitants of the brook as they swim to and fro, and then, with a curious, spiral kind of plunge, will dart into the water, driving up the spray in every direction, and, after a brief struggle, will emerge with a small fish in its mouth, which it bears to some convenient resting-place, and, after battering its prey with a few hearty thumps against a stump or a stone, swallows it, and returns for another victim." Waterfalls and rapids are its favorite haunts.

The kingfisher is sometimes given to hoarding, and, having caught more fish than it can eat, will take them to its secret storehouse, a crevice among roots perhaps, and there hide them until it is able to eat them. Half a dozen young trout have been often found in such a hole. The kingfisher makes its nests in the deserted holes of banks, and builds them of fish-bones. As soon as the young are able to exert themselves, they perch on a neighboring twig, or some other convenient resting-place, and squall incessantly for food. They can be partially domesticated, and become so familiar with man as to receive food from him; and they are said to be fond of slow music.

The specimen figured belongs to a rare variety of kingfisher discovered by Mr. Wallace in the Malay Archipelago. It is very large, being full seventeen inches long. The bill is coral-red, the under surface pure white, the back and wings deep purple, while the shoulder, head, and nape, and



Racket-tailed Kingfisher.

some spots on the upper part of the back and wings, are pure azure-blue. These birds differ from all other kingfishers by having the two middle tail-feathers immensely lengthened and very narrowly webbed, but terminated by a spoon-shaped enlargement. The narrow part of the long feathers is of a rich blue.

"The classical scholar is familiar with the expression 'halcyon days,' which is so frequently employed to denote a season of special security and joyousness, and is derived from an old fable, that the halcyon, or kingfisher, made its nest on the surface of the sea, and possessed some innate power of charming the waves and winds to rest during the time of its incubation. Fourteen days of calm weather were in the power of the kingfisher, or Alcyon, who was fabled to be the daughter of Æolus, wearing a feathered form in token of grief for the loss of Ceyx, her husband, and to have derived her authority from her father, the lord of winds. In many parts of England at the present day there is a singular idea concerning the kingfisher, which seems to have its origin in the same mythical history. Those who are familiar with cottage-life in the rural districts will often have noticed a kingfisher suspended by the point of the beak from the beams of the ceiling, and, if they have asked the object of the custom, will be told that the bird always turns its breast toward the quarter from which the wind is blowing."

If we take a common terrestrial globe, two feet in diameter, it is evident that, compared with the earth itself, three inches on such a globe would represent one thousand miles, and, consequently, eighteen thousandths, or the fifty-fifth, part of an inch, would represent six miles. A mountain, six miles high, would, therefore, be represented upon the surface of such a globe by a particle of dust whose diameter would not exceed the fifty-fifth part of an inch.

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FROM ISLAY TO LAMPA—A JAUNT OVER THE SIERRAS OF PERU.

NARRATIVES of travel in South America are numerous, and the collection has been increasing with the last decade, but few of them are satisfactory. The erudition and literary ability of Humboldt, Bonpland, Stevens, Squier, and the remaining few who have made their names famous in connection with adventure and research upon our sister continent, are not common gifts. Dry details, dreary platitudes, and long homilies are too often the stock in trade of travelling book-makers, and it is a relief beyond expression when one comes upon so delightful a companion as the tourist and *savant* with whom we propose to take a brief jaunt to-day.

M. Paul Marcoy—*Don Poblado*—as his fair acquaintances in New Spain learned to call him, has made a grand journey through South America, from ocean to ocean, and has given us, through the press of Hachette & Co., Paris, one of the most charming and scientifically valuable works of the day. The publisher has made it externally a choice specimen of splendid book manufacture, *de luxe*, in two vol-

umes, quarto, of seven hundred pages each, illustrated with six hundred and twenty-six views, characteristic types and landscapes, richly engraved, and twenty maps from the author's own designs.

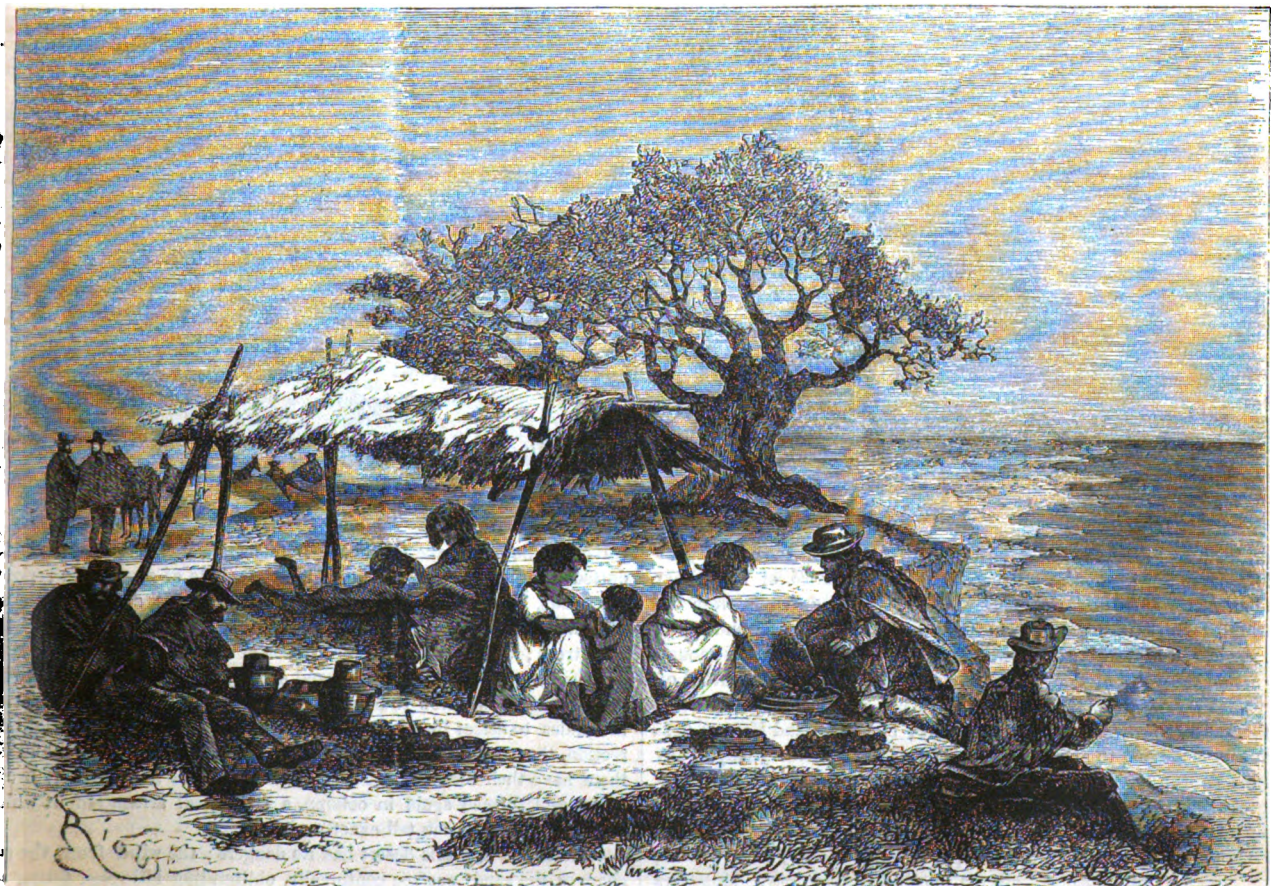
Marcoy sets out with a gay, bounding humor that accompanies him to the last, and, even when he has the arid plain and the gloomy mountain-pass to depict, he does it with a light-hearted joyousness that is even more than French, for it indicates a sound physical organization in good health, and a happy disposition.

He makes the quaint little port of Islay, in $17^{\circ} 1'$ south latitude, and $74^{\circ} 30'$ west longitude, his point of departure for the trip across the continent. Islay is a dreary place, although it enjoys the distinction of being the commercial and customs entry port of the department and city of Arequipa in Peru, the latter country having been selected by our explorer for his first adventures.

"Every year," says Marcoy, "some thirty or forty vessels from Europe or North America, bound to Valparaiso and intermediate



Arequipa Fisherman.



Open-air Restaurant in Islay.

ports, hug this coast and touch at Islay, for supplies of country produce, that are kept there in readiness for them at certain seasons. For a few days, an appearance of life galvanizes the port and its dull village on the shore; and the echoes accustomed to repeat only the plainings of the wind, and the cries of the wild sea-fowl, resound with bacchanalian refrains, and shouts in divers tongues and dialects. Then the passing ship weighs anchor again, and every thing subsides into its ordinary monotony."

One bright morning in July, which is a winter month in that latitude, the jovial Frenchman finds himself in the company of boon companions, in the cabin of the *Vicar of Bray*, a three-master from Liverpool, enjoying a farewell repast at the invitation of the captain, who is to sail next day for the Brazilian port of Santa Maria de Belem do Para. Marcoy has laid him a wager that he will be able to cross the continent by land, and reach the same place, in less time than it will take his nautical friend to complete the voyage. A hearty English dinner is before them, with legs of mutton and barons of beef, interspersed with some marine delicacies in the shape of different kinds of

as the *Quebrada of Islay*, leading out of the village over the hills, and in the direction of Arequipa, the first place of destination.

"The road, continuing to ascend, conducted us, with many a zigzag, to a small table-land of irregular form that commanded the environs. An *ajoupa*, or shelter, formed of a tattered piece of matting, propped up on poles, stood in the centre. Under this shade, some women in rags, and children with dishevelled hair, and clad in no other costume than their own cuticle, crouched among huge jars and a variety of other earthenware vessels. A low table, on which were displayed fried fish, and that species of fucus which the Indians call *cocha-yuy*, or lake-sweet, indicated one of those open-air restaurants so common in Peru. These viands, powdered, as they were, with volcanic ashes in place of pepper, were not inviting to behold; but our muleteers were not the folks to stop at such trifles. Their first care, as they came up, was to question the hostess rudely in their way, and to order a double portion of these dusty dainties, along with the jug of *chica*."

From this point onward a succession of wild and picturesque scenery presented landscape after landscape of novel outline for the



The Track across the Pampa.

fish, fresh and smoked, and "the whole seasoned with the red pepper of Cayenne, the *cacazouze* of the Antilles, the *orocolo* of Peru, East Indian curry, and Harvey sauce." These incendiary viands were besprinkled with copious libations of port and sherry, double and single beer, gin and brandy, and followed by a dish of coffee delicious enough to set all the goats of Yemen dancing, served in little bowls instead of cups. Very naturally the occasion does not conclude without some animated demonstrations by the company; but our friend Marcoy, dexterously managing to avoid the heavier spirituous artillery, slips away before the fun grows fast and furious, and retires for rest to the dwelling of a *balsero* or fisherman, of the type of which, as seen on the Arequipa coast, we give an illustration.

On the ensuing day, after a final parting, the *Vicar of Bray* set sail, and Marcoy simultaneously started on his land-journey. Muleteers and guides in front, and the gentlemen-riders bringing up the rear, the cavalcade started at once along the wild and desolate pass known

traveller's note and sketch book. Immense masses of rock, hill-sides dotted with *huacas* or tombs, in which thousands of mummies repose; the roads, bordered with a profusion of heliotropes, scenting the air with delicious vanilla-odors, and overhung with gnarled and twisted olive-trees; while all around were traces of extinct volcanic action.

The Pampa of Islay, a sea of sand sixty leagues in length and twenty in breadth, was now to be crossed, and, trusting to the instinct of the mules to select the best path, after heading them in the right direction, the travellers flung their reins loose on their necks, and let them have their own way. The sagacious animals immediately broke ranks and formed again in column, a strategical arrangement which they prefer, no one can tell exactly why.

The trip across this desert has its dangers; the wind from the sea changes the sandy surface continually, obliterating hillocks, filling up cavities, and transforming the scene from hour to hour. The pampa-guides, however, find unerring directions by consulting the sun in the

daytime, and the stars at night. The position of the starry constellations is, moreover, reinforced for night guidance, by the remains of animals who, in perishing of exhaustion, have left their bones to bleach upon the waste. The direction of these mournful landmarks, their inclination to the right or the left, and the greater or less distance separating them, are regarded as indicating the correctness of the route pursued by the caravan. Repulsive as their appearance may be in other points of view, the sight of them is, for the reasons above stated, always looked upon with satisfaction, since they serve to mark the track.

"We had been moving onward for some time," writes Marcoy, "scrutinizing the depths of the pampa, and deservying nothing that looked like these remains, when a cry that parodied the ejaculations of the ancient Sibyl was heard:

"The bones! the bones! Look!' It came from a veteran *arriero* who was conducting our column. Every eye was turned toward the point indicated by the guide's gesture, and at the extremity of the plain, to the southward, we could make out a whitish belt which resembled the veins of saltpetre, or of sea-brine crystallized, which are frequently found in these regions. Upon the direction of our guide, who held that we should pass these grisly landmarks to the windward, we obliqued, and advanced directly toward them.

"These bones, grouped in little heaps, and ranged in a single line that stretched away to the horizon, were more or less white, and polished according to the lapse of time during which they had lain there. Among them I recognized a human hand, by its symmetrical arrangement, although our people, to whom I made the remark, asseverated that the wind alone had indulged in that freak. But when I showed them certain skulls of horses and mules, in the auricular cavities of which some impious hand had inserted thin bones to look like horns, and others through the nasal orifices of which fleshless ribs had been thrust in imitation of tusks or trunks, the *mozos* of the party roared out laughing, and thence I concluded that these 'merry jests' had been the work not of the wind but of some members of their own class, on a day of drunken revelry."

The solitary baiting and lodging house or *tampu* in the midst of the pampa is the theme of some lively and amusing description, and we give the bill charged for a bare room, a jug of water, and a dish of chicken-stew, for the Europeans of the party, three in number, to show that "modern ideas" have penetrated even the South American wilderness. The account, which was chalked on a piece of plank, and was presented by the host with a flourish, read thus, all in one line: *Vel-agu*, 4.16.—*Chup-suma*, 60.80, and may be separated and summed up as follows:

Vela—a candle—4 reals.

Agua—water—16 "

Chupé—soup—60 "

Suma—total, 80 reals.

Thus, the candle—tallow, and stuck in the neck of a beer-bottle—went for half a dollar, the water for two piastres, and the chicken-stew for seven and a half, making about ten dollars in all for the evening repast on the desert.

Another day's journey brought the cavalcade in sight of the snowy

Andes, lying beyond the *pampas*, and the country around them, arid and parched on all sides, was studded only with the wild *cereus* or vegetable wax-candle, and the *opuntias*, which form the chief vegetation of this strange region.

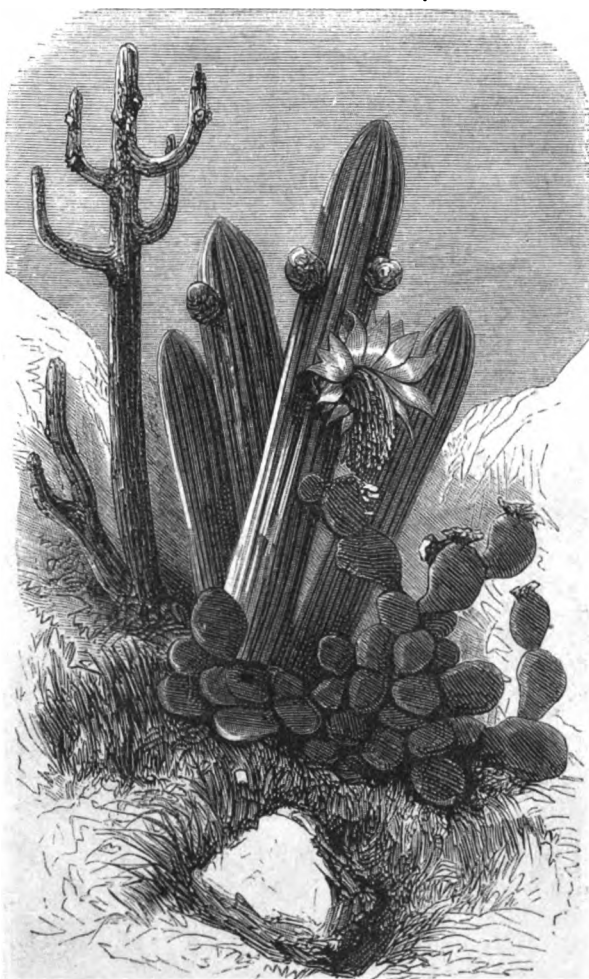
Here the turtle-dove, which we are so accustomed to welcome in the budding forests of southern Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland, in the spring, becomes the traveller's source of keen complaint. It sounds its mournful accents, as he is pleased to term them, in every nook and corner; among the volcanic cinders of the coast; in the quartz sands, and on the rocks of the Sierra; under the trees of the heated valleys, and even in the poetical rhapsodies of the natives, who, not content with calling it *urpilla chay*, "dear turtle-dove," compare their women to it—a figure of speech which Marcoy fails to appreciate.

After passing the mountain border, and reaching the opulent valley of Arequipa, discovered and cultivated in the thirteenth century by the fourth Inca, Mayta Capac, the Frenchman grows quite warm in his

description of the magnificent scenery, the beautiful villages, the rich *fauna* and *flora*, and the agricultural wealth of the district. "From Sachaca to Yanahuara, a league distant, the road is admirable, and the level country is cultivated with care. The fields of Indian corn, clover, and potatoes; the patches of golden wheat; the streamlets bordered with huge willows; and the clay-thatched houses, white, clear blue, and pale rose-colored in their various shadings, made up a panorama most agreeable to the eye. From point to point, beneath arbors overhung with laden vines of yellow citron-fruit, above which fluttering pennons of the Peruvian national colors indicated a rural wine-shop—the wine-shops in the towns have only a wisp of straw for a sign—men and women of sepia complexion, with floating hair, and many-colored garments, sip the rough country wine, rattle their three-stringed guitars, blow on the cracked reeds that they call flutes, romp, embrace, and fill themselves with good cheer, after their peculiar fashion, with a running accompaniment of cries, oaths, and shouts of laughter, and wind up by going to sleep with their heads in the shade, and their feet in the sun, in attitudes that would enchant an artist in that line."

"These scenes of local manners, to which our companions paid but little attention, familiar as they are with them from childhood, caused me, I confess, extreme pleasure. I enjoyed them as a curious looker-

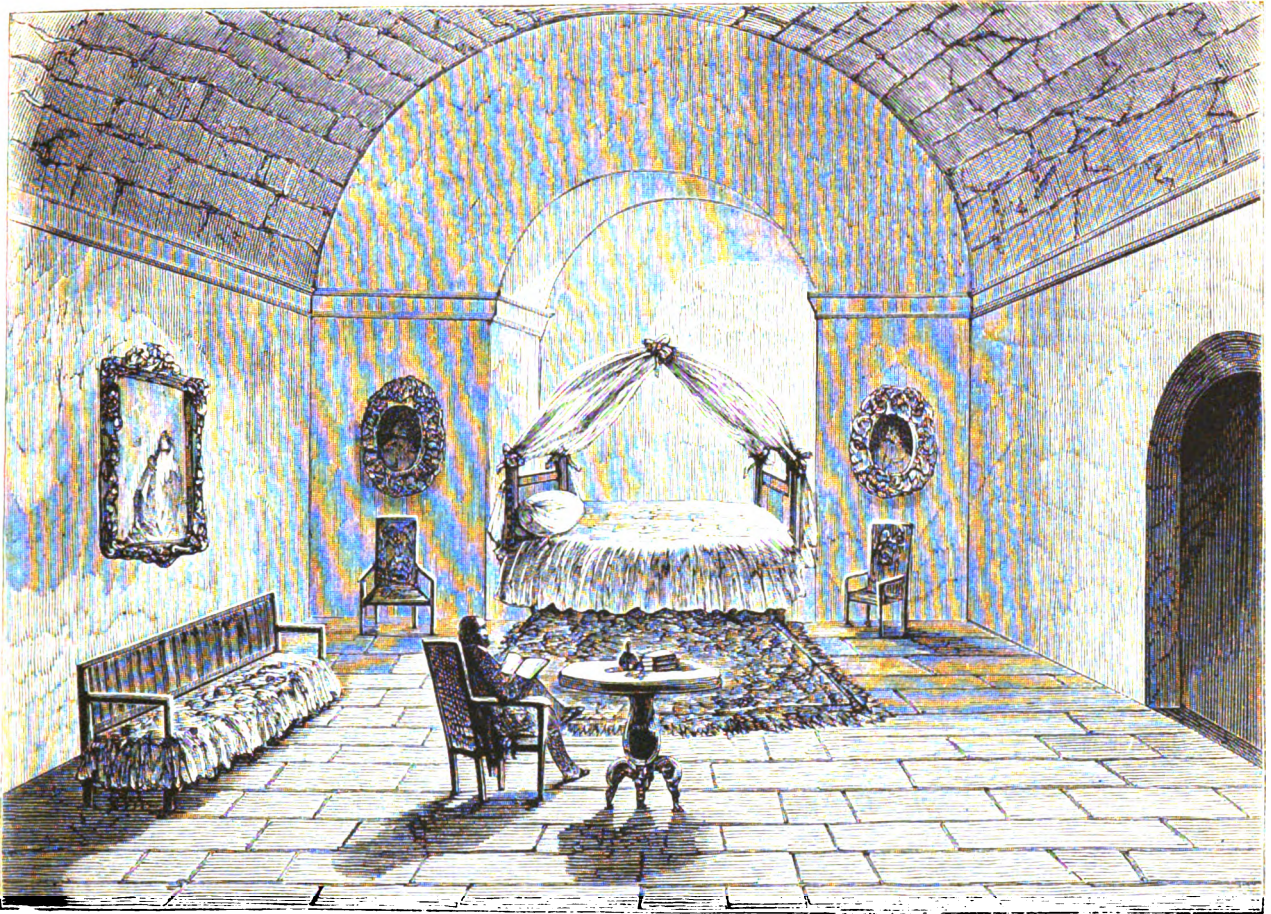
on and as a philosopher. The pictures thus ready made, and rich in life and color, amused my gaze, while they, at the same time, furnished me serious food for thought. I frequently caught myself discoursing upon the nature of man in general, and particularly concerning that of the natives whom I saw, as I passed by, luxuriating beneath the shade of the viny arbors that serve them for dwellings, tents, and parasols, as well. 'Happy race!' I exclaimed, at the same time giving my mule a thwack with the loose end of my bridle, to check the gluttonous instincts that continually made him turn toward the citron-vines—'people worthy of the golden age, who can breakfast on a potato baked in the ashes, sup upon a raw onion, and even go without eating altogether, if needs be, provided they only have something to drink; who slip through life, to the soft accords of the flute and the guitar, troubling themselves but little concerning a dilapidated hat, or a pair of torn pantaloons; regretting nothing, aspiring to nothing, not even a new shirt'—but we refrain from further quotation of the passage.



Cereus and Opuntias.



A Rural Wine-shop.

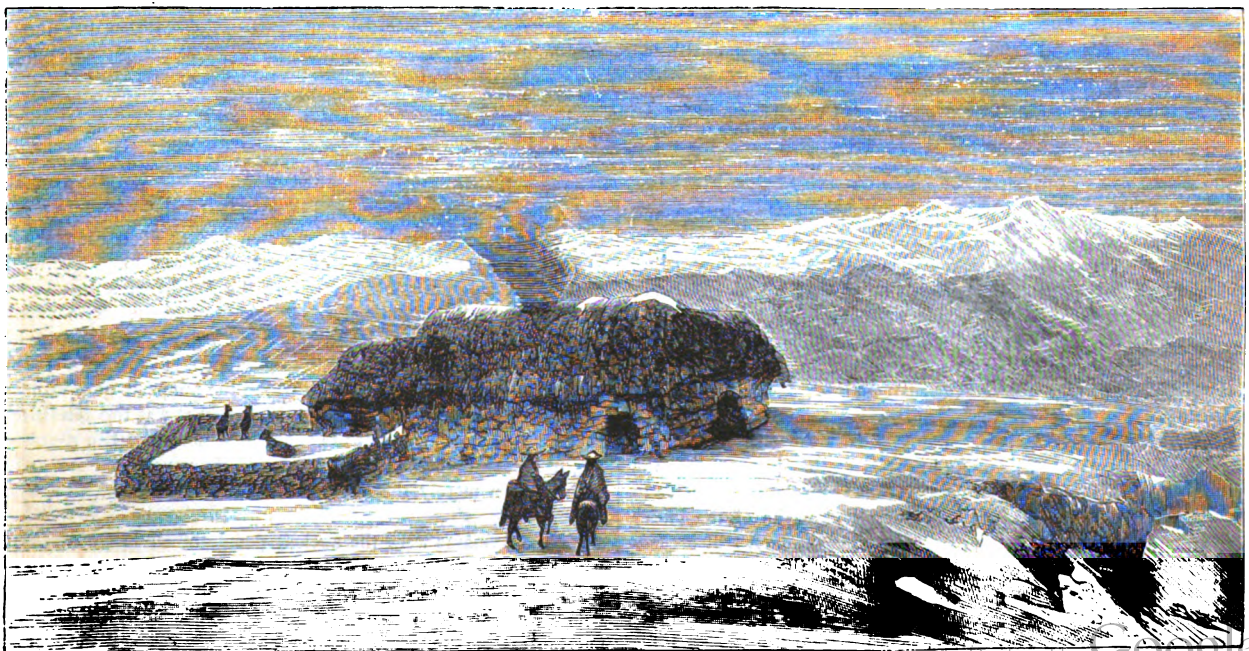


Interior of a Chamber at Arequipa (Old Style).

which we fear has a slight tendency to satire in its laughing periods.

At Arequipa, our gay comrade tarries long enough to give us a glowing portraiture of that fine old monastic town, with its rich Spanish architecture and queerly-costumed people. The modes of life and manners in the numerous convents of the place greatly interest him, and he makes us feel, in his vivid sketches of their interiors, as though we had been familiar inmates.

The massive stone houses of Arequipa, with huge carriage-entrances, wide court-yards, jutting balconies, and vaulted roofs, are objects of peculiar interest—associated, as so many of them are, with the period of Spanish dominion. Their interior fittings are not luxurious, excepting in the houses of foreign merchants or Arequipans of distinction, who put wall-paper on their finest apartments, only as a special adornment; whitewash, touched off with flourishes in red, blue, and green paint, is the rule.



A Post-house in the Sierra Nevada.

The small amount of furniture that adorns them is of two kinds: the Spanish style, chopped out of solid wood as though with an axe, and painted white or sky-blue, interspersed with roses and daisies, relieved with a few threads of gilding; or the Greek imperial style, such as Jacob Desmaltess manufactured wholesale in 1804—mahogany sofas, with sphinx heads and griffins' feet, chairs with backs representing the classic lyre surmounted by a helmet, or a trophy of arms; the whole covered with cassimere, the color of coffee and cream, or the fawn's breast, with stamped rosettes. While taking an inventory of these doubtful splendors, the eye discovers here and there, half hidden in the shadow, or stowed away in some corner, a finely-carved chest, an altar-stand of black oak, cut as delicately as a piece of lace, or an arm-chair, stately enough for an abbot, and lined with Cordova leather, on which the flowers of vermillion and gold are nearly effaced. These articles, dating from the Spanish conquest, seem to protest against the wretched taste of their neighbors.

The details of Arequipan life, especially of the wiles and fascina-

nasal organ, of sufficient force to set it bleeding, or a good mouthful of garlic. The latter prescription, *heroic* as it seems, was preferred, and acted like a charm. The first post-house reached that afternoon was closed, and the party had to push on as far as Huallata, where they did not arrive until nine o'clock at night.

"Built upon an isolated eminence, beset by all the winds, and buffeted by every storm, often enveloped, too, in icy fogs, this was one of the most frightful sites that I had seen on the whole line of the Andes, from Terra del Fuego to the equator."

A rousing fire of llama-chips, and the culinary attentions of the Indian in charge of the place, made the evening and night pass comfortably enough inside, despite the bitter cold. The Andes may be crossed at all seasons without excessive danger, by the aid of experienced guides; but the most favorable months are April and September. During his July descent, on the day following the sojourn above described, our adventurous Frank and his party were caught in a tremendous snow-storm, oddly interspersed with *heavy thunder* and



The Hospitality of the Sepulchre.

tions of the city belles and *chacareras*, are sufficiently amusing, and might tempt us to linger, were our space less limited.

From Arequipa to Lampa was the next stage of this interesting journey, and it begins with the pampilla or small sandy desert north of Arequipa, and the wild life of the charcoal-burners encamped in that direction. The latter speak the *quechua* or idiom of the country, but understand Spanish, and are a race greatly resembling the gypsies of the Old World. These people, accustomed to ply their traffic between the mountains and the town, are the best of guides to the passes of that portion of the Andes that now lies in the traveller's path. The first night is passed at Apo, the nearest station in ascending the Sierra Nevada. There the thermometer already marks from twelve to fourteen degrees below zero, and the snow-clad peaks of the loftier mountains are in full view. The next day, the stranger, still ascending, feels all the horrors of the *soroche*, so called in the *quechua* dialect, or sickness occasioned either by the rarefaction of the atmosphere, or the mephitic exhalations among the antimonial deposits of these mountains. The choice of remedies was between a blow upon the

lightning. This brought them to a dead halt, and compelled them to take refuge in a strange structure—"a sort of edifice composed of enormous separate blocks of stone, with one huge monolith for a roof. A small window, pierced at the height of a man's stature from the ground, illuminated the interior but dimly. The sepulchre, for such it was, measured about ten feet square, by eight in height. Its walls, sloping like those of the Egyptian structures, and of formidable thickness, had probably withstood the tempests of centuries. I asked my guide what he thought of it, and what was the tradition connected with this tomb; but the snow, in penetrating the man's clothing, had sealed up his usual stream of eloquence, and he answered with a yawn merely these words: 'It is the work of the Aymaras pagans.'"

These Aymaras were the ancient people of all in South America, whose traditions mention the existence of *four other suns* earlier than the present one, and who occupied the country long before the establishment of the Incas. Their most peculiar custom was their habit of deforming the skulls of their infants, and giving them a conical shape,

by compressing it between bits of board lined with cotton, and fastened with strong ligatures.

One of the most pleasing episodes of this expedition through the grand Sierra is thus mentioned :

"After an hour's advance, I discovered on my right, hidden by the sinuosities of the surface, a pretty little river which wound away joyously between the rocks, fringing them with a thread of foam. I pointed it out to Nor Medina, the guide, who told me that it was the same streamlet of water that I had seen issuing from a rock, near the post-station of Apo. Twenty leagues' descent through the snows of the Andes had wrought this wonder. 'Thus empires rise and grow,' I said, and my guide smiled approvingly. The road we were following soon approached the river, and permitted us to ride along its banks. In places where there were no stones, its surface expanded gently over a bed of quartz sand, so white, so fine, and so soft to the gaze, that, for a moment, I was tempted to alight, draw my boots and stockings, and trip along with it to the unknown abyss in which it was to plunge.

the first lake, I discovered another exactly like it, but situated on the right bank of the river along which we were riding. Nor Medina hastened to inform me that from these two lakes, the first called *Coricocha*, or the Lake of Gold, and the second, *Colquecocha*, or the Lake of Silver, the river which we had seen take its rise at Apo, and which, until then, had been known as the *Rio de Cuevailla*, took the name of the *Rio de Compuerta*."

To pursue the Andean journey would be to follow a succession of quaint incidents intermingled with graphic descriptions of mountain and plain, valley and hill-side, seen in novel forms, and under the strangest peculiarities of climate and situation. The mountain villages with their rude inns; the primitive manners and costumes of their inhabitants; their superb scenery; their crystal lakes and foaming cascades, and the odd traditions with which the descendants of the Spanish race, as well as the native tribes, whose curious civilization seems to date farther back than all the records we have of Asiatic or European history, invest them, afford Marcoy exhaustless subjects of nar-



The Lake of Gold and the Lake of Silver.

The day drawing to a close, did not allow me to indulge this fancy. I contented myself with dipping the tin cup I carried with me, attached to the end of a string, and which served me on my journeys for tumbler, bowl, and tea-cup, into the stream, and drank a few mouthfuls of its limpid, ice-cold water. As the environs offered neither post nor *pasana* where we could pass the night, and the hamlet of Compuerta, the guide told us, was still two leagues distant, we spurred our horses. The afternoon storm had swept the sky clear of even the smallest cloud. At that hour, there was not a speck on the vast azure dome, which the setting sun was tinging with deep orange and purple. As we trotted along, we came to a small lakelet, less than a mile in circuit, fringed with the broad-leaved *tortoras* or Peruvian bamboo, *Juncus Peruvianus*. 'This limpid drop of water, in which the heavens mirror themselves,' as the poet has it, served as an asylum for flocks of web-footed fowl, cranes, wild ducks, divers, and teal, who disported over its surface, and uttered their nasal cries as night drew on. A notch, opening in the rim of this basin, allowed its superfluous waters to escape into a ravine that communicated with the river. Two hundred paces from

ration and comment; and when, at last, the traveller, descending the eastern slope of the Sierra, comes in sight of Lampa, the reader seems to have been passing with him through the windings of some ingenious and glowing romance. Nor is the jaunt without its scientific marvels. Marcoy encounters them at every step, and his story of a gigantic humming-bird imbibing the poisonous although honeyed juices of the *Eranthis gracilis*, at a height of twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, between Cabana and Lampa, is not the least of them.

The arrival at Lampa is at a happy time, and under most auspicious circumstances. Don Firmin de Vara y Pancorbo is the wealthy personage to whom Marcoy bears letters of introduction. The traveller arrives at night, after his long and toilsome mountain-passage, and finds the house he inquires for, the best-illuminated, and one of the largest and handsomest in the place. When he alights with his guide, and knocks at the door, the host himself, summoned by a servant, comes out and meets them, in joyous humor, with a hearty welcome. This is Saint Firmin's day, he tells them, and, as he is a bachelor, he has just assembled a few mercantile friends, and some charming ladies

of the place, to celebrate the festival of his patron saint. So the honored stranger must come in and join the merry party.

"Without giving me time to thank him, the merchant took my arm in his, and drew me toward the stairs. When we had reached the landing, he flung open a door, and ushered me into a large apartment, sparingly furnished, but illuminated *à giorno*, where I saw some fifteen persons of the two sexes, seated around a table."

The new guest is received with enthusiasm, notwithstanding his travel-stained attire, and, having been allotted a seat in the midst of a bevy of Peruvian beauties, is plied by them with all the choicest dishes and finest wines accessible, seasoned with merry glances from the brightest eyes, and words of enobling compliment from lovely lips.

Our gay stranger, if he loses something in the estimation of the men, because, instead of being a commercial agent, he is but a scientific traveller crossing the continent, note-book and sketching-pencil in hand, gains with the ladies, whose curiosity is at once aroused by this slight dash of mystery and romance. The younger ladies

feet, and every one asked what the enigma meant. My neighbor, in a word or two, explained what had happened. Her perfect coolness at the moment, while I was suffering unspeakable torment, completed my exasperation."

Fresh water and wet-towel applications soon restored comfort to our wounded hero and harmony to the party, and a second phase of their happy gathering was reached. "At our host's word of command, the *mozo*s in waiting swept off the remnants of the repast, removed the table-cloth, and placed upon the board one of those richly-cut glass punch-bowls, of the size of a small pail, which Germany manufactures and exports to Peru. Our Amphytrion then emptied into it six bottles of bordeaux, four of sherry, and two of rum, and sweetened and perfumed the whole with sugar and nutmeg. Finally, into this incendiary mixture, known as *cardinal*, he dropped a strawberry, which plunged, disappeared, and then rose again to the surface."

The sport then consisted in passing the huge goblet around the table, each guest endeavoring to snap the strawberry, but only, in



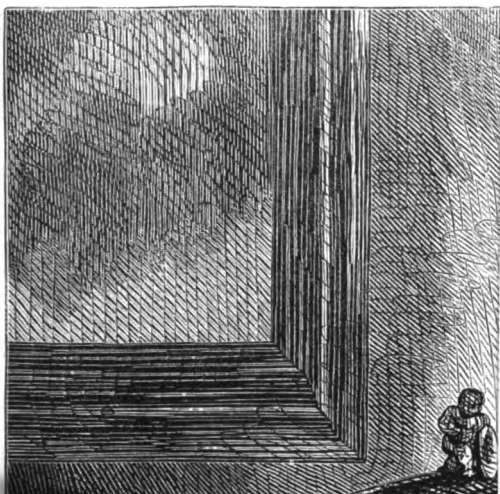
A Dinner Party at Lampa.

raise their glasses—only to the interesting Frenchman. But, as in all other cases of the same kind, since the world began, this fatal preference leads our hero into unimaginable troubles. The more elderly ladies, between whom he happens to be seated, jealous of the attention he concedes to the smiles of their juvenile rivals, use their elbows as interpreters of their grief and indignation, to the damage of poor Marcoy's ribs. The catastrophe that ensues we allow him to relate:

"As I was quaffing a glass of wine with my Clotho—such was the mythological name I had given to the lady on my right, because I did not know her real title—the lady on my left, whom I called Lachesis, whispered in my ear, 'Amiable stranger, take this last morsel for my sake.' I turned very quickly, so quickly indeed that the morsel in question, which, I afterward learned, was a fowl's liver, went into my eye, instead of my mouth, and, as the fair one had previously seasoned it well with powdered allspice, I felt as though a thousand needles had pierced the crystalline lens at once. The vociferations that burst from me on the instant, uncontrollably, made all the guests spring to their

reality, getting a good draught of the punch. "This pretty pastime says the chronicler, "called *fishing for the strawberry*, and of which a learned bishop, Melchior de la Nava, who lived at Cuzco, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, is said to have been the inventor is for the Peruvians of the Sierra but an honest pretext for copious libations. The poor fish for the strawberry in a large glass of *chicha*—the small beer of that region—and the rich make an expensive mixture of fine wines and foreign liquors. Intoxication is the common 'snug harbor' into which all these fishers of strawberries inevitably sail."

While the scene above described does not indicate any very striking progress of the temperance cause, there are, after all, many worse places on earth than Lampa, with its verdant plain and majestic mountain-ranges; its herds of llamas, alpacas, and oxen; its cigarette-smoking fair ones; its *chicha*-drinking peasants, and even its roustabouts of both sexes who dance the *zapateo*, and "fish for the strawberry."



on the instant, uncontrollably, made all the guests spring to their | berry."

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[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



THE COUNTRY BLACKSMITH'S SHOP. BY EDWIN FORBES.

GOOD-WILL'S SEXTON.

PRAYERS are read in the Church of Good-Will toward the close of every day. The services occupy an hour which, in winter, usually goes for nothing.

With a constancy equal to that of the sun in rising up and going down, one poor soul daily found her way to that not fashionable place of worship. But the good which she so unweariedly sought there was slow of attainment. At last she said to herself, "I have found it," but she said it with a face so sad that it suggested any thing but peace to the one pair of eyes which watched her with an interest exceeding curiosity. She had been trying to forgive an enemy, this childless widow, because it was contrary to every thing in her nature to harbor such feelings as had for a time ravaged her domain of content.

The pair of eyes referred to belonged to the sexton of the Church of Good-Will. He was Mr. Byrns, and he did not forget that, before the neighborhood began to flock into the church at every service, this woman had met constantly with the "two or three" accustomed the year round to worship there. He remembered the thought with which he had pointed out a seat to her that first time he saw her, when she looked at him so inquiringly, as if asking permission to go in. He had never been able to forget the expression of those eyes, and as often as he opened a box of flowers from Gatesend—Mr. Byrns was a florist—as sure as there were violets in it, he thought of the wilted look of that woman's blue eyes. He was reminded of the look, indeed, long after he had said to himself, "Whatever she has been praying for, the pretty creature has got her answer—but it ain't all quite right yet."

Mr. Byrns was a bachelor, and a thoughtful man, and wise enough to be content with what he had, for he saw how things went with people.

He had made a great many bridal wreaths, hundreds of them, but quite as many crosses for funerals; his experience was, that the demand for tuberoses and passion-flowers was quite as "active" as for orange-buds. Of the processions which entered the church doors, as many came in black and weeping, as smiling in white. He had noticed, too, that those, who laid their hands with the most greedy, and apparently the strongest grasp on the good things of this life, were by no means more likely to hold what they had gained, than others who took what chanced, with no thought of the morrow. He had come to the conclusion that his share of pleasure was to come to him through the flower-trade, and was satisfied; but he reckoned also on the satisfaction to be derived from such contact as he had with the worshippers in the Church of Good-Will. Let him overhear the praise of his minister from any stranger's lips, or catch sight of a tear glistening on a face, here and there—it was nectar, the delight of which was not lost for a week.

It was a rare thing, though, that individuals, as such, affected him one way or another. Customers were customers, the congregation the congregation—few or many, bad or good, large or small, attentive or otherwise. But this Mrs. Blake was to Mr. Byrns as one of the violets, and the violets, though he sold them in the mass, he always looked at singly.

One evening, thinking of her—for he came finally to think of her in connection with the "evening service" as naturally as he did of the minister—he could not resist the impulse to take with him, as he left the shop, a little bunch of flowers, and he laid it in the corner of the pew where she sat. He had a queer sensation when he had done this; he couldn't have laid those flowers there, had the gas been turned on, and people standing about.

A little later, while showing a party of young folk into the pew directly in front of hers, he noticed that she was laying down the bouquet. It pleased him that she had noticed it, and had taken it in her hands; but afterward, when he was looking up, he saw that she had left violet and heliotrope behind her. That discovery disappointed him so much that he felt constrained to ask himself sharply what he had expected—that she would carry off what did not belong to her!

It did belong to her—but how was she to suspect it? He did not allow himself to worry over the question for any length of time. After that night a bunch of fresh flowers was always lying in the same place, and, though he had for his pains to carry them away again, which he did before they faded, he never offered the blossoms so consecrated for sale, however great the demand.

In those days, Mr. Byrns felt very much as a devotee, who decorates the shrine of the Virgin, may be supposed to feel; and it pleased him to think of the odor of sweet flowers about the place where so many prayers had gone up from the lonely heart. He hoped the mourner would some time understand that those flowers were intended for her—poor dear, who had so good a right to them!

One afternoon in March, when the rain had fallen all day in drenching gusts, and it seemed impossible that any one should get to the meeting—any woman, at least—Mrs. Blake came in at the usual hour, and not another soul besides herself, not even one of the vestry-men came. She was sitting where she always sat, when Mr. Byrns came along, and, leaning over the pew-door in a very unofficial manner, said:

"This is a very stormy afternoon, ma'am. 'Pears to me we shall have a slim meeting. I wouldn't be surprised if there was nobody here. Mr. Wood was to have read the service, but he is so lame it's as much as he can do to get about in fair weather."

"Do you think there won't be anybody here?" she asked, rising quickly, as if such a thought had not occurred to her before, and blushing, as if in that case she had been guilty of folly in coming. It was the first time that Byrns had seen her face entirely unveiled, the first time he had heard her speak as many words; it was a different face from what he had supposed, and the voice had tones in it which surprised him. Somehow he felt that she was less like a violet than he had imagined; it was a strong voice, there was less give-in to it than he had thought. Still, he heard nothing in it, and saw nothing in the face—sad enough it was, and not quite filled with the calm of resignation—to forbid his saying:

"I hope you haven't come far, ma'am," though he knew, as well as she did, that she had only come from across the street.

"No," she answered, not suspecting his speech, "and, if you think there will be no meeting, I may as well go home."

As she spoke, she arose and walked out of the pew. It was at that moment that Mr. Byrns made a bold dash forward, as it were. "Haven't you forgotten something?" said he.

Mrs. Blake had her prayer-book, her pocket-handkerchief, and her umbrella in her hands, but nevertheless she looked back—"No," she answered; and, though she saw the bunch of flowers lying on the cushion, she did not suspect the meaning of his question.

"Don't that belong to you?" asked the sexton, nodding at it.

"No," she said again; but Mr. Byrns did not mind her saying it, for he had now become quite resolved.

"I guess you had better take 'em along," said he; "there ain't any one to claim 'em," and he would have told her that he had himself placed them there, and for her expressly, had he not suddenly felt a fear that if he said so she might not like it, and could show him that she did not, by taking some other seat henceforth, or perhaps by staying away altogether from the Church of Good-Will. But, though he was restrained in his speech somewhat by this fear, it did not prevent his stepping quickly into the pew, taking up from the seat the little bouquet, and presenting it to her with a slight laugh that expressed embarrassment rather than pleasure; his pleasure depended on whether she would accept the gift, and that was to be seen.

She took the offering, and smelt the violets.

"They are from the country," she said; "there is the spring in them! Real ground, and sky."

"Yes," he answered, "they came honestly by their good looks; they were raised in the country." Then seeing that she looked a little surprised, or, perhaps, eager to give her some information about himself, he added: "My brother keeps a garden in the country, and he sends flowers to me every day. My shop is just below here a few doors, maybe you have—noticed it?"

"Oh!" she said, looking at honest Byrns, and then at the violets. She seemed not yet to understand, in the way he wished her to understand, what he had to do with the bunch of flowers which he had advised her to take with her; so far was joy from her, it was the remotest of suspicions that any one had attempted in this delicate way to give her a pleasure.

He saw this. Slow though he may have been in general, his perceptions were keen enough in this direction, and he hastened to say: "It's astonishing how crazy people seem to get after violets every year about this time; you wouldn't believe it. My brother has never been able to come up to the mark yet and supply the demand,

and we've been in the business these twelve years. There's a regular army of young folks who come every day with baskets, to get an assortment to sell round corners, and at the ferries." He wanted to let her know, too, that it was a flourishing business he was doing.

The widow cast a swift glance at Mr. Byrns, and looked away from him again before she asked, "Do you remember Albert Blake, then? he used to buy—it must have been of you—it was in this street, a few doors down."

"Bertie Blake!" exclaimed Mr. Byrns. "I should think I wouldn't forget him; though I have lost sight of him so long, I'm always looking out for Bertie. And you know him?"

"You will never see him again," said the woman, so sadly that the sexton's heart ached to hear her. "Neither shall I. He is my son, and I have lost him."

"I can't think you mean that fine fellow is dead," said Mr. Byrns, and he passed his right hand rapidly over his bald head as if he were perplexed, and suspected himself of a forgetfulness which it made him impatient to think of.

"Last January, more than a year now, he died," she answered.

"I remember he was very fond of the flowers, and he was a first-rate dealer," said Byrns. "I always liked to see Bertie coming in; I've missed him a good deal. There isn't one of the little fellows who are my customers I'd miss so much. . . . Are you going—right out in this storm? Let me carry the umbrella for you." As he spoke, the sexton shut the church door with a loud bang, and was thankful to see that, through the storm which now raged, no woman could possibly make her way alone.

As they reached the church gate he said, "I really don't see how you'll ever get over, ma'am."

"Oh yes, quite easy," she answered; and kept on as if she had not the slightest thought of doing any thing else.

So she directed their course, and they reached, as Nathan had anticipated, the street door of a tenement house of the superior class, directly opposite the church.

She thanked him again as she was about to take the umbrella from his hand when they had stepped from the crossing upon the pavement, and Nathan Byrns would have given a great deal then to have been able to say that it was nothing to the favor of being allowed to serve her, and that he felt grateful for the storm which had kept folks at home, and put him in possession of a single fact concerning her. But he did say, and it was wonderful how he managed to do it:

"If you should happen to find any more violets in the pew, I hope you'll feel, ma'am, as if you was as free to take 'em as if your son had laid them there for you." Any young gentleman might have said a thing like that—I mean as innocent-sounding—to any young lady, and not have meant very much by it; but Nathan Byrns meant so much that he did not sleep very well that night after it was spoken, and his mind kept running on it for days.

Mrs. Blake took the remark quietly and kindly, and it pleased Byrns to see how after that she always carried home with her the little bouquets. It was just as he had said. She took them as if her son had laid them there for her. It was fulfilling his wish even more literally than he could have asked, for she never seemed to be thinking of the real giver. But, notwithstanding his misgiving, a most friendly feeling was, in fact, established between Mrs. Blake and Nathan Byrns.

Later in the spring, attendance on the meetings fell off rapidly. People went into the country, and no longer to church, in crowds, and, to those who remained in town, the hour from five to six was as important as any other of the working twelve. In consideration of these facts, it was finally announced that the daily service would be discontinued for the present. Of course it would be to the sexton's relief. And yet he had been dreading the announcement, and had been watching the slim attendance with jealous eyes, as the days lengthened and the heat increased. When one of the officers of the church said to him, referring to the arrangement, "You will have no cause to complain, Byrns," he answered, quite certain that Mrs. Blake would hear him, as well as the vestryman, "There's nobody will feel sorrier about their stopping than me, sir."

"The daily service has been blest to all of us, I trust," the vestryman said, and he went out.

Mrs. Blake also went out with the handful of people. It was seldom that the sexton found opportunity to exchange a word with her;

but it had always seemed to him that, when she spoke about her son that day of the notable storm, she had something on her mind which she wished to tell him about Bertie.

He had said this to himself so many times, that he now entirely believed it, and he thought that it was dangerous for him to delay asking her the question, which he saw he must ask, if he would ever gain the information. Nobody could tell what might become of this little woman during the long summer; people have such an unaccountable way of dropping out of sight and of never returning again. In this connection, Nathan recalled a sermon which had made a great impression on him, preached from the text, "And while thy servant was busy here and there, the man was gone;" and he resolved to act on the warning.

So it was a very fortunate chance, he thought, that led him to his shop-door one afternoon, just as Mrs. Blake was going by. He was as much surprised as if he had not been looking for her every day. He stepped out on the walk with a beaming face and offered his hand, and had the great pleasure of shaking hers just as if they were standing together on the door-step of the Church of Good-Will.

"There is going to be a great ball this evening," said he, after a moment, "and I have almost a ton of flowers in my shop for the supper-table and the ladies; won't you step in and look at them?"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Blake; and she stepped in. She would have been exceedingly surprised could she have known what a relief Nathan experienced when she did so. His kindness, in inviting her, she would have said was nothing more than anybody might, at any moment, have received from him. She did not notice that Nathan's face was flushed a little from embarrassment and pleasure.

He understood her better; for, when she looked around after she had stepped into the shop, he said to himself, "She sees Bertie here after the flowers," and, walking toward one of the tables, he said to her, "Here's where I serve my young customers. I have been thinking a great deal about the little boy since you told me he was your son—he knew what flowers was worth."

"He loved every beautiful thing," she answered; and it was evident that Nathan could not have introduced a subject so interesting to her as this. "It was his great ambition to have a shop like yours, and to give his orders as you do."

"Yes," said Nathan; and that reminded him that he had an order to give—"Joseph," he said, addressing the clerk, "you may go down to Mr. Crandall's for the boxes, and I will have the flowers ready for the supper by the time you get back."

The young man was off in an instant with a "Yes, sir," and then Nathan Byrns was happy.

"Sit down, ma'am, and I'll have the boxes opened in a minute. Was he sick long, ma'am?" he asked, returning to that subject.

"It was a year, from beginning to end."

"Would it be too much to ask you to tell me about it?" As he spoke, he looked around him, and wondered if Mrs. Blake would be able to see what a bower of beauty his little shop was. Then he proceeded to open the boxes, and, as he did so, such brightness met the eyes, such fragrance ascended and filled the shop, that Mrs. Blake exclaimed, "How beautiful! We don't see anything like that often; if we do, it is soon lost."

"And that ought to reconcile us to most any thing," answered Nathan—but he said it as a preacher might have advanced the consolation; at the same time he felt a little secret misgiving, for he thought of a possible loss, to the pain of which no beauty of this sort would prove a panacea.

"To our enemies?" she asked, suddenly and with so much spirit, that Mr. Byrns looked at her, surprised.

"I should hope so," he said, "if we are so ill off as to have any."

"I have an enemy," she returned. "I am sure he was not a friend. I have been trying all winter to get where I could forgive him! What am I telling you for? But, you knew my boy! And my boy was all I had. It is what I have been praying for all winter, that I might be able to forgive. And I have never spoken of it to a mortal."

"Speak about it to me, ma'am. Maybe I can do something. If you have an enemy, I am sure I'll see he does you no harm—if you'll only let me!"

If Mr. Byrns had stopped to think about it, he would have found it almost impossible to recognize the voice that now had spoken as his own!

"The harm is all done," said she. "But I must forgive him—or how shall I be able to live through it? The trouble was with Albert's head; and my husband—can I help you with those flowers? they're tangled, I see." And, while she was yet speaking, Mrs. Blake disentangled the violets and japonicas, of which Nathan bade fair to make sad havoc just at the moment when she began to speak about her husband. They were coming to the point about which he had speculated, until he was glad to drop and forget it. "My husband said," she went on, "that we must have the best advice in the city for our son. We were advised to go to a doctor who was said to be the best for such troubles. My husband said there should be no bungling. The doctor told us we were to take Bertie to the hospital, and he would attend to him there; but we would not do that, we could not, and so he stopped asking us to do so, and came to us. We told him money was no object. But, when the time came that the operation must be performed, then we went with him to the hospital, and the young man—the doctor's son—took out the tumor. Albert lived two weeks after that, and they let me stay with him. My husband was a watch-maker, and doing a good business then. He asked the doctor for his bill, and the doctor said he would consider it settled if Blake would clean his watch and keep it in good working-order, and he let Clarke put a new face on it, with black figures and black pointers, because he didn't see as well as once, he said, and couldn't read the gold figures easily. It looked very kind of the doctor, and he seemed to feel friendly toward us. After my husband's accident, Clarke got a terrible blow in the fire that destroyed our shop. The old doctor heard of it, and came right down; but he couldn't do any thing—there wasn't any thing to be done. He told us again that we weren't to feel as if we owed him any thing, though he would have brought a bill in for five hundred dollars, if he had brought one for a dollar; but he considered that it was settled already. His son had gained more than double that amount of money, he said, in advantage from attending the case."

"Well," said Nathan, in the most respectful manner, for she stopped here so long that it seemed as if she had finished the tale; "well, he isn't your enemy—the doctor. It isn't that you mean?"

"It is what I never can forget," she said, with a subdued vehemence which told how earnestly she must have prayed—"that young man practising on my Albert, and learning how to operate on a rich man's son by what he did for mine; but it is what I must forgive him, or I shall lose my reason. What would five hundred dollars have been to Clarke and me to have kept Albert with us? And he thinks to pay me, now I am alone, by not bringing in a bill!"

Poor Mr. Byrns! what could he say to a mourner mourning like this one? He sat still, and thought the matter over, till verily it seemed as if he must have been inspired to speak, so little reason was there for expecting that he would utter such words as came from him. He looked inspired, too, as he rose up, with eyes glistening, and said:

"Why, ma'am, he meant, don't you see, that it was a rare case, and that his son might never have an opportunity of seeing another treated by him. If the old gentleman cared a straw for his reputation, you needn't think that he ever took his eye off of his son; he watched him, I'll warrant, as a cat does a mouse. He never let him take a step that he didn't point out himself."

It took the poor woman some minutes to comprehend what Byrns had said sufficiently well to perceive the vast amount of comfort there was to be derived from his words. At last she said, in a low voice: "Do you mean that, while I've been trying so hard to forgive the doctor, there was greater need that I should be forgiven myself for suspecting him?"

"Well," said Nathan, slowly, considering well his words, "I do." He was honest in that, but he doubted the wisdom of speaking just in this way to Mrs. Blake. It was a moment of as keen suspense as he had ever known—that in which he waited to hear what she would say next. But he never would forget the joy that followed her words.

"Oh, Mr. Byrns," she said, "what a weight you have taken from me! I have been thinking, if it hadn't been for that young man, my boy might have been with me, and that the doctor knew it, and hadn't the face to charge us any thing; and it isn't so. I thank you. It was the Lord that took away, who gave."

Mr. Byrns forgot that he was sexton, or florist, and did not speak in the least like a preacher when he said:

"I've often noticed that what's happened in your case happens to people. They look above for help to do what they think can't be done hardly, except by a miracle, when, first they know, up steps another

human creature like themselves, and says a word which makes what looks so difficult done easy. And so prayers are answered, and we're made more human-like."

"It has happened to me," said she; "and you have spoken that word. How I thank you!"

Nathan Byrns had thought many a time that it would be a happy day for him if he could ever make that sad face less sad, and he had been able to relieve her heart of a pain which had made life a weariness to her. A great sense of satisfaction, sweeter than the sweetness of all the spring flowers—the sweetness, indeed, of an immortal spring bloom it was—filled the sacred and silent place of his soul; and he went on smiling with his work of assorting the flowers for that night's banquet at Delmonico's, and he envied none of the dancers.

Before the summer roses were fairly in bloom, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Byrns went out to Gatesend, and visited their brother, the gardener; and Uncle Nathan's eyes will henceforth look with a deeper kindness on every earthly thing, because his wife's face testifies that none of all the beauty in the midst of which she now lives is lost upon her.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XIII.—A SPRING MORNING WITH ONE OF OUR LAWYERS IN SPRING GARDENS, WHEN A LADY'S PORTRAIT DOES A GOOD STROKE OF BUSINESS.

It was now drawing near to the close of the month of April, approaching the meridian of the London season in all the little subordinate worlds of which the great world of London is composed.

The weather was uncertain, as usual; ever and anon there was a passionate shower, chasing pedestrians (especially women with gay bonnets and fresh muslins, spoiled as easily by a wetting as the wings of a butterfly) to shelter in shops, arcades, porticoes, and gateways, where they no sooner found an asylum, than, as it were expressly to mock their hurry and distress, out came an hysterical burst of sunshine as abrupt as the previous rain. A rainbow appeared every ten minutes, or a brilliant scrap of one, as if at this her busiest season, when Nature has all the orders of summer and autumn to execute, she wanted leisure to get up a perfect arch. The early part of the month had been morose; but now the northeast held his bitter breath, and the trees in the parks and squares were beginning to shoot with something like confidence. Buds and even blossoms felt that at last they might venture forth without deliberately committing suicide; the elm was beginning to unfold the tender verdure of its crisp young leaves; and the chestnuts stood pledged to publish the first edition of their splendid flowers in about another fortnight. Already there were sharp visions which could detect the embryo clusters in the top-most branches, and there were still more hopeful observers who were every now and then mistaking the homely and faithful sparrow, which, like the poor, we have always with us, for the swallow which, like the worldly friend, only visits us in our days of warmth and sunshine.

These touches of spring would be an unsuitable introduction to almost any lawyer's office in the world but Mr. Marjoram's; and not very germane even to his, had his place of business been situated in the old quarters of Chancery Lane, or any of the usual dusky haunts of the law, at least as they were in the days we speak of. He had his chambers now in a very different locality, one no less agreeable than Spring Gardens, with a lookout into the park, not far from the spot where you may see, or might have seen in those days, the cows standing to be milked for valetudinarian cockneys of a summer morning. Though this official residence had been chosen more for Alexander's convenience than any thing else, on account of its neighborhood to the Houses of Parliament and the public offices, it was in most agreeable harmony with Mr. Marjoram's tastes. It was by him, no doubt, that a variety of flowering plants had been taught to creep or climb over the rear of the premises—a lesson which they had learned so well that, when a volume of Chitty or Fearnle now lay by chance on the sill of a window, a sprig of Jessamine was sometimes to be found coquetting with a chapter on

demurrers, and the blossoms of the gay laburnum toying with the serious doctrine of contingent remainders.

The laburnum was not quite in flower yet; but, as you entered Mr. Marjoram's room, the senses were at no loss to discover other manifestations of the ruling passion, even more decided, in the perfume which pervaded the apartment, and a number of glasses, some ranged on the chimney-piece, others placed on a stand near a window, in which some very beautiful hyacinths flourished. With a few exceptions, the apartment was much like attorneys' offices in general. There were shelves with rows of japanned boxes with a variety of names upon them. Several similar boxes lay open on the floor, and, being choke-full of papers and parchments, indicated the extent of the connection and the magnitude of the business. The exceptions, besides the hyacinths, were a picture, which stood on a chair in a corner, covered with a green curtain, and a bundle of young rose-trees, probably some new variety, with their tops just peering through the matting in which they were tenderly enclosed.

It was about eleven o'clock on one of these sunny and showery mornings of the spring in question when Mr. Marjoram entered his office. The day was of some importance on account of several incidents, which, though trifling in themselves, were significant in relation to future events. You recognized the rural solicitor at a glance. He was a strong-built, middle-sized, fresh-colored gentleman of some sixty years' standing in the world; his features a little rough, but he had a good honest eye with a twinkle of dry humor in it; his dress displayed more of rustic taste than town refinement; a roomy brown body-coat, buff waistcoat, drab trousers and gaiters, a blue neck-cloth, a white hat, a stout gingham umbrella in his hand, and no gloves, unless he wore them in his pockets.

His first step was not toward the tin boxes or his desk, but to the stand with the hyacinths; and while he was enjoying their tints and odors, his confidential clerk—the same grave and worthy Mr. Potter who, having wept for the misfortunes of the house, now participated and rejoiced in its prosperity—came in with his hands full of letters, having deposited which on the table, he left the room as quietly as he entered it.

The solicitor was soon occupied with them, read, and noted a few, probably some that required immediate answers, for he rang his bell and handed them to the boy in attendance to be returned to the confidential. Mr. Marjoram then took up another, and was in the act of reading it when Mr. Potter came in again.

"Well, Mr. Potter, what now?"

"There is a gentleman here, sir, about the house in Queen Anne Street that's to be sold."

"House! what house?—are you dreaming?"

"Mrs. Rowley's, sir, or Mr. Rowley's, the new client."

"This is more of it, Mr. Potter: what have we to do with selling houses? We are not house-agents. Only yesterday this lady sent us her picture, and now she wants us to sell a house. Why she might as well expect us to hire a coachman for her, or take sittings in a church. However, the fact is, my partner undertook the Rowley business at the request of his friend, Lord St. Michael's, so there's no use in grumbling; show the gentleman in."

Mr. Potter went away, and returned in a moment, introducing a certain Mr. Smith. He had already been haggling about the terms with Mr. Potter, but now said he was ready to agree to them, provided the furniture was thrown into the bargain.

"Impossible," said Marjoram, shaking his head and looking at a paper which Mr. Potter had laid before him. "The terms are fixed and cannot be departed from."

Mr. Smith still argued and insisted, and at last he said, "If we were treating with the owner in person, we should get better terms."

"I doubt it," said Marjoram, impatiently.

"I am sure of it," said the other. "I know it by experience."

"Then you would like to deal with the principal?" said Marjoram.

"Of course, we should," said Mr. Smith, who was only acting as agent for the purchaser.

A bright idea had struck Mr. Marjoram.

"Just step across the room to that chair in the corner," he said, "and draw aside the curtain."

Mr. Smith looked surprised, but did what he was bid.

"A very fine woman," he said, looking intently at the picture.

"Never mind her beauty, but look at her well," said Marjoram, "for that's the party you have to deal with. Do you think she will let you have the furniture into the bargain?"

Mr. Smith looked at the face again, laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and consented to everything.

Later in the day, when Mr. Potter brought the memorandum of agreement about the house for his chief to look over, Mr. Marjoram told him, with a chuckle, how he had managed the matter; and the confidential was as proud as if he had made the hit himself. Mr. Marjoram then said:

"The bulk of the Rowley business must lie over until Mr. Alexander comes to town, and has leisure to attend to it. The ladies are multiplying on our hands too fast, Mr. Potter."

"We always had a great many of the fair sex on our books, sir," said the old clerk; "it began in Mr. Moffat's time."

"Ah, but Moffat brought no ladies to the office with such eyes as those, Potter. Well, Mr. Alexander shall have Mrs. Rowley all to himself. Keep all the papers and letters for him, or send them down to him if he does not soon come to town. Is there any one waiting to see me?"

"Only old Miss Fazakerly, sir. I think you had better go out by the lady's door."

The "lady's door" was not a door to admit ladies, but a private passage into the park, often used by both partners to elude importunate visitors, in nine cases out of ten of the fair sex, and it owed its name to Marjoram, it had served him so frequently as the means of escape from clients of whom Miss Fazakerly was probably a fair specimen.

Marjoram smiled, took his stick, and in a moment was in the park. He had scarcely walked a dozen yards before a gentleman riding toward the Horse Guards recognized him, and drew up his horse to speak to him. It was Lord St. Michael's going down to the House of Lords.

"Have you seen our friend Cosie?" he said to the solicitor. "Well, he will call on you some day soon and tell you all about the Rowley affairs."

"I shall be happy to see him," said Marjoram. The words almost stuck in his throat; for he was now forced to attend to the business which he had predetermined to leave to Alexander.

"Has a picture been sent to you—Mrs. Rowley's portrait?" resumed his lordship.

"Yes, yes; we have got the picture."

"You ought not to have been troubled with it; but I'll send for it to-morrow or next day, and take it off your hands. I am to have a copy of it, and then it is to go down to the country."

"All right, my lord."

"Good-evening, Mr. Marjoram."

And Lord St. Michael's rode away.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN WHICH OLD MR. COSIE UNFOLDS THE STATE OF THE PENINSULA.

WHEN Mr. Marjoram came to his chambers the next day later than usual, he found Mr. Potter fretting and fuming about the picture, which several people had been calling to see, having probably heard it talked of by Lord St. Michael's. To the slaves of the quill, who relished (as it was natural they should) every thing that gave them a moment's respite from their monotonous drudgery, this was all very pleasant; but to Mr. Potter, whose business it was to keep the quill going inexorably, it was nothing short of a bore.

"It won't trouble us much longer," said Marjoram; "Lord St. Michael's is going to relieve us of it."

"We might just as well keep a public exhibition-room," said the confidential.

"Well, the exhibition is closed for the day," said Marjoram. "Nobody shall see it while I'm here."

"Mr. Cosie is in your room waiting for you," said Mr. Potter.

Mr. Cosie was a fine old fellow, verging on seventy, but hale and hearty. The perspiration which streamed from his gray hairs proved that he had walked a long way, and his lusty calves showed that he was well able to do so. He was an ancient citizen "of famous London town," who, having made a large fortune in the earthenware line in Fleet Street, had some years since retired with

it to the country, where, applying his industry and skill to farming, like the notable Mr. Meechi of later days, he now turned the earth to profit again in another way.

Mr. Cosie was an old friend, and had for some years been a neighbor of Marjoram's at Twickenham.

"How are all your good people, and how are your Ayrshires and Leicesters?" said Marjoram, cordially shaking his hand.

"All blooming and thriving," said the old farmer, taking a seat opposite to the solicitor's desk.

"Lord St. Michael's told me you would call and tell me all about the Rowleys. How do you happen to know so much about them?"

"Why, don't I hold a farm under Thomas Rowley; the place where I have lived ever since I left your neighborhood?"

"Cornish people, then?"

"As far as having a large property there."

"Then they are great proprietors, are they?"

"Why, the whole peninsula belongs to them."

"What! the peninsula of Cornwall?"

"Not quite that; but what we call our peninsula—a large tract of country of I don't know how many thousand acres, something of the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and my holding

"Is in the juiciest cut of it, I hope."

"Some of it is good land enough, but the whole estate is rather improvable than in a high state of improvement at present. There is other property, I believe, elsewhere; some in Ireland, and some in a worse place—though I say it in your presence—and that's the Court of Chancery."

Marjoram laughed, and Mr. Cosie added: "It's only just to say that you two gentlemen have taken a hundred acres out of Chancery for every one you have put into it."

"Now tell me the particulars of the Cornish estate."

"In fact, there are two estates: a small one called Oakham, which Mrs. Rowley inherited from her father; and a large one adjoining it, which her husband purchased after his marriage. Originally the two estates were one, and the Manor-house, which has been long uninhabited, is on Mrs. Rowley's part of the property."

"And there is no house on the other part?"

"Yes, there is, and a good one, called Foxden, where Johnny Upjohn lives at present."

"And who may Johnny Upjohn be?"

"Johnny Upjohn is Mr. Rowley's brother. He married a lady of the name of Upjohn, who brought him a fortune, and he took her name along with it."

"And what has he to do with his brother's property?"

"He is the present manager or mismanager of it."

"And he does it efficiently, I take for granted?"

"That's his very gift," said Mr. Cosie; "but he does it, as he does every thing, to do him justice, and as half the mischief in the world is done, with the best and honestest intentions. However, as things mend when they come to the worst, the upshot of the matter is that Mr. Rowley's eyes have been opened at last, and, attached as he is to his brother, he has made up his mind to relieve him of the agency."

"Where is Mr. Rowley?"

"In Paris at present; but he has long been an invalid and an absentee. Bad as things are, only for his wife, they would be worse still. She came over two years ago, and I heartily wish she would come over again."

"The removal of his brother must cause ill-blood in the family."

"It won't make things better, certainly. There is ill-blood enough at present between Mrs. Upjohn and Mrs. Rowley on other accounts; but Johnny Upjohn, as we all call him in the country, is the best-natured man in the world, and too much engrossed with his projects and his theories to quarrel with anybody about any thing, much less with his brother."

"One thing is pretty plain, Cosie—Mrs. Rowley wears the breeches."

"Well, she does in a way, but not very comfortably. She has a hard card to play with her husband; he leaves things to her, and he doesn't. He is a weak-headed man, and as changeable as any woman ever was. He sometimes gives his wife a *carte-blanche* to do what she likes, then he gets actually jealous of the energy and ability she displays, and they say he has fits of jealousy now and then of a worse kind.

She can hardly be much above thirty, but she looks more, which I attribute to anxiety and worry."

"We have got her picture here," said Marjoram, showing it to him. "Is it like her?"

"Yes, without the look of care she had when I saw her last. I know all about it. It is intended for a little music-hall, or lecture-room, which she is building at Oakham, to do something to amuse, and at the same time improve the people."

"Are there children?"

"Mrs. Rowley has none, but he has two daughters by a former marriage. They will both have good fortunes. He has made a will, I understand, by which he bequeaths the Cornish estate to his wife, because it was originally united to her own; and this is another bone of contention, for Mrs. Upjohn pretends, of course, that his land ought to go to his brother."

"Now I suppose I know the whole story?"

"No, nor half of it; but I won't frighten you by giving you the rest until Mr. Alexander comes up."

"Very well, Mr. Cosie, when he comes to town—which will be in a day or two—we will dine together; but let me tell you frankly in reply to your alarming observation, that Alexander is less and less disposed every day to exceed the limits of strict professional duty with respect to a client's affairs. He feels that we have gone too far already in that way, and I doubt if he would have accepted this business at all only to gratify Lord St. Michael's."

"Well, I'll say no more now. We'll dine together, and I'll put the map of the peninsula in my pocket."

The discussion was not suspended very long. It was resumed the day but one after in the most agreeable way possible to all parties, in a comfortable little parlor in the house of old Mrs. Alexander, in Lower Grosvenor Place. A snug little house it was as any in the West End, the perfection of neatness inside and outside; no brass so burnished as the old-fashioned knocker, no glass so spotless as the plate-glass in the windows, which were more in the new mode. On the morning of the day in question, had you been there to see, you might have observed, both knocking and ringing at the old lady's door, a tall man in the prime of life, whom a dozen years, even such years of toil and anxiety, had not altered so much that he would not have been instantly recognized as Frederick Alexander by any one who had known him at three-and-twenty. The gloss of youth was no more, of course, on his cheek; the light of the eye was perhaps graver; but in other respects he was only changed to be improved. His shoulders broader, his forehead expanded, his frame more solidly knit. As usual, he was carefully but quietly dressed; nothing of the dandy or *petit-maitre* about him at all.

He never returned to town but the first thing he did, before he went to his office, or his chambers at the Albany, was to go and see that nice, little old woman in Lower Grosvenor Place, if it was only for a moment. It was often only a word and a kiss; so it was on this occasion, the word being that he would come and dine with her at seven, and bring his partner if he could. So Alexander brought Marjoram, and Marjoram brought Cosie, which, with the old lady herself, made just the number for a small square table, large enough for a good dinner.

"If we can't square the circle, we can circle the square," was a standing joke of Marjoram's on such occasions; and this, and twenty other jokes, old and new, went round, and made the day pleasant.

There was no nicer old lady of seventy than Mrs. Alexander, with not many wrinkles, considering her age; but her hair, which she wore in two broad braids on each side of her face, under a snowy cap, trimmed with black and white ribbons, was as white and shining as the silver on her sideboard. She was small—indeed, so small that you could hardly believe she was the mother of such a son as Frederick; but she seemed portlier than she was; she was still so erect, and her gray silk dress, or the petticoats under it, made her look so round and comfortable.

It was a rule at Mrs. Alexander's dinners, as indeed it had been in her husband's time, not to talk of business; so, although it was business in truth that had brought the three gentlemen together, not the slightest allusion was made to it, until Mrs. Alexander left them to themselves. She never showed herself such a nice old lady as she did when her friends dined with her; not only did she give them the best wine that her son could stock her little cellar with, but she sin-

cerely wished them to enjoy it, and was even vexed, and scolded them when they joined her too soon in the drawing-room. If all old ladies acted so well, they would be more popular than they are.

Mr. Cosie alone was not sorry when his hostess withdrew, he was so anxious to enlist Alexander's sympathies with the disorders of the Rowley estate. Before the last flounce of the little woman's rustling dress was quite free of the door he pulled out his map, and began to make a clear space among the glasses to spread it out.

"Another glass before we begin," said Alexander, wishing the map at the deuce, and business of all kinds along with it, prepared as he was for the present trial. Marjoram filled a bumper for Cosie, then for himself, and pushed the bottle to his partner, who filled also, drank, and with folded arms fell back in his chair.

Cosie, after recapitulating what he had already told Marjoram, began with the topography. There was the little town of Oakham, and there the long-deserted manor-house of the same name; there was Foxden in a dell, which deepened and deepened until it reached the ocean; there was his own farm-house, "the Meadows," separated from Foxden by a brawling stream, nothing in the heat of summer, but a dangerous torrent in winter, or after heavy rains. Two wooden bridges crossed it, one leading from the village direct to the manor-house, the other to "the Meadows."

"Now observe that bridge," said Mr. Cosie; "it will give you a better idea than any words can how the estate is managed at present. It is the only connection for miles between the two sides of the stream; it has been in a ruinous condition for years, and it remains unrepaired in spite of endless remonstrances from myself and other tenants. Twenty pounds would make it pretty good, a hundred would make it a new one; but Upjohn has a grand scheme on paper of a suspension-bridge, and we must have that or nothing."

"That seems a simple matter," said Alexander; "it only requires peremptory directions to the agent."

"Exactly so," said Mr. Cosie; "I give it only as an illustration. The bridge is only a specimen of the state we are in altogether. You now have the theatre of war before you. You see one of the most improvable tracts of country in the whole kingdom reduced by every description of mismanagement to little better than a wilderness; the people neglected, industry discouraged, the most squalid village in the county, the roads execrable—nothing thriving but idleness, poverty, and religious fanaticism."

"And we are to undertake to reform all this?" said Alexander, without changing his position.

"That's not half of it," resumed the old farmer, warming as he went on; "there is plenty more work for you. Our neighborhood, for instance, is the only part of the county where there is neither yeomanry, nor volunteers, nor force of any kind to defend the coast; the lord-lieutenant of the county has made repeated efforts to establish something of the kind, but Johnny will do nothing either civil or military. Then his wife, you must know, is in the hands of the curate, an Evangelical Scotchman, and a bitter Sabbatarian; and, as she makes her husband do what she pleases—and he is a magistrate, of course—the people are often sent to prison for saving their little crops of hay on a Sunday. Now you see what a mess we are in altogether."

"That I can see plain enough," said Marjoram, fidgeting on his chair, and laughing, with an occasional sly glance at Alexander; "but I don't see so well how we are to get you out of it.—What do you say, Alexander, to all this?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Cosie," said Alexander, "you describe as pretty an accumulation of abuses as ever tempted a social reformer; but, if your object is to induce us—or me, if you prefer it—to take the field against this army of giants, you have proved rather too much. Surely, you do not seriously expect us to undertake all this for the sake of Mrs. Rowley's bright eyes, or even to oblige Lord St. Michael's. No, no; my friend Mr. Marjoram thinks I have already gone much too far beyond the strict limits of our profession in cases of this nature; but, when you ask me to do battle with all manner of grievances in church and state, not only to repair bridges, cottages, and villages, but to fight with a host of blockheads and bigots, to wrangle with Evangelical curates, and even to call the peninsula to arms—no, no; we must decline all that; we must leave all that to Mrs. Rowley and yourself."

"I thought as much," said Mr. Marjoram, who had all the while been narrowly watching his partner's countenance.

"No, Mr. Cosie," Alexander continued; "we must divide this busi-

ness between us; we shall take the law department, but the rest of the business cannot be in better hands than your own. Of course, if we can be of service to you at any time in the way of advice or suggestion, we shall always be at your command. But why, in the name of common-sense, does not Mrs. Rowley come home for a few months, if her husband cannot, and look after things herself?"

"That's the only thing to do," said Marjoram.

"The dismissal of her husband's brother may make her coming over just now unpleasant," said Mr. Cosie; "and, besides, you must know very well, gentlemen, that what's to be done is not a woman's business, let her be ever so clever."

"Perhaps so," said Alexander; "but it is just as certain that it is not a solicitor's."

Mr. Cosie looked disappointed, but said no more. Marjoram filled his glass to cheer him, and in a few moments Alexander said:

"Let us go up to our tea and whist."

Marjoram went straight to the card-table, which was open and ready for action; he knew Mrs. Alexander liked her rubber, and it was growing late.

They played two rubbers, and the evening was over.

Mr. Cosie took a cab at the door.

"What a simple good man he is!" said Marjoram, as he and Alexander walked toward Spring Gardens, where Marjoram had always a bedroom for occasional use when he dined in town.

"And what an enthusiast in his way!" added Alexander; "but I hope I satisfied you for once."

"That you did."

"The truth is," said Alexander, "I am growing tired of rich people. I have had too much to do with them; I see too much of them. They are not the worst people in the world, but they are not the best. When they get into difficulties, it is seldom by making good use of their riches; and, when you get them out of their difficulties, how often is it only to enable them to run a new rig of extravagance! Of all our wealthy clients, I can hardly mention three whom it is a pleasure to serve; nine-tenths of the litigation that brings them to us arises out of miserable family quarrels. Look at this very case. Here is a clever wife setting a weak husband against his own brother, and sending him to the right about."

"Just so," said Marjoram, drowsily; "but she is a very fine specimen of a woman, let me tell you; and perhaps it's as well you came to town too late to see her picture."

"Fine woman or not, it's equal to me," said Alexander; but, when he asked about the picture, he got no answer, for his partner was dropping asleep on his arm.

Fortunately, they were within a few steps of Spring Gardens, as Marjoram was actually beginning to snore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRILLIANTS

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

Who discerns what is infinitely small? Only one: the Infinitely Great.

If one does not hold still, when stung by a bee or by fate, the sting remains behind in the wound.

Men, like their books at their beginning and end, have blank leaves—infancy and gray-haired old age.

The odor of flowers is never so sweet and strong as before a storm. Beautiful soul! when the storm draws nigh thee, be a flower.

Old people are long shadows, it is true, and their evening sun lies coldly on the earth, but they all point to the morning.

Scatter flowers on the young maiden's coffin, ye blooming friends! Ye used to bring flowers on her birthday feasts. She is now celebrating the greatest of them, for the bier is the cradle of heaven.

Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him in his course. Heart, be thou the sun-flower; be not only open to thy God, but obey Him too.

Man endures opposition and reproof more readily than we suppose, only he will not endure them when violent, even though they are deserved. Our hearts are flowers, they continue open to the gently-falling dew, but close against the storm.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS ; *

OR,

BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

II.

THE WANDERER DOES NOT ALWAYS LOSE HIS WAY.

ALL this came of a soldier, who had found a bottle by the sea-shore.

Every event is one of a series.

One day, one of the four gunners who composed the garrison of Calshot Castle had picked up in the sand at low water a round, wicker-covered bottle, thrown there by the flood-tide. This bottle was quite mouldy, and corked with a tarred cork. The soldier had carried this waif to the colonel in command of the castle, and the colonel had dispatched it to the Admiral of England. Now, the admiral meant the Admiralty, and the Admiralty, in a case of waif, meant Barkilphedro. So Barkilphedro had opened and uncorked the bottle, and carried it to the queen. The queen had immediately taken counsel. Two important counsellors had been summoned and consulted; the lord-chancellor, who is by law "guardian of the King of England's conscience," and the lord-marshal, who is "judge of arms and of the descent of the nobility." Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, a Catholic peer, who was hereditary Grand-Marshal of England, had declared by his deputy Earl-Marshal, Henry Howard, Earl of Bindon, that he would be of the opinion of the lord-chancellor. The lord-chancellor was William Cowper. This chancellor must not be confounded with his namesake and contemporary William Cowper, the anatomist, commentator on Bidloo, who published in England his "Treatise on the Muscles," almost at the same time that Stephen Abeille was publishing in France his "History of the Bones:" a surgeon and a lord are two different things. Lord William Cowper was celebrated for having uttered this sentence, in the matter of Talbot Yelverton, Viscount Longueville: "As regards the constitution of England, the restoration of a peer is more important than the restoration of a king." The bottle found at Calshot had aroused his attention to the highest pitch. The author of a maxim loves opportunities of applying it. It was a case of restoration of a peer. Gwynplaine, having his sign hung out, was easy to find. Hardquanonne also. He was not dead. A prison rots a man, but preserves him, if keeping is preserving. People put into bastiles were seldom moved. A cell was scarcely changed oftener than a coffin is. Hardquanonne was still in the dungeon of Chatham. It was only necessary to take hold of him. He was transferred from Chatham to London. At the same time researches were made in Switzerland. The correctness of the facts was ascertained. In the local registers of Vevay and Lausanne were found recorded the marriage of Lord Linnæus in exile, the birth of his child, the deaths of the father and mother; there was sufficient material for duplicate dispatches, duly attested. All this was done with the strictest secrecy, with what was then called *royal promptitude*, and with that "silence of a mole" recommended and practised by Bacon, and afterward established by Blackstone as a law for chancery and state business, and for affairs that are styled senatorial.

The *jussu regis* and the signature *Jeffreys* were verified. To any one who has studied pathologically the cases of caprice called "good pleasure," this *jussu regis* is quite simple. Why did James II., who apparently should have concealed such actions, leave written traces of them, even at the risk of compromising their success? Effrontery. Lofty indifference.

What! you think it is only women who are shameless! A "reason of state" is shameless too. *Et se cupit ante videri*. Commit a crime and make a scutcheon of it; that is the whole story. The king tattoos himself, like the convict. It is their interest to evade the police and the historian; they would be very sorry to do so; they insist on being known and recognized. See my arm, note this device, a temple of love and a heart in flames, pierced by an arrow. I am Lacenaire. *Jussu regis*. I am James II. One does a bad deed and puts one's mark on it. To add imprudence to crime, to inform against himself, to make his misdeed permanent, is the insolent bravado of the malefactor. Christina seizes Monaldeschi, has him shrived and murdered, and says, *I am Queen of Sweden under the roof of the King of France*. There is the tyrant who hides himself like Tiberius, and the tyrant who displays himself like Philip II. One has more of the scorpion, the other more of the leopard. James II. was of the latter variety. He had, as is well known, an open and gay countenance, differing in that point from Philip II. Philip was sad, James was jovial. One may be jovial, and ferocious all the same. James II. was the silly tiger. Like Philip II., his crimes made him calm. He was monster by the grace of God. So he had nothing to dissemble or extenuate, and his murders were by right divine. He also would gladly have left behind him his archives of Simanca, with all his crimes numbered, dated, classed, ticketed, and arranged, like the poisons in a druggist's workshop.

To put a signature to one's crimes is royal.

Every deed done is a draft drawn on the great unknown capitalist; this one had just fallen due with the sinister indorsement *jussu regis*. Queen Anne, who was no woman in one respect, since she excelled in keeping a secret, had demanded from the lord-chancellor a confidential report on this grave affair, of the kind called "reports for the royal ear." Reports of this sort have always been customary in monarchies. At Vienna there was the *counsellor of the ear*, an aulic personage. It was an ancient Carlovingian, the *auricularius* of the old palatine charters. He who whispers to the emperor.

William, Baron Cowper, Chancellor of England, in whom the queen believed, because he was near-sighted like herself and more so, had drawn up a memoir, commencing thus: "Two birds were at the orders of Solomon, a hoopoe, *hubbud*, who spoke all tongues, and an eagle, *simourgonka*, who covered with the shadow of his wings a caravan of twenty thousand men. Similarly, under another form, Providence," etc., etc. The lord-chancellor established the fact of an heir to a peerage carried off and mutilated, and found afterward. He did not at all blame James II., who after all was the queen's father. He even adduced reasons on his behalf. First, there are the old monarchic maxims, *E senioratu eripimus*. *In roturagio cadat*. Secondly, the royal right of mutilation exists. Chamberlayne has established this.* *Corpora et bona nostrorum subjectorum nostra sunt*, said James I., of glorious and learned memory. Dukes of royal blood have had their eyes put out for the good of the kingdom. Sundry princes, too near the throne, have been conveniently suffocated between two mattresses, which passed for apoplexy. Now, suffocation is more than mutilation. The King of Tunis tore out the eyes of his father, Muley-Assem, and his ambassadors were no less received by the emperor. Then the king can order a limb to be lopped off, as he can a dignity, etc. This is legal, etc. But one legality does not destroy another. If the drowned man comes to the surface again and is not dead, it is God who revises the king's action. If the heir is found again, let the crown be restored to him; thus was it done for Lord Alla, King of Northumbria, who also had been a buffoon. Thus should it be done for Gwynplaine, who also is king, that is lord. The baseness of the occupation, suffered and undergone through circumstances beyond his control, does not tarnish the scutcheon; witness King Abdolonymus who was a

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

* The life and limbs of subjects are at the king's disposal.—Chamberlayne, 2d part, chapter iv., p. 76.

gardener, witness Saint Joseph who was a carpenter, witness the god Apollo himself, who was a shepherd. In fine, the learned chancellor concluded that Fermain, Lord Clancharlie, wrongly called Gwynplaine, should be reinstated in all his possessions and dignities, "on the sole condition that he be confronted with the criminal Hardquanonne, and recognized by him." And on this point the chancellor, constitutional guardian of the royal conscience, guaranteed that conscience.

The lord-chancellor suggested in a postscript that, in case Hardquanonne should refuse to answer, he ought to be submitted to the *peine forte et dure*, in which case, in order to hit the moment called that of *frodmortell* and required by the charter of King Athelstan, the confrontation should take place on the fourth day, which, to be sure, involves this slight inconvenience, that, if the sufferer dies the second or third day, the confrontation becomes difficult; but the law must be executed. The inconvenience of the law makes part of the law.

Besides, the recognition of Gwynplaine by Hardquanonne was not at all doubtful in the lord-chancellor's mind.

The restoration of Lord Fermain Clancharlie was more over a very simple case, the heir being legitimate and direct. For doubtful filiations, or peerages in abeyance, claimed by collaterals, the House of Lords must be consulted. Thus, without going farther back, it was so consulted in 1782 for the barony of Sidney, claimed by Elizabeth Perry; in 1798 for the barony of Beaumont, claimed by Thomas Stapleton; in 1808 for the barony of Chandos, claimed by the Reverend Tynewell Brydges; in 1813 for the earldom of Banbury, claimed by Lieutenant-General Knollys, etc.; but here nothing of the sort. No contestation; an evident legitimacy; a clear and certain right; there was no ground for informing the House; and the queen, assisted by the lord-chancellor, was sufficient to recognize and admit the new peer.

Barkilphedro conducted it all.

Thanks to him, the business was so well kept in the dark, the secret was so hermetically sealed up, that neither Josiane nor Lord David had a suspicion of the prodigious mine which he was digging under them. The lofty Josiane had a position which rendered her easy to shut off. She isolated herself. As to Lord David, he was sent to sea on the coast of Flanders. He was going to lose his peerage, without suspecting it. Here let us note a circumstance. It happened that at ten leagues' distance from the anchorage of the naval station commanded by Lord David, a captain named Halyburton broke through the French fleet. Earl Pembroke, president of the council, placed this Captain Halyburton's name on a promotion list for rear-admiral. Anne erased Halyburton and put Lord David Dirry-Moir in his place, so that Lord David, when he should learn that he was no longer peer, might have at least the consolation of being rear-admiral.

Anne felt contented. A hideous husband for her sister, a handsome promotion for Lord David. Malice and bounty.

Her Majesty was going to make some sport for herself. Besides, she said to herself that she was correcting an abuse of power on the part of her august father, restoring one of its members to the peerage, acting like a great queen, protecting innocence according to the will of God, that Providence in its holy and impenetrable ways, etc. It is very pleasant to perform a just act, which is at the same time disagreeable to some one whom we do not like.

For the rest, it had sufficed for the queen to know that her sister's destined husband was deformed. In what fashion was Gwynplaine deformed? what sort of ugliness was this? Barkilphedro had not thought it necessary to inform the queen, and Anne had not condescended to make inquiry. Profound royal disdain! Besides, what did it matter? The House of Lords could not but be grateful. The lord-chancellor, the oracle, had spoken. The restoration of a peer is the restoration of the whole peerage. Royalty, on this occasion, showed itself he good and respectful guardian of the privileges of the peer-

age. Whatever the new lord's face might be, a face is no valid objection against a right. Anne said all this, more or less, to herself, and went tranquilly to her aim—the great aim feminine and royal—to please herself.

The queen was then at Windsor, which fact placed a certain distance between the court intrigues and the public.

Only the persons absolutely necessary were in the secret of what was to take place. As for Barkilphedro, he was joyful, which added a gloomy expression to his face. Joy can be the ugliest thing in the world.

He had the pleasure of being the first to taste Hardquanonne's bottle. He appeared not much surprised, astonishment being the mark of a small intellect. Moreover, was this not fairly the due of one who had so long been watching at the gate of chance? Since he watched, something must come.

This *nil mirari* was part of his self-control. Within himself, we may say, he was astounded. Any one who could have stripped off the mask which he wore over his conscience, even before God, would have found this. Precisely at that moment, Barkilphedro was beginning to be convinced that it would be impossible for him, intimate and base enemy as he was, to make a flaw in the lofty existence of Duchess Josiane. Hence a frenzied attack of latent animosity. He had reached that paroxysm, which is called discouragement. All the more furious, because he despaired. To gnaw our bridle, is a tragic and true expression! A miscreant gnawing at his impotence. Barkilphedro was perhaps on the point of renouncing, not his ill-will toward Josiane, but his attempts to injure her; not his anger, but his bite. And yet what a fall—to give up! to keep his hate for the future in its sheath, like a museum dagger! Terrible humiliation.

All at once, in the nick of time—the immense drama of the universe loves such coincidences—Hardquanonne's bottle comes, from wave to wave, to place itself in his hands. There is a strange docility in the unknown, which seems to be at the orders of wickedness. Barkilphedro, with any two witnesses, ordinary members of the Admiralty, uncorks the bottle, finds the parchment, unfolds it, reads. Imagine his monstrous flush of joy.

It is strange to think that the sea, the wind, the depths, the ebb and flow of the tides, the storms, the calms, the gales, can give themselves so much trouble, to end in making a rogue happy. This conspiracy had lasted fifteen years. During those fifteen years, the ocean had been employed, every minute, on its mysterious work. The waves had passed from one to the other the bottle that floated over them, the rocks had avoided striking the glass, no crack had been made in it, no rubbing had worn out the cork, the sea-weed had not rotted the wicker-work, the fish had not eaten off the word *Hardquanonne*, the water had not penetrated into the waif, the mould had not destroyed the parchment; what an amount of trouble the deep must have taken! and in this manner, what Gernardus had thrown to the shadow of death, the shadow of death had restored to Barkilphedro, and the message sent to God had reached the devil. Immensity had abused its trust; and the dark irony which pervades all objects had so contrived as to complicate this honest triumph—the lost child Gwynplaine becoming again Lord Clancharlie—with a spiteful victory, doing a good deed badly, and putting justice to the service of iniquity. To snatch his victim from James II. was to give a prey to Barkilphedro. To raise Gwynplaine was to deliver up Josiane. Barkilphedro succeeded; and it was for this that, during so many years, waves, surges, and squalls had tossed, shaken, impelled, pitched about, tormented, and respected this globe of glass, in which so many lives were bound up! It was for this that wind, tide, and storm, had formed an alliance! The vast agitation of the wonders of Nature showing kindness to a wretch, infinity working in concert with a worm of the dust—such are the dark caprices of destiny!

Barkilphedro had an inspiration of gigantic pride. He said

to himself that all this had been done for him. He felt himself the centre and the object of it.

He was wrong. Let us do justice to chance. This was not the real meaning of the singular event, by which Barkilphedro's hate was profiting. The ocean making itself father and mother to an orphan, sending the snow-storm upon his assassins, crushing the bark which had rejected the child, whelming the joined hands of the shipwrecked crew, refusing all their prayers, and accepting only their repentance, the tempest receiving a deposit from the hands of death, the stout vessel which held the crime replaced by the fragile bottle which held the reparation, the sea changing character, like a panther turning nurse, and rocking the cradle, not of the child, but of his fortune, while he grew up ignorant of all that the abyss had done for him, the waves to which the bottle had been thrown watching over this past in which there was a future, the hurricane blowing kindly over it, the currents guiding the frail waif across the fathomless ways of the sea, the precautions of the weeds, the swells, the rocks, all the vast foam of the deep taking an innocent creature under its protection, the billow calm as a conscience, chaos restoring order, the shadowy world ending in light, all the darkness used to bring out the star of truth, the exile consoled in his tomb, the heir restored to his heritage, the king's crime annulled, the divine foresight obeyed, the little deserted weakling having infinity for guardian—this is what Barkilphedro might have seen in the event over which he was triumphing; this is what he did not see. He did not say to himself that it had all been done for Gwynplaine; he said to himself that it had all been done for Barkilphedro, and that Barkilphedro was worth it. Such are demons.

Besides, one must have small knowledge of the profound clemency of ocean, to be astonished at a fragile waif being able to float fifteen years without damage. Fifteen years are nothing. October 4, 1867, in Morbihan, between the island of Croix, the point of the peninsula of Gavres, and the Wanderers' Rock, some fishermen of Port Louis found a Roman amphora of the fourth century, covered with arabesques formed by marine incrustations. This amphora had floated fifteen hundred years.

However phlegmatic a look Barkilphedro tried to put on, his stupefaction had been equal to his delight.

Every thing presented itself as if purposely arranged. The pieces of the incident which was to satisfy his hatred were strewn within his reach beforehand. He had only to put them together and fasten them. Amusing arrangement to make. Nice carving.

Gwynplaine! he knew that name. *Masca ridens*. Like all the world, he had been to see the Man Who Laughs. He had read the placard fastened up at the Tadcaster Inn, as one reads the bill of a play, which draws a crowd; he had noticed it; he remembered it at once in its smallest details, which besides he could verify afterward; this play-bill, called up within him as if by electricity, reappeared before his mind's eye and placed itself alongside the parchment of the shipwrecked sailors, as the answer alongside the question, the solution alongside the riddle; and these lines, "Here you may see Gwynplaine, abandoned when ten years old, the night of January 29, 1690, on the sea-shore at Portland," suddenly assumed under his gaze the splendor of a revelation. He had a vision of *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, flashing through the parade of a fair. There was an end of all the scaffolding which made up the life of Josiane. It crumbled away at once. The lost child was found. There was a Lord Clancharlie. David Dirry-Moir was cleaned out. The peerage, wealth, power, rank—all this left Lord David and entered into Gwynplaine. Every thing was Gwynplaine's, castles, hunting-grounds, forests, mansions, palaces, domains, Josiane, and all. And Josiane, what an ending for her! What had she now before her? A strolling actor for the lofty lady, a monster for the fastidious beauty. Could any one have looked for that? Barkilphedro was truly in a state of enthusiasm. All the most venomous plots may be surpassed by the infernal munificence

of the unseen. When reality chooses, it accomplishes masterpieces. Barkilphedro found his dreams stupid. He had something better.

If the change about to take place by his means had been injurious to him, he would have liked it none the less. There are insects so disinterestedly ferocious that they sting you, though knowing that they will themselves die of the sting. Barkilphedro belonged to that class of vermin.

But, this time, he had not the merit of disinterestedness. Lord David Dirry-Moir owed him nothing, and Lord Fermain Clancharlie would owe him every thing. From a client, Barkilphedro would become a protector. And protector of whom? Of an English peer. He would have a lord of his own! a lord who should be his creature! for Barkilphedro was sure he could give him the first bias. And this lord would be the queen'smorganatic brother-in-law. Being ugly, he would please the queen just as much as he displeased Josiane. Advanced by this patronage, and wearing a grave and modest dress, Barkilphedro might become a personage. He had always been destined for the church. He had a vague desire to be a bishop.

Meanwhile he was happy.

What a charming success! and how well chance had done all that work for him! His vengeance, for he called this his vengeance, had been gently wafted to him by the waves. He had not lain in ambush vainly.

He was the rock. Josiane was the waif. Josiane had grounded upon Barkilphedro! Thorough ecstasy of wickedness.

He was skilful in the art called suggestion, which consists in making a little slit in another's mind, and grafting therein your own ideas; while keeping himself aloof and not seeming to meddle in the matter, he had contrived that Josiane should go to the Green-Box booth and see Gwynplaine. The mountebank seen in his low estate was a good ingredient in the plot. Later, it would be a seasoning.

He had silently prepared every thing beforehand. What he wished was a strange surprise. The work which he had accomplished could only be properly expressed by this queer phrase, building a thunder-stroke.

The preliminaries finished, he had taken care that all the required formalities should be gone through in the legal form. The secret had lost nothing by this, for silence was part of the law.

The confrontation of Hardquanonne with Gwynplaine had taken place; Barkilphedro had been there. We have just seen the result.

The same day, one of the queen's post-coaches came suddenly, from her Majesty, to look for Lady Josiane in London, in order to take her to Windsor, where Anne was then passing the season. Josiane, on account of something which she had in her mind, would gladly have disobeyed, or at least delayed her obedience by one day, and deferred this departure till the morrow, but court life does not allow such refractoriness. She was obliged to start immediately, and quit Hunkerville House, her London residence, for Corleone Lodge, her Windsor residence.

Duchess Josiane had quitted London at the very moment when the wapentake presented himself at the Tadcaster Inn, to carry off Gwynplaine and take him to the torture-chamber of Southwark.

When she arrived at Windsor, the usher of the black rod, who guards the door of the presence-chamber, informed her that her Majesty was shut up with the lord-chancellor, and could only receive her next day; that consequently she must remain at Corleone Lodge, subject to her Majesty's orders, and that her Majesty would send her direct orders early next morning. Josiane returned home very cross, supped in a bad humor, had a headache, sent away every one except her page, then sent him away too, and went to bed while it was still daylight.

On her arrival, she had learned that Lord David Dirry-

Moir, having received at sea an order to come home immediately and receive instructions from her Majesty, was expected, next day, at Windsor.

III.

NO MAN COULD PASS ABRUPTLY FROM SIBERIA TO SENEGAL, WITHOUT LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS.—*Humboldt.*

For a man to faint, even the strongest and most energetic, under a sudden blow of Fortune's mace, ought not to cause much surprise. A man is knocked down by the unexpected, as the ox by the butcher's pole-axe. Francesco d'Albescola—he who tore up the iron chains that barred Turkish ports—remained unconscious for a whole day when he was made pope. Now, from cardinal to pope the stride is less, than from mountebank to peer of England.

Nothing so violent as destruction of equilibrium.

When Gwynplaine came to himself and opened his eyes, it was night. Gwynplaine was in an arm-chair, in the middle of a vast chamber all hung with purple velvet—walls, ceiling, floor. There was velvet to walk on. Near him was standing, bare-headed, the man, with fat paunch and travelling-cloak, who had slipped from behind a pillar in the vault at Southwark. Gwynplaine was alone with this man, in this room. From his arm-chair, by stretching his arm, he could touch two tables, each having on it a candelabrum with three wax candles lighted. On one of these tables there were papers and a casket; on the other—in case they should be needed—cold chicken, wine, brandy, set upon a silver-gilt tray.

Through the glass of a tall window, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, a clear April night rendered visible, outside, a half-circle of columns round a court-of-honor, closed by a triple entrance-way, having one high and two lower gates. A carriage-way on a large scale was in the middle; on the right the portal for horsemen, smaller; on the left the door for persons on foot, smaller still. These openings were closed with iron railings, the points of which shone bright; high up, a group in sculpture crowned the central gates. The columns were probably of white marble, as well as the pavement of the court-yard, which produced the effect of snow, and which framed in, with its flat sheet of stones, a mosaic confusedly made out in the shadow. This mosaic, without doubt, if seen by daylight with all its emeralds and all its colors, would have shone a gigantic blazon after the Florentine mode. Zigzags of balustrades mounted and descended, indicating flights of steps and terraces. An immense pile of architecture, dim and vague, inasmuch as it was night, reared itself above the court. Intervals of sky, filled with stars, defined the outline of the palace.

There might be seen a roof of immoderate height, gables with volutes, attics with openings like the visor of a helmet, chimneys like turrets, and entablatures covered with immovable gods and goddesses. Beyond the colonnade a fountain was playing in the half-shadow—one of those fairy fountains that murmur softly, pour themselves out from basin to basin, mingle spray with the cascade, resemble the breaking up of a jewel-box, and make to the breeze a mad distribution of their diamonds and their pearls, as though to divert the ennui of the statues around them. Long rows of windows were marked out distinctly, separated by panoplies in high relief, and by busts upon bracket-pedestals. Trophies and morions with plumes in stone alternated on the blocking-courses with the gods.

In the chamber wherein Gwynplaine found himself, at the end opposite the window, was seen on one side a fire-place as lofty as the wall, and on the other, under a dais, one of those vast feudal beds into which you mount by steps, and in which you can lie crosswise. The stepping-stool was beside it. A row of arm-chairs close under the walls, and a row of other chairs in front of the arm-chairs, completed the furniture. The ceiling was rounded in form. A huge fire of wood, in French fashion, was ablaze in the fireplace. A connoisseur would have declared, from a certain richness in the flames, and from their

varying flickers of rose and green, that the wood was ash, an expensive luxury. The room was so large, that the two candelabra left it partially obscure. Here and there tapestry, hung low and floating, indicated communication with other rooms. The whole had the square-set and massive aspect common in the time of James I, a mode antique and superb. Like the carpet and the hangings of the chamber, dais, canopy, bed, stepping-stool, curtains, mantel-piece, table-covers, arm-chairs, ordinary chairs—every thing, was in purple velvet. No gold, except on the ceiling. There, at equal distance from the four corners, an immense circular shield, in *repoussé* metal and laid flat, was gleaming; and on it sparkled a coat-of-arms in dazzling relief. In this coat-of-arms might be seen a baron's row of small pearls and a marquis's coronet, emblazoned side by side. Was it in copper-gilt? Was it in silver-gilt? That was not known. It seemed to be of gold. And upon this seignorial ceiling—a sky magnificent and obscure—the flaming escutcheon shone dimly as a sun in the night.

An uncivilized man, with whom is amalgamated a free man, is almost as uneasy in a palace as in a prison. This gorgeous place was perplexing. All magnificence gives room for affright. Who could be the inhabitant of this august abode? To what colossus did all this grandeur belong! Of what lion was this palace the den? Gwynplaine, hardly yet awake, felt his heart oppressed.

— Where am I? said he.

The man, who was standing up before him, answered:

— You are in your own house, my lord.

IV.

FASCINATION.

TIME is requisite for coming to the surface.

Gwynplaine had been cast into the very depth of stupefaction.

You cannot establish a footing, all at once, in the unknown.

There are total routs of ideas, as there are total routs of armies; rallying is not a thing of a moment.

You may feel yourself, in some sort, scattered in pieces. You may assist at your own strange dispersion.

God is the arm; chance is the sling; man is the stone. Resist, then, if once launched!

Gwynplaine—let the expression be permitted us—ricochetted from one astonishment to another. After the duchess's love-letter, the revelation of the Southwark vault.

In destiny, when the unexpected begins, be prepared for this: blow upon blow. The fierce door once opened, surprises throw themselves in. The breach made in your wall—the pell-mell of events is engulfed there. The extraordinary comes not for a single time.

The extraordinary consists in obscurity. This obscurity was around Gwynplaine. What happened to him seemed to be unintelligible to him. He looked at every thing through the mist that a profound commotion leaves in the intelligence, as it were the dust of falling ruins. The shock had been from top to bottom. Nothing tangible offered itself to him. Nevertheless, a clearance always takes place by degrees. The dust settles down. From moment to moment, the density of astonishment diminishes—Gwynplaine was like some one who might have his eye open and fixed in a dream, and who might try to make out what there was therein. He decomposed, and then recomposed again, this cloud over him. His wanderings were intermittent. He underwent the swaying to and fro of the mind in the unforeseen, that, by turns, impels you from the side where you comprehend, and from the side where you comprehend not. To whom has it not occurred to have this pendulum in the brain?

By degrees an enlargement took place in his thought, amid the obscurity of the incident, just as the pupil of his eye had dilated amid the subterranean obscurity of Southwark. The difficult thing was, to achieve the spacing out of a certain inter-

val between so many accumulated sensations. There must be air between the emotions, in order that the firing-up—which we call comprehension—may be effectual. Here the air was wanting. The event, so to say, was not breathable. On entering the terrific vault of Southwark, Gwynplaine had expected the convict's shackles; they had put a peer's coronet on his head. How was this possible? There was not sufficient room, between what Gwynplaine had dreaded and what had happened to him—this latter had succeeded too abruptly—his alarm had been changed too suddenly into the reverse, for him to see it with distinctness. The two contrasts touched each other too nearly. Gwynplaine made efforts to extricate his mind from their gripe.

He remained silent. Such is the instinct of heavy stupor, which is on the defensive more than one believes. He who says nothing, is facing every thing. A word that you let fall, seized by the unknown tooting of wheels that you know not, may draw you completely under them.

To be crushed is the dread of the lowly. The crowd fears always that a foot will be put upon it. Now, Gwynplaine had been, for a very long time, of the crowd.

One singular condition of human inquietude is expressed by the word: forecast. Gwynplaine was in this condition. You do not yet feel yourself on a level with a juncture that is approaching. You are watching something that must have a sequence. You are vaguely attentive. You see the coming on. Of what? You know not. Of whom? You are waiting to see.

The man of the fat paunch repeated:

—You are in your own house, my lord.

Gwynplaine passed his hand over himself. When surprised suddenly, we look—to assure ourselves that such things are; then we feel ourselves—to be assured that we verily exist. It was to himself, in fact, that they had spoken; but he himself was another person. He had on no longer his hooded cloak and his leather collar. He had on a waistcoat of cloth of silver, and a satin coat, on touching which he perceived that it was embroidered. He found a large purse, well filled, in his waistcoat pocket. Wide knee-breeches of velvet covered over his tight clown's small-clothes. He was wearing shoes with high red heels. Just as they had transported him into this palace, they had changed his attire for him.

The man resumed:

—Let your lordship deign to remember this: It is I who am named Barkilphedro. I am a clerk at the Admiralty. It was I who opened Hardquanne's gourd, and who drew forth your destiny from it. Thus, in the Arabian Nights, a fisherman makes a giant come out of a bottle.

Gwynplaine set his eyes upon the smiling countenance that addressed him.

Barkilphedro continued:

—Besides this palace, my lord, you have Hunkerville House, which is larger. You have Clancharlie Castle, whence your peerage is derived, and which is a fortress of the time of Edward the Elder. You have nineteen bailiwicks of your own, with their villages and their peasants. This puts under your banner of lord and of nobleman about eighty thousand vassals and tributaries. At Clancharlie, you are judge, judge of every thing, chattels and persons, and you hold your court as baron. The king has only the advantage over you of the right to stamp money. The king, whom the Norman law entitles chief-signor, has justice, court, and coin. Coin means money. With that exception, you are king in your lordship, as he in his kingdom. You are entitled prince, in the old charters of Northumbria. You are allied with the Viscounts Valentia in Ireland, who are Powers, and with the Earls of Umfraville in Scotland, who are Anguses. You are a chief of clan, like Campbell, Ardmannach, and Mac-Callummure. You have eight dependencies, Reculver, Buxton, Hell-Kesters, Homble, Moricambe, Gumdraith, Trenwardraith, and others. You have tolls upon the peat-bogs of

Pillimore and the alabaster-quarries of Trent; furthermore, you have all the country of Penneth-Chase, and you have a mountain with an old town that is upon it. The town is called Vinecaunton; the mountain is called Moilculi. All this brings you in a revenue of forty thousand pounds sterling, that is to say forty times the twenty-five thousand francs of income with which a Frenchman is content.

While Barkilphedro was speaking, Gwynplaine, in a *crescendo* of astonishment, recalled the past. Memory is a receptacle for things swallowed up, that a word may stir to its depths. Gwynplaine knew all the names pronounced by Barkilphedro. They were inscribed in the last lines of the two placards that adorned the hut wherein his childhood had slipped away, and he had learned them by heart, while letting his eyes wander mechanically over them. On arrival, abandoned orphan as he was, at the travelling-booth of Weymouth, he had found awaiting him there the inventory of his heritage; and in the morning, when the poor little fellow woke, the first thing spelt out by his unconscious and absent look was his lordship and his peerage. Strange specialty added to all his surprises—for fifteen years, prowling about from one public place to another, clown of the nomadic trestle-board, earning his bread from day to day, picking up farthings and living on crumbs, he had travelled always with his fortune pasted up over his misery!

Barkilphedro touched with his fore-finger the casket that was on the table.

—My lord, this casket contains two thousand guineas, which her gracious Majesty the queen has sent you for your first necessities.

Gwynplaine moved on his chair.

—They shall be for my father, Ursus, said he.

—Just so, my lord, replied Barkilphedro. Ursus at the Tadcaster Inn. The sergeant-at-law, who came here with us and is going away immediately, will carry them to him. Perhaps I myself shall go to London. In that case, it will be I. I will undertake it.

—I will take them myself, observed Gwynplaine.

Barkilphedro ceased to smile, and said:

—Impossible!

There is an inflection of voice that underlines. Barkilphedro had this accent. He stopped, as though to emphasize the word that he had just uttered. Then he went on, in the respectful and peculiar tone of a valet who smacks of the master.

—My lord, you are here twenty-five miles distant from London, at Corleone Lodge, your court residence, adjoining the royal castle of Windsor. You are here without any one's knowledge. You were brought here in a close carriage that was in waiting for you at the gate of Southwark jail. The people who let you into this palace are ignorant who you are; but they know me, and that is enough. It was practicable to bring you into this very apartment, by means of a private key in my possession. The other persons in the house are asleep, and it is not the hour for the servants to wake up. We have time, therefore, for an explanation, which will, furthermore, be short. I am about to make it to you. I am commissioned by her Majesty.

Barkilphedro, while speaking, began to ferret in a bundle of papers that was near the casket.

—Here, my lord, is your peer's patent. Here the brevet of your Sicilian marquisate. Here the parchments and diplomas of your eight baronies, with the seals of eleven kings, from Baldret, King of Kent, down to James VI. and I., King of England and Scotland. Here is your patent of precedence. Here are your leases, and the titles and descriptions of your fiefs, freeholds, tenures, lands, and domains. What you have overhead, in the blazon of the ceiling, is your two coronets, the baron's row of pearls, and the marquis's jewelled circlet. Here, at this side, in your wardrobe, is your peer's robe of red velvet bordered with ermine. This very day, some hours since, the Lord-Chancellor and the deputy Earl-Marshal of England—

having been informed of the result of your confrontation with the comprachicos, Hardquanonne—took her Majesty's orders. Her Majesty signed according to her good pleasure, which is the same thing as law. All formalities are fulfilled. To-morrow, no later than to-morrow, you will be admitted to the House of Lords, wherein, for several days past, there has been under discussion a bill presented by the crown, the object of which is to increase the annual dotation of the Duke of Cumberland, the queen's husband, by one hundred thousand pounds sterling, equivalent to two millions, five hundred thousand French livres. You will be enabled to take part in the discussion.

Barkilphedro stopped for a moment, drew a long breath, and went on :

— Nothing, however, is done yet. One does not become an English peer in spite of one's self. All may be annulled and disappear, if you do not enter into it. In political life, it sometimes occurs that an event falls to pieces before being disclosed. My lord, at this hour, silence concerning you still prevails. The House of Lords will only be advised of the facts, to-morrow. The secret of all your affair has been kept for state reasons, which are in themselves of so much importance that grave personages, only informed at present of your existence and of your rights, will forget them immediately, if called upon by state reasons to forget them. What lies in the dark may remain in the dark. It is easy to efface you. This is so much the easier, because you have a brother, the natural son of your father, and of a woman who subsequently, during the exile of your father, was a mistress of King Charles II., so that your brother stands well at court. Now, it is to this brother, bastard though he is, that your peerage would revert. Would you desire that? I do not suppose it. Well, then; every thing depends on yourself. The queen must be obeyed. You will only leave this residence to-morrow, in one of the queen's carriages, and to go to the House of Lords. My lord, will you be a peer of England—yes, or no? The queen has intentions regarding you. She designs for you an alliance quasi-royal. Lord Fernmain Clancharlie, this is the decisive moment. Destiny does not open one door, without closing another. After certain steps forward, a step backward is no longer possible. Whoever enters into transfiguration has a swooning-away behind him. My lord, Gwynplaine is dead. Do you comprehend it?

Gwynplaine trembled from head to foot; then he rallied himself.

— Yes, said he.

Barkilphedro smiled, bowed, took the casket under his cloak, and left the room.

V.

FORGETFULNESS BELIEVING THAT IT REMEMBERS.

WHAT are these strange changes at sight, that take place in the human soul?

Gwynplaine had been, at the same time, raised up to an eminence, and precipitated into an abyss.

He had a vertigo.

A double vertigo.

The vertigo of an ascent, and the vertigo of a fall.

Fatal compound.

He had felt himself to be mounting up, and had not felt himself to be falling down.

There is something formidable in the aspect of a new horizon.

A vista suggests counsel. Not always good.

He had had before him the fairy opening—snare, perhaps—of a cloud that breaks away, and that shows the deep azure.

So deep, that it is dark.

He was on the mountain, whence are visible the kingdoms of the earth.

Mountain all the more terrible, that it has no existence. They are in a dream, who are on this summit.

So devouring and so potent is temptation there, that hell on

that eminence hopes to corrupt paradise, and thus the devil brings God thither.

To fascinate eternity—how strange a hope!

There, where Satan tempted Jesus, how should a man be able to struggle?

Palaces, country-seats, power, opulence, all human felicity, as far as the eye can reach around you—a map of the world of enjoyment spread out to the horizon—a sort of geographical radiance, whereof you are the centre; perilous mirage!

Figure to yourself the troublous effect of such a vision—not brought on by degrees, without preliminary steps to be passed over, without preparation, without transition!

A man going to sleep in a mole's hole, and awaking on the highest point of Strasburg Cathedral spire—such was Gwynplaine.

Vertigo is a kind of fearful lucidity. That vertigo especially, which, carrying you at once toward day and toward night, is made up of two wheelings in contrary directions.

You see too much—and not enough.

You see all—and nothing.

You are what the author of this book has called elsewhere, "the blind man dazzled."

Gwynplaine, left alone, began walking up and down with hurried steps. A boiling-over precedes an explosion.

Amid this turmoil, in this impossibility of remaining still, he reflected. The boiling-over was a solution. He mustered up his recollections. How surprising is it, that we should have listened so well to what we believed we scarcely heard! The declaration of the lost mariners, read by the sheriff in the vault of Southwark, came back to him clear and intelligible. He recalled its every word. Underneath it, he saw again all his childhood.

Suddenly he stopped, his hands behind his back, looking up at the ceiling—or heaven, it matters not which—at what was up above.

— Vengeance! said he.

He was like a man raising his head out of the water. It seemed to him that he saw every thing—the past, the future, the present, in the glare of a sudden brightness.

— Ah! cried he—for there are cries from the depths of thought—ah! it was thus, then. I was a lord. All is revealed. Ah! they have robbed, betrayed, ruined, disinherited, abandoned, assassinated me! The corpse of my destiny has floated for fifteen years upon the sea, and all at once it has touched ground, and has upreared itself standing and living! I come to life again! I am born! Well might I feel something else than a miserable wretch palpitating underneath my rags; and when I turned to the side of men, well might I feel that they were the flock, and that I was—not the dog, but—the shepherd. Pastors of peoples, leaders of men, guides and masters—that is what my forefathers were; and what they were, I am! I am gentleman, and I have a sword; I am baron, and I have a casque; I am marquis, and I have a plume; I am peer, and I have a coronet. Ah! they had taken all this from me! I was an inhabitant of light, and they made me an inhabitant of darkness. They, who had proscribed the father, sold the child. When my father was dead, they drew from under his head the stone of exile that he had for pillow, and they put it about my neck and cast me into the common sewer. Oh! those vagrants who tortured my childhood! Yes, they are stirring, and raising themselves up in the very depth of my memory! Yes, I see them once more! I have been the morsel of flesh pecked at, upon a tomb, by a flight of ravens. I have bled and I have cried, under all these horrible creatures outlined before me. Ah! then, there it was that they precipitated me, subject to be crushed by those who come and go, to be stamped upon by everybody, below the lowest level of the human race, lower than the serf, lower than the valet, lower than the black guard, lower than the slave, at the spot where chaos becomes the cloaca, at the very point of disappearance. And it

is thence, that I emerge! It is thence, that I reascend! It is thence, that I come again into life! And here I am! Vengeance!

He sat down, got up, took his head in his hands, renewed his walk. Then this monologue of the tempest was continued within him:

—Where am I? On the summit! Where is it that I have just alighted? On the pinnacle! This peak—greatness, that cupola of the world—omnipotence, is my abode. I am one of the gods of this temple in the air. I am lodged in the inaccessible. This height that I looked at from below, and whence there fell so many rays that they caused me to close my eyes, this unassailable lordship, this impregnable fortress of the happy—I enter it. I am in it. I am of it. Ah! definitive turn of the wheel! I was low down; I am high up! High up, forever! A lord am I! I shall have a mantle of scarlet; I shall have gems upon my head; I shall assist at the coronation of kings, who will take oath of office before me; I shall sit in judgment on ministers and princes; I shall have an existence. From the depths into which they had plunged me, I spring upward even to the zenith. I have town and country palaces, gardens, hunting-grounds, forests, carriages, millions. I shall give fêtes, I shall make laws, I shall have the choice of happiness and delights; and the vagabond Gwynplaine, who did not have the right to pick a flower from the grass, will be able to cull stars from heaven.

Funereal reentry of shadow into the soul! Thus in this Gwynplaine, who had been a hero—and who, let it be said, had not perhaps ceased to be one—the substitution of material for moral greatness was at work. Doleful transition! The breaking in upon a virtue, by a troop of demons passing by. A surprise made good upon man's weak side. All the inferior things—called superior—ambition, the equivocal will of instinct, the passions, the lusts, held aloof from Gwynplaine by the salutary effect of misfortune—were taking tumultuous re-possession of that generous heart. And whence had this arisen? From the godsend of a parchment, in a waif drifted about by the sea. This might be called the rape of conscience by chance.

Gwynplaine was drinking deep draughts of pride, which tended to obscure his soul. Such is this tragic wine.

This giddiness had invaded him; he did more than consent to it—he relished it. Effect of long thirst; we become accomplices of the cup, wherein we lose our reason. He had always had a vague hankering after this. He looked unceasingly toward the side of the great; to look is to wish for. Not with impunity is the eagle born in the air.

To be a lord! Now! At certain moments he found this quite easy.

But few hours had slipped away; how far off already was the past of yesterday!

Gwynplaine had encountered the ambush of “the better”—enemy of “the good.”

Ill luck for him of whom it is said: “How happy he is!”

Adversity is better resisted than prosperity. We draw ourselves out of evil fortune, less injured than out of good fortune. Wretchedness is Charybdis; but Scylla is wealth. They, who stood upright against the thunderbolt, are thrown down by being dazzled. O thou, who wert not astounded at the precipice, have a fear of being carried away by the wings, in legion, of cloud and dream! The ascension will at once elevate thee and lessen; the apotheosis has a sinister power in pulling down.

To know one's self, in happiness, is by no means easy. Luck is nothing else than a disguise. Nothing is so deceitful as its countenance. Is it Providence? Is it Fatality?

A brightness may be not a brightness. For light is truth, and a gleam may be a trick. You fancy that it enlightens; no, it burns.

It is night; a hand places a candle—vile tallow become a

star—at the edge of an opening in the darkness. The moth goes to it.

In what degree is he responsible?

The look of the fire fascinates the moth, just as the look of the snake fascinates the bird.

Is it possible that the moth and the bird should not go thither? Is it possible for the leaf to refuse obedience to the wind? Is it possible for the stone to refuse obedience to gravitation?

Material questions these, which are also moral questions.

After the duchess's letter, Gwynplaine had recovered himself. There were within him certain deep-rooted fastenings, that had resisted. But hurricanes, after having exhausted the wind on one side of the horizon, recommence from the other; and Destiny, like Nature, has its blind fury. The first blast shakes; the second uproots.

Alas! How is it that oaks fall?

Thus, he, who a child ten years old, alone on the cliffs of Portland, ready to give battle, looked firmly at the combatants whom he was about to engage—the sudden squall that bore away the vessel whereon he thought he was to embark, the depths that robbed him of that plank of safety, the yawning void that threatened to fall back, the earth that refused him a shelter, the zenith that refused him a star, the solitude unpitying, the obscurity impenetrable, the ocean, the heavens, all the violences in one infinite and all the enigmas in the other; he, who had not trembled, nor given way, before the hostile enormity of the unknown; he, who, being little, had held his own against night, as the ancient Hercules had held his own against death; he, who, in this immeasurable conflict, had openly defied all the chances against himself, by adopting a child, he himself being a child, and by embarrassing himself with a burden, he himself being fragile and weary, thus rendering easier the attacks upon his weakness, and taking off himself the muzzles from the shadowy monsters in ambush around him; he, who, an under-aged tamer of beasts, had all at once, from his first steps outside his cradle, faced his destiny hand to hand; he, whose disproportion with the struggle had not hindered him from struggling; he, who, seeing suddenly a fearful occultation of the human race made around him, had accepted this eclipse, and proudly continued his course; he, who must have endured cold and thirst and hunger, valiantly; he, who a pigmy in stature, had been a colossus in soul; this Gwynplaine, who had overcome the immense wind of the abyss—under its double form, tempest and wretchedness—staggered under this light breeze, vanity!

Thus—when she has exhausted distresses, bereavements, storms, bellows, catastrophes, agonies, upon a man who stands up against them—Fatality begins to smile; and man, suddenly become intoxicated, reels.

The smile of Fatality! Can one imagine any thing more terrible? It is the last resort of the unpitying assayer of souls, who proves men. The tiger, that is in destiny, puts out some times a velvet paw. Redoubtable preparation! Hideous sweetness of a monster!

Every man may have observed within himself the coincidence of weakening, with increase of size. A sudden growth dislocates, and causes fever.

Gwynplaine had in his brain the giddy turmoil of a crowd of novelties, all the *chiaro-scuro* of metamorphosis, one knows not what of strange confrontings, the shock of the past against the future, two Gwynplaines, himself doubled—in the background, a child in rags, emerging from darkness, prowling round, shivering, hungered, causing laughter—in the foreground, a brilliant nobleman, ostentatious, superb, dazzling London. He shook himself clear of the one, and amalgamated himself with the other. He came forth from the mountebank, and entered into the lord. Changes of skin these, which are sometimes changes of soul. At moments it was too much like a dream. It was complex, bad and good. He thought of his

father. Anguish—a father who is an unknown one! He tried to picture him. He thought of the brother, whom he had just heard mentioned. Thus there was a family. What! a family for him, Gwynplaine! He lost himself amid these fantastic scaffoldings. He had apparitions of magnificences; wild solemnities passed in clouds before him; he heard flourishes of trumpets.

— And then, said he to himself, I shall be eloquent.

And he figured to himself a splendid entry into the House of Lords. He arrived, puffed up with new ideas. What would he not have to say! What provision had he not laid in! What advantage to be, in the midst of them, the one man who has seen, touched, undergone, suffered; and to be able to exclaim to them:—"I have been close to that wherefrom you are far off"—to those aristocrats yet full of illusions. He will throw the reality into their faces; and they will tremble, for it will be true; and they will applaud, for it will be grand. He will rise up among these all-potent ones, more potent than they. He will appear to them as a torch-bearer, for he will show them the truth; as a sword-bearer, for he will show them justice. What a triumph!

And all the while that he was thus building up fancies in his mind—at once lucid and confused—he experienced sensations of delirium, sank down into the first chair at hand, had a sense of drowsiness, and then sudden starts. He walked to and fro, looked at the ceiling, examined the coronets, studied vaguely the hieroglyphics of the blazon, felt with his fingers the velvet of the walls, moved the chairs about, turned over the parchments, read the names, spelt the titles, Buxton, Homble, Gumdraith, Hunkerville, Clancharlie, compared the wax and the seals, stroked the silken tresses of the royal signet, drew near the window, listened to the jet of the fountain, made out the statues, counted the marble columns with the patience of a somnambulist—and said: "All this is real."

And he touched his satin coat, and asked himself:

— Is this myself? Yes.—The inner tempest was at its height.

In this great storm, did he feel any weakness, any sense of fatigue? Did he drink? Did he eat? Did he sleep? If he did, it was without his own knowledge. In certain critical situations, the instincts satisfy themselves at their good-will, without the thought taking any part in the matter. Besides, his thought was less a thought than a mist. Has the crater any consciousness of the flocks that crop the grass at the foot of its mountain, at the moment when the dark flaming of the eruption vomits itself forth in whirlwinds from its pit?

The hours passed.

The dawn appeared, and made light. A white ray penetrated into the chamber, and at the same time entered into Gwynplaine's spirit.

— And Dea? said the bright gleam.

THE HÔTEL DROUOT AT PARIS.

THERE is, in Paris, an establishment where comparative history of art, psychology, archaeology, and physiognomy, may be studied with advantage, and a knowledge of no inconsiderable part of Parisian life acquired. This establishment is the *Hôtel Drouot*, where the public auctions are held, for which reason it is also called the *Hôtel des Ventes* (House of Sales). It is a massive, fire-proof structure, erected by the *commissaires priseurs* at an expense of almost two hundred thousand dollars. Of these *commissaires priseurs*, or auctioneers, there are eighty in Paris; and, like the exchange-brokers, they, too, form a distinct body, independent of whom no public auction is allowed to take place. They get ten per cent. of the gross receipts, five from the seller, and just as many from the purchaser. As the proceeds of these public auctions at Paris amount annually to upward of thirty millions of francs, and as, owing to the augmenting population

of the capital, the number of auctions is continually on the increase, it is evident that the position of *taxateur* is in great demand. But such a position is very difficult to obtain, because it is extremely dear—many of the Paris *commissaires priseurs* would not dispose of their places for three hundred thousand francs. Nor would money alone suffice. Application must be made by the candidate to the minister of justice, and the appointment is signed by the head of the government. An unblemished reputation and attainments of a certain kind are required; the applicant must pass an examination before a commission, after which an oath is administered to him before the board of the corporation. The number of the Paris *commissaires priseurs* being confined to eighty, these positions are very rare, and, as a general thing, vacancies are created only by death.

The corporation of the *commissaires priseurs* dates from 1816, anterior to which year auctions were held under the direction of the *huissiers* (bailiffs), and seldom passed without disorders. The dealers conspiring among and against each other, quarrels of various kinds arose, and the objects to be sold were not unfrequently injured. At the present day, the seller is sure of seeing his interests protected.

The auction-house is two stories high, with a spacious yard and coach-houses. In the rooms on the ground-floor none but heavy and common commodities are sold, while in the upper story, where on either side is a row of larger or smaller apartments, magnificent furniture, jewelry, and works of art, are knocked down to the highest bidder. On the ground-floor the auctions for the lower classes take place, while the products of art and luxuries put at auction up-stairs are accessible only to the purses of millionnaires and those who are well off. Still, the *Hôtel Drouot* is not frequented merely by those desirous of buying; a great part of the men accustomed to lounge about there is composed of rich or poor idlers, of fellows who find no employment, or are not under the necessity of seeking any.

In every room is a *commissaire priseur*, having at his side a secretary, and holding in his hand an ivory hammer. In the apartments where valuables and works of art are offered for sale, a connoisseur is also present, whose business it is to determine the starting-price. As a matter of course, each room has its own public, varying according to the nature of the objects auctioneered there. The places where household furniture is sold are visited by the greatest number of people, and Parisians wishing to get furniture at a moderate price commonly resort to the *Hôtel des Ventes* for their supply. Incipient doctors, lawyers, young officials, and many others whose possessions lie in the realms of hope, buy first one thing, then another, wherewith to cover their naked dwellings. The looking-glasses, carpets, divans, arm-chairs, clocks, lamps, and chandeliers, heaped up in these halls, excite various and strange reflections. Could those utensils speak, what tales might we hear! For people and things in Paris suffer the most remarkable changes of fortune, and real life outvies the imagination of the poet. Many of the things standing and lying yonder in such confusion have already been the property of individuals entirely unlike in every respect; and who can tell how often they are destined to change owners yet? Perhaps the first possessor of this arm-chair died upon a pallet of straw in some retired corner of Paris; perhaps the lady who once admired her charms in that Venetian mirror is now vending withered vegetables or stale fish in some suburb of the city! Often enough it happens, too, that a visitor to the auction-house recognizes among the articles collected there old acquaintances—pieces of furniture with which he parted in an hour of necessity, or of which some inexorable executor deprived him.

But we will dismiss these reflections, and enter one of the halls where products of art are sold. Here, the people, like the ware, are far more interesting, and all the real judges of art and *dilettanti* in Paris, as well as those who imagine themselves such, congregate here. Here, too, we find those who have been seized with a mania for collecting. The passion of one consists in possessing a rich collection of daggers; others prefer snuffboxes; others, again, rave upon China teacups. I am acquainted with a man, in other respects quite rational, who, having a collection of *fetiches*, has been for the last thirty years paying daily visits to the *Hôtel Drouot*, and to all second-hand dealers in Paris, for the purpose of discovering some hideous-visaged divinity to add to his collection. His house is a perfect pandemonium. The innate love of possession exhibits itself in numberless ways, and not seldom becomes one of the strangest manias. Every collector, as a matter of course, regarding his collection as the finest, loves it with

genuine fanaticism, and has a spite against all who do not share that feeling. Several years ago, I made the acquaintance of a Spaniard. We were fellow-boarders, and I met him almost daily on the stairs. A droll figure cannot be imagined. He was as thin as a spindle, had a long, pointed nose, extending nearly to his chin; and, from beneath bristly eyebrows, his small, piercing gray eyes flashed in a manner to make you feel rather uncomfortable. His dress was even more singular than his figure. He was always enveloped in a faded carpet, and wore a turned-up, pointed hat, which had seen Heaven knows how many generations arise and perish. No one could tell when he took his meals. He came regularly after a cup of milk and a loaf of bread in the morning, and it was asserted that these constituted his whole food. By the people of the house he was dubbed *l'adorateur de Venus*, and, on inquiring the reason of this nickname, I was informed that the Spaniard was a collector of antique works of art, among them a Venus, to whom he paid the tribute of the highest admiration. It was told me at the same time that the strange fellow, who did not half satisfy his hunger, was possessed of great riches, which, however, were all being invested in his collection.

Shortly afterward, while admiring the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, he came toward me, and, having expressed his pleasure at finding in me a lover of art, begged me to inspect his collection on the following morning. He did not await my visit, but came to me. I followed him to his apartment, which bore great resemblance to a lumber-room. Innumerable fragments of bronze and marble were heaped up or scattered about everywhere. Looking into the open alcove, I noticed on the floor a mattress—the bed of this singular personage. From the fact that he never opened a window, the air was so oppressive as almost to rob me of breath. A small, rickety table, and a cane-chair from which the shreds were hanging, formed the whole *ameublement*. This chair stood in the centre of the room, before the goddess of beauty, who was half covered by a red-silk petticoat full of holes. The Spaniard requested me to seat myself on the aforesaid chair, which I having done with all possible caution, he removed the silk covering from the statue. It was indeed a fine piece of sculpture that was now presented to my view, and I accorded to it due admiration. The Spaniard, however, did not find the temperature of my admiration sufficiently high. Handing me a magnifying glass, therefore, he directed my attention to the several parts of the work, and sought to prove to me that its equal was nowhere to be found. In so doing, he enumerated all the Venuses that had ever left the classical workshops of Greece, now scattered over museums and collections in a more or less fragmentary state, cast a few more wistful looks at his Venus, and again covered her with the red-silk petticoat.

I saw him a number of times after this. One morning, the lady of the house was startled by his not coming for the customary ration of bread and milk. On rapping at his door, no answer was returned, and, it having been opened, the Spaniard was found lying lifeless on the floor before the Venus, at his side the upset chair. The physician declared that the unfortunate man had come to his end from want of sufficient nutriment.

Let us return to the auctions. There is no lack of people who come with the sole intention of driving up prices. These sham-purchasers are denominated *chauffeurs*, and are to the Hôtel Drouot what the *claqueurs* are to the Parisian theatres. When, for instance, a fine painting is put up, the *chauffeur* (heater) examines it as long as possible, and seems unable to repress his admiration; he bids with great eagerness, increasing in proportion as the others bid, and, when the flame of contention is brightest, that is to say, when he sees that he has forced up the price to the highest pitch, withdraws with a doleful shake of the head, and leaves the field to his adversary, who not seldom repents his victory. As may be supposed, such a "heater" never betrays his purpose, and it is easy to be seen that he does not always attain his object. The visitors to the Hôtel des Ventes are sharp, cunning people, who will not allow themselves to be hoodwinked or ensnared. Nevertheless, there are some who now and then enter the trap, chiefly those who imagine themselves judges of art, who put on an air of being able to distinguish a master by a single stroke of his pencil. Here, as in other matters of life, those are commonly first duped who think their knowledge fortifies them against every mistake.

The following may serve as an example to demonstrate the care it is necessary to exercise at the Hôtel Drouot. At an auction-sale of paintings a countryman of mine was one day sitting before the com-

missaire priseur's tribune, with a catalogue in his hand, when a handsome lady, possessed of a very aristocratic exterior, standing behind him, asked him in French, in an undertone, whether he understood English. On his answering affirmatively, the lady requested him in English to bid for the painting that had been just put up. A perfect gentleman, my countryman immediately declared his readiness to comply with her wish. He soon found himself contending with a host of buyers, but, listening to the suggestions of the unknown fair, had in a few minutes outbid them all. Not until then did it occur to him that his gallantry had hurried him away, that perhaps the lady, with whom he was unacquainted, owned the picture of which he might become the unwilling proprietor. His apprehension conflicting with his politeness, he hesitated to continue the contest with the multitude of purchasers; but the charming lady's furtive glances became every moment more irresistible, and, as though urged by some secret charm, he kept on bidding, until, finally, the painting—a landscape, with weeping-willows and a duck-pond—is knocked down to him at a ridiculously high price. He looked around for the lady; but the latter had already disappeared. The duped man, ashamed to acknowledge himself the victim of an intrigue, paid for the picture, and, on leaving, vexed with the weeping-willows and pond under his arm, had, besides, the vexation to hear the sneering remarks of those present.

Not seldom, too, a woman in mourning is seen at the auction-sale of works of art. The objects offered for sale constitute all the property her husband—who was an artist, and snatched away by death before he could acquire honor and celebrity—had left behind him. The poor widow mournfully contemplates the sketches and drawings to which so many sweet remembrances are attached, and with which she is to part forever; but she examines the people likewise, and seeks some known face. And, indeed, several friends of her husband have appeared to act as charitable *chauffeurs*, and to excite a desire for purchasing. Their exertions are vain, however. From the works by which the departed thought to win immortality the *dilettanti* turn with a shrug, and a few second-hand dealers only can be induced to take them for a sum next to nothing.

If the most experienced are sometimes cheated, the inexperienced are, on the other hand, oftentimes favored by fortune in their purchases. Some years ago, a friend of mine observed at an auction a small harpsichord of elegant workmanship, and adorned with several medallions hidden by a thick layer of dust. The buyers showing themselves very cold, the instrument was for a trifling sum handed over to my friend, who had scarcely time to regret his purchase when an elderly gentleman hastily entered the apartment, took him aside, and prayed him to transfer the frail instrument to him. After long talking on both sides, the bargain was struck, my friend very contentedly pocketing a handsome profit, and the gentleman, with even greater satisfaction, ordering the harpsichord to be removed to his house. It remains to be said that the medallions were painted by the old gentleman's grandfather.

Yet more fortunate was a young man who bought an iron safe at the Hôtel Drouot, in a secret drawer of which, while having it repaired at home by a locksmith, he found more than one hundred thousand francs in coin and paper. The gifts of Fortune are sometimes indiscriminatingly bestowed, but never more so than in this case, for the young man was very rich.

The success of these sales naturally depends on circumstances, according as they are propitious or otherwise. If money is plenty, the buyers appear in large numbers, and high prices are realized, particularly for productions of art and luxuries. Every possible advantage is taken of such favorable times by those who sell voluntarily at auction, as distinguished from those whom circumstances force to do so. Many a *millionnaire*, who affects to be an enthusiastic lover of art and seems in raptures about his picture-gallery, disposes of it as he would of any other commodity, when he thinks he can derive a considerable profit. Admired queens of the theatre, too, occasionally sell their furniture in this way on speculation. No one with any reputation whatever in the dandy-world dare be missing at these auctions, or leave them without purchasing some article.

Those who come to Paris for the first time, with a desire to see this cosmopolitan city less superficially than is usually the case, should by all means visit the Hôtel Drouot. They will find there the strongest representatives of all strata of society, and may enrich their knowledge of mankind to a much greater extent than anywhere else.

influence upon the mass of the community. Sometimes we find moralists of a much less heroic order, whose influence has permeated every section of society. In addition, therefore, to the type and standard of morals inculcated by the teachers, an historian must investigate the realized morals of the people.

"The three questions I have now briefly indicated are those which I have especially regarded in examining the moral history of Europe between Augustus and Charlemagne. As a preliminary to this inquiry, I have discussed at some length the rival theories concerning the nature and obligation of morals, and have also endeavored to show what virtues are especially appropriate to each successive stage of civilization, in order that we may afterward ascertain to what extent the natural evolution has been affected by special agencies. I have then followed the moral history of the pagan empire, reviewing the Stoical, the Eclectic, and the Egyptian philosophies, that in turn flourished, showing in what respects they were the products or expressions of the general condition of society, tracing their influence in many departments of legislation and literature, and investigating the causes of the deep-seated corruption which baffled all the efforts of emperors and philosophers.

"The triumph of the Christian religion in Europe next demands our attention. In treating this subject, I have endeavored, for the most part, to exclude all considerations of a purely theological or controversial character, all discussions concerning the origin of the faith in Palestine, and concerning the first type of its doctrine, and to regard the Church simply in its aspect as a moral agent, exercising its influence in Europe. Confining myself within these limits, I have examined the manner in which the circumstances of the pagan empire impeded or assisted its growth, the nature of the opposition it had to encounter, the transformations it underwent under the influence of prosperity, of the ascetic enthusiasm, and of the barbarian invasions, and the many ways in which it determined the moral condition of society. The growing sense of the sanctity of human life, the history of charity, the formation of the legends of the hagiology, the effects of asceticism upon civic and domestic virtues, the moral influence of monasteries, the ethics of the intellect, the virtues and vices of the decaying Christian empire and of the barbarian kingdoms that replaced it, the gradual apotheosis of the emperor, the gradual rank, and the first stages of that military Christianity which attained its climax at the Crusades, have been all discussed with more or less detail; and I have concluded my work by reviewing the changes that have taken place in the condition of women, and in the moral questions connected with the relations of the sexes."

Mr. Lecky maintains that there is a law of moral development—a defined and regular order in which our moral feelings unfolded. This law is far from uniform, and its operation is not always easy to trace, owing to interfering causes. "Our knowledge of the laws of moral progress is like the laws of nature. We lay down general rules about the temperature to be expected as we approach or recede from the equator, and experience shows that they are substantially correct; yet an elevated plain, or a chain of mountains, or the neighborhood of the sea, will often in some degree derange our calculations. So, too, in the history of moral changes, innumerable special agencies, such as religious or political institutions, geographical conditions, traditions, antipathies and affinities, exercise a certain retarding, accelerating, or deflecting influence, and sometimes modify the moral progress." Mr. Lecky maintains that there are certain kinds or groups of virtues which spring spontaneously out of the mental, social, and physical conditions of uncivilized people, and that there are others which are the appropriate products of civilization. While men in all stages of civilization recognize the same rudimentary virtues, yet the different phases of society are characterized by the predominance of some, and the comparative feebleness of others. He argues that the virtues of uncivilized men are recognized as

virtues by civilized men; but they are neither exhibited in the same perfection nor assigned the same position in the scale of duties. The progress of morality hence consists in the decline of one class of virtues and the ascendancy of another, or in a reversal of the order of preëminence among them. For example, in ancient times, down to the pagan empire, the highest moral ideal of character was the heroic. Courage, patriotism, magnanimity, self-sacrifice, and public spirit constituted an aggressive or military type of virtues, which overshadowed all other virtuous sentiments. With the introduction of Christianity came a new type of moral excellence. The amiable virtues—purity, benevolence, charity, love, reverence—the sympathetic and pacific qualities of character arose into predominance, eclipsing and subordinating the older forms. Not that these virtues had not always been recognized; but Christianity infused into them a new life and strength, and made them paramount at the expense of the older heroic virtues. The progress consisted in a change of balance or proportion in the elements of the moral constitution.

But this inversion of values between two classes of moral actions—this lowering of one standard, and depression of another—was by no means the complete fulfilment of man's moral destiny, or the completion of ethical progress. Neither scheme made provision for the rights of the human understanding. There are great moral duties connected with the exercise of the mind in the attainment of truth concerning the facts of the world, and these involve the cultivation and growth of what Mr. Lecky terms the intellectual virtues—veracity, honesty, the fearless love of truth. We quote a few passages upon this interesting point:

"Another form of virtue which usually increases with civilization is veracity, a term which must be regarded as including something more than the simple avoidance of direct falsehood. In the ordinary intercourse of life it is readily understood that a man is offending against truth, not only when he utters a deliberate falsehood, but also when in his statement of a case he suppresses or endeavors to conceal essential facts, or makes positive assertions without having conscientiously verified their grounds. The earliest form in which the duty of veracity is enforced is probably the observance of vows, which occupy a position of much prominence in youthful religions. With the subsequent progress of civilization, we find the successive inculcation of three forms of veracity, which may be termed respectively industrial, political, and philosophical. By the first I understand that accuracy of statement or fidelity to engagements which is commonly meant when we speak of a truthful man. Though in some cases sustained by the strong sense of honor which accompanies a military spirit, this form of veracity is usually the special virtue of an industrial nation, for, although industrial enterprise affords great temptations to deception, mutual confidence, and therefore strict truthfulness, are in these occupations so transcendently important that they acquire in the minds of men a value they had never before possessed. Veracity becomes the first virtue in the moral type, and no character is regarded with any kind of approbation in which it is wanting. It is made, more than any other, the test distinguishing a good from a bad man. We accordingly find that, even where the impositions of trade are very numerous, the supreme excellence of veracity is cordially admitted in theory, and it is one of the first virtues that every man, aspiring to moral excellence, endeavors to cultivate.

"This constitutes probably the chief moral superiority of nations pervaded by a strong industrial spirit over nations like the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Irish, among whom that spirit is wanting. The usual characteristic of the latter nations is a certain laxity or instability of character, a proneness to exaggeration, a want of truthfulness in little things, an infidelity to engagements from which an Englishman, educated in the habits of industrial life, readily infers a complete absence of moral principle. But a larger philosophy and a deeper experi-

ence dispel his error. He finds that, where the industrial spirit has not penetrated, truthfulness rarely occupies in the popular mind the same relative position in the catalogue of virtues. It is not reckoned among the fundamentals of morality; and it is possible, and even common, to find in these nations—what would be scarcely possible in an industrial society—men who are habitually dishonest and untruthful in small things, and whose lives are nevertheless influenced by a deep religious feeling, and adorned by the consistent practice of some of the most difficult and most painful virtues. Trust in Providence, content and resignation in extreme poverty and suffering, the most genuine amiability and the most sincere readiness to assist their brethren, an adherence to their religious opinions which no persecutions and no bribes can shake, a capacity for heroic, transcendent, and prolonged self-sacrifice, may be found in some nations in men who are habitual liars and habitual cheats.

"The promotion of industrial veracity is probably the single form in which the growth of manufactures exercises a favorable influence upon morals. It is possible, however, for it to exist in great perfection without any corresponding growth of political veracity, or, in other words, of that spirit of impartiality which, in matters of controversy, desires that all opinions, arguments, and facts, should be fully and fairly stated. This habit, of what is commonly termed 'fair play,' is especially the characteristic of free communities, and it is pre-eminently fostered by political life. The practice of debate creates a sense of the injustice of suppressing one side of a case, which gradually extends through all forms of intellectual life, and becomes an essential element in the national character. But, beyond all this, there is a still higher form of intellectual virtue. By enlarged intellectual culture, especially by philosophic studies, men come at last to pursue truth for its own sake, to esteem it a duty to emancipate themselves from party spirit, prejudices, and passion, and, through love of truth, to cultivate a judicial spirit in controversy. They aspire to the intellect not of a sectarian, but of a philosopher, to the intellect not of a partisan, but of a statesman.

"Of these three forms of a truthful spirit, the last two may be said to belong exclusively to a highly-civilized society. The last especially can hardly be attained by any but a cultivated mind, and is one of the latest flowers of virtue that bloom in the human heart. The growth, however, both of political and philosophical veracity has been unnaturally retarded by the opposition of theologians, who, while exercising a very beneficial influence in many spheres of morals, have in this proved formidable adversaries to progress, for they made it, during many centuries, a main object to suppress all writings opposed to their views, and, when this power had escaped their grasp, they proceeded to discourage, in every way, impartiality of mind and judgment, and to associate it with the notion of sin."

On the whole, the task to which Mr. Lecky has girded himself, in the execution of this important work, must be pronounced one of the noblest to which literary ambition has yet aspired. The interest of the inquiry can hardly be exaggerated. The period traversed, from Augustus to Charlemagne, about eight hundred years, was, in certain respects, the most momentous in history. An old order of things was decaying, and a new order arising. The pagan empire had run its career, and was ready for dissolution; and a new religion had come upon the scene which was destined to assume the control of communities and nations in the development of a new type of civilization—a new quality of men. What were the moral incidents of this transition; what the modifications of conduct which took place among the masses of people; and what the agencies, circumstances, and extent of the changes wrought, these are the elements of Mr. Lecky's wide and interesting inquiry, and they are treated by him in an able and impressive manner. That so comprehensive a research, involving considerations of the highest complexity, should be imperfect and

exposed to criticism, is quite natural. But, when we remember that Mr. Lecky is the first to have conceived the problem, as well as the first to execute it, and when we perceive the new lines of thought that he has opened, the sagacity of his analysis, and the wealth of learning with which the subject is illustrated—not omitting the exquisite literary finish of his style—his work can hardly fail to be accorded a first rank among recent historical compositions.

"BEWARE OF THE MIRROR."

HE murmurs the vow that for days to her dreaming
Hope's tenderest prophecies told;

He finds her fond answer in looks that are beaming
Their love beneath lashes of gold.

The chamber is vacant, the moment delicious,
What gazer the secret may share?—

Yet beware of the mirror, the treacherous mirror,
Young lovers, young lovers, beware!

Grief tinges her joy, and in sad meditation
She hearkens, faint bloom on her cheeks,

As bitterly, now, of her loftier station,
Her proud-hearted kindred he speaks.

"O love, if long absence and sorrow shall part us,
Inviolat faith will you swear?"

Beware of the mirror, the treacherous mirror,
Young lovers, young lovers, beware!

For mirrors are genuine gossips, and labor
In lustroously sociable way,

With speed telegraphic, from neighbor to neighbor
All passing events to convey.

And this that beholds you will publish its tidings
Attentive no detail to spare.

Beware of the mirror, the treacherous mirror,
Poor lovers, poor lovers, beware!

Already the chamber adjoining confesses
Their secret with cold unconcern,

Revealing minutely his lavish caresses,
Minutely her gentle return;

And one whom the merciless image amazes
Confronts it with marvelling air.

Beware of the mirror, the treacherous mirror,
Poor lovers, poor lovers, beware!

Oh, few are the secrets, however we prize them,
That long undiscovered remain;

This curious world has a charm which defies them—
A spell to unravel their skein!

The listener crouches when least we suspect him,
The spy, when least fancied his snare,

And always, it seems, of life's treacherous mirrors
Too late is the warning—beware!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE LATEST FROM THE STARS.

MODERN astronomy teaches that our sun is a star, and that the stars are suns. The sun appears larger than a star—appearances often deceive. As we approach a body, the angle of vision opens, so that it appears larger; as we recede from it, the angle closes, and it appears smaller; hence apparent magnitude is variable, and depends upon relative distance.

Assuming our sun to be a star, the heat which we derive from it is stellar heat, and, with this conception in mind, let us glance at the scale of its radiations. This is something stupendous. The amount of heat which is emitted from the entire solar surface, calculated from the average quantity which it is proved we receive from him, would be sufficient to boil seven hundred thousand millions of *cubic miles* of ice-cold water each hour. Were a cylinder of ice, forty miles in diameter, projected into the sun, at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in length each second—that is, with the speed of light—the heat which the sun radiates away would be sufficient to melt it as fast as it came, while the stellar furnace would not be cooled a single degree. Of the thermal energy which our central star thus pours out with the prodigality of the Infinite, we of the earth, although complacently supposing that it is all on our account, get only a paltry fraction—the one-twenty-three-hundred-millionth part—about enough to boil three hundred cubic miles of ice-water each hour. But what becomes of the rest? It is shot outward as undulatory impulses into the profundities of space. Such is the office of our own star in the cosmical economy; but are the other stars doing the same thing? Those little twinkling points—are they also all fountains of power which is wafted on forever, thus maintaining the dynamic equilibrium of the universe through a mighty system of celestial exchanges?

Such has been the belief, countenanced by all analogy, although the proof of it has been hitherto indirect and insufficient. A Frenchman named Pouillet a few years ago undertook a series of researches designed to find out something more definite about the temperature of the planetary spaces, and this he did by attempting to determine the amount of heat from a certain large portion of the heavens. We cannot here describe his delicate and ingenious processes, but he deduced from them that, when large tracts of the heavens are tested, a measurable and very considerable amount of heat is shown to be derived from them. His results indicated that the earth gets heat enough in a year from the whole vault of the sky to melt a shell of ice eighty-six feet in thickness—the sun's heat alone being sufficient to melt such a shell one hundred and three feet thick, annually. These conclusions were regarded as trustworthy by many, but the majority of scientific men thought the subject must be left open until new resources of experiment were brought to bear upon it. Nor have we had to wait long for the trial. The subject has at length found its man, and this splendid problem is solved. When, in the distant future, the historian of the arts and sciences is making up his chronological records of their early progress, he will write—

The Ship-canal across the Isthmus of Suez first opened, 1869.
American Continent first crossed by a Railroad, 1869.
Heat in the rays of a fixed star first demonstrated by
William Huggins, 1869.

The rays of a star, when made to fall upon the most delicate thermometer, produce no visible effect upon it; and the fact of the existence of heat in these rays could never have been known except through the employment of some far more sensitive heat-measurer. Such an instrument has grown up during the last few years by the combined efforts of the most skilful men of various countries, and has at length been brought to a

very high degree of perfection. The principles of its action are as follows:

If we take some small bars of bismuth and antimony, and, arranging them side by side in a certain order, solder them together, we shall form what is called a *pile*. If, now, one of the ends of this pile is warmed more than the other, an electric current begins to circulate round and round through the bars, and, the greater the difference between the temperatures of the two ends, the stronger is the current. Such a current, being produced by heat, is called thermo-electric, and the system of metallic bars in which it is produced is therefore termed the *thermo-electric pile*. This is one part of our new instrument.

Everybody knows that the freely-suspended magnetic needle points to the north—that is, it places itself in the magnetic meridian. But, if a needle so placed has a current of electricity passed round it through wires parallel to its position when at rest, such a current tends to neutralize the earth's magnetism, and to throw the needle across itself, that is, to make it point east and west. The distance to which the needle swings round out of its north-and-south position depends upon the

strength of the electric current, and is measured by degrees of a circle. If the electric current is very slight, it may deflect the needle but a few degrees from the northward; if stronger, it may throw it ninety degrees, or through a quarter of a circle, so that it will stand at right angles to its natural position.

Now let us see how this combination works as a heat-measurer. You hold your hand, say, a yard from the pile of a delicately-constructed instrument. It radiates a stream of heat which falls upon one end of it, called its *face*; and that end is slightly warmed. This produces a current of electricity which is carried through the wires and made to circulate round a needle. The needle starts out of its position, and comes to rest at some point on the scale; and the degree which it reaches becomes a measure of the amount of heat radiated from the hand.

It is this instrument which Mr.

Huggins has employed in his researches into the heat of the stars. It was attached to his telescope so that the image of a star formed by the eight-inch object-glass might fall upon the surface of the pile. So delicate was the arrangement, and so susceptible to the minutest variations of temperature, that his apparatus often had to be left for hours until it had come to equilibrium and the needle was at perfect rest. When the time arrived for experiment, the shutter of the observatory dome was opened, and the telescope was turned upon a part of the sky near a bright star, but not actually on the star. The needle was then carefully watched, to determine whether the change of position produced any effect. After waiting sufficiently long to be certain that there were no signs of change, the telescope was moved over the small distance necessary to bring the image of the star directly on the face of the pile, when the needle was immediately seen to move. The telescope was then moved slightly away from the star, when the needle returned to its place. The stellar ray was then again made to fall upon the pile, and again the needle was thrown out of its position. These observations were repeated, with great care and patience, on different stars, and at different times, until it has been conclusively established that heat is a constituent of the stellar rays.

Such are the simple facts of this remarkable discovery; its



William Huggins, F.R.S.

deeper understanding cannot fail to awaken emotions of the intensest wonder. What is heat as manifested in matter? A vibration of atoms. What is radiant heat? Undulatory movements propagated through an ethereal medium at the rate of 190,000 miles per second. Radiant heat falling upon matter raises its temperature, that is, the ethereal waves breaking upon the atoms increase their vibration. And thus it is that the stars of heaven are related to the atoms of earth—the mightiest to the minutest, not by a material link, but through the mystery of motion, while that relation is one of definite control. Astrology taught that earthly events are determined by celestial agencies. It was a vague prophecy of realities to be better known, and science has fulfilled it by showing that the galaxies of remotest space rule the inner changes of terrestrial matter, and time the march of its invisible molecules. Nor is this all. The forces in which matter is bound are knit together in so close and complex a web of correlation and interdependence, that the slightest disturbance of one is felt by all. The stellar impulse, so infinitesimal as never before to have been detected, shoots a thrill through a whole system of tensions, and reveals itself in multiplied effects. Indeed, in the case we have been considering, the influence of the star is only seen at the end of a chain of transformations—in the overthrow of a series of balances in which our whole planet is implicated. What was it that really took place when Mr. Huggins exposed his instrument to the ray of the star Regulus, the leading brilliant of the constellation Leo? That star is located so profoundly away in the abyss of space, that we can measure its distance only by the years which its radiations have spent in reaching us; and the astronomers tell us that the radiations, sent through the mighty void at the rate of 190,000 miles per second, would require *twenty-six years* to reach the earth. Through all that period the dark thermal impulse of Regulus had been speeding its course, until at last it spent itself upon the face of the pile, disturbing the thermal equilibrium of its metallic particles. The upsetting of the thermal balance overthrew also the electrical balance, and a current was started through the wires around the needle. The needle, balanced in its position by the attractive tensions of terrestrial gravity and the magnetism of the earth, was then swung from its position of equilibrium and moved over *three degrees of the scale*, which exactly measured the intensity of the chain of effects and the tension of the stellar impulse.

Men talk of the dulness of science, but it is because they understand little of the grandeur of the problems upon which it is engaged or the splendor of its later conquests.

How far beyond the most errant fancies of mere poetic imagination are these realities of reason! Puck, engirdling the globe in forty minutes, was a bold creation of Shakespearian genius; but this is tame business compared with the pranks of our scientific fairies. The modern Ariel takes his flight from Regulus in 1843 to visit the earth (heedless of the prophetic voice of Father Miller, who, working with his theological calculus, had set this very year for the general smash and wind-up of the whole scheme). Launched upon his celestial career, he wings his way onward through the measureless amplitudes with a velocity equal to eight times round our planet each second, and reaches it in 1869. Cleaving the atmosphere, he pierces the lenses of Huggins's telescope, and, waking up the atoms of the electric-pile, drops his thermal mask, darts through the wires as the amber-spirit, shifts again to magnetism, and, with a kick at gravity and a snub for the north pole, emerges at last as ordinary mechanical motion.

It is thus experimentally established that the stars are suns. Our sun is a fountain of forces from which the earth borrows its energy and its life. But exactly the same forces are shown now to reside also in the distant stars, and we are thus brought one step nearer to the august probability that they, too, are fountains of power and life to their planetary dependents.

SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWES.

IV.

May 5th.

I ASKED Mr. Powers to-day how important he thought it for an American artist to come abroad to pursue his vocation.

A painter, he said, especially a landscape painter, may, without serious disadvantage, remain at home, especially if he lacks power to resist the influence of foreign art, to enslave his own independence, and to injure the national tone and coloring of his works. Every country has its own landscape—France, Germany, Italy, have their characteristic forms and colors. America has its own, and it is important that the American artist should not bring Italian skies, trees, foliage, into American scenes. California, I am told, has something of the same rosy skies and the same bare outline so common here; but, generally speaking, American landscape is very unlike any thing on this continent, and, apart from the advantage of studying the best foreign masters, which to those who know how to use such teachers is invaluable, an American artist is likely to lose his characteristic American tone and expression by too long a familiarity with foreign schools.

But sculpture is universal. The human form is of no country, and may be studied with equal advantage at home and abroad. The opportunities of studying it abroad are so immeasurably greater than at home, that I do not see how it is possible, without great loss, to neglect them.

1. It is impossible to model successfully without living models; and in America, in my time, it was almost at the peril of reputation, both for model and sculptor, that an artist employed the living model, even if he could procure it. Now, I understand, a few models may be obtained in New York; but they are so rare and so expensive, that it is almost ruinous to employ them. It costs two or three dollars there to secure a model which here may be had for half a day for forty cents. There is no want of models here; but their history is a sad one, and makes one often seriously lament the necessity for employing them. Young women, especially, are driven to this employment by the want of bread. I have numerous offers of their services made by parents who are in great distress. I make it a point to discourage all who come to me from entering the business, and am only conquered when I feel sure that, if I decline, they will be driven to other studios. I prefer only professional models, already thoroughly committed to the calling, as I shrink from the responsibility of leading any into so perilous a vocation. They are usually accompanied by their mothers, and I strive to treat them in a way to save their self-respect and delicacy—a very hard task, which too often breaks down in less scrupulous hands.

2. The opportunities of anatomical studies are here nearly perfect, and free from all expense. The medical schools not only illustrate anatomy by surgery on the cadaver, but, standing by the side of the dead body, is a living one, in which the action of the muscles dissected before the student may be studied in life. These colleges are open to all artists, and furnish the best possible schooling in anatomy, a thorough acquaintance with which is indispensable to the sculptor, and can only be obtained in America at great cost.

3. Marble is no cheaper here than in New York, the long sea-carriage costing no more to America than the short land-carriage does from the quarries to Florence or Rome. But good workmen, who cannot be dispensed with, are so abundant and so cheap here, so rare and so dear at home, that that alone is a decisive reason for coming abroad. Even here it is a heavy expense to procure sufficient and competent workmen; at home it is almost at ruinous cost and with nearly insuperable diffi-

culty. I have two workmen—as good, certainly, as the best in America—to the finest of whom I pay only four dollars a day. He could make twice that cutting weeping-willows on American tomb-stones. What could he not justly demand in wages from a New-York sculptor? I employ a dozen workmen in my studios; the poorest, at work on pedestals and rough work, earn about half a dollar a day; the moderately skilled, a little over a dollar. The whole cost me about fifteen dollars per day, which is wonderfully low. Then, my rent—which could not, for my extensive accommodations, be less than two thousand five hundred dollars a year in any eligible position which the public would visit—reaches only about four hundred and fifty dollars annually.

But, 4. The general expenses of maintaining a family are so much less here than at home, that a man without capital, possessing a profession so slow in reaching its pecuniary returns as an artist's, finds an immense inducement to live abroad. It is true that, music and accomplishment in languages apart, the opportunities of a substantial education for one's children are not as good here as at home. There are, however, less temptations to vice, and less exposures to the American habit of hard drinking among young men; but, no doubt, the general influences here, in the way of developing a manly, energetic, and self-relying character, are less favorable than at home. There is a softness, a disposition to take life easy, and a want of moral earnestness in Italy, which are not favorable to youthful ambition and independence. On the other hand, the money-getting propensities and social rivalries of America tend to harden human character, and to bring out a severe selfishness which is offensive. On the whole, the balance is on our side, and, other things apart, American youth are better brought up in America. But the artist must make this sacrifice to his art.

It is not painters alone, however, added Mr. Powers, who are in danger of losing their individuality. Most sculptors lose theirs, both at home and abroad; and many, on the other hand, keep their individuality to the point of mannerism, and the obtrusion and stamp of their private personality upon all they do. They do not hide themselves behind their works and their tools. Even Dannecker, so able and successful an artist, has given the leopard in his Ariadne the expression of a German. Canova made his own face the model of all the faces he made. In his Washington, at Baltimore, beneath the monument, you see Canova himself. In his colossal head of Napoleon, here, still Canova. He has even made his Waking Lion look like himself. I could tell a statue of Canova's if I saw only the back of the head. Fuseli, who admired Michael Angelo so enthusiastically, said of Canova, "An emasculated Greek, sir." His Venus is really, in all that is best in it, a copy from the Venus de Medici. In his famous statue of Pauline, there is not a trace of Nature, and, you feel sure, not a line of resemblance to the original, except perhaps in the face. It is very doubtful if the princess ever sat for the model of the figure (so that the old story—that she replied to some one, if she did not feel uncomfortable in exposing her person, "Oh, no; the room was perfectly warm"—can hardly be true). Canova studied the Greek statuary, and not the living model. He attempted to refine on their forms, and merely weakened their effect. His Perseus is a study from the Apollo, and has precisely its posture in the lower limbs; only he holds out a head in his hands. There is something feeble and sentimental in all his works.

I recurred to the period when Mr. Powers was making the busts of our statesmen at Washington.

When John O. Calhoun was sitting to me, I knew very well that he and Jackson hated each other; but I ventured to ask him, one day, if he believed that the President had actually written a very able message which had just appeared over his signature. "Every line of it, sir," he said, "was his inspiration, and contains his sentiments. It may have been put into its literary form by a secretary. But nobody understands American politics better than General Jackson. He has an iron

memory, and has his own opinions on all American subjects."

The subject of phrenological indications came up. Mr. Powers said: I do not know how far the science may be true, but there are certainly very striking coincidences between many craniological signs and the character of those who bear them. Take the great development over the eyebrows, where the perceptive faculties are placed by phrenologists. I think I have never known a public man of striking insight into the popular will who had not protuberant brows. Jackson, who knew the popular heart instinctively, and owes his reputation to his power of expressing it, and leading it where it wanted to go, had marked perceptive organs. Henry Clay, who played in his speeches upon the latent thoughts and feelings of his audience, and seemed to mould them, only because he was first moulded by them, had the same striking indications in his brow. Mr. Calhoun, who understood the Southern heart completely, was of great perceptive faculty, and it was stamped on his forehead, but, unhappily, he kept his fingers on the Southern pulse only, and failed to feel the Northern wrist, and so he lost the benefit of his insight. Mr. Webster had no marked development of the perceptive faculties. His general reason prevailed over his special insight or close national sympathy with the popular will. He was absorbed by his argument and wrapped up in principles. He spoke with all his power and logic, with little reference to the immediate feelings of his hearers, and thus lost power as a shaper and exponent of American will. Everett, who was equally deficient in this special craniological indication, could not carry the sympathies of the common people, whom he did not instinctively understand. He won admiration and respect, but not leadership.

Mr. Calhoun said: "Jackson was a great actor. The people thought him bluff, outspoken, frank, and impulsive, and liked him for those qualities. But he often assumed anger, when he was calm as a clock, for effect. Especially when he thought himself right, but was unable to defend his position in argument, where, for want of training and words, he was often weak, he resorted to rage, and frightened his antagonists by the vehemence and violence of affected passion. When he could not answer arguments, he often dismissed them in this summary and very effective way."

Speaking of dreams, Mr. Powers said: My sitters always come to me at night and often converse with me about their likenesses, and sometimes on other matters. I recall the continuance of a conversation with Mr. Uguart, of New Orleans, which was so original on his part, and so ludicrous too, that I woke up with my own laughter, and told my wife, disturbed by my noise, the story, till we both sat up laughing in the dark in a most uproarious way. I thought there must be some foreshadowing of facts in the story, and expected, when my sitter came the next day, that he would begin where he had left off a certain account he had been giving me, and finish it according to my dream. But he came, and made no reference to the subject, so that my surmise fell through. I still think that the self-suggesting character of dreams, which have no clew in association to their materials, presents a very puzzling question, and suggests some deeper life in us, which has untraceable relations with the future, quite independent of will or reason.

EDUCATIONAL USES OF THE CENTRAL PARK.

FROM EARLY SHEETS OF THE COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

THE value of the Central Park to the citizens of New York as a place for attractive and elegant recreation, and its salutary effects upon the community, are already well known, and the facilities it affords to the children of the common schools for varied and healthful exercise are appreciated. But its uses as a means of popular intellectual improvement, and its impor-

tance as an educational agency in connection with the great school system of the city, are by no means yet fully recognized.

The present age is distinguished by the marvellous extent to which it has developed the various branches of science and the inventive and constructive arts which depend upon scientific principles. The effect of this remarkable scientific development is slowly reaching the very habits of mind, so that the people of the present day may be said to think differently from those who preceded them. The consequence of this change has been that mental cultivation and the methods of education are at length beginning to be influenced, and the question of a more scientific culture for the masses of the people is receiving increasing consideration by the foremost nations in the world.

As respects the abundance of the provision for diffusing knowledge among the masses of the people, this country takes confessedly the lead of all others, and the question which now chiefly exercises the minds of our thoughtful educators is, how best to introduce the study of nature or the elementary portions of science into common schools.

This step, it is universally felt, must now be taken, but it is far from being an easy one to take. It involves a very considerable change in the methods of instruction. The notion current in the past, and still too generally prevalent, that all that is necessary to education is books to be memorized and teachers to keep things quiet and hear the recitations, is gradually being outgrown. It is more and more seen that the great duty of education is to bring the pupil into direct relation with things themselves, that he may reflect and exercise judgment upon them. But the book-method is by far the simpler and easier, and reduces the office of the teacher to the very minimum of care, preparation, and effort. On the other hand, to impart instruction by means of real objects, requires actual and accurate knowledge on the part of the oral instructor; and, moreover, if the objects of nature are to be directly studied, they must either be brought to the class-room, or the classes must adjourn to the vicinity of the things themselves. This involves either an extra expense or a disturbance of the habitual order of school-pursuits. The movement is therefore not without its embarrassments, although it is universally admitted that they can and must be overcome. Already the system of object-teaching has been introduced, not only into the public schools of this city, but into many throughout the country, and a disposition is more and more apparent to enter into whatever improvements are demanded in this direction. The time has therefore arrived when the attention of all interested in education in this city may be fitly drawn to the Central Park—to what is already accomplished there, and to what is further preparing to be done, to render it a great storehouse of appliances for the mental improvement of the youth of our city.

The necessity of giving more attention to natural history in our schools is everywhere felt. While the first object in these institutions is to teach the arts of reading, writing, and rudimentary calculation, which are practically indispensable to all, there are few who will insist that school-instruction shall be rigidly limited to these branches. The exercise of the mind in other ways and upon other subjects—the storing it with varied and interesting ideas, and the cultivation of a larger number of faculties, are now recognized to fall within the legitimate sphere of common-school instruction. Natural history, pursued as a regular branch of study, is admirably suited to this end. It is very attractive to the young; when studied methodically, it affords an excellent training to the mental powers, and it not only fills the mind with interesting subjects of contemplation, but the knowledge thus acquired will be of permanent and growing interest through life.

The study of botany as a branch of natural history ranks first, perhaps, in interest and importance among the sciences which should be introduced into common schools. Its chief claim is, that it is preëminently fitted to train the observing

faculties. The lack of provision for cultivating habits of close and accurate observation is confessedly the great deficiency of our intellectual system. There is an observation with the eye merely, and there is an observation with the mind. To teach the young to recognize with the mind, to discriminate and compare, ought certainly to be one of the chief offices of the teacher. In its adaptation to this use, botany surpasses all other subjects. It is, besides, the most perfect of all the sciences in the terms it employs, and there is no mental discipline more valuable than the art of using language with precision, which this study cultivates with peculiar effect.

But the value of botany, merely memorized out of books, when the pupil's mind is not directly exercised upon the living objects, is extremely small. The memory is crammed with words that have no vital meaning, and the habits of thinking become loose, vague, and injurious. The higher intellectual interest of plants springs from their relationships. They exhibit all grades and shades of affinity and diversity, and to trace these out requires, first, careful scrutiny of the parts of plants and the comparison of different kinds. Thus the perceptions are sharpened and the ideas widened, while both the knowledge obtained and the mental aptitudes acquired in the process are positive and valuable.

But these desirable results can only be obtained where classes have access to a great number and variety of specimens. These the Central Park affords. Indeed, if the teachers of New York had indicated their most urgent educational want for the purpose of teaching this subject, it would be exactly what the Park supplies. Its rich array of trees, shrubs, and flowers, in their season, are not only objects of attention from their varied beauty, but they may minister to a still further and most important use as objects of engaging study to the youth of the schools of New York.

The study of the zoological branch of natural history, or of the animal kingdom, while perhaps inferior to botany as a means of early and systematic mental cultivation, has still higher attractions. The interest in animated nature is inexhaustible. There is something always fascinating to young and old in the endlessly-varied aspects, the wonderfully-diversified movements, and the almost infinite differences of instinct and intelligence, displayed by the multitudinous inhabitants of the earth, air, and water. But, when we direct attention to their internal structure and economy, to their analogies and affinities, and to the harmony and unity of plan which all the animated tribes are seen to illustrate, a new world of truth is opened to us, and we enter upon one of the most engaging studies which can occupy the human mind. Nothing, indeed, can be better fitted to awaken a reverent admiration for the wisdom of the Creator; for, as our great naturalist has beautifully said, "These are but the thoughts of the Almighty uttered in material forms." The subject of zoology has been too long neglected in our common and public schools, although there is evidence of a growing recognition of its claims.

But here, also, it is of the first necessity that classes should have access to the real objects of their inquiries, and not to be tied forever to books. In this way only can the verities of knowledge be substituted for the semblance of knowledge. The formation of a zoological garden has been included in the plan of the Central Park. A beginning has been made in the collection of animals, and it is designed in time to develop this feature of the establishment into a completer form. Beyond its use as a never-failing source of interest and pleasurable gratification to the public, will be its value as an addition to the educational resources of our city.

But, besides the living varieties of plants and animals, the plan of the Park embraces the element of museums by which the study of natural history can be pursued, if desired, through the medium of restored and preserved specimens, prepared skeletons, and other interesting and instructive objects. The educational use of *natural-history collections*, for the illustration

of geography, geology, mineralogy, botany, zoology, and ethnology, is universally recognized. Regarding the location of museums, Dr. J. D. Hooker, Director of the Kew Gardens, in his late presidential address before the British Association, observes: "Much of the utility of museums depends on two conditions, often strangely overlooked—viz., their situation and their lighting and interior arrangements. The provincial museum is too often huddled away almost out of sight, in a dark, crowded, dirty thoroughfare, where it pays dear for ground-rent, rates, and taxes, and cannot be extended. Such localities are frequented by the townspeople only when on business, and when they consequently have no time for sight-seeing. In the evening, or on holidays, when they would visit the museum, they naturally prefer the outskirts of the town to its centre. . . . The museum should be in an open, grassed square or park, planted with trees, in the town or its outskirts, a main object being to secure cleanliness, a cheerful aspect, and space for extension. Now, vegetation is the best interceptor of dust, which is injurious to the specimens as well as unsightly, while a cheerful aspect, grass, and trees, will attract visitors, and especially families and schools."

Another branch of natural history of almost romantic interest is that of the forms of life that once inhabited the earth, but are now extinct. For thousands of years men have dwelt upon the earth without even suspecting that it was a mighty tomb of animated races that once flourished upon it as the living tribes do now. Only in very recent times, which men still remember, was the discovery made that the earth has had a vast antiquity, that it has teemed with life for countless ages, and that generations of the most gigantic and extraordinary creatures lived through long geological periods, and were succeeded by other kinds of creatures, equally colossal and equally strange. Huge fishes, enormous birds, monstrous reptiles, and ponderous uncouth mammals, had possession of a world in which man, if there, had not yet established a record of his pre-eminence. The vestiges of these creatures are still found in the rocks. Their fossil skeletons have been exhumed, and, in the light of modern science, their diversities have been determined. They are all found to be but varieties of existing forms—but manifestations of the present and all-pervading plan.

Such has been the interest awakened in this extraordinary subject, that there has long been a desire in the scientific world that representatives of these extinct races should be restored in their natural outlines and full proportions, and this task was accordingly first undertaken in England, in 1858. It is important to note that the spirit which inspired this movement was in the broadest sense educational. The great exhibition which took place in London, in 1851, was designed to bring together the industrial products of all nations, and was the first international attempt of the kind. At its close, the Crystal-Palace building was purchased and removed to Sydenham Park, seven miles from London, the design being to make it a great polytechnic museum, in which should be placed every species of object that could aid the acquirement of knowledge by visual means. It was to be a repository of all resources for object-teaching. Art and Nature, Life and Representation, were to be combined in such natural relations as should suggest the connection of animals with plants, and these with models of human beings belonging to the same localities, together with their implements, weapons, and costumes, all tending to illustrate the inhabitants and products of the various countries of the world.

In the grounds of the Crystal Palace some of the gigantic inhabitants of the ancient world were represented in immediate relation with the geological strata in which their fossil remains were found. This plan was carried out on an ample scale. The illustrations consist of sections of rocks demonstrating the order of succession of strata in time, commencing with the Devonian. The lower coal-bearing strata are next represented, then the Permian and the triassic beds, followed by the oolitic,

wealden, cretaceous, and tertiary systems. All these constructions consist of the real rocks, brought with great care from their respective localities, and so placed as to preserve their natural features. Models of the largest animals, the fossils of which belong to these respective formations, were constructed and distributed in groups to illustrate their geological places. They were thirty-six in number, and were placed on two islands. The result of these reconstructions has eminently fulfilled the purpose of their projectors. Although the Sydenham Park is situated several miles from the metropolis, and, notwithstanding that there is a charge for admission, yet hundreds of thousands of people have visited it annually for the last fifteen years, while the animal restorations have been a permanent element of attraction, and a source of valuable instruction to multitudes who would have gained this kind of knowledge in no other way.

It has been determined by the Commissioners of the Central Park to extend its educational uses by executing a plan in some respects similar to the English, but including some important original features, and Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, whose successful experience in making the first and still unique constructions in England has admirably qualified him for the undertaking, has entered upon the work. It was deemed desirable that the fossils to be restored should be those illustrating ancient life upon the North-American Continent; and he has, accordingly, during the past summer, visited several of the leading palaeontological collections of the country to ascertain their fossil resources, with a view to carrying out this important work.

TABLE-TALK.

THE sketch on our first page, by Mr. Forbes, is of a scene familiar to all country sojourners. A country doctor has paused, at a wayside blacksmith's shop, to have his horse shod, and has seated himself in the shade of the smithy while the operation is performed. The situation has little story; but a blacksmith's shop is not only always a place of notable fascination for loungers and idlers in every village, but all artists find it a picturesque subject for the pencil. Our pleasure in looking at a picture of a blacksmith's shop is always enhanced, moreover, by recalling those beautiful lines of Longfellow's, "The Village Blacksmith:"

"Under a spreading chestnut-tree,
The village smithy stands,"

where

— "children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door."

No doubt we have all experienced, in our time, the keen pleasure of watching the "flaming forge" and listening to "the bellows roar;" but, possibly, one cause of the fascination experienced in watching a blacksmith at his work is the sense of power and of conquest we experience in seeing the hard, firm iron wrought by the means of fire and force into desirable shapes. "Thus," says Longfellow's poem,

"At the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought."

This we feel, and we would fain conquer those fortunes as the blacksmith hammers his material into shape. The smithy also is often a sort of town-hall, where men assemble to discuss local news, or national politics, or to split theological hairs. The blacksmith is usually a man of intelligence; he is the village umpire in a thousand disputations. Around his anvil all questions of human interest have been discussed; and the wayfarer, whether doctor, judge, or farmer, who rides up to the smithy to have his horse shod, is pretty sure to be entertained with all the village gossip, and many shrewd comments on current topics.

— The novel, since its first invention, has been continually assuming new varieties. At an early period in its history, we had the realistic-improper novel, of which Fielding was the sponsor; then the sentimental novel, known as the *Minerva*; then the mysterious-horror novel of the Radcliffe school; then the heroic novel of the Miss Porter variety; then the historical novel, introduced by Scott; then the poetical-criminal novel of Bulwer; then the low-life eccentric novel

of Dickens; then the low-life sentimental novel of the "Lamplighter," "Hot-Corn," and "Fashion-and-Famine" order; then the muscular-Christian novel of the Kingsley paternity; then the diminutive-intellectual-ugly heroine style of the "Jane-Eyre" origin; and now, recently, we have the encyclopædia novel of the "St-Elmo" example, every issue of which needs about a century of patient application to understand and digest. These novels are certainly wonderful performances, and the erudition they display may well amaze men, angels, and schoolmasters. Their ingredients seem to consist of nearly equal proportions of cyclopædia, mystery, and love. Their heroes and heroines know every thing, and tell everybody they meet all they know. On festive occasions the light gossip of their characters consists of discussions on the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian monuments, and playful sentences abound, like the following, about the Athenians: "Their highest offices were held only by the Pentacosimedimni; their second grade were called the Hippodatelountes; the third class, the Zengitæ; and the common people, the Thetes." This sentence, reader, is not intended as a satire; it is not from a burlesque, but is a genuine specimen from an actual social chat in a book called "Warwick," the most recent of the erudite novels. After this, who shall call fiction frivolous? A course of it would compel us to seek relaxation in the light and pleasant pages of Comte, or Kant, or Spinoza. Under the guise of a story it has not been uncommon to enforce a moral; but this new attempt to sugar-coat our knowledge, to insinuate all sorts of dry abstraction, learned speculation, antiquarian lore, and erudite research, well seasoned with love, and passion, and heroism, and murder, and adventure, is peculiarly American; and hence we suppose we may cry Eureka—the long-looked-for and purely American type of novel is come at last! The utilitarianism, which so noticeably characterizes the American character, manifests itself in this national fiction, and henceforward our love-stories must incidentally solve a problem in science or in philosophy, or at least illustrate some forgotten fact in history. Even Mrs. Stowe, in her last novel, enlivens her pages with abundant theological discussions, and lets her characters authoritatively settle the origin and nature of evil, predestination, and a few other kindred subjects. Having at last hit upon a purely American novel, may we not point to it with pride? Are not these productions proof of our common intelligence? Do they not show the blessings of our public-school system? What other people could understand them? What other would read them? Who else would accept them, but those who want to be as showy and as superficial in their learning as they are in all other things? It may be secretly hoped, however, that the encyclopædia novel will not endure as a permanent affliction.

— In Paisley, Scotland, a bronze statue is to be erected to Wilson, the ornithologist. The figure will be colossal, and will represent the great naturalist in an American forest, looking intently at a jay, while his portfolio lies at his feet. The suggestion of the *New-York Times*, that among the Central-Park statues both Wilson and Audubon should be commemorated, is good. There would be a peculiar fitness in erecting statues in our parks to men like these, who have been identified with the study of Nature; but so far a singular and unaccountable selection has prevailed. For instance, just at the head of the Mall, in one of the most conspicuous spots in Central Park, a space is reserved for a monument to Shakespeare. It is not in the least depreciative of the world-famed poet, to say that there is no fitness, propriety, or meaning, in erecting a monument to Shakespeare in this place. Passing over the fact that Shakespeare needs no monument—inasmuch as the general disposition, if any thing, is to over-estimate his genius—it is evident there is no connection between his name and the scene, no harmony of ideas evoked, no awakening of that sort of pleasure we all experience in finding the right thing in the right place. In erecting such a monument, no lesson is to be inculcated, no appreciation stimulated, no honor conferred, and no sentiment enforced. There is clearly no propriety or taste in erecting statues in the Central Park to persons merely because they are famous. We should not select for this honor a great philosopher, or a famous general, merely as a general, or a noted writer, or a distinguished scientist, unless there should be some particularity in the career of the men to render the selection pertinent. We may with judgment erect monuments everywhere to men identified with our national or local history; but, when we step beyond these into the broad world, there ought to be some significance in the history of the persons we thus honor. Of all the English names, none would be more suitable for commemora-

tion in our Central Park than that of Shenstone, who did so much to cultivate a taste for picturesque beauty and rural embellishment. And, among our own honorable names, Downing, the father of American landscape-gardening, should have a foremost place.

— *Edelweiss*, which, literally translated, means "noble purity," is a German flower, much prized, not only on account of its spotless whiteness, but also because it is difficult to get. It grows only on certain mountains in Bavaria, always at a great height, and almost invariably in places extremely difficult of attainment, so that its possession is very frequently attended with danger. Thus, it is doubly prized; and the large bouquet of the lovely flower, that the German peasant-youth has given to the girl of his choice, is worn in the bosom of her bright-colored bodice on holidays, and proudly and joyfully worn there; for the downy leaves of the flower remain unchanged—a symbol of unfading love—and such a posy is kept and worn until the brittle stalk breaks with over-dryness.

— The sanctum of the editor and proprietor of the *Prairie Herald*, a sheet published on the line of the Pacific Railroad near the Rocky Mountains, presents sometimes strange sights. "Last week," the editor says, "upon two occasions, from our office we witnessed the playful pranks of several antelopes; and again a sprightly red fox came up near the enclosure, but cut and ran when Towser came in sight; a nice race they had, and both made good time, but Reynard the best. A week ago, two grizzly bears and three large wolves were in sight, and played round on the prairie, at a safe distance from our rifle—the same chaps, probably, that made a tender meal from a good-sized calf of ours, that had been running out. The buffalo have been frightened away by the cars, and for two weeks have not troubled us."

— The fact that our two serials, "The Three Brothers," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "The Woman of Business," do not appear in every number of the JOURNAL, perplexes some of our readers, and for this reason we give the following explanation. These novels are publishing in London magazines, the advance-sheets of which we receive each month from the London publishers. But the monthly installment in each case is insufficient for the four, and sometimes five, corresponding issues of our JOURNAL; and hence, while the reader gets each month the full installment published in the London magazines, there are necessary interregnums in the appearance of the stories in the JOURNAL.

— It will be seen, by an extract from the forthcoming report of the Commissioners of the Central Park, which we publish this week, that the question of its higher educational uses is beginning to occupy the serious attention of its managing authorities. To all who are interested in the larger agencies of public improvement, as well as in the reputation and influence of our city, this assurance will be a matter of profound gratification. As a scene of beauty and a source of pleasure, the Park is already the pet and pride of our citizens, and the admiration of strangers; it now requires to be linked more closely to our educational system, and to become a great instrumentality of public instruction. As the feelings and the intellect—the perception of beauty and the perception of truth—are inextricably interwoven in our mental constitution, so the outer objects and influences to which we are subject, should stimulate and arouse both these elements of our nature. It is not enough to be pleased and refined with things beautiful; their uncorrected tendency is effeminizing. A robust completeness and strength of character are equally required, and these can only be secured by calling out the active powers of the intellect; by teaching people to think as well as to feel. The passages we print from the report illustrate the value of the Park and its resources on what we may call their intellectual side. The view there taken is undoubtedly the correct one. The great tendency in education, at the present time, is to give larger attention to science. This is the well-recognized need and the distinctive aim of reformatory effort. The education inherited from the past, and which prevails to-day, is an education *with Nature left out*. Books are its primary objects, and the memorizing of books is the be-all and the end-all of study; pictures and maps are accessories. But for the objects of Nature themselves, the real, ultimate things in which we are interested, there is neither provision nor place. For this nobody is to blame; it is part of the imperfection of the mental methods of the past which have descended to us, and which it is our duty to amend and complete. What we

want of the Central Park is, that it shall become the great educational arsenal of the city of New York—a storehouse of means and appliances for all grades of scientific study. It is already a botanical garden; let a zoological garden grow up within it without delay. It should also contain a system of museums and an astronomical observatory which shall altogether constitute a full equipment of resources for the systematic pursuit of the natural-history sciences. The Park has already realized the first stage of its usefulness, and there is promise, under its liberal and enlightened management, that it will soon minister to further and higher ends.

Matters of Science and Art.

AT the annual meeting of the learned societies recently held in the Sorbonne, presided over by the Minister of Public Instruction, it was gratifying to be informed by the best authorities, that the higher branches of study professed in that ancient seat of learning were never more vigorously prosecuted or more successfully taught than at the present moment. Among the many marks of honor bestowed on literary or scientific men who had distinguished themselves in their various walks, the three gold medals were the most conspicuous. One was presented to the Professor of the Faculty of Sciences at Grenoble, M. Leroy, author of a remarkable geological map of Savoy, interesting in the highest degree, both as regards completeness of study and learned appreciation of the facts that came within the scope of his observations. The country explored is the part of the French Alps possessing the most complicated geological structure, with its towering mountain ranges of infinite variety and its immense dislocations, tokens of the mighty convulsions and upheavals, studied formerly with so much success by our great geologist, M. Elie de Beaumont, when he revealed the relative age of those commotions which succeeded each other on several points of our globe, and fixed its general features as we now behold them. The exact boundaries of lands, which were only generally known, the distinction of well-marked lands which had been confused together by previous explorers, and the discovery of certain formations hitherto unknown, are the great characteristics of M. Leroy's work.

The second gold medal was given to the Count de Saporta, of the Academy of Sciences at Aix, for his painstaking investigation of fossil vegetables. Following the track of Cuvier and Brongniart, he discovers, amid the wreck of the extinct fauna, historical monuments, revealing the age of the world in different periods, precious vestiges of an early creation vanished, yet coming again to light; broken links of a chain yet to be completed, before the history of the revolutions of our globe can be penetrated. Acknowledging the importance of the researches made by the celebrated Swiss, Professor Oswald Heer, he traces the existence of certain fossil plants throughout spaces of vast extent, and informs us, to our surprise, that the explorations of paleontologists, so active and fruitful in Central Europe, have been carried northward to the remotest shores, and embraced Iceland, Greenland, Spitzbergen, and the banks of the Mackenzie River. From the evidence yielded to these explorations, all must admit that the history of the world has been one of great and incessant change. The desolate regions extending beyond the polar circle were once covered with rich vegetation, and a notable part of this vegetation was composed of trees that flourished in the same time in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy. It is useless to insist upon the importance of discoveries which have brought to light a revelation so remarkable, and which could never have been imagined by the mere consideration of actual phenomena. During the tertiary period, the earth even to the poles enjoyed a mild climate, the temperature reigning in the extreme north being little inferior to that of the central and southern parts of Europe. The studies which have dealt with the remains of organized matter, or bodies belonging to the remote ages of the world, have furnished indubitable evidence of the ancient condition of the earth; and the scientific mind hesitates and stops short before the explanation of such a phenomena. If we admit the displacement of the poles' axis, or abandon the belief that the sun has been greatly modified in the course of ages, we must impose upon ourselves due reserve in presence of these hypotheses.

The recipient of the third gold medal was M. Lespès, Professor of the Faculty of Sciences at Marseilles, author of "Studies upon the Organization of Certain Insects," displaying great powers of observation, much mental acuteness, and real anatomical dexterity. In the depths of certain caves, where daylight never enters, exist small carnivorous coleoptera, absolutely blind, named, on account of this infirmity, anophthalma, which have lately been the object of many researches. The existence of beings organized to live in dark, limited spaces, their singular habits and wonderful appearance, offered to observation and study an interesting feature of animated creation. Hitherto it was questioned whether the visual organs were entirely wanting or not in these little outcasts, but M. Lespès has at least solved the problem for the anoph-

thalma of the Pyrenean caves, creatures measuring only from three to four millimetres, and other blind and still smaller species inhabiting the ant-hills. By the most delicate dissections, he has succeeded in proving the total absence of eyes, optical nerves, and the whole part of the brain usually in connection with those nerves, thus establishing the fact that there are beings absolutely ordained by Nature to live in conditions of exceeding narrowness. M. Lespès is the author of many charming observations respecting the social habits of ants, one of which is well worthy of being known, to show the intimate relations that exist between animals of entirely different groups. The small, shining coleopteras are only to be met with in ant-hills, the well-known manufacturers of a beverage greatly esteemed by the ants, among which M. Lespès has first made the discovery that they are incapable of taking their own nourishment, being attentively fed by the ants, without whose assistance they would perish, thus constituting in Nature a race of slaves that cannot possibly have the slightest desire for liberty. His work on the termites, erroneously termed white ants, is justly considered to be a masterpiece of its kind, and will not soon be superseded. These destructive little creatures, one of our greatest scourges in the west departments, are perhaps the most wonderful objects in creation. Attacking every kind of substance, destroying every thing upon their passage, undermining the very foundations of houses, they are in the highest degree formidable; yet, studied closely in their habits, instincts, industry, and social constitution, they appear in all points admirable. They are sometimes formed into immense societies, offering individually the greatest possible diversity of forms and aptitudes; males and females equally fruitful, larva, and several species of nymphs, legions of workers, and a standing army composed of soldiers, always ready to defend the common home. Working only in the shade, they establish chambers and pierce galleries unseen and unheard. Incomparable engineers, they throw tubular bridges over great distances, or construct pipes running from one story to another, like the hollow columns frequently seen in the caves of the prefecture at La Rochelle. The investigations of M. Lespès have thrown light on what was hitherto obscure in the nature of certain individual categories, particularly of the soldiers. It was known that the workers, neutral individuals, were females unfit for reproduction, and admitted that the soldiers were neutral males. Among the latter, M. Lespès has recognized the representatives of both sexes, and, what is very strange, among the fruitful individuals he has discovered two sorts of males and two sorts of females, or, as he calls them, little kings and queens, and great kings and queens. To sustain his reputation as a skilful anatomist, M. Lespès has given the most satisfactory demonstration of these facts.

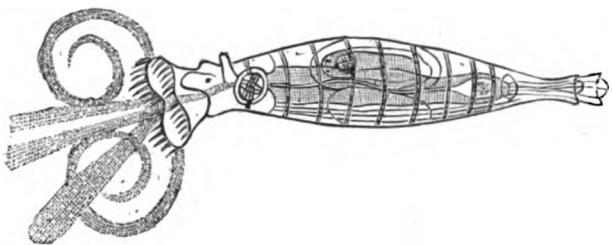
The scientific exploration of the countries north of the French colony of Cochin-China, undertaken at the suggestion of the French Government, has just been successfully terminated. The exploring party visited the most southern provinces of the Chinese empire, distant over six thousand miles, of which three thousand five hundred were traversed in boats, and two thousand five hundred on foot. They measured the height of the principal mountains, sounded the largest rivers, noted the rain-fall, change of temperature, and prevalence of winds and currents, and photographed the minutest details of Cambodian ruins, extending from Angkor, and disseminated throughout the country as far as Bassac, the ruins of Angkor having been particularly surveyed and drawn out. Commander de la Grée has composed the elements of a vocabulary of twenty-six dialects spoken in the interior of Indo-China, which will be completed by M. Garnier. M. Joubert, geologist of the expedition, has brought back numerous specimens of rocks, etc., observed in the countries visited, and will make a report of the immense mineral riches contained in the provinces of Yun-Nau and the bordering countries. M. Thorel, the botanist of the expedition, has collected about two thousand new specimens of the vegetable kingdom of Indo-China, in the highest degree interesting to science. All the documents relating to this expedition are now in the hands of the government, and will most likely be published about the end of the present year.

The progress made in piercing the tunnel through the Alps continues to be most satisfactory. Of the length of 13,000 yards, originally contracted for, to be tunnelled, they had cut through, on the 1st of May, 1869, 10,200 yards, leaving only 2,800 yards to be pierced at that day. Calculating for the future an average monthly cutting of 120 yards, we may expect this immense undertaking to be completed in about two years hence.

Charles Elam, M. D., of London, in a paper bearing the title of "Medicine, Disease, and Death," claims that medical science, or rather medical control over disease in general, has retrograded, instead of advanced, with the wonderful development, within the past thirty years, of the sciences tributary to medicine. In support of this theory, he shows, by the returns of the registrar-general, that the death-rate in London has been steadily increasing, and the average of ages steadily decreasing, since 1847.

The Museum.

THE animal pictured in the accompanying wood-cut is so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. It belongs to that tiny class of creatures called animalcules, of which we could never have known any thing but for the microscope. Some varieties of this creature have, however, been known, which were exceptional giants, having a length as great as one-twenty-fifth of an inch. The curious thing about them, and from which they take their name, is an arrangement about the head which looks like a pair of minute, swiftly-revolving wheels. Those who have read the admirable lectures of Professor Foster, in this journal, on the movements of animals, will remember his vivid description of the cilia—little blades only the one-twelve-thousandth of an inch long, in the higher animals, and which keep up a constant, lashing motion as long as the animal lives, and even after it is dead. Now this apparent rotation of wheels is due to the action of these cilia, which are arranged upon two lobes at the anterior extremity of the animal.



Wheel Animalcule.

By this rapid and incessant heating action they form little currents, or whirlpools, in the liquid in which they move, and into these eddies still smaller animalcules are drawn, so as to be swallowed by the larger beast. They may be taken from the water and dried to dust, and kept for weeks or months, and, when returned to it, they are soon resuscitated. This has been done over and over again with the same individual. The wheel-animalcule are transparent, and have no proper circulatory apparatus; but water is freely admitted into their bodies, and, by the air it contains, probably serves to aerate their tissues, and produces the effect of respiration. They multiply very rapidly from eggs, which are hatched within half a day after they are extruded from the body.

Tall chimneys, with fires kept constantly burning, have been suggested as a suitable mode of ventilating the noxious London sewers. This contrivance was made use of, as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, for the ventilation of the coal-mines of Liege.

It seems, at one time, to have been thought that telescopes, though capable of magnifying planets, do not magnify the stars, by reason of the great distances of the latter. The prevalence of this opinion may be judged from the fact that a French astronomer, M. Auxout, writing in 1665, is careful to say that he considers it a vulgar error to be renounced. He even thinks it necessary to give various arguments against the erroneous, and in support of the true, opinion.

According to Sir John Herschel, Parker's great lens concentrated the solar heat so as to melt cornelian, agate, and rock-crystal. But the comet

of 1848 approached so near the sun that the heat to which it was exposed was twenty-four times greater than that of Parker's lens. It was equal to a glare of forty-seven thousand suns at our distance.

The light of some of the distant nebulae, visible in a moderately large telescope, has been estimated to vary from one-fifteen-hundredth to one-twenty-thousandth of the light of a single sperm-candle, consuming one hundred and fifty-eight grains of material per hour, viewed at a distance of a quarter of a mile; that is, such a candle, a quarter of a mile off, is twenty thousand times more brilliant than the nebulae.—*Lockyer's Astronomy.*

All over the Malay Archipelago are found trees which appear to have begun growing in mid-air, and, from the same point, send out wide-spreading branches above, and a complicated pyramid of roots, descending, for seventy or eighty feet, to the ground below. I believe they originate as parasites from seeds carried by birds and dropped in the fork of some lofty tree. Hence descend aerial roots, clasping and ultimately destroying the supporting tree, which is in time entirely replaced by the humble plant which was at first dependent upon it. Thus we have an actual struggle for life in the vegetable kingdom not less fatal to the vanquished than the struggles among animals, which we can so much more easily observe and understand. The advantage of quicker access to light and warmth and air, which is gained in one way by climbing plants, is here obtained by a forest-tree, which has the means of starting in life at an elevation which others can only attain after many years of growth, and then only when the fall of some other tree has made room for them.—*Alfred Russell Wallace.*

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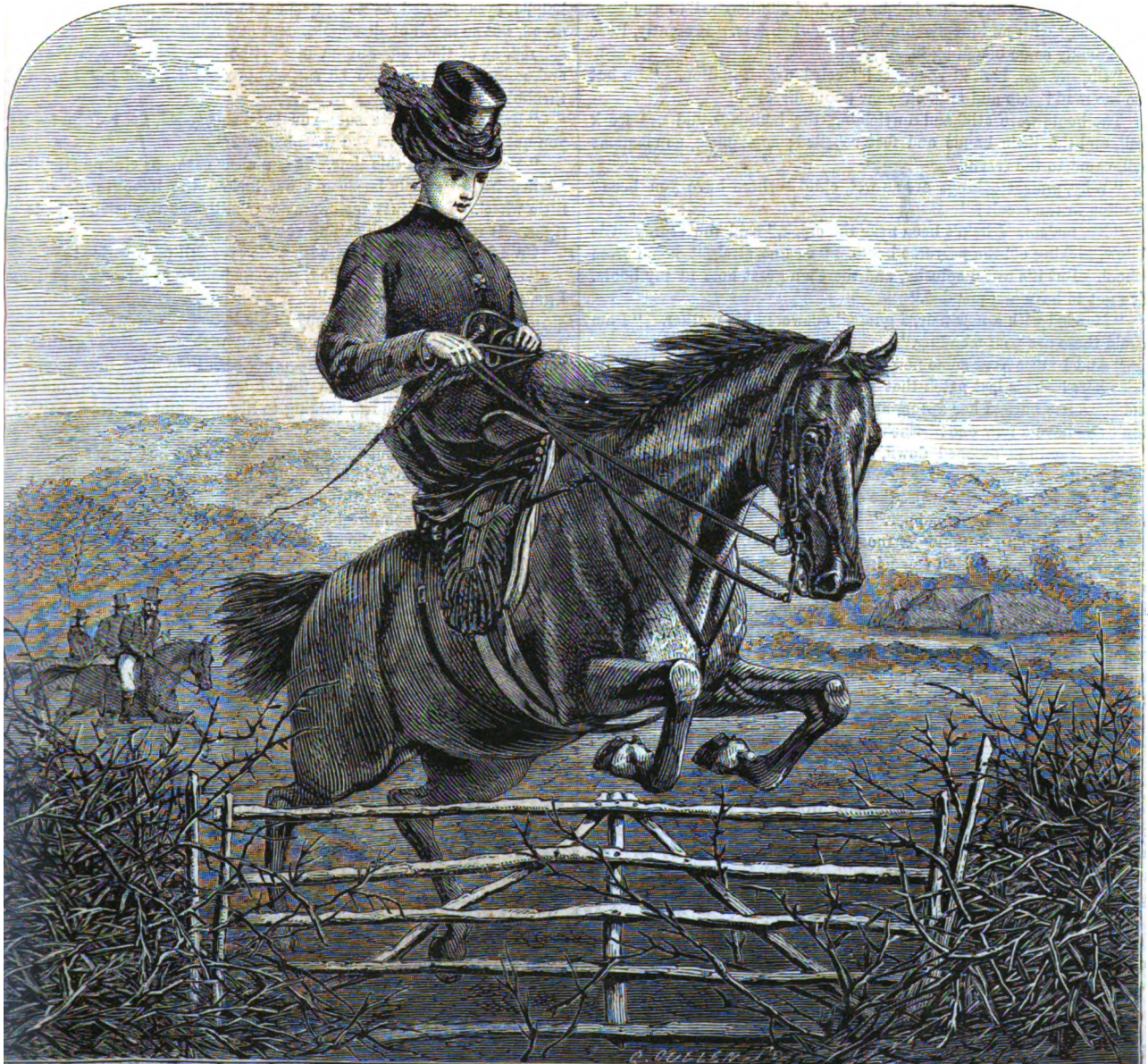
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No. 16.—WITH PLATE.]

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



"TAKING THE FENCE." See page 497.

JOHN HAMILTON'S MODEL.

IT was a dreary day in March, seven years ago this very spring. "Regular March weather, too," old Farmer Grey had said that morning, when he called at the blacksmith's shop to ask John Hamilton if "this here clevis was worth mendin'."

"You see," he went on, "it's gettin' to be about ploughin'-time, and I allus like to be a leetle ahead o' the season. Miriam pretty well to-day? I thought she looked kind o' peaked and down at the mouth, last Sunday."

"She is as well as usual," said John Hamilton, picking up the broken clevis; "at least she has said nothing to the contrary."

"Well," said Mr. Grey, laughing, "I'm allus lookin' out for breakers, so my old woman says—go 'long, Fan—I'll call for that here clevis to-morrow, Mr. Hamilton, on my way home from town-meetin'."

That afternoon, Miriam Hamilton dropped the little plaid frock she was mending, letting her hands fall listlessly in her lap, while her foot rocked the cradle mechanically. Her eyes sought the far horizon with a wistful, anxious gaze. Presently, she started, and listened intently, as the quick, sharp ring of the hammer upon the anvil in the adjoining shop half roused the sleeping baby.

"Hush, hush, my darling!" she said, soothingly. "It is only papa, busy in the shop."

The ringing blows continued; but the baby concluded to finish its nap, while the mother's face brightened, and she listened to the "anvil chorus" with an inexplicable look upon her face. Presently, Rose and Tommy came bounding in.

"Oh, my son, look at your feet!" cried Mrs. Hamilton. "Do but see the mud! Go and take off your boots directly."

The boots were stiff and unyielding, the boot-jack did not work well, and the little hands and feet rebelled; so mamma, as mammas will, came to the rescue.

"Why, your stockings are as wet, child—where have you been? Wading in the creek?"

"No, ma'am. I ha'n't been near the creek," said the sturdy little fellow, kicking off the perverse boots. "I came straight home from school. But it's awful sploshy, and there's a great hole in my boots. I've got to have 'em mended."

"Mended with a new pair, I guess," answered his mother. "I am afraid these are past mending."

"And I must have some new trousers, too," quoth Master Tommy. "See here! This last patch that you put in has all torn out a'ready; and Rose has burned her apron, and her dress is just as old! Why don't she have a new one? She'd ought to."

Mrs. Hamilton stooped down, and kissed the two eager, upturned faces with a quick, passionate impulse. But she only said:

"We'll see, dear. But rock the cradle now, Rose, and keep Willie asleep while mamma gets supper."

Supper was on the table—a most frugal meal, yet an attractive one—when John Hamilton came in from the shop. His face, which was somewhat pale and worn, wore to-night an eager, excited look. He caught up the crowing baby, treated Tommy to a ride on his shoulder, toyed with Rose's brown curls for a moment, and then, going round to the head of the table, where his wife was pouring tea, he kissed her once, twice, thrice, so tenderly that the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Old Mr. Grey thinks you are not looking well. Is there any thing the matter, Miriam? You are paler than usual this spring."

"There is nothing the matter," she answered, smiling in his face; "I am not sick, John."

"Not sick, perhaps; but you look worn and tired. But never mind. I am sure of succeeding with my drill this time, Miriam; and, when I go to Washington to see about the patent, you must go with me. Margaret can come to stay with the children. It will do you good."

Miriam smiled faintly, and her husband went on:

"I am on the right track this time, Miriam; there's not a doubt of it. That little wheel has done the business, and the whole thing will work like a charm. I have been at work at the model all day."

"All day? I thought you had something to do for Mr. Grey—"

"For Mr. Grey? Oh, yes!—that clevis. Well, the truth is, I sent it over to the other shop—Riley's, you know. I had just got hold of

a new idea, and I was so anxious to know what it was worth, that I could not stop to mend the clevis. I rather think I shall sell out, Miriam."

"What! sell the shop?"

"Yes; Riley wants to buy me out, and he offers a fair price. It seems really providential. I would rather sell outright than to borrow money and give a mortgage."

"Borrow? I don't understand."

"Why, don't you see, little woman? This model that I am working upon now is but a poor affair, a rough sketch, as one might say. It will cost four or five hundred dollars to make a nice one—a real beauty—such as I would be willing to take to Washington."

"So much?" sighed Miriam, in a sort of maze. She thought of the little frocks and boots, of the frugal meals, of the endless family wants, and her heart sank within her. But John laughed.

"So much! Why, what are four hundred dollars now, when we shall so soon be rich, Miriam? This invention is worth thousands of dollars, child. A cool hundred thousand, at the very least. You see," he went on, eagerly, "it costs now five dollars a foot to drill a five-inch hole in solid lime-rock. My machine will do the same work in two hours at one-fifth of the cost. The inventor of a good, reliable rock-drill, that will do its work expeditiously and economically, that is manageable and will not get out of order, will make his mark and his fortune. And John Hamilton, blacksmith, is the man, Miriam, whether you believe it or not."

Miriam always felt an undefinable sensation of pain when her husband's eyes flashed as they flashed to-night—a strange, sickening dread, not so much of disappointment and failure, in themselves considered, as of their effect upon him. She rose from the table now, and, going round to where he sat, she pressed her cool hand upon his throbbing temples.

"But are you quite sure you have succeeded, dear John? May you not be mistaken, as you were before?"

"Yes, I am sure this time. It is a clear case—as clear as daylight. I failed before simply because I overlooked the importance of that little wheel. I am just feeling my way still, but the principle is all right. It will be smooth sailing soon."

Up spoke Master Tommy, with wide eyes full of wonder:

"Oh, are you going a-sailing, papa—a sailing in a boat? and may I go, and Rose, and mamma?"

John Hamilton caught his boy to his breast.

"Yes, my son, you shall go a-sailing with me. God grant that your boat may be launched on smoother seas than mine has been!—It is for you and for the children that I am working, Miriam, far more than for myself," he added, turning to his wife, and drawing her to a seat beside him.

Should she speak out the thought that was in her heart? Should she tell him that they had been far happier before this invention, that was to do such great things for them, had ever been thought of; happier and more comfortable, when the day brought cheerful, honest, well-paid labor, and the night untroubled rest; happier, when John complained that the shop was too small for himself and his two journeymen, when, for miles and miles around, the farmers brought their work thither, and when the forge glowed hotly, and the anvil rang from sunrise to sunset? Should she tell him that this restless, eager anxiety was wearing upon him; that his temper had lost much of its sunny sweetness—indeed, had grown moody and irritable? Should she betray to him her own deadly fear that he was losing the substance while grasping at a shadow?

No. She was not "strong-minded" enough to tell him this. John must be right, after all. If she should persuade him to give up trying to perfect his machine, and he should be forced to go on toiling all his days for a comparative pittance, how could she ever forgive herself?

So the model grew; and meanwhile the little boots wore out, and the little frocks faded and grew shabby, and the pantaloons were patched over and over again. The flour-barrel, eked out by all possible contrivances, was empty at last, and a "quarter-sack" was gotten in its place. Tea was bought by the ounce, and custards and puddings were unheard-of luxuries. Miriam wore her old bonnet to church, and John stayed at home. His clothes were too threadbare, or he was too proud. Which was it? At all events, he stayed away from the sanctuary all summer, missing sadly—ah! how sadly!—the rest, the strength, the help, that he had half unconsciously found

there hitherto. For John Hamilton was not a "professor;" he had gone to church from habit, because the singing was good, and because he liked to meet the neighbors coming and going, and at noon-time. Now he found that he had met God there also, and that his soul was starving for lack of its wonted food. But still he stayed away.

The shop, with all its fixtures, was sold to Riley; and pretty soon the little house went also. It was not quite pleasant, notwithstanding John's firm conviction that he was engaged in an enterprise that would be worth more to him than all the blacksmiths'-shops in the county—to hear Riley's loud, cheery voice urging on his men all day long; to listen to the steady blows upon the anvil; to see how the forge glowed with the red heat; to watch the farmers coming and going; and to feel that he had neither part nor lot in the matter. So the little home, where they had lived through all the years of their early married life, was sold. They rented a cottage at the other end of the village, and tried to think they were quite content.

But it was not really home, after all. They missed conveniences that were not transferable—conveniences that, if one's means are limited, can only grow up around one by slow accretion. Miriam sighed for the little garden, with its beds of mignonette and sweet peas and verbenas. When she went by the house on her way to church, the breath of the honeysuckle turned her sick with a faint longing.

The little back kitchen was converted into a workshop. That was one comfort; for, when the door stood open between her domain and his, she could see her husband at work upon his model. But his moods were very variable nowadays. Sometimes for weeks together the door would be closed all the time, and a stillness, like that of death, would reign behind it. When she could bear it no longer, she would steal softly out of doors, and peep in at the window. She always saw the same thing—a dark, pall-like cloth flung over the model, and a man seated at his bench, his elbows resting upon it, and his head supported by the two hands that were half buried in his dark, disordered hair. Before him lay plans and charts and columns of figures, over which he was brooding; and by his side a heap of screws and wheels, and odd bits of brass and iron. At such times, she knew that he was utterly disheartened. But she could express no wifely sympathy. The subject of the invention was tabooed.

Then again, when there was a rift in the clouds, and a ray of sunlight darted through, who so gay, so jubilant as he! Then he dreamed dreams and saw visions; then he built castles in Spain of fabulous beauty and extent; then he planned pleasure-trips without number—to Niagara, to the prairies, to Europe, to the moon; then he saw Miriam—no longer the household drudge, the maid-of-all-work—clad in fair raiment, and adorned with jewels; then he talked with Tommy and Rose, until a certain little pony became to their imaginations a living, breathing reality. They knew the very color of his mane, and counted the spots upon his glossy sides.

At such times it was well that Miriam held the purse. What was one dollar, or even ten!

The model was complete at last—a beautiful piece of workmanship, hining with brass and silver plate. But, fair and innocent as it looked, it had been a most voracious monster. It had eaten up two-thirds of the shop, and swallowed the home where Miriam had been so lest.

She was not naturally as sanguine as her husband. Yet even she was elated and happy now. How could it be otherwise? Their little house was thronged from morning till night. Farmers and mechanics, and doctors, and lawyers, and ministers, came to see and to admire John Hamilton's rock-drill. It was such a wonder! So simple, and yet so powerful; so new, and yet so easily comprehended.

"Your husband's fortune is made, madam," said Squire Phelps, leaning upon his gold-headed cane. "It is a great discovery—a great invention. It will revolutionize the marble business."

So said they all; and John Hamilton grew a full inch taller as he listened and explained.

He was to go to Washington soon; and Miriam's needle was very busy. John had been a gentleman always, in spite of his hard, brown hands—fine, stalwart, manly fellow that he was, with a heart full of noble and chivalrous impulses, and as tender as a woman's. His little wife had known this as long as she had known him. But, now, he was going to Washington among all the grand people there—congressmen, and senators, and diplomats—he must look the gentle-

man, as well as be one. Perhaps he might even see Mr. Lincoln himself—who knew?

She was not going with him, as had been proposed so long ago. They were rich in prospect, it is true. But, just at present, their funds were running low, and, on the whole, Miriam would wait.

At length the precious model was boxed, the valise was packed, and, well armed with documents of one sort and another, John started for the goal of his dreams. Miriam stood in the doorway with the baby, now a ruddy, active little fellow of eighteen months, in her arms, watching him as he walked lightly down the winding road toward the station. There would be no finer face or figure, no nobler-looking man in all Washington, she thought, with a gush of wifely pride. As he reached the turn, he kissed his hand to her and to the baby, caught off his cap, and, after swinging it three times round his head, replaced it with a bow, and vanished from her sight.

At Washington!—busy, crowded, jostling, anxious Washington! where every one had an axe to grind; where each man was plotting for the success of his own schemes, mighty or petty, as the case might be. And, as a rule, the pettier the interests involved, the more eager and obtrusive was the scheming. John stopped at Willard's at first; but, after a week's sojourn, during which he had accomplished nothing beyond the sight of his Congressman and the placing of a letter of introduction in his hands, he concluded that four dollars and a half a day was more than he could afford to pay for board and lodging. After searching for a day or two, he succeeded in finding accommodations at a lower rate, but still frightfully disproportioned to his limited means.

Then came long days and weeks of waiting. John knew but little of the ways of the world in which he was now moving, and he had no influential friends to help him. Even the Hon. Mr. Somebody, Congressman and chairman of the committee on something, who was a great man at home, was, he found, a person of no great importance in Washington; a solitary instance where the prophet is of more honor in his own country than out of it. Officials at the Patent-Office were busy, and infinitely unapproachable. There were hinderances and procrastinations, obstacles he had never dreamed of, delays that almost maddened him.

His funds were exhausted, and he wrote to Miriam to send him one hundred dollars more. The letter was despondent in the extreme:

"They tell me it is all-important that I should remain here until the model falls into the hands of the examiners—if it ever does—otherwise I should go home at once, for I am getting worn out with all this delay. Oh, my wife, I long for the sight of your dear face again—for the touch of your cool hand upon my forehead! But, send me more money, Miriam, for I must not give up yet. If this is lost, all is lost."

Miriam knew just how John's brows had throbbed while he wrote that letter. She saw the very quiver of his lip, the dark, troubled look in the eyes that were once so sunny. As for her, she lived upon nothing, as it were, saving every penny that could be saved, and earning every penny that could be earned, that, when John did come home, neither purse nor larder should be quite empty.

The days wore on. The hundred dollars had gone, and another hundred had followed after. Miriam urged him, at last, to return.

"Come home, John," she wrote. "Leave the model in safe keeping, and wait for brighter days. Wait till this cruel war is over, and then, doubtless, you can press your claims with a better chance of success."

John went to the Patent-Office that morning, resolved to make one more attempt to bring matters to a crisis. If unsuccessful this time, he would take Miriam's advice and wait for some more convenient season. As usual, there was a group of interested and admiring observers gathered about the model. John paused a moment to glance at the delight of his eyes, and to listen, with a slight smile upon his thin, careworn face, to the comments that flew from lip to lip. Prominent in the group, and chief speaker, was an old gentleman with white, flowing hair, and a patriarchal aspect.

"Yes, it is a beautiful model," he said, "exquisitely finished, and perfect in all its parts. The poor fellow who made it threw his whole heart into the finishing of every wheel, spring, and axle."

"Why do you say poor fellow?" asked a bystander. "I can't understand why the man who made *that*," and he pointed to the model, "should be pitied, I must confess."

"Because he'll never get a patent on it," responded the old gentleman; "and it is a pity, too, after all the trouble he has been at."

"Not get a patent! Why not? Why not?" asked one and another.

"Follow me, and I'll show you," answered the first speaker; and he led the way down the large apartment into an adjoining room.

John followed like one in a dream.

"There!" said the old gentleman, pausing before a great, clumsy model, apparently very unlike John's.—"There! I was in the Patent Office myself in '56, and we patented that thing. 'Tisn't as handsome as the other, by a long shot. But, you see, the principle is the very same."

So saying, he touched a wheel here and a spring there, tightened this band and that screw, and, with a convulsive shudder, the cumbersome thing heaved and groaned and set itself in motion.

John watched it with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets. With hands that purpled under the nails, he caught hold of a pillar near by, while his heart throbbed so tumultuously that he must have fallen had it not been for the support against which he leaned. He stood there five minutes, perhaps, motionless, speechless, but with eyes that saw every thing—every wheel and band and axle.

"You see it is the very same thing," repeated the old man, turning to the interested group. "It's a rough affair, and not at all like the other in form. But it is the same principle, for all that; and it is the principle, or the application of it, that gets patented, not the style or the workmanship. Upon my soul, though, I'm sorry for the other fellow."

With a stifled groan, John let go his hold, and staggered out of the room, down through the long hall, out into the open air.

Out into the open air! There was a band drawn tightly about his forehead; there was a strange ringing in his ears, and his neckcloth seemed choking him. Sitting down on a box that happened to be standing upon the sidewalk near by, he tore off his cravat and unbuttoned his shirt-collar. The passers-by stared at him, but he heeded them not. His thoughts were far away in that little town among the mountains, with Miriam and the children. For the moment he had forgotten model and patent. He was conscious only of an intense longing for home and rest, for Miriam's touch, for Miriam's care. If he could only lie down in the little cool, darkened bedroom at home, and, while the sweet breath of the clover-field stole in at the window, hear her voice crooning low lullabies to the baby on her breast!

But, ere long, like an overwhelming flood, the tide of thought and memory swept over him again. He knew that all was lost. The peculiar movement of his machine, the application of the motive-power to perfect which he had labored for years, and for which he had sacrificed so much—which he had thought would be of such immense value, not only to himself, but to the world, was no new thing, after all. It had been not only invented, but patented, years ago.

He laughed a low, strange, mirthless laugh, sitting there upon the box, with the hot sun of June streaming down upon his uncovered head. He had laid such vast plans; he had built such air-castles, grand, magnificent, their turrets and towers standing out in bold relief against the blue sky of his imagination. He was to be a rich man—a great man, perhaps—and he had felt within him the stirrings of a noble ambition. He had longed to "make his mark"—longed for the recognition that comes with success, and that so seldom comes without it. But now he was only John Hamilton, blacksmith, after all!

Only John Hamilton, blacksmith, after all!

He was hardly that, even. Shop and forge, anvil and hammer, were gone. Yes, and home also. He had nothing wherewith to commence life again but his own two hands; and had they not lost much of their wonted cunning?

He took out his pencil, and made some calculations on the back of Miriam's last letter. And still the sun beat down upon his head; still there was that dreadful ringing in his ears; still the tight band was drawn about his forehead. A policeman came along, and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Move on, my friend, move on," he said, "you are obstructing the way;" and as John rose heavily to his feet, he shoved the box closer to the wall, and passed on.

John looked about him, for a moment, with an air of vague be-

wilderment; then drawing his hand across his eyes, as if to clear them, he moved mechanically down the street.

What if he should die? What would become of Miriam and the children? How could his wife, a frail, delicate woman, wrestle alone with the demon Want—houseless, homeless, penniless?

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, reeling against a lamp-post, as, at the same time, a sharp pain shot through his temples, and a pang through his heart.

He wandered on—how long he knew not—up one street and down another. Gradually the tumult in his brain subsided, and, as his body became excessively fatigued, he ceased to think, or even to dream. He gazed about him as with eyes that saw not, receiving no impression from surrounding objects. Then sinking down upon a bench beneath an awning, he leaned his head wearily against the wall behind him, and fell asleep.

Soon he awoke with a start, as a troop of cavalymen went clattering down the street, their horses' hoofs throwing up clouds of dust, and their sabres shining in the sun. A sign on the building opposite was the first thing that attracted his attention when he opened his eyes—"Life Insurance" in great, gilded letters.

Pretty soon he rose up. "It is all I can do for them," he said, softly. Not far off, in the window of a furniture-warehouse, he remembered having seen an immense mirror. Thither he went, with slow and toilsome steps, and took a deliberate survey of himself. Pale, wild-eyed, with disordered hair, and apparel covered with the dust of the street.

"They will never insure my life over there," he thought, nodding toward the insurance building, "if I go to them in this plight. I must go home first, and make myself presentable."

He went back to his lodging-house, rearranged his dress with scrupulous care, and took some refreshment. Then, with strength somewhat renewed, he retraced his steps toward the insurance-office. He had just money enough left to pay for a policy.

How should he pay his passage home to Miriam and the children?

This question occurred to him as he walked slowly down the street. But there was a half-insane glitter in his eyes as he said to himself, with a nod of the head, "I'll leave all that to Providence. I guess He'll manage it, somehow."

But few questions were asked of the quiet, gentlemanly-looking person who presented himself at the office a few moments afterward. Those few he answered, clearly and concisely. He looked pale and careworn, it is true. But his form was robust and stately; and such hot weather, and such news from the army, were enough to give pallor to any cheek. The papers were made out, and he put them in his pocket-book.

As he reached the door he turned to ask one more question, seemingly an after-thought, still holding the knob in his hand.

"Does this company pay losses in case of suicide?" he asked in a low, constrained voice.

The young man at the desk cast one quick, startled glance at the questioner's face. But it was still and imperturbable, and he answered:

"Yes, sir, always. We think suicide the result of insanity, and insanity is disease. Our company pays all such losses at once."

Mr. Hamilton bowed and went out.

It was four o'clock now, hot, dry, and dusty. As John wandered on, whither or wherefore he neither knew nor cared, not a single cloud shaded the sky, or subdued the dazzling brightness of the sun. Oh, for the cool rustling of the maple-leaves at home! Oh, for a drink from the spring down in the meadow! Oh, for rest from this strange fever that was urging him onward!

Once he found himself at the wharf, peering over into the yellow waters of the Potomac. It was cool and dark down there—and still! If only the ploughing of the steamers, and the shrill shriek of the whistles, would not disturb one's repose. But would the sound reach so low? Who could tell?

He turned away, and went on, on, now pausing before a drug-store—now gazing in at a window brilliant with burnished weapons and glittering steel.

Half-insane—wild with fever and longing and despair—was John Hamilton contemplating the sin of self-destruction. Was some tempting spirit whispering in his ear that so he might save his beloved from want—that so he might secure to them the modest competence of

which his folly—for such he deemed it—had robbed them? We know not; we shall never know.

At nightfall he went back to his lodging-house, and went supperless to bed. More than once that night the occupants of the same floor were half-aroused from their slumbers by sudden shouts, discordant cries, and muffled moans. They turned restlessly in their beds, wished the street-brawlers would be quiet, and went to sleep again.

The next morning, John Hamilton did not appear at the breakfast-table, and, toward noon, the chambermaid reported that his door was bolted, and that he would not reply to her knocks. They waited as long as they dared, and then the door was broken open.

A white, ghastly face lay upon the pillow, the great brown eyes rolling wildly. He was writhing in the fierce clutches of brain-fever.

The good Samaritans are not all dead yet. Even the Priest and the Levite do not always pass by on the other side. For a week, in that strange city, strange hands ministered to John Hamilton's needs, and strange eyes, soft with beautiful compassion, watched beside his bed. At the end of that time, his lips, that had been closely sealed, were opened, and his disjointed ravings revealed, at least a part of his pitiful story to those who nursed him. He began to call incessantly for Miriam; and, coupled with her name, were vague allusions to a white-haired old man who had pronounced his doom. He raved of his patient, of his model, of his shop. He begged piteously that he might be allowed to go to work, for Miriam and the children were starving.

The case excited much interest in the obscure boarding-house where he had found shelter, and was a frequent subject of conversation among the inmates. One day a dignified old gentleman—a transient guest—dined at the house with a friend. He listened intently to all that was said, falling at last into a brown study. When he arose from the table, he said to the hostess:

"Madam, I beg to see this patient of yours. John Hamilton, if I mistake not, is the name of the maker of a beautiful piece of mechanism now at the Patent-Office. He talks, you say, of a white-haired old man? Poor fellow! Poor fellow! I must see him, if you will allow it."

He was shown at once to the darkened room. John screamed when he saw him, caught his hand in a convulsive clasp, and then went off in inarticulate ravings, to which the old gentleman hearkened eagerly. Presently, however, he slipped out of the room, beckoning to the hostess.

"It is as I thought," he said, brushing away a tear. "I have seen this young fellow about the Patent-Office several times since I have been in town. My name is Blanchard. Here are one hundred dollars. I want you to send for his wife at once. Some words of mine, unwittingly spoken in his presence, have crazed his brain and wellnigh broken his heart. I am stopping at Willard's. Let every thing be done to save him, and hold me responsible for the payment of all bills."

In a week, Miriam Hamilton was by her husband's side. He recognized her, not with his brain, but with his heart. Her very presence brought rest and peace to the weary sufferer. That night, with his hand clasped in hers, he slept such a calm, untroubled sleep, as he had not known for weeks.

From that moment his convalescence was rapid up to a certain point—the point where thought and the interests of every-day life resumed their sway. There he halted.

Mr. Blanchard's kindness had been unfailing. One day, Miriam sent for him.

"I must take my husband home," she said. "He will never get well here."

"Yes. It is best to get him out of the city as soon as he is strong enough," was the answer. "But cheer up, my child. You are looking despondent to-day."

"The heavy debt we are incurring weighs upon my mind, as well as upon John's," said Miriam. "The sooner we get home the better."

"But what will you do when you get there? Mrs. Hamilton, if your husband is strong enough to worry about business, he is well enough to talk about it. Take me to him, if you please."

John sat in a great easy-chair, looking out of the window with a listful, far-off gaze. But, as the old gentleman entered, he reached out his hand with an eager, impulsive gesture.

"You have been so good to us, Mr. Blanchard," he said, falteringly; "we can never repay you."

"Yes, you can," said his companion, heartily, "and that's the very thing I have come to talk about. I need you, and I want you to hurry up about this getting well. No—don't speak one word until I have said my say. I am getting to be an old man, and I need just such a clever, earnest, enthusiastic machinist as you are, about my iron-works. I have been looking for such a one for a year, and I believe Providence directed me to you. I will make you foreman, if you say the word, with a salary of three thousand a year."

There was a golden silence in the room—a silence more eloquent than silver speech. At last, dropping on her knees by her husband's side, Miriam Hamilton whispered:

"Sorrow endureth for the night, but joy cometh with the morning." John, let us thank God!

Mr. Blanchard stole softly away, leaving the twain to their newly-found joy.

John had been the efficient and enthusiastic foreman of the Accomack Iron-Works for more than two years. Miriam had never sighed for the old home among the mountains. This new home, that had proved a very haven of rest, an ark of refuge, had been infinitely dear to her. She had no regrets. Even with her short human vision she could see how good had grown out of seeming evil; how, led by a way that he knew not, her husband had found more congenial work, a wider sphere, and freer and more legitimate scope for the rare inventive genius that had so nearly proved his bane.

One evening they sat in their pleasant parlor, talking, as only husband and wife can talk, of their past, their present, and their future. There were books upon the centre-table, there were pictures upon the walls, there were ivies in the window, there was a cradle with a rosy occupant in the corner, and from the adjoining room came the soft, measured breathing of Master Willie. Tommy and Rose had been promoted to an upper chamber, where, perchance, they still dreamed of the spotted pony.

"John, what were you doing up garret to-night?" asked Miriam. "Fixing that troublesome window?"

"No," he answered, while a hot flush crimsoned his forehead.

"No, Miriam, I was examining that unlucky model."

She gave a quick, startled glance at his face.

"John!" she exclaimed, laying her hand upon his arm, "you do not—you surely will not—"

He kissed her tenderly.

"No," he said, smiling, "I will not, and yet I will. There's a paradox for you."

Miriam caught her breath painfully.

"Do not be uneasy, and do not doubt me, my wife," he went on presently, "I shall never again sell myself soul and body to my master. A burned child dreads the fire, I was wild—mad—with my eager longing to build my temple in a day. I staked all upon a single throw, and I lost it—or I thought I lost it; I shall never do that again."

"But—you are still dreaming about the rock-drill, John?"

"Still dreaming. I cannot help it, Miriam. It haunts me day and night."

"But"—she said again—"I do not understand—I thought some one had forestalled you."

He smiled triumphantly.

"Miriam, that concern at the Patent-Office can only work perpendicularly. For a whole year I have been satisfied that, by making some very slight changes in mine, it could be made to run horizontally or at any given angle. And, moreover, it feeds itself—which the other does not. But I would not trust myself to meddle with it until to-day."

"And to-day—?"

"I looked the thing over. Don't transfix me with those earnest, troubled eyes, dear; I'm clothed and in my right mind now. But I should be false to myself and to you, if I should throw away the labor of all those weary years. Miriam, in a week's time I can so perfect my drill that the improvements will be worth more than the whole of that other affair."

Miriam sighed.

"I don't want you to go to Washington on such business again, John; I could not bear the suspense—the dread."

"Dread of what, you foolish little woman?" Then he added, seriously, caressing the tender, helping hand he held, "Miriam, you need have no fear on that score; I am a stronger man than I was three years ago. But I promise you I will not go to Washington. Munn & Co. will manage the matter for me as well as I could manage it for myself—and perhaps better. You see," he went on, laughing, "I want to get rich enough to buy that pony, lest Tommy and Rose should lose faith in their father!"

The pony was bought in due season.

SAVED BY A BEETLE.

AN EPISODE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

ON a May morning, in the year 1793, a man, about thirty years of age, might have been seen wending his way over the broad road, lined with luxuriant old chestnuts, that leads out of the little town of Brive-la-Galliarde.

It was a glorious morning. The fresh, bracing air, the unclouded sky, and the grateful odor of the young vegetation, were all calculated to make the heart light and the head clear. But our wanderer—for such the bundle he carried upon his shoulder, on the end of a staff, denoted him to be—seemed to take no notice of the beauties that surrounded him. From time to time, however, he would pause and cast a melancholy glance at the spires behind him, and on the forest that lay half a league distant on his road.

His heart was heavy and sad! One more last look, and he turned away, never again, perhaps, to behold the spot around which all his youthful memories clustered.

The political horizon of France was obscured by dark and portentous clouds. The party, known as the "Mountain," had drawn up a proscription-list that might well have been the work of Death itself. Even Latreille, the priest and good shepherd of Brive-la-Galliarde, was compelled, as one of the proscribed, to leave his humble home. Sentenced to be transported, he fled toward Bordeaux, hoping there, by the aid of some friends, to find an asylum.

The heart of Latreille was warmed by a noble and innocent love—the love of science, and especially for entomology, which he pursued with great enthusiasm. So, now quickening and now retarding his pace, he walked on, listening to the cries of an occasional locust, or watching the butterflies, as they flew from flower to flower, in the bright morning sun.

Thus guarded against the *ennui* of a journey on foot, he walked on for some hours, until, finding himself weary, he sat down under the shade of a tree. He was scarcely seated when the buzzing of a beetle attracted his attention. Latreille sprang to his feet, and, weary as he was, gave chase. The insect was not easily caught, but Latreille persevered, and at last he had it. It proved to be an entomological rarity, a specimen of the *Necrobia ruficornis*. Our naturalist drew a pin out of his coat-sleeve, with which he secured his victim on the interior of his hat. Just after nightfall he reached the village where he proposed to spend the night. Without hesitation, he rapped at the door of the house that seemed to him most likely to afford him comfortable entertainment and offer greatest security, when lo! what a spectacle presented itself to his astonished vision! A complete apparatus of the Reign of Terror, with the minions having it in charge: handcuffs, chains; in short, iron, and nothing but iron, with the necessary vehicles for transportation.

His appearance excited suspicion; he was questioned, and, as he betrayed a degree of embarrassment that rendered his story less credible than it otherwise would have been, he was arrested on suspicion. No plea, no entreaty, was of any avail against the logic of the heartless wretches into whose hands he had fallen; he was destined, that very day, to be added to the victims which the prisons of France held in readiness for the murderous guillotine.

After a brief hearing, Latreille, exhausted not less by the mental anxiety of the last hour, than by his long walk, threw himself upon his prisoner's couch to await his sentence. He had not long to wait. He had frankly confessed himself guilty of two offences, that of being a priest and one of the proscribed. What more was necessary to insure a sentence of death!

The day was far advanced; the next morning the execution was to take place. Latreille had become resigned; he looked forward to the awful moment calmly and fearlessly. Above all, he felt the necessity of restoring his exhausted energies. His jailer, for a consideration, not only furnished him with a plentiful meal, but so far condescended as to give him his company, and to return his toast to his own health and that of his family.

The wine soon commenced to make the jailer loquacious. He began by giving his companion the history of the prison, with an account of the most noted prisoners he had seen within its walls, and such other particulars as naturally belong to such a narrative.

"What do think," said he, suddenly dropping the history of the prison—"what do you think of our citizen-president, who read you your death-sentence? Mordieu! he has a face, to my mind, just such as a president ought to have, as hard and stern as a statue. And yet he has a handsome head; don't you think so?"

Our poor naturalist was content to nod an affirmative.

"And, then, when he is out of the court-room, he has as many virtues as they say the old Romans had; no hatred or envy, no anger or severity; he is as kind and amiable as a woman. In fact, he is a model president and citizen. But there is one thing, between you and me, I don't like in the man. It's true it's only a bit of foolishness, but it is so unbecoming in such a man, and takes so much from his dignity. Only think, just as soon as he has a leisure-hour, away he goes through the fields as far as his feet will carry him, and for what, do you suppose?"

The jailer paused, fixing his eyes on Latreille with a comical expression. The latter remained silent, but awaited the reply with evident curiosity.

"To catch butterflies, bugs, beetles, and such things, which he takes great care to preserve, each kind by itself, in large glass-cases. Mordieu! isn't such nonsense unworthy of a man like him, or of any man in times like these?"

A pale glimmer of hope was visible in the features of the prisoner, and, while he laughed with the jailer at this strange hobby of the citizen-president, he reached his trembling hand after his hat, then he carelessly picked up the cork of the empty bottle, on the lower end of which, as if by stealth, he fixed the *Necrobia ruficornis*. This done, he replaced the cork in the mouth of the bottle.

His object was attained. No sooner had he completed this little operation, than the jailer, who had observed every movement of his prisoner, began to clear the table, taking with him, as may be supposed, the mysterious bottle. He lost no time in hurrying to the president, narrated every particular of the little scene we have described, and then produced the treacherous cork. The jailer had no doubt the little insect was the signal of some new outbreak, of some diabolical conspiracy, and already, in imagination, he saw himself proclaimed as the savior of *la belle France*, and in possession of some national reward.

It was ten o'clock in the evening. Alone, in a comfortable room, at a table on which are various books and objects of a scientific character, sit two men. They are engaged in the discussion of a favorite topic, and, while one of them speaks with the enthusiasm of a devotee, the other listens attentively, and, from time to time, evinces his admiration for the superior attainments of the speaker.

All at once a rap is heard at the door. A servant enters, and says, in a loud tone: "Citizen Brutus is without, and wants to know at what hour to-morrow he will be wanted, so that he can have his machine in readiness."

The two men start suddenly from their seats. Despair is pictured in the faces of both. Suddenly they throw themselves into each other's arms, sobbing like friends who part never to meet again. They had talked long of their favorite studies, of science in general, and of their future plans; and thus had they both, the citizen-president and Latreille, forgotten all else—the prison, the death-sentence, and even "Citizen Brutus."

And what more?

The following morning, while the guillotine waited for its unfortunate victim, a citizen of the blood-stained republic, well provided with letters and passes, went out of the gate at the opposite extremity of the town. It was Latreille.

THE ASTRONOMERS ROYAL.

THE Royal Observatory at Greenwich, near London, was founded in 1675. John Flamsteed, then in his thirtieth year, was appointed first Astronomer Royal, at a salary of one hundred pounds per annum. His labors in the observatory did not commence, however, till the 29th of October, 1676. He was distinguished, not for any brilliant astronomical discovery, but for his accurate and laborious observations. His great work, "*Historia Cælestis Britannica*," furnished his successors with the data of several interesting discoveries. He died on the 31st of December, 1719.

Flamsteed was succeeded by Dr. Edmund Halley. This eminent astronomer was born on the 29th of October, 1656, and was, therefore, in his sixty-fourth year when he entered on his duties as Astronomer Royal. The discoveries by which he will ever be known in the history of astronomy are:

1. The secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion (1693).
2. The determination of the elements of the comet which bears his name, and the prediction of its return in 1759 (1705).
3. The proper motions of the so-called fixed stars (1718).

Halley's last observation was dated December 31, 1739. He died on the 14th of January, 1742, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

The third Astronomer Royal was the Rev. James Bradley. This astronomer was born in 1692, and was therefore fifty years of age at the time of his appointment. His death occurred on the 13th of July, 1762, in his seventy-first year. His principal discoveries were:

1. The aberration of light (1727).
2. The nutation of the earth's axis (1745).

The next Astronomer Royal was Dr. Bliss, who occupied the position but two years and a half. He was not distinguished by any important service to astronomy.

Dr. Neville Maskelyne succeeded Dr. Bliss in 1765. He continued in office till his death, in 1811, a period of forty-six years.

The *British Nautical Almanac* was commenced, at the instance of Dr. Maskelyne, in 1767. The method of determining the longitude at sea by lunar observations was thus brought into general use. Dr. Maskelyne also suggested "the Schehallien experiment," by which it was first demonstrably shown that the principle of gravitation operates between different masses on the surface of the earth, as well as between the bodies of the solar system. The same experiment also furnished the data for the first determination of the mass and density of the earth.

John Pond, the sixth Astronomer Royal, was born in London, in the year 1767. He was a laborious and accurate observer, and "in sidereal astronomy generally, his contribution

to the existing stock of knowledge was much more extensive than that of his predecessor." In 1835 his failing health compelled him to resign. His death occurred on the 7th of September, 1836.

Mr. Pond was succeeded by the present Astronomer Royal, George Biddell Airy, Esq., who commenced his labors on the 2d of October, 1835. Mr. Airy was born at Alnwick, Northumberland, in July, 1801. He was educated at Trinity College, where he received the degree of B. A. in 1823, and that of M. A. in 1826. In 1828 he was elected Professor of Astronomy in Cambridge University, and in 1835 President of the Royal Astronomical Society. Some of his principal contributions to astronomy are:

1. The discovery of a long inequality between Venus and the earth (1828).
2. A determination of the earth's ellipticity (1832).
3. A determination of the mass of Jupiter (1833).
4. A determination of Jupiter's period of rotation (1835).
5. The discovery of two new periodic inequalities in the motion of the moon.
6. Researches on ancient eclipses.
7. Pendulum experiments in Horton colliery, for determining the density of the earth.
8. A complete discussion of the Greenwich observations of the moon and planets, between 1750 and 1830.

The Observatory of Paris was built several years before that of Greenwich; the latter, however, has contributed incomparably more to the progress of astronomy. "Ever since its erection," says Whewell, "the observations there made have been the foundation of the greatest improvements which astronomy, for the time, received." The institution, in short, has done incalculable service in increasing the wealth of all civilized countries, and in promoting the advancement of civilization itself.

THE HUMMING-BIRDS AT HOME.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

WITH the advance of spring, and the first bright sunny days that herald the approach of summer, in our Northern latitudes, the garden and the grove become animate with a little, gleaming, glancing sprite, that flits from moss to flower, and from flower to budding twig, so swiftly, so deftly, and yet with such pomp of color, that Audubon's description instantly recurs to you, and you are willing to believe this diminutive visitant "the glittering fragment of a rainbow."

The grave naturalist will tell you that this feathered firefly, this Ariel of the woods, is one of the very numerous and brilliant American family of *Trochilidae*, or slender-billed birds, whose tongues are long tubes through which they can drain the contents of each flower-chalice that they hover near, as though Dame Nature had provided them beforehand with the instrument they find best adapted to the imbibition of continual floral cobbles and juleps. If plied with further questions, your scientific friend will proceed to inform you that, under the three main classes of *Trochilidae*, there are no less than four hundred varieties, of which seventy are quite familiar to ornithologists, and that all are natives of our Western World.

When the Spanish, Portuguese, and, at last, English navigators and adventurers penetrated to the American tropics, the splendor of the vegetation and the wealth of decoration in precious woods and stones and metals that they saw, were not their only sources of wonder and delight. Some of their most glowing narratives were filled with descriptions of birds of rare and exquisite plumage, and, among them, chief of all, the tiny "winged gems" that they noticed hovering above the flowering mosses, or nestling amid the petals of the gorgeous *orchids*. These the tribes of the West Indies and the American mainland, in the same parallels, called by various names that pleased their glowing fancies—"shooting-stars," "will-o'-the-wisps," "hairs of the sun," etc., and exhibited not only head-ornaments, bracelets, girdles, and mantles, but exquisite pictures woven of their tiny feathers, and superior, in softness of sheen and variety of color, to the richest mosaic.

Stedman, in his quaint narration of his Voyage to Surinam, and journey to the interior of Guiana, says that he saw these tiny creatures—which wife and child at home will, by this time, have gleefully recognized as the bee's co-worker and the butterfly's rival, our American *humming-birds*—in such numbers on the tamarind-trees, that he mistook them, at first, for some new kind of brilliant swarming wasps. But, looking farther, our curious traveller found their little nests, no bigger than a cloven walnut-shell, suspended to some dancing twig of the orange or the coffee tree, the tamarind, or the wild pineapple.

Two tiny, snow-white eggs, of equal circumference at the ends, lay within, half-buried in the soft down of the *thapsia* that lined the nest like blanched peas in a mossy pod, the nest itself sometimes so blended with the surrounding bark or herbage, with its fringe and lacework of leaves and lichen, as to seem but a bud on the bough. A fortnight afterward, the glittering little green heads and crimson gorgets, like emerald tips to ruby beads, of which the bill, scarcely thicker than a hair, might represent the pin for a lady's ruffle, told another story.

The butterflies have been poetically called "living flowerets," and, with equal reason, may we speak of the humming-birds, and most of their kindred, as "living gems;" for, in motion or at rest, there are many species of them that eclipse the glow of the garnet and the topaz, and shame even the sparkle of the diamond in the varying sheen of their plumage. The ever-changing hues and subtle fire of the rose-opal of rarest water but fairly represent them.

Wilson, in the fervor of his description, cannot resist the inspiration of the poetic muse:

"When morning dawns, and the blest sun again,
Lifts his red glories from the Eastern main,
Then, though our woodlands, wet with glittering dews,
The flower-fed humming-bird his raid pursues;
Sips with inserted tube the honeyed blooms,
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams.
While richest roses, though in crimson dressed,
Shrink from the splendor of his gorgeous breast,
What heavenly tints in mingled radiance fly!
Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnished gold they dazzling show,
Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow."

Our ornithologist here speaks of the *Trochilus colubria*, which is the kind, and almost the only one, familiar to our neighborhood, and it bears great resemblance to Buffon's *Rubia*, or ruby-throated variety. It generally appears at Savannah, Georgia, coming from the farther South, about the last week of March; reaches Pennsylvania late in April, or by the 1st of May, and New York a few days afterward. Thence it ranges as far north as latitude fifty-four degrees, near the head of the "Unfigah," or Peace River, and seems to make the Canadas a favorite abode; for it abounds there during the season, which

lasts until December. Its strength of number is not readily accounted for, as it never lays, as a sitting, more than two eggs, thus rather forming an exception to the rule, that the small animals and birds are the most prolific. Thus, the small European wren has a brood of fifteen; the titmouse, seven or eight; the crow, five; and the lordly eagle but one. From the fact that eggs have been found in the humming-bird's nest as late as the middle of July, it is believed, by some naturalists, that it lays two broods in a summer, when the weather is peculiarly favorable.

The ruby-throated variety, most familiar to us, is from three to three and one-quarter inches in length, and four and one-quarter inches in extent of wings. The throat of the male bird has a ruby-colored gorget, shading off into deep black, and then to fiery crimson and burning orange. The female lacks this ornament, usually, but the lower surface of her body and her tail are tipped with white.

Catesby's Carolina humming-bird has a golden-green back, a brilliant red throat, and a black, forked

tail. The female's body is of a rich golden-green, with a grayish-white breast, and tail-feathers of equal length.

The *Tomineo* variety, usually seen in the immediate vicinity of New York, has a brown body, with a sheen on it like shaded gilding. It is grayish-white on the under surface, and the tail is of equal feathers. The young male bird has the peculiarity of two glowing-red medallions, one on each side where the head joins the neck, that look like broad, coral ear-rings. The upper side of a horizontal branch; a moss-grown trunk or bough; sometimes, even, a weed in the garden; a white-oak sapling, or the swinging offshoot of a pear-tree, gives this charming little summer guest "a coigne of vantage" for its habits.



The Green-Blue Humming-Bird.

tion and its domestic loves. The tiny nest, wrought o'er and o'er with gray lichens, touched here and there with crimson by the pencil of the sun, and lined with filmy layers captured from the fleecy wings of flying seeds, or shredded from the down of mullein-stalk or fern, is so incrustated on the stem that holds it, that it looks like some beautiful outgrowth of Nature's own cunning workmanship. But, if the observer be hidden, on some enchanting sunny afternoon, in May or June, in some arbor, or behind some window shaded with the trumpet-flower or with honeysuckle, which is to the humming-bird what the rose is to the nightingale, he will discover the "complicité des petits nids caches," hinted at by Victor Hugo in his thrilling picture of the passionate re-awakening of all life in the mysterious vernal season of the year. He will see that those little lace wrought knots upon the bough-embroidery near him are the hiding-places of glittering shapes of glossy golden-green and fiery-crimson, that dart to and fro from the clambering flowers to their recess of deepest shade and "shadows numberless," sipping the honey-dew, and taking it back in their line, tube-like bills to their young. And, many a time, if he watches closely, he will see this little airy-bird, despite his courage, attacked and driven from these pleasant pastures by the humble-bee, against whose sting his delicate proportions fail to protect him.

And yet our *Trochilus* is daring, even rashness. His conformation indicates a small stomach, large brain, and heart bigger than either. There have been legends, such as Charlevoix relates, of his attacking the owl, and, aided by his inconceivably swift motion, so rapid sometimes as to render him invisible, piercing that fierce bird to death with his needle-like bill.

We know, however, that he does battle gallantly, and, to the last, for his loves; also, that he will enter human abodes and make himself perfectly at home there. Peale, the celebrated amateur naturalist, and owner of the museum known by his name, had two tame humming-birds, which he literally fed on "honey-dew," like the fare of whom Coleridge dreams of in his "Kubla Khan." Gauze curtains divided off a space for them, and prevented them from dashing against the walls, while flowering shrubs below offered them homes and hiding-places.

A fair lady of our acquaintance had a pair of these little pets, which she long retained, and even multiplied, by similar precautions. They would alight on her finger and drink sugar-water dissolved in little tubes hidden in the calix of a trumpet-flower, or held between their patron's lips. But *Elf* and *Gracie* were petulant, and, if the flower chanced to be faded, or to displease them, would rend its petals, and scatter the fragments in the air with positive fury.

However, it must not be supposed, from what we have said, that

Trochilus is a strict vegetarian, and feeds only on sweet confections. He ranges from the poplar to the larkspur, and, along with the honeysuckle and trumpet-flower, greatly favors the *balsamina*, or yellow-blossomed touch-me-not, seen in our swamps and marshes early in autumn, but he also devours many kinds of flies and insects. His mortal foe, and the avenger of these depredations, is the horrible black spider of Guiana, the huge *Aranea avicularia*, some kinds of which are found also in the woods of Southern Florida. This enemy weaves an immense web, nearly as strong as thread, and shaped like a twisted shell. Poor *Trochilus*, once caught in its meshes, is lost! But the victim has an ally, or, at least, an avenger in his turn, in the big-headed South-American ant, which hunts the black-spider, and slaughters him mercilessly. Several varieties of the humming-birds are remarkable for a tuft of pure white, downy feathers, which envelops each leg, and which has obtained for them the popular title of Puff-legs, because the white tufts bear some resemblance to a



The Sparkling-tail Humming-Bird.

powder-puff. The generic name, *Eriocnemis*, is given to the bird in allusion to this peculiarity, and is formed of two Greek words, the former signifying wool or cotton, and the other, the thigh. Owing to the very curious effects of these tufts, the Puff-legs are in very great demand among the dealers, as they look remarkably well in a case of stuffed birds. The Copper-Bellied Puff-leg is a native of Santa Fé de Bogota. It may easily be found there, as it is a remarkably local bird, being confined to a narrow strip or belt of land, which possesses the requisite characteristics of temperature and vegetation, the climate resembling a perpetual autumn.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS ; *
OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK VI.—URSUS FROM VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW.

I.

WHAT THE MISANTHROPIST SAYS.

AFTER Ursus had seen Gwynplaine bury himself under the doorway of Southwark jail, he remained, haggard, in the nook which he had made his point of observation. For a long time, he had in his ear that grinding noise of locks and bolts, which seems to be the prison's howl of joy in devouring a victim. He awaited. What? He watched. What? Those inexorable doors, once shut, open not again in a hurry. They are stiffened in the joints by their stagnation in darkness; and their movements become difficult, especially in the matter of deliverance. Going in—that's all right; going out—that's different. Ursus knew this. But we cannot give up waiting just according to our own good pleasure. We wait on, in spite of ourselves. That which we are doing brings into operation an acquired force, which persists even when there is no longer an object, which possesses and holds us fast, and which compels us to continue for a certain period what is henceforward without aim. Useless gazing; silly attitude, that we have all assumed upon occasion; loss of time, that mechanically makes every man attentive to something passed away! There is no escape from this fixity. You insist with a sort of heedless obstinacy. You know not why you remain in the place where you are; but you do remain there. What is actively begun is continued passively. Exhausting tenacity, whence you issue overwhelmed! Ursus, different as he was from other men, was nevertheless, like any one else, nailed to his spot by that compound of reverie and watchfulness, into which we are plunged by an event, that may to us be every thing, while we can effect nothing in regard to it. He looked by turns at the two blackened walls, sometimes at the lower, sometimes at the higher one, sometimes at the door whereat was the sheriff's ladder, sometimes at the door whereon was the death's-head. He was, as it were, nipped in this vice, compounded of prison and burial-ground. The street, shunned and unpopular, had so few passers-by, that Ursus was not noticed.

At last he emerged from the sheltering corner, such as it was—a sort of chance sentry-box where he had been on the look-out—and walked slowly away. The day was declining, so long had he been upon guard. From time to time he turned his head, and scrutinized the fearful low wicket-gate by which Gwynplaine had gone in. His eye was glassy and inexpressive. He reached the end of the lane, took one street, and then another, vaguely retracing the itinerary which he had followed, some hours earlier. At intervals he turned round, as though he could still see the prison-door, albeit no longer in the street wherein was the jail. By degrees he drew near the Tarrinzeau-Field. The lanes, that bordered the fair-ground, were deserted pathways between garden enclosures. He walked alongside the hedges and ditches, oppressed and bent down. All at once, he stopped, drew himself up, and exclaimed:—So much the better!

At the same time he struck himself two blows with his fists upon the head, then two upon the thighs, which is the action of a man who has come to a just conclusion.

And he began to mutter in his sleeve, by fits and starts, and loudly:

—It's all right! Ah! the beggar! the brigand! the vagabond! the seditious scamp! It was his comments on the government that brought him there! He was a rebel. I had a

rebel in my household. I am relieved of him. I am lucky. He was compromising us. Stuck into prison! Ah! so much the better! Excellence of the laws. . . . Ah! the ungrateful fellow! I, who had brought him up! Yes: take pains! What need had he to be speaking and arguing? He mixed himself up with state questions! I just ask you! In handling small coin, he has railed against taxation, against the poor, against the people, against that which did not concern him! He allowed himself to make reflections upon the pence. He passed remarks, wickedly and maliciously, on the copper coinage of the realm! He insulted her Majesty's half-pennies! A farthing—why it is the same as the queen herself, a sacred effigy; zounds, a sacred effigy! Have we a queen, yes or no? Respect, then, her verdigris! All sticks well together in the government. One ought to be aware of that. I have lived, I have; I know things. I shall be told: "But you give up politics, then?" Politics, my friends? I care as much for them as for the shaggy coat of a jackass. One day, I received a caning from a baronet. I said to myself: "That's enough!" I understand politics. The people have but one farthing; they give it; the queen takes it; the people thank her. Nothing more simple. The rest regards the lords; their lordships, the lords spiritual and temporal. Ah! Gwynplaine is under lock and key! Ah! he is bound for the hulks! That's just! That's equitable, excellent, deserved, legitimate! It's his own fault. Babbling is forbidden. Art thou a lord, goose-cap? The wapentake arrested him; the justice of the quorum carried him off; the sheriff holds him fast. By this time he must be picked clean by some sergeant-at-law. Ah, how they pluck you a transgressor, those fellows! Clapped into jail, my saucy varlet! So much the worse for him, so much the better for me! In faith. I am thoroughly content. I confess candidly that I'm in luck. What an extravagance I had committed, in picking up that little boy and girl! We were so tranquil, previously, Homo and I! What business had they in my booth, the tatterdemalions? Didn't I fondle them enough when they were brats? Didn't I drag them about enough with my breast-collar? A pretty salvage that—he atrociously ugly, she blind of both eyes! Did I drain sufficiently, on their behalf, the breast of famine? And they grow up, they make love! Flirtations between cripples—that's where we left them! The toad and the mole—an idyl! And I had this in intimate proximity. It ought all to finish by the hand of justice. The toad has talked politics; good. I'm free of him. When the wapentake came, I was a fool at first; one can't believe in good fortune; I thought that I didn't see what I saw, that it was impossible, that it was a nightmare, that I was dreaming a farce. But no; nothing can be more real. You can turn it as you please. Gwynplaine is fair and softly in prison. It's a touch of providence. Thank you, fair lady! He was the monster, that, with the row he made, drew attention to my establishment and denounced my poor wolf! Gone away, the Gwynplaine! And here I am, disembarassed of the two. From one pebble, two bumps. For Dea will die of it. When she sees Gwynplaine no more—she sees him, the idiot!—she will have no more reason for existing, and she will say: "What am I doing in this world?" And she will go off, she too; a pleasant journey to her! The devil take them both! I've always hated them, those beings. Die, Dea! Ah, how glad I am!

II.

WHAT HE DOES.

He reached the Tadcaster Inn again.

Six hours and a half sounded—half-past six, as the English say. Twilight had not quite begun.

Master Nicless was on his door-step. His affrighted face had not succeeded, since the morning, in recomposing itself. Alarm was still stamped upon it.

So soon as ever he saw Ursus at a distance:

—Well? cried he.

—Well; what?

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1889, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

—Is Gwynplaine coming back? It is high time. The public will soon arrive. Shall we have, this evening, the representation of "The Man Who Laughs?"

—The man who laughs, said Ursus, that's myself.

And he looked at the innkeeper as he chuckled loudly.

Then he mounted straight up to the first floor, opened the window close by the sign-board of the inn, stooped forward, stretched out his arm, balanced himself toward Gwynplaine's handbill, "The Man Who Laughs," and toward the panel whereon *Chaos Conquered* was displayed, unnailed the one, tore down the other, put the two boards under his arm, and came down the stairs again.

Master Nicless followed him with his eyes.

—Why do you take them down?

Ursus broke out into a second hearty laugh.

—Why do you laugh? the innkeeper went on.

Ursus answered:

—I am returning into private life.

Master Nicless understood, and gave directions to his lieutenant, the boy Govicum, to tell any one who might present himself, that there would be no performance, that evening. He removed from the door the cask-contrivance for the money-taker, and put it into a corner of the drinking-room.

A moment afterward, Ursus mounted into the Green-Box.

He placed the two boards in a corner, and entered into what he termed the women's pavilion.

Dea was sleeping.

She was on her bed, fully dressed, with her bodice loosened, as in her siestas.

Near her, Vinos and Fibi—seated, one on a stool, and the other on the floor—were ruminating.

Notwithstanding the advanced hour, they had not put on their goddesses' stocking-net—a sign of profound discouragement. They were still wrapped up in their waists of drugget and their skirts of coarse stuff.

Ursus looked steadily at Dea.

—She is rehearsing for a longer sleep, murmured he.

He apostrophized Fibi and Vinos.

—You understand, you two. There's an end of the music. You may put your trumpets away in your drawer. You are right, not to have harnessed yourselves as deities. You are very ugly thus; but you have done right. Keep on your duster petticoats. No performance to-night. Nor to-morrow, nor the day after to-morrow, nor the day after that. No more Gwynplaine. No more Gwynplaine than there is on the palm of my hand.

And again he looked earnestly at Dea.

—What a blow this will be for her! It will be like blowing out a candle.

He puffed out his cheeks.

—Pough!—nothing more.

He laughed a little dry laugh.

—Gwynplaine out of the way is every thing out of the way. It will be as though I lost Homo. It will be worse. She will be more alone than any other. This sort of thing splashes more sadness over the blind, than over us.

He went to the small window at the end.

—How the days are lengthening! We see yet, at seven o'clock. However, let's light up the tallow.

By aid of the tinder-box, he lighted the ceiling lantern of the Green-Box.

He leaned over Dea.

—She will take cold. You women, you have unlaced her too much. There is the French proverb:

On est en avril,
N'ôte pas un fil! *

He saw a pin shining on the floor, picked it up, and stuck it into

his sleeve. Then he walked up and down the Green-Box, gesticulating:

—I am in full possession of my faculties. I am lucid, arch-lucid. I pronounce this occurrence quite correct, and I approve of what is taking place. When she wakes up, I'll tell her of the incident just as it happened. There'll be no long waiting for the catastrophe. No more Gwynplaine—good-night, Dea! How well arranged it all is. Gwynplaine in the prison; Dea in the burial-ground! They're going to be each other's vis-à-vis! Death's dance! Two destinies that reënter behind the scenes. Let's pack up the costumes. Let's buckle the cloak-bag. For cloak-bag, read winding-sheet. These two creatures were wanted: Dea without eyes, Gwynplaine without face. Up yonder, the good God will restore light to Dea and beauty to Gwynplaine. Death is putting in order. All is well. Fibi, Vinos, hook up your tambourines on the nails. Your talents for a row-de-dow are about to grow rusty, my beauties. There'll be no more performing, no more trumpeting. *Chaos Conquered* is conquered. The Man Who Laughs is done for. Tarantara is dead. This Dea sleeps all the time. She does well, too. In her place, I wouldn't wake up. Bah! she'll soon be asleep again. Such a skylark as this soon dies. That's what it is, to take up with politics. What a lesson! and how governments are in the right of it! Gwynplaine to the sheriff; Dea to the grave-digger! That's parallel. Instructive symmetry! I hope the innkeeper has barricaded the door. We are going to die, this evening, among ourselves, all in the family. Not I, nor Homo; but Dea. For myself, I shall continue to have the caravan rolled along. I am identified with the meanderings of a vagabond life. I shall dismiss the two girls. I will not even retain one of them. I have a tendency to foolishness in old age. A female servant in the household of an old man is like bread on the table. I don't wish for any temptation. It no longer suits my age. *Turpe senilis amor*. I will follow out my course, all alone with Homo. It is Homo who is going to be astonished. Where is Gwynplaine? Where is Dea? Old comrade, here we are together again! By the plague, I'm enchanted! Their bucolics embarrassed me. Ah, this wretch of a Gwynplaine, who doesn't even come back! He leaves us in the lurch. That's good. Now it's Dea's turn. It won't be long. I want it to be finished off. I wouldn't give a fillip on the tip of the devil's nose to prevent her from dying! Dying, do you hear? Ah, she is waking!

Dea opened her eyelids; for many blind persons shut their eyes in sleeping. Her sweet face, in its ignorance, wore all its habitual brightness.

—She smiles, murmured Ursus; and I, I am laughing. All goes well.

Dea called:

—Fibi! Vinos! it must be time for the performance. I fancy I must have slept a long time. Come and dress me!

Neither Fibi nor Vinos budged.

Meanwhile Ursus's eye encountered, in Dea's, the ineffable look of the blind. He shuddered.

The two women, stupefied, looked to Ursus.

Ursus shouted out:

—You don't see the public coming in! Fibi, dress Dea! Vinos, beat the drum!

Active obedience was Fibi. Passive was Vinos. They two, in themselves, personified submission. Their master, Ursus, had always been an enigma for them. Being never understood is a reason for being always obeyed. They thought simply that he was going out of his mind, and executed the order. Fibi took down the costume, and Vinos the drum.

Fibi began dressing Dea. Ursus lowered the curtain over the door of the women's compartment, and continued, from behind it:

—Look there, Gwynplaine! the court-yard is already more than half filled with the crowd. They are jostling each other in the entrance-ways. What a crowd! What do you say to

* Till April be dead,
Leave off no thread!

Fibi and Vinos, who look as though they didn't perceive it? How stupid they are, these strolling-women! What dulness is there in Egypt! Don't lift up the curtain. Have some regard for decency. Dea is dressing.

He paused; then all at once, this exclamation was heard:

—How lovely Dea is!

It was the voice of Gwynplaine. Fibi and Vinos trembled and turned round. It was the voice of Gwynplaine, but in Ursus's mouth.

Ursus, by a sign through a gap in the door-curtain, forbade their being surprised.

He went on, in Gwynplaine's voice:

—Angel!

Then he replied, in Ursus's voice:

—Dea, an angel! You are mad, Gwynplaine. There is no mammiferous animal that flies, except the bat.

And he added:

—Stop, Gwynplaine; go and let Homo loose. That will be more to the point.

And he went down the back steps of the Green-Box very quickly, in Gwynplaine's nimble style. Imitative scuffle, intended for Dea's ear.

In the court-yard he came upon the boy, made idle and inquisitive by all this adventure.

—Spread out both your hands, said Ursus to him, in low tone.

And he emptied into them a handful of pence.

Govicum was deeply moved by such munificence.

Ursus whispered in his ear:

—Boy, install yourself in the court; jump, dance, beat against any thing, bawl, shout, whistle, coo, neigh, applaud, stamp with your feet, burst out into laughter, break something!

Master Nicless, humiliated and vexed at seeing the people, who had come for "The Man Who Laughs," retrace their steps and stream off to other booths in the fair-ground, had closed the door of the inn. He had even given up the serving out drinks for this evening, so as to avoid the nuisance of being asked questions; and, in lack of occupation, as there was no performance, was looking down into the court, candle in hand, from the balcony above. Ursus, taking the precaution to pitch his voice between the parentheses made by the palms of his two hands adjusted to his mouth, cried out to him:

—Master, do as your boy does; yelp, scream, howl!

He went up again into the Green-Box, and said to the wolf:

—Speak as loud as you can!

And, raising his voice:

—The crowd is too great. I believe we are going to have a disturbed representation.

Vinos, meanwhile was beating her drum.

Ursus continued:

—Dea is in costume. We shall be able to begin. I'm sorry that they have let in so many people. How thick they are! But look, Gwynplaine! What an ungovernable herd! I'll bet that this is our biggest receipt. Go on, you hussies, both of you, to your music! This way, Fibi, and take your clarion! Good, Vinos, rattle away on your drum. Hit it till you scrape the skin! Fibi, pose yourself as Fame. Young ladies, you're too much covered up. Off with those dresses. Put on your gauze, in place of that stuff. The public like us daintily gotten up. Let wise men thunder—we'll have a dash of nonsense! Let's be gay! And lay about you with desperate melodies! Peal, blow, crackle, flourish, thump! What a crowd, my poor Gwynplaine!

He interrupted himself:

—Gwynplaine, help me! Let's lower the panel down.

In the mean time, he spread out his pocket-handkerchief.

—But, first, let me bellow in my rag.

And he blew his nose energetically, as a ventriloquist always ought to do.

His handkerchief replaced in his pocket, he drew back the bolts connected with the pulleys, that made the ordinary screeching. The panel lowered itself.

—Gwynplaine, it's of no use to remove the blind. Let's keep the curtain as it is, until the performance begins. We shall not be by ourselves. Here, you two, come to the front, both of you. Music, young ladies! Poum! Poum! Poum! The audience is well composed. It is of the dregs of the people. Good heavens, what a heap of populace!

The two trollops, stupefied by the act of obedience, installed themselves in their accustomed places, at the two corners of the lowered panel.

Thereupon Ursus became extraordinary. He was no longer a man; he was a crowd. Compelled to make fulness out of emptiness, he summoned his marvellous ventriloquism to his aid. All the orchestra of voices, human and animal, that he had within him, rang out at once. He made himself legion. Any one, with closed eyes, might have fancied himself in some public place, on a day of festival or of riot. The whirlwind of stammerings and of noises, that came forth from Ursus, sang, bayed, talked, coughed, spat, sneezed, took snuff, held dialogues, put questions and gave answers—and all this simultaneously. The rough-drawn syllables fitted one into another. In this court-yard where there was nothing, men, and women, and children, were heard. There was the distinct confusion of applause. And, athwart this din, strange discords went meandering as in a mist, cluckings of birds, spittings of cats, cries of infants at the breast. The hoarseness of the drunken man could be distinguished. Dogs underfoot growled out their disquiet. The voices came from far and from near, from above and from below, from the front seats and from the back. The whole together was a sound; the detail was a cry. Ursus thumped with his fist, kicked with his foot, threw his voice out to the farther end of the court, then made it come out of the ground. It was stormy and familiar. He passed from murmur to noise, from noise to tumult, from tumult to tempest. He was himself and all. Soliloquist and polyglottist. Just as there is illusion for the eye, there is illusion for the ear. What Proteus did for the look, Ursus did for the hearing. Nothing so wonderful as this fac-simile of the multitude. From time to time, he drew aside the curtain of the women's apartment, and looked at Dea. Dea was listening.

On his side in the court-yard, the boy was carrying it with high hand.

Vinos and Fibi blew conscientiously into the trumpets, and excited themselves upon the tambourines. Master Nicless, the sole spectator, like them, explained it to himself by Ursus being mad, which, besides, was but adding a sombre detail to his melancholy. The brave innkeeper muttered: "What a row!" He was as serious as a person who recalls to himself that there are laws.

Govicum, charmed to contribute toward disorder, exerted himself almost as much as Ursus. It amused him; besides, he gained his pennies.

Homo was pensive.

With his hurly-burly, Ursus mingled words:

—It is as usual, Gwynplaine, there's a cabal; our rivals are undermining our success. Hooting is what seasons triumph. And then these folks here are too numerous. They are ill at ease. A neighbor's elbow-joints do not promote good-will. It's to be hoped that they won't break the benches. We are about to become victims to a mad-brained population. Ah! if our friend Tom-Jim-Jack were there! But he does not come any more. Look at all those heads, one above the other. Those, who are standing up, do not seem to be well satisfied, although to remain standing up, according to Galien, is a movement which that great man calls "the tonic movement." We'll cut the performance short. As there is nothing but *Chaos Con-*

quered on the bills, we will not play *Ursus Ursus*. That's at any rate something gained. What an uproar! O blind turbulence of the masses! They will be doing us some damage! But it can't go on thus. We shouldn't be able to play. Not a word of the piece could be heard. I'm going to harangue them. Gwynplaine, draw the blind a little aside. Citizens—

Here Ursus cried to himself, in a feverish and sharp voice:

—Down with the old fellow!

And he went on, in his own proper voice:

—I believe the people are insulting me. Cicero was right; *plebs, fex urbis*. It doesn't matter; let's admonish the mob. I shall have much trouble to make myself heard. I will speak, nevertheless. Man, do your duty! Gwynplaine, look at that hag gnashing her teeth down there!

Ursus made a pause, into which he threw a gnashing of teeth. Homo, provoked, added a second one, and Govicum a third.

Ursus went on:

—The women are worse than the men. By no means a propitious moment. It's all the same; let's try the effect of a speech. To be eloquent is always in season. Listen to this, Gwynplaine, an insinuating exordium.—Lady-citizens and gentlemen-citizens, it is I who am the bear. I take off my head to address you. I humbly ask for silence.

Ursus gave out this cry to the crowd:

—Grumphll!

And continued:

—I respect my audience. Grumphll is an exclamation, like any other. Welcome, O population alive with vermin! I have no doubt that you are of the scum, all of you. That does not diminish my esteem. Deliberate esteem. I have the most profound reverence for the worthy bullies, who honor me with their patronage. There are deformed beings among you, and I take no offence at it. Halting gentlemen and gentlemen humpbacks are to be found in nature. The camel bunches out; the bison is puffed up in the back; the badger has his left legs shorter than his right; the fact is settled by Aristotle in his treatise on the walking of animals. Those among you, who have two shirts, have one upon your back, and the other at the pawnbroker's. I know that is so. Albuquerque pledged his mustache, and St. Denis his aureole. The Jews made advances, even on the aureole. Great examples. To have debts as to have something. In you, I reverence ragamuffins.

Here, Ursus cut himself short by this interruption, in deep bass:

—Stupid donkey!

And he answered in his own most polished accent:

—Agreed. I am a learned man. I make my excuses for it as well as I can. I scorn knowledge scientifically. Ignorance is a reality, on which one is nourished; knowledge is a reality, on which one starves. For the most part, we are forced to make choice: to be learned, and grow thin; to browse, and be an ass. O citizens, browse! Knowledge isn't worth a mouthful of any thing good. I would rather eat a sirloin of beef, than now that its muscle is called *proas*. I have but one single merit. That is a dry eye. Such as you see me, I have never wept. It must be said, though, that I have never been satisfied. Never satisfied. Not even with myself. I despise myself. But, I submit this to the members of the opposition here present—if Ursus is only a man of learning, Gwynplaine is an artist.

He sniffled afresh:

—Grumphll!

And he resumed:

—Grumphll again! That's an objection. Nevertheless, I proceed. And Gwynplaine, O gentlemen and ladies, has beside him another artist, that distinguished and hairy personage who accompanies us, the Lord Homo, formerly a wild dog, now a civilized wolf, and faithful subject of her Majesty. Homo is a mimic, of talents deep-seated and superior. Be attentive and

collected. You are about to see Homo play presently, as well as Gwynplaine; and art must be honored. That befits great nations. Are you men of the woods? I assent to it. In that case, *sylos sint consule dignos*. Two artists are well worth one consul. Good. Some one has thrown a cabbage-stalk at me. But it didn't hit me. It won't hinder me from speaking. On the contrary, avoided danger is loquacious. *Garrula pericula*, says Juvenal. People! there are drunken men among you; drunken women also. It's all right. The men are tainted; the women are hideous. You have all sorts of excellent reasons for cramming yourselves in here upon the drinking-room benches—want of occupation, idleness, pausing between two robberies, porter, ale, stout, malt, brandy, gin, and the attraction of one sex to the other sex. Wondrous well! A mind, with a turn for fooling, would have a fair field here. But I abstain. Boldness—so be it. Still, there must be some reticence in an orgy. You are gay, but obstreperous. You imitate notably the outcries of beasts; but what would you say if, when you were talking love with a lady in a room, I were to pass my time in barking close to you? It would annoy you. Very well, then, this annoys us. I authorize you to hold your tongues. Art is quite as respectable as debauch. I speak to you in plain terms.

He addressed himself:

—Plague strangle you, with your eyebrows like ears of rye!

And he replied:

—Honorable sirs, let us leave the ears of rye in peace. It is impious to do violence to vegetables, for the purpose of tracing in them a resemblance human or animal. Besides, the plague doesn't strangle. A false metaphor. For goodness' sake, keep silence. Permit me to tell you, that you are lacking a little in the majesty that characterizes the true English gentleman! I declare positively that those among you, who have shoes through which their toes have passed, take advantage thereof in putting their feet upon the shoulders of the spectators in front of them, which give the ladies occasion for remarking that soles don't always burst out at the point where is placed the head of the metatarsal bones. Show your feet a little less, and your hands a little more. I perceive hence certain knaves, who are plunging their ingenious claws into the fobs of their imbecile neighbors. Dear pickpockets, decency! Box your neighbor's ears, if you please; but don't rob him. You'll irritate folks much less by giving them a black eye, than by cribbing their pence. Damage noses; very well. The cit holds his money dearer than his beauty. For the rest, accept my sympathy. I have no pretention to throw blame on sharpers. Evil exists. Every one endures it; every one does it. No one is exempt from the vermin of his sins. I speak of that alone. Have we not, all, our itches? The devil scratches himself, and so do we. I myself have committed faults. *Plaudite, cives!*

Ursus executed a long groan, which he overpowered with these final words:

—My lords and gentlemen, I see that my discourse has had the luck to displease you. I take leave of your hootings for a moment. I am now about to put on my head again, and the performance will begin.

He abandoned the oratorical accent, for the intimate tone:

—Let us close the curtain again. Let me take breath. I have been mellifluous. I have spoken well. I have called them "my lords and gentlemen." Velvety language, but thrown away. What do you say of all this debauched people, Gwynplaine? How easy it is to account for the ills that England has suffered, for forty years, through the passions of these bitter and malignant spirits! The English of other days were warlike; these are saddened and enlightened, and take a pride in despising the laws and refusing to recognize the royal authority. I have done all that human eloquence could do. I have lavished metonymies upon them, graceful as the flowered cheek

of adolescence. Are they softened? I doubt it. What can be expected of a people that eats so extraordinarily, and that stuffs itself up with tobacco to such a degree, that in this country men of letters themselves often compose their works with a pipe in their mouths? It's all the same. Let's play the piece!

The rings of the curtain were heard sliding along the rod. The drumming of the gypsies ceased. Ursus unhooked his hurdy-gurdy, played his prelude, said in low tone, "Why, how mysterious this is, Gwynplaine!" and then tumbled upside down with the wolf.

However, at the same time with the hurdy-gurdy, he had taken down from its nail a very shaggy wig that he owned, and had thrown it upon the floor, in a corner within his reach.

The representation of *Chaos Conquered* took place almost as usual, minus the effects of blue light and magical illumination. The wolf played his part in good faith. At the proper moment, Dea made her appearance, and evoked Gwynplaine with her divine and tremulous voice. She stretched out her arm, groping for his head.

Ursus pounced upon the wig, shook it into disorder, put it on, and advanced softly, holding his breath, so that his bristling head was under Dea's hand.

Then, summoning up all his skill and imitating Gwynplaine's voice, he sang, with an ineffable expression of love, the monster's reply to the appeal of the spirit.

The imitation was so perfect that, this time again, the two assistant women looked for Gwynplaine with their eyes, frightened at hearing without seeing him.

Govicum, marvelling, stamped with his feet, applauded, clapped his hands, produced an Olympian hubbub, and laughed, by himself alone, like a troop of gods. This boy, let it be said, displayed a rare talent for playing the spectator.

Fibi and Vinos, automatons whose springs were moved by Ursus, gave out the habitual hurly-burly of instruments made up of brass and ass's skin, that marked the close of the performance, and accompanied the departure of the public.

Ursus got up, in a sweat.

He whispered to Homo:—You understand that it was a case of saving time. I believe that we have succeeded. I got out of it pretty well, I who had a right to be well-nigh overcome. Gwynplaine may still come back, between the present time and to-morrow. It was useless to kill Dea outright. I am explaining it all to *you*.

He took off his wig and wiped his brow.

—I am a ventriloquist of genius, murmured he. What talent I have! I have equalled Brabant, the ventriloquist of the King of France, Francis I. Dea is convinced that Gwynplaine is here.

—Ursus, said Dea, where is Gwynplaine?

Ursus turned round, with a start.

Dea had remained in the background of the theatre, standing up under the lantern that hung from the roof. She was pale, with a ghostly pallor.

She resumed, with an ineffable smile of despair:

—I know it. He has left us. He is gone. Well was I aware that he had wings.

And, raising her transparent eyes to the Infinite, she added:

—When will it be my turn?

III.

COMPLICATIONS.

Ursus was stupefied.

He had not brought about an illusion.

Was his ventriloquism in fault? No, assuredly. He had succeeded in deceiving Fibi and Vinos, who had eyes; and not in deceiving Dea, who was blind. It was that the eyeballs only of Fibi and Vinos were lucid, while in Dea it was the heart that saw.

He had not a word to reply. And he thought within him-

self: *Bos in lingua*. Man, tongue-tied, has an ox on his tongue.

In mixed emotions, humiliation is the first sentiment that crops out. Ursus dreamed.

—I have frittered away my onomatopœias.

And, like every dreamer who is driven into a corner, he abused himself:

—Complete break-down! I have exhausted imitative harmony to no purpose whatever. But what will become of us now?

He looked at Dea. She was silent; growing more and more pale, and without any movement. Her eye was fixed and lost in space.

An incident happened in the nick of time.

Ursus saw Master Nicless in the court-yard, candle in hand, making signs to him.

Master Nicless had not assisted at the close of the quasi-phantom comedy played by Ursus. That was because some one had knocked at the inn-door. Master Nicless had gone to open it. Twice there had been a knock, which made two eclipses of Master Nicless. Ursus, absorbed in his hundred-voiced monologue, had not noticed it.

Upon the mute appeal of Master Nicless, Ursus went down. He drew near the innkeeper.

Ursus put his finger upon his lip.

Master Nicless put his finger upon his lip.

The two looked at each other, thus.

Each of them seemed to say to the other:

—Let's talk; but let's hold our tongues.

The innkeeper opened silently the door of the low-pitched room. Master Nicless entered; Ursus entered. There was no one but they two. The outlook toward the street, window and shutter, was closed.

The innkeeper pushed behind him the door that opened on the court; it was shut in the face of Govicum, inquisitive.

Master Nicless put the candle on a table.

A dialogue began; in low tone, almost a whisper.

—Master Ursus. . .

—Master Nicless?

—I have it at last.

—Bah!

—You desired to make the poor blind girl believe that all this was as usual.

—There's no law against ventriloquism.

—You are clever.

—No.

—It's astounding to what a point you do what you want to do.

—No, I tell you.

—Now, I've something to say to you.

—Is it politics?

—I don't know.

—Because I would not listen.

—Look here. While you were playing both piece and public, all by yourself, somebody was knocking at the inn-door.

—Somebody knocked at the door?

—Yes.

—I don't like that.

—Nor do I.

—And then?

—And then I opened it.

—Who was it that knocked?

—Some one, who spoke to me.

—What did he say?

—I listened to him.

—What answer did you give him?

—None at all. I came back to see you play.

—And . . . ?

—Some one knocked a second time.

— Who? The same person?
 — No; another one.
 — Still somebody who spoke to you?
 — Somebody who said nothing to me.
 — I like him better.
 — I don't.
 — Explain yourself, Master Nicless.
 — Guess who knocked the first time.
 — I haven't time to be *Cædipus*.
 — It was the master of the circus.
 — Close by?
 — Close by.
 — Where there is all that cracked music?
 — Cracked.
 — Well?
 — Well, Master Ursus, he makes you an offer.
 — An offer?
 — An offer.
 — Why?
 — For reasons.
 — You have an advantage over me, Master Nicless, in that you just now guessed my enigma, and that I, at this present moment, can't comprehend yours.

— The master of the circus has commissioned me to tell you that he saw the squad of police pass this morning, and that he, the master of the circus, being desirous to prove to you that he is your friend, offers to buy of you, for fifty pounds sterling money down, your caravan the *Green-Box*, your two horses, your trumpets with the women who blow them, your piece with the blind girl who sings in it, your wolf, and you yourself with it all.

Ursus smiled haughtily.

— Master of the *Tadcaster Inn*, you will tell the master of the circus that *Gwynplaine* is coming back.

The innkeeper took up from a chair something in the dark, and turned toward Ursus with his two arms held up, so as to let Ursus take from one of his hands a cloak, and from the other a leather collar, a felt hat, and a hooded mantle.

And Master Nicless said:

— The man who knocked the second time, and who was one of the police, and who came in and went out without speaking a word, brought this.

Ursus recognized *Gwynplaine's* leather collar, mantle, hat, and cloak.

IV.

MÆNIBUS SURDIS CAMPANA MUTA.

Ursus passed his fingers over the felt of the hat, the cloth of the cloak, the stuff of the mantle, the leather of the collar; couldn't entertain any doubt as to these cast-off clothes; and with a quick and imperious gesture, without saying a word, pointed Master Nicless to the inn-door.

Master Nicless opened it.

Ursus rushed out of the tavern.

Master Nicless followed him with his eyes, and saw Ursus running as fast as his old legs would let him, in the direction taken in the morning by the *wapentake* who carried off *Gwynplaine*. A quarter of an hour later, Ursus, out of breath, reached the little street in which was the wicket-gate of *Southwark jail*, and in which he had already passed so many hours on the lookout.

This narrow street had no need of midnight, to be deserted. But, gloomy by day, by night it was disquieting. After a certain hour, no one trusted himself there. It seemed as though there might be an apprehension of the two walls drawing nearer together, and a fear of being crushed in the embrace, if a fancy to embrace each other should take hold of the prison and the cemetery. Nocturnal effects these. The truncated willows of the little street *Vauvert*, in *Paris*, had this same sort of evil repute. It was pretended that at night these stumps of trees

changed themselves into huge hands, and seized upon the passers-by.

The people of *Southwark*, as we have said, avoided by instinct this street, between jail and burial-ground. Formerly, it had been barred at night by an iron chain. Altogether useless this; the best chain for closing up this street was the fear that it wrought.

Ursus entered it resolutely.

What idea had he? None.

He came into this street, as the place for inquiries. Was he going to knock at the prison-door? Certainly not. This fearful and vain expedient did not enter into his brain. Trying to get in there, to ask for information! What madness! Prisons no more open themselves to him who wants to enter, than to him who wants to go out. Their hinges do but revolve upon the law. Ursus was aware of this. What, then, was his purpose in this street? To see. See what? Nothing. He did not know what. What he could. To find himself again opposite the door, through which *Gwynplaine* had disappeared, was in itself something already. Sometimes, the blackest and the roughest wall can speak, and a glimmer of light may peer from between its stones. Out from a close-set and darkened mass, a vague brightness not unfrequently transudes and is detached. To examine the envelope of a fact is to be in a good place for watching. We all have an instinct within us, that prompts us to leave the least possible thickness between ourselves and the fact that interests us. That is why Ursus returned to the lane, wherein was the low-pitched entrance to the strong house.

At the moment when he entered the lane, he heard the stroke of a bell; then a second.

— What, thought he, can it be midnight already?

Mechanically, he began to count.

— Three, four, five.

He mused:

— How the strokes of this bell are spun out! How slow they are! Six, seven.

And he made this remark:

— What lamentable sounds!—Eight, nine.—Ah, the simplest thing in the world! A clock is saddened by being in a prison!—Ten.—And then the cemetery is there. This bell sounds the hour for the living, and eternity for the dead.—Eleven.—Alas! to sound an hour for him, who is not at liberty, is also to sound an eternity!—Twelve!

He stopped.

— Yes, it is midnight.

The bell sounded a thirteenth stroke.

Ursus shuddered.

— Thirteen!

There was a fourteenth stroke. Then a fifteenth.

— What can that mean?

The strokes continued at long intervals. Ursus listened.

— It is not the bell of a clock. It is the bell *muta*. Besides, I said: "How long midnight is sounding!" This bell does not sound at all; it tolls. What is passing here, that is sinister?

Every prison, formerly, like every monastery, had its bell, termed *muta*, and reserved for sad occasions. The *muta*—the dumb one—was a bell of very low tone, that had the air of doing all it could, so as not to be heard.

Ursus had regained the corner convenient for the lookout, whence he had been enabled to keep watch upon the prison during a great part of the day.

The tollings followed each other, at a lugubrious distance apart.

A knell notes a loathsome punctuation upon space. It marks funereal paragraphs in everybody's lucubrations. The knelling of a bell is like the throat-rattle in a man. Notification of agony. If, in houses here and there, in the neighborhood of this tolling bell, there should be reveries that fluctuate and pause, the knell cuts them into specific fragments. Floating

reverie is, as it were, a refuge. A certain something of the diffuse in anguish leaves room for a ray of hope to penetrate; the knell particularizes and crushes. It puts an end to diffusion; and, in the trouble wherein inquietude would fain hover in suspense, it brings the headlong fall to a point. A knell speaks to every one in the sense of his sorrow or his alarm. A tragic bell—this is addressed to you. A warning. Nothing so sombre as a monologue, whereon this cadence falls. The evenly-measured returns indicate a purpose. What is that hammer, the bell, forging upon that anvil, the thought?

Ursus counted confusedly the tollings of the knell, although he had no object in so doing. Feeling that he was on slippery ground, he made efforts not to lose himself in conjectures. Conjectures are an inclined plane, whereon we go uselessly too far. But meantime, what did this bell mean?

He peered into the darkness, at the spot where he knew that the prison-door was situated.

All at once, at this very spot, which formed a sort of black hole, there was a redness. This redness grew larger, and became a brightness.

There was nothing vague in this redness. It suddenly assumed form and had angles. The jail-door had turned upon its hinges. The redness marked out its arch and its casings.

It was rather a yawning than an opening. A prison does not open; it yawns. With ennui, perhaps.

The wicket-gate let out a man with a torch in his hand.

The bell did not cease tolling. Ursus felt that he was doubly in abeyance. He watched intently—his ear on the knell, his eye on the torch.

Following this man, the door, which was only ajar, opened entirely, and gave issue to two other men, then to a fourth. This fourth was the wapentake, visible by the light of the torch. He had his iron staff in his hand.

Emerging from beneath the wicket, behind the wapentake, in order, two by two, with the stiffness of a series of marching posts, came forth a number of silent men.

This nocturnal retinue traversed the low doorway, couple by couple, like the pairs in a procession of penitents, without break in its continuity, with lugubrious care to make no noise, gravely, almost gently. With just such precaution does a serpent issue from its hole.

The torch threw the profiles and the attitudes into relief. Fierce profiles, mournful attitudes.

Ursus recognized all the countenances of the police, who had carried off Gwynplaine in the morning.

There was no doubt. They were the same. They were re-appearing; Gwynplaine also was evidently about to reappear.

They had brought him there; they would take him back again.

It was clear.

Ursus's eyeball redoubled its intensity of gaze. Would they set Gwynplaine at liberty?

The double file of the police trickled out from the low-arched way, very slowly, and as it were drop by drop. The bell, that never ceased, seemed to mark the step for them. On leaving the prison, the train, showing their backs to Ursus, turned to the right in the bend of the street opposite to that where he was posted.

A second torch shone out through the wicket-gate.

This indicated the close of the procession.

Ursus was about to see what they were bringing out. The prisoner. The man.

Ursus was about to see Gwynplaine!

What they were bringing out appeared. It was a bier.

Four men were carrying a bier, covered with a black cloth.

Behind them came a man with a shovel on his shoulder.

A third lighted torch, held by a personage reading from a book, who was of course a chaplain, closed the train!

The bier took its place in the file, behind the police who had turned to the right.

At the same moment the head of the retinue stopped. Ursus heard the grinding noise of a key.

Opposite the prison, in the low wall that bounded the other side of the street, a second opening of a door was made distinct by a torch that passed through it.

This door, on which a death's-head might be distinguished, was the door of the burial-ground.

The wapentake entered by this opening; then the men; then the second torch, after the first. The train diminished like the reptile reëntering his hole. The entire file of the police penetrated that other gloom that was beyond that other door; then the bier; then the man of the shovel; then the chaplain with his torch and his book; and the door was closed again.

There was nothing any longer, save a gleam of light over a wall.

It was without doubt the chaplain and the grave-digger, who were casting on the coffin—the one his verses of prayer, the other his shovelfuls of earth.

The whispering ceased; the dull thuds ceased.

There was a movement. The torches shone; the wapentake repassed through the reopened door of the cemetery, holding his staff upright; the chaplain came back with his book; the grave-digger with his shovel; the procession reappeared, without the coffin; the double file of men made again the same passage between the two doors, with the same taciturnity, and in reversed order; the door of the cemetery was shut again; the door of the prison was reopened; the sepulchral arch of the wicket-gate defined itself in the glimmering light; the darkness of the corridor became dimly visible; the profound and dense obscurity of the jail offered itself again to the look; and all this vision reëntered into all this gloom.

The knell died out. Silence shut itself down close—the sinister lock of darkness!

An apparition swooned away! It was only that.

A passing-by of spectres, that vanishes!

Coincidences, that draw together logically, end in the building up of something that resembles evidence. That fatal fact—a coffin borne to earth—added itself, or let us rather say, adjusted itself, to Gwynplaine arrested, to the silent manner of his arrest, to his clothes brought back by one of the police, to the knell of the prison whither he was conducted.

—He is dead, cried Ursus.

He fell down, in sitting posture, on a mile-stone.

—Dead! They have killed him! Gwynplaine! My child! My son!

And he broke out into sobs.

WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

OUR American women are the handsomest in the world, and the character of their beauty is superior to that of any other country. The abundance of food, facilities of education, and the superior comforts of the masses of our native-born population, produce these results. A well-raised American woman, possessing the claim at home of being a fair specimen of her sex, will, in any European capital, be the cynosure of all eyes. On the comparatively-recent occasion of the Italian people taking possession of Venice, when the aquatic procession, which accompanied Victor Emmanuel, passed through the Grand Canal, an unpretending gondola, bearing the stars and stripes, was among the number, which was freighted with one of our city suburban families, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, a daughter of eighteen, and two younger children. As the King of Italy and his splendid retinue glistened and coruscated in the pure atmosphere and bright sunshine, the enthusiastic plaudits of a newly-enfranchised and noble people rent the air.

But, all along the entire route of that grand historical procession, there was, every now and then, a buzz of admir-

tion, a low, soft murmur of applause, an eager movement among aristocratic groups of spectators, to catch the sight of some specified object of interest—then followed the waving of handkerchiefs and audible whispers of respectfully-expressed admiration, accompanied by eyes flashing with unusual delight. The object of this particular interest was the loveliness of that young American girl, who, all unconscious of the sensation she was creating, was almost childishly expressing her delight at the moving, novel pageant.

What attracted the representative world to our American girl should be "a joy forever," but, unfortunately, it is not. Methuselah, who probably married the belle of the neighborhood, a juvenile of two hundred and twenty, after seventy-two years of exemplary courtship, no doubt crystallized the fact of the evanescence of female physical loveliness in the common saying, "that beauty soon decays." And, ever since his time, the remark made by him in the bitterness of the intensest regret (Mrs. M. only retaining her good looks two hundred and eighty years), has been very flippantly repeated by moralists and "plain-looking" people, without the slightest accompanying expression of their faces, that it was a great misfortune, that what they were saying was true.

A philanthropist is defined as one who makes two blades of grass grow where one before only found root. If such a fact commands gratitude from the world, how enthusiastically should the philosopher be hailed who prolongs beauty, and thus doubles its existence to bless mankind! The advantages of increasing an ordinary crop of grass, which, like beauty, is also soon cut down to wither away, are nothing comparable to it.

Now, if our American beauties wish to retain, for long years, instead of a few short seasons, their fair complexions, their delicate yet healthful color, their graceful forms and bright eyes, they must in some way take exercise. If relieved by fortune, and mistakenly indulgent parents, from the routine of household duties, then they must be tempted into the open air, where, amid the green fields and the gushing sunshine, they can strengthen their muscles and vitalize their blood.

Horseback-riding is the noblest of all female accomplishments. Between a true woman and a high-spirited horse there is a remarkable degree of sympathy. We do not mean there is sympathy when the parties are strangers, but where, by long acquaintance and the interchange of courtesies, they have learned to respect and admire each other.

Under such circumstances, a horse will study the capricious humors of his mistress, and will show a great deal more desire and intelligent capacity to please than will half the human Dunderbys met in fashionable society. A lady desirous to excel as a graceful rider, who wishes to feel as much at home in the saddle as she does in an arm-chair in her boudoir, cannot depend upon livery, or upon the facilities of the riding-school. She must have a horse exclusively devoted to her service, she must give the creature a name, must caress and feed him with bonbons, and make him acquainted with her voice. Under such circumstances, a high-spirited horse will become a woman's devoted slave and companion, and, upon being turned loose in the field, will immediately come at her call; and, although the mistress may be among a dozen ladies, the intelligent creature will single her out from all the remainder, will place his muzzle in her hand, and expect that she will pat his face and pull his ears. The horse should be fed occasionally in his box by his mistress, and treated throughout with more consideration than is a pet terrier, than whom the horse is far more handsome and useful. When this is all done, then the sex have, in horseback-riding, secured that pleasurable and healthy out-door excitement that will brace her nerves, give brilliancy to her eyes, and color to her cheeks. And what a sight it is to see a noble, high-spirited steed on such good terms with his mistress, and to see her confident in her seat, self-possessed, and displaying her charms so superbly! Notice the intelligent servant, how he consults the wishes of the rider; how the most delicate touch of her tiny

finger controls his strength, and gives direction to all his powers; he will now walk and champ his bit with pride; he will canter, or amble, or run as desired, and express pleasure in his eye at the consciousness that his efforts are appreciated! Such a sight is yet to astonish our Central Park, and, when it is witnessed, it will command the honest, manly admiration of the town. And why should not our ladies excel in this great accomplishment of horseback-riding? It is something that, in metropolitan life, must always be exclusive and aristocratic, and, therefore, those who excel will receive especial admiration and the blessings of high health at the same time. Our illustration on the first page, of an English woman on her hunter, in full pursuit of the fox, is an example of equestrian accomplishment not likely to be followed in this country, save, perhaps, in some portions of the South. But American women may attain as perfect a command of their steeds, and exhibit courage, spirit, and grace, quite as successfully as our fair English cousins do, even under those limits the customs of the country establish. What is needed is a greater relish for this superb exercise; and, to this end, we hope our illustration will prove a stimulating example.

KRISHNA AND HIS THREE HANDMAIDENS.

AND where he sat beneath the mystic stars,
Nigh the twin founts of Immortality,
That feed fair channels of the Stream of Trance,
To Krishna once his three handmaidens came,
Asking a boon: "O king! O lord!" they said,
"Test thou thy servants' wisdom; long in dreams,
Born of the waters of thy Stream of Trance,
Have we, thy fond handmaidens wandered free,
And lapped in airiest wreaths of fantasy;
Now would we, viewless, bearing each some gift
From thee, our father, seek the world of man,
The world of man and pain, which whoso leaves
Better or brighter, for thy gift bestowed
Most worthily, shall claim thy just reward,
The Crown of Wisdom!" Krishna heard, and gave
To each one tiny drop of diamond dew
Drawn from the founts that feed the Stream of Trance,
Wherewith on waftage of miraculous winds,
Breathing full South, they sought the world of man,
The world of man and pain that shrank in drought,
Palsied and withered, like an old man's face
Death-smitten!

And the first handmaiden saw
A monarch's fountain sparkling in the waste,
Glowing and fresh, though all the land was sick,
Gasping for rain, and famished thousands died:
"O brave," she said, "O beautiful bright waves!
Like calls to like;" and so her dew-drop glanced,
And glittered downward as a fairy star
Loosed from a tress of Cassiopeia's hair,
Down to the glorious fountain of the king.

Over the passionless bosom of the sea,
The Indian Sea, cerulean, crystal-clear,
And calm, the second handmaid, hovering, viewed—
Far through the tangled sea-weed and cool tides
Pulsing 'twixt coral-branches—the wide lips
Of purpling shells that yearned to clasp a pearl:
So where the oyster, blindly reared, awaits
Its priceless soul—she lets the dew-drop fall,

Thenceforth to grow a jewel fit for courts,
 And shine on swan-like necks of haughty queens!

But Krishna's third handmaiden scarce had felt
 The fume from parched plains that made the air
 As one vast caldron of invisible fire,
 Than casting downward pitiful eyes, she saw,
 Crouched in the brazen cere of that red heat,
 A tiny bird—a poor, weak, suffering thing
 (Its bright eyes glazed, its limbs convulsed and prone),
 Dying of thirst in torture: "Ah, kind Lord—
 Krishna—" his handmaid murmured, "speed thy gift,
 Best yielded here, to soothe, perchance to save,
 The lowliest mortal creature cursed with pain!"
 Gently she shook the dew-drop from her palm
 Into the silent throat that thirst had sealed,
 Soon silent, sealed no more—for, lo! the bird
 Fluttered, arose, was strengthened, and through calms
 Of happy ether, echoing fair and far,
 Rang the charmed music of the nightingale.

And so, where crowned beneath the mystic stars,
 Nigh the twin founts of Immortality,
 Krishna, the father, saw what ruth was hers,
 And, smiling to his wise handmaiden's rule,
 Gave the great storm-clouds, and the mists of heaven,
 Till at her voice the mighty vapors rolled
 Up from the mountain-gorges, and the seas,
 And cloud-land darkened, and the grateful rain,
 Burdened with benedictions, rushed and foamed
 Down the hot channels, and the foliaged hills,
 And the frayed lips, and languid limbs of flowers;
 And all the woodlands laughed, and earth was glad!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
 "THE BROWINGS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ELDEST SON.

THE young men separated when they left the Manor—one to his farm, and another to his merchandise, as Laurie said. It is our business at the present moment to follow only the elder. Ben went back to his chambers in the Albany, his personal headquarters, though he did not occupy them for more than three months in the year. Though he was called Ben, his name was the solemn family name of Benedict. It suited him better than the contraction. He was one of those men who are in the way of taking things very much in earnest—too much in earnest, some people thought. The fashion of the period had accustomed him to the light outward appearance and pretence of general indifference common to his kind; but in his heart he was not indifferent to any thing. He had felt his advantages keenly, taking all the more anxious care that no one should suspect him of doing so; and he felt his downfall now, to the bottom of his heart. He went back to London, which seemed the only place to go to in the emergency. He had been on a pleasant visit at a pleasant house when the call came to his father's death-bed. Now, in September, when he had not a friend remaining in town, he took his solitary way there, and went to the handsome, forlorn rooms, the very rent of which would now have swallowed up so great a part of his income. He went in listlessly, amid all the tokens of his former life, almost hating the signs of a luxury so far beyond his means. Ben had taste as well as Laurie, though in a different way. His chambers were furnished daintily, as became a man accustomed

to spend as he pleased and spare nothing. It had always been a comfort to Mr. Renton's practical eye, that his son's knick-knacks were all knick-knacks of a thoroughly salable kind—things which had a real value; and the same thought, as he entered, brought a smile upon Ben's face. "I shall make some money out of the d-d trash," he said to himself bitterly, thrusting away with his foot a little graceful *guéridon*, on which stood a Sèvres *déjeuner* service. The toy tottered, and would have fallen, but that he put out his hand by instinct to save it. Then—if the reader will not despise him for it—it must be allowed that Ben sank down into a chair, and did something equivalent to what a woman would have done had she cried. He muttered ill things of himself under his breath—he called himself a confounded fool to risk by his ill-temper any thing that might bring him the money he stood so much in need of—and then he covered his eyes with his hands, and felt a sudden contraction in his throat. He had nobody to appeal to, nobody to consult with. He had the problem of life to resolve for himself as he best could, and he had lost a father whom he loved, not a week before. All these thoughts came over him as he went into his old rooms, where all his favorite possessions were. Of course, neither the rooms nor their ornaments could be retained. All that Ben could pretend to now was of a much humbler description; but he could not hand over to another even the pain of putting things in order, and making ready for the final sacrifice. His servant would have to be given up too. He had not the means of hiring help to do any thing for him. Henceforward he would have to learn to do things for himself, and here was the first thing to do.

It is true that he would have given up these same rooms without a pang, for various other reasons;—had he been going to take possession of the house in Berkeley Square—which now, he supposed, would either be let or shut up;—had he been going abroad, or indeed for almost any other reasonable cause;—just as the people would do who break their hearts over the hall, or rectory, or deceased father's house, which they would have abandoned joyfully a dozen times in as many years, had a pleasant chance come in their way. It was the wreck of circumstances surrounding this change which wounded Ben; the breaking up of all his habits, and failure of every thing he had been used to. When he had recovered himself a little, he took a disconsolate stroll through the rooms, and reckoned up what his things had cost him:—his pictures—some of which were copies picked up abroad, and some *chefs-d'œuvre* of young artists at home, which Laurie had persuaded him to give good prices for:—the cabinets he had attained after unexampled efforts at Lady Bertram's sale—his choice little collection of old Dresden—even his pipes and his whips, and a hundred other trifles, which, when he counted them up, had cost heaps of money. Some of them, alas! were not even paid for, which was the worst sting of all. Ben had been in debt before now, and cared little enough, perhaps too little for it. He had felt the weight of wealth behind him, and that he could pay his arrears without much difficulty when he chose to make the effort. But now every thing was changed. It is only when debt becomes a necessity that it is a burden. He felt it now, dragging him down, as it were, staring into his face, hemming him in. Debt for bits of china, and pretty follies of furniture! and now, for aught he could tell, he might not have enough for daily bread. To be sure, a man could not starve upon two hundred a year; but there are such different ways of starving. And his whole year's income would not be nearly enough to pay off his rent, and his man, and the expenses of the break-up, not to speak of tradesmen. Such reflections were so novel to him that he sat down again in despair, with his brain going round and round. He did not even know how to set about being ruined. There was nobody in town likely to buy his pretty things at this time of the year, or to take his rooms off his hands. He had come up fully resolved to be sufficient to himself, to manage every thing himself, and to give no one the opportunity of pity or remark. But it was less easy than he supposed. As for his servant, he had been with him at the Manor, and had heard, or found out, or divined, as servants do, something of what had happened, and was not unprepared for dismissal. "Yes, sir," he said, without hesitation, when his master spoke to him. "I hope it's not that I don't give satisfaction, sir; I've always done my best."

"No, no," said Ben, with a young man's unnecessary explanatory. "I can't afford now to keep anybody but myself. I am very sorry. It is not that I have any objection to you."

"Yes, sir," said the man once more. "Of course it's understood that there's board-wages, sir, if I'm sent away in a hurry before the end of the month?"

"Have what you like," said Ben, with a little indignation. "If that's all, give me a note of exactly what's owing to you, and you can take yourself off as soon as you like."

"Yes, sir; but it looks peccoliar being sent away so sudden," said the fellow, standing his ground. "Perhaps you would not mind just giving a bit of an explanation to any gentleman as may come about my character. I hope you consider I deserve a good character, sir. Gentlemen, and 'specially ladies, is very apt to ask, 'How was it as you was turned away?'"

"You may go now," said Ben, coldly. "I have nothing more to say to you. I'll give you your money as soon as you're ready to go."

"But my character, sir?" insisted the man. Ben, in his wrath, seized his hat and went off, leaving Morris holding the door open with these words on his lips. He was unreasonably angry in spite of his better judgment. The very first man he had spoken to after his downfall to be so entirely indifferent to his concerns, so wrapped up in his own! What was Morris's miserable character or board-wages in comparison to Ben's overthrow and changed existence? He went out angry—in a passion, as Morris said, not without reason. Naturally, the man had his own theory of the whole matter, and held it for certain that his master had been going to the bad, or why should his father disinherit him?—to which question, indeed, it was difficult to make any answer. Ben's next errand was to a fashionable auctioneer and house-agent, who was very civil, and yet very different from what he had been when the young man of fashion took his rooms. "Going abroad, sir?" Mr. Robins said, with a certain scrutiny which made the young fellow, for the first time in his life, feel himself a doubtful character, required to give an account of himself.

"Perhaps. I can't say," he answered. "But these rooms have become too expensive for me, anyhow, and I want to sell my things."

"The worst possible time to do it," said the auctioneer, shaking his head. "There is not a soul in town, sir, as you know as well as I do. Even in our humble way, we are going to the country ourselves. They would not fetch a third of their proper price now."

"But I want the money," said Ben; "and I can't keep up the place. I must get rid of them now."

"I can take your orders, of course, sir," said Mr. Robins, deprecatingly; "but it will be at a frightful sacrifice. Nobody but dealers will look at them now, and we all know what dealers are. Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest—a fine maxim, sir, for trade; but ruinous for fancy articles, when you have to push them to a sale, and there's nobody to buy."

"I can't help myself," said Ben, abruptly. He had almost said, "What would you advise me to do?" But his mind was in such a restless state, that the pendulum had veered back again to its first throb of obstinacy ere he could say the other words. And the orders were taken accordingly. Then he went to his club with the listlessness of a man who does not know what to do. What was he to do? Supposing he could make his club his home, with a bedroom somewhere to sleep in, and the Manor and his friends to fall back upon—would that do? Probably he could manage it, even on his small income, by dint of economy—that unknown quality to which ignorance gave a certain appearance of facility. With no servant, no expensive habits, no entertainment of friends, he might be able to manage. This was what some one of his spiritual enemies whispered in Ben's ear. The next moment he jumped up and began to walk about the long vacant room—of which at the moment he was the sole occupant—with sudden agitation. His idle, pleasant life had come natural to him in the past; but already, though so little time had elapsed, it was no longer natural. To spend seven years of his existence planning how to save shillings and keep up appearances—to live, he a young man at the height of his strength and powers—the life of a genteel old maid! That was impossible. A day-laborer would be better, he said to himself. But it is so easy to say that! He knew well enough that he could not be a day-laborer; and what could he be?

He had come thus far in his uncomfortable thoughts when somebody struck him familiarly on the shoulder, with an exclamation of surprise, "You here!" said the new-comer. "You in London, when

there is nobody in it, Ben Renton! You are the last fellow I expected to see."

"What, Hillyard!" said Ben, though his cordiality was languid in comparison. "Back so soon? Have you made your fortune already?" And as he spoke it occurred to him that going to Australia must be the thing to do.

"Not much of that," said his friend, who was very brown and very hairy, and in clothes that would not bear examination. "That is easier said than done. I have spent all I had, which comes to about the same thing; and now I've come back to try my luck at home—my ill-luck, I should say."

Then it is no good going to Australia, was the thought that passed, rapid as the light, through Ben's mind. "But I thought all sorts of people made fortunes at the diggings, or in the bush, or whatever you call it," was what he said.

"Yes, that's how one deceives one's self," said the adventurer. "One throws every thing together in a lump, and one thinks it's all right; whereas it's all wrong, you know. If I had been brought up to be a shepherd I might have got on in the bush; and if I had been brought up a bricklayer's laborer I might have succeeded at the diggings; but I was not, you see. And even in these elevated branches of industry the requirements are quite different. Let us have some dinner, Renton. It's great luck to find any one to hob-and-nob with, especially such a fellow as you."

"Dinner!" said Ben, amazed, looking at his watch. "Why, it's only three o'clock."

Upon which Mr. Hillyard burst into a great laugh. "I forgot I was back in civilization," he said; "but I must have something to eat, whatever you call it. Yes, here I am, no better than when I went away. I believe it's all luck, after all. Some fellows get on like a house on fire. Some are thankful for bread and cheese all their lives; some if they work themselves sick, don't get that. What's the good of making one's self miserable?—it's all fate."

"I suppose one must live, however, in spite of fate," said Ben, not caring much what were the first words that came to his lips, nor with any meaning to speak of in what he said.

"Oh, I never was one of your tragical heroes," said Hillyard; "better luck next time is always my motto; though, mind you, I'm not so sure that one is bound to live in spite of every thing. I don't see the necessity. If there's any thing better to go to, why shouldn't one have a try for it? and if there isn't, what does it matter? It's a man's own responsibility. If he likes to face it, let him, and don't abuse the poor devil as if he were a pickpocket. Why, there was a fellow the other day—and, by-the-way, I am taking his things home to his mother, which is a nice commission—who squared off his fate with a bullet, by my side. I must say, I can't blame him for one. Things could not well be worse up there," said this savage philosopher, waving his hand vaguely toward the roof, "than they were down below. But this is queer sort of talk when one has just come home, and to a favorite of fortune like you."

"I am not much of a favorite of fortune just now," said Ben, with a certain longing for human sympathy. "But I'll tell you about that afterward. Now you have come home, are you going to stay in town, or what do you mean to do?"

The question was asked not quite in good faith, for it glided vaguely across Ben's mind that the plans of a man who had long lived on his wits might suggest something for his own aid; and the answer was not more ingenuous, for it naturally occurred to Hillyard that his friend, who had the liberal hospitality of a great country-house to fall back on, and the probability of a shooting-box somewhere of his own, might intend to offer him an invitation, and so bridge over some portion of those autumn months, which were of so little use to a man who is looking for something to do.

"I shall get along, I suppose, in the old way," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I'll serve up my Australian experiences for the papers, perhaps; or do them philosophically, with all their chances and dangers for intending emigrants, for the *Monthly*, if I can get hold of Rathbone; or go in as a coach. I flatter myself I could give the colonial secretary a hint or two if I could get at him. A little tall talk hurts no one. The fact is, I don't know what I am going to be about," he added, with a sigh. "Living on one's wits is hard work enough. I have kept up nothing of old days except the club, which is always a kind of haven; though, I dare say, that sounds strange to you."

"Not now," said Ben, with a contraction in his throat. "I am as poor as you, and more helpless. I rather think I am good for nothing. I suppose I shall get used to it in time, but it's not a pleasant feeling now."

And then he told him all with a curious effusion, which did not surprise his companion more than it did himself. He had resolved to say nothing to any one—to lock up his troubles in his own breast, and seek no advice even from his oldest friends; and here he was unbosoming himself to the first-comer—a man whom he had not seen for two years, and who was by no means one of his close friends. He was not aware, poor fellow, what necessity of nature it was that moved him. He justified himself after by the reflection that Hillyard was, so to speak, a stranger and safe confidant—that there was nobody in town to whom he could repeat it—that he was a brother in misfortune, shifty and full of expedients, and might help him. But all these were after-thoughts. His real impulse was the mere instinct of nature to relieve himself from the secret pressure of a burden which was more than his unaccustomed shoulders could bear.

Hillyard was much amazed and mystified by the strange tale, and could with difficulty be brought to believe it. But he was very sympathetic and consolatory when his first incredulity was got over.

"After all, it's only for seven years," he said; "that is not so very much in a life. If I knew I should come into a good estate at forty—ay, or at fifty—I shouldn't mind the struggle now; and you will be only a little over thirty. It's nothing—it's absolutely nothing. You're down just now, and taken by surprise, and out of spirits with what's happened, and all that. But things will look better presently. You think it's hard to struggle and work, and never know where you're to get to-morrow's dinner," said the adventurer, with a certain light kindling in his eyes; "but sometimes it gives a wonderful relish to life. You enjoy the dinner all the better. It's more exciting than fox-hunting, or even elephant-hunting; and what does a fellow want in life but lots of excitement and movement and stir? As long," he added, after a pause, "as your strength lasts, and your mind, and your spirit. I don't care for fame well-being, with no risks in it. It will be nothing but fun for you."

"I don't see the fun," said Ben; but certainly the dark clouds over him were moved by the suggestion. "And I have not your knowledge or resources. Absolutely, if you'll believe me, I have not an idea what to do."

"So I should think," said Hillyard; "it would be odd if you had, plunged into it like this, without a moment's notice. Lie on your oars, my dear fellow, for a day or two, and come about with me. We may hit on something, you know; and, at all events, a few days' waiting can do you no harm."

By this time his meal had been served to him, and its arrival interrupted the talk. Ben rose and walked away to a distant window, already feeling some thrills of self-disgust at what he had done. As he stood looking out upon the flood of human beings, each absorbed in his own interests, he felt, perhaps for the first time in his life, how utterly unimportant to the world was his individual comfort, or that of any one mortal creature. He was no more to the crowd, not so much, as one drop of perfume or of bitterness would be to the pleasant Thames as it floated past his father's house—not near so much. The sea would be a juster emblem—that sea which swallowed up rivers and showed no increase, which threw forth its lavish atoms to the air, and knew no diminution. He had been an important personage up to this moment, even in his own opinion, though he had always known theoretically the insignificance of the individual. But he knew it now with a certainty beyond theory. When Hillyard and he were driven against the rocks, who would know the difference, or be any the wiser? He who a month ago would have compassionately taken Hillyard home with him, to give him a little time to consider, was now, under the adventurer's guidance, a more hopeless adventurer than he. Ben's thoughts were not pleasant, as he stood and looked out, watching the stream—deep, no doubt, with human passion, sorrow, and perplexity, but so inexpressive on the surface—which kept flowing on like water, as perennial and unbroken. His own life flitted before him like a dream as he stood looking out—so useless, and luxurious, and free; so care-laden and overwhelmed by storms; so vague and doubtful in the future. Had he even known what would await him in the end, his fate would have been less hard. Perhaps his very efforts to work out the time of his probation might secure the loss of his birthright. He might find that he worked the wrong

way, that he had missed the end, even after his best exertions. A funeral procession was making its way at the moment up the busy street, to which it gave so strange a moral. And Ben turned away his head and sat down, sickened by the sight of the slow hearse with its waving plumes. To think he should have been defrauded even of his natural grief, even of the softening of his heart, which should have come over his father's grave! Was the inmate of that other coffin leaving a wrong behind him, casting a stone with his dead hands to crush his children? This, no doubt, was a harsh way of taking his trouble; but there are men to whom all crosses come harshly, and Ben Renton was one of them. Hillyard, satisfied and comfortable, with a slight flush of bodily well-being on his face, came up to him as he mused, with the glass of sherry in his hand.

"Not bad wine," he said, with a sigh of comfort, "and not a bad dinner, I can tell you, to a man fresh from the backwoods. Ben, I've got a wretched thing to do, and I want you to go with me. You're out of spirits, at any rate, and it will do you no harm."

"What is it?" said Ben.

"I am going to see the mother of the poor fellow I told you of. She's a widow, living somewhere about Manchester Square. I rather think he was the only son. He made a mull of it at some of those confounded examinations, and rushed out to Australia in despair; and all went wrong with him there, and he squared it off, as I told you. I have to take her some of his things. You look more like the kind of thing, with your black clothes and your grave face, than I do. Stand by me, Ben, and I'll stand by you."

"As you please," said Ben, languidly. Already the familiarity of his new-old friend jarred on him a little. But he did not care what he did at that moment; he did not much care even what became of him. He had nothing to do, and nobody to see. It was as easy to go to Manchester Square as anywhere else, though the locality was not delectable. He suffered Hillyard to take his arm and draw him along, without much interest one way or another, not seeing how his compliance with such a trifling request could particularly affect even the hour of time which it occupied, much less his character or his life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

BEYOND all comparison, the most brilliant and startling conquest which the human mind has yet made over the domain of Nature, consists in that group of discoveries which is described by the term *Spectrum Analysis*. It provokes amazement in every aspect. In the first place, the developments have been made with a rapidity that is almost astounding; the whole thing has been done in ten years. Dr. Wollaston discovered, in 1802, that, by looking carefully at the solar spectrum with a spy-glass, dark lines could be seen crossing it. In 1815, Fraunhofer, a German optician, rediscovered and made a map of several hundreds of them, and from that time they were called, after him, *Fraunhofer's lines*. But few supposed that there was the slightest possible significance in them; they were regarded as mere optical curiosities, having no higher use than to serve as landmarks for measuring the spaces of the colored spectrum. But, in 1859, the two German chemists Kirchhoff and Bunsen made the capital discovery that each chemical element, when burning in a flame, gave out a light that had its peculiar marks or lines, so that these lines could become a means of detecting the element. A totally new mode of chemical analysis was thus hit upon far more delicate than any thing hitherto known, and a method, moreover, which was capable of becoming a *revelator of the constitution of the universe*. Chemistry, at a single stroke, was fused with astronomy, and the universal agent of light became the powerful servant of the laboratory.

At the very first step, several new elements were discovered, the existence of which had never before been suspected. Examining with the spectrum the ash of some mineral waters, Prof. Bunsen thought he saw some lines which did not belong to substances already known. He then boiled down forty-four

tons of Durkheim spring-water, and got a couple of hundred grains of residue, from which he extracted two new metals, Cæsium and Rubidium, which resemble potassium. This rubidium has been since found in the ash of oak, of beet-root, of tobacco, coffee, tea, and cocoa.

The spectrum analysis, however, is not a mere instrument of original chemical research; it has a "practical" applicability. The "Bessemers process," as it is called, is a method of converting cast iron directly into steel. Cast iron contains more carbon than steel, and it is converted into steel by burning this carbon out of the molten white-hot mass by a blast of atmospheric air. In this operation five tons of cast iron are converted in twenty minutes into five tons of cast steel. But the success of the process depends upon being able to stop it at just the right time. If continued ten seconds too long, or stopped ten seconds too quickly, the batch is spoiled. The flame, of course, is an index of the advance of the combustion, and, by watching it with the spectroscopic, the appearance and disappearance of the lines indicate the exact moment at which the operation is to be arrested.

The spectroscopic promises also to become a very valuable instrument in medico-legal investigations into the evidences of criminality. Blood-stains may be detected by it with extreme delicacy. Mr. Sorby has shown that the one-thousandth part of a grain of the red-coloring matter of a blood-stain may be detected with the greatest certainty.

But it is in its celestial applications that the spectroscopic has performed its most wonderful achievements. The constitution of the sun, for example, which, ten years ago, was a matter of the purest conjecture, is now a matter of definite and positive knowledge. We know what it is composed of—its chemical constituents—not as completely, but with the same certainty, as we know the chemical constitution of the earth. Sixteen of the elements, with which we are familiar upon earth, are proved also to exist in the atmosphere of the sun. They are the following: sodium, calcium, barium, magnesium, iron, chromium, nickel, copper, zinc, strontium, cadmium, cobalt, hydrogen, manganese, aluminum, titanium.

The stars have been also subjected to spectroscopic study with equal success. They are shown to resemble our sun, their light coming from white-hot matter in their atmospheres. About eighty lines in the spectrum of the light from Aldebaran have been mapped, and it has been ascertained that the atmosphere of this star contains sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. Sirius contains sodium, magnesium, iron, and hydrogen. About sixty other stars have been examined, and all seem to have some chemical element known on earth.

"Variable stars show more lines at one time than at another, but many years must pass away before the variations in their spectra at different times can be mapped and compared. Our own sun, for instance, is to a slight extent a variable star, owing to a difference in the sizes of the spots at different times. Its period of variation from one maximum to another is about eleven years. Temporary stars sometimes blaze out suddenly in the heavens, and then disappear or fall off in brilliancy. On the 12th of May, 1866, a star of the second magnitude burst out in the constellation of the Northern Crown, and was examined with the apparatus just described on the 16th of the same month, when it had not fallen much below the third magnitude. It gave two distinct spectra, one consisting of two very bright lines, and the other being continuous. The latter spectrum was crowded with dark lines, proving the presence of a highly-absorptive atmosphere. But the four bright lines must have been caused by luminous gases, one of which gases was hydrogen. It appears as if the star were by some means suddenly supplied with a vast volume of hydrogen, and became enveloped for many days in a vast atmosphere of the burning gas. Perhaps if our earth fell into the sun, it would cause a similar conflagration, because steam can be decomposed into its constituent elements by the action of a very intense white heat, like that required to melt platinum."

We have not here attempted to explain the principle of the spectroscopic. The way to understand it thoroughly is to work with the instrument itself; but, where this is impossible, the only way to get an idea of its nature and operation, is by the extensive use of illustrations and colored plates. All interested in this beautiful subject will be glad to know that Prof. Roscoe, the eminent chemist of Manchester, has undertaken the task of preparing a work which shall present the subject with all that clearness and copiousness of illustration which the peculiarity of its phenomena requires. This work is now published, and it is hardly too much to say that in its pictorial execution it is worthy of his beautiful theme. It is elementary and popular, and treats the subject in all its most interesting aspects, while his colored representations of the spectra have a vividness that seem almost to approach the reality. Prof. Roscoe has himself contributed in no small degree to the progress of spectroscopic investigation, and is qualified to make such a presentation of it as will be approved and appreciated by men of science, and will command the confidence of all.

EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

HAVING in a former article considered some of the alleged educational advantages of the study of Latin, let us now turn our attention to the claims of English:

Passages of English, more or less unsuited for children, and often selected without method, are part of existing school-drill. This might be supplemented by attention to elocution and practice in committing to memory exercises that children are peculiarly apt for. Such exercises have the advantage of keeping the pupil occupied with the words of his own language, and of storing him with a fund of expression.

Looking out the meanings is also a valuable exercise in greater or less present practice. In the hands of a skilful teacher this might lead to a wide command of synonyms. The highest form of this exercise would be the precise discrimination of synonyms. The want of some such early training is very marked in current literature. It is strange that men should know, or at least have spent much of their school-time in learning, the conjectured shades of meaning in Latin or Greek words, while they ride rough-shod over the delicacies of their own vocabulary.

Again, if philology is to be studied, apart from comparative philology, it might be expected that boys should be taught the origin and changes in form and meaning of words they use daily, rather than crammed with the history of words they never use in after-life, and never view with any thing but a pedantic interest at the best.

A beginning might be made in philology at an early stage. The sources of words are determined by simple rules; it would be an easy task for beginners to apply these rules in referring words to their source, to decide whether words were taken from Latin, or Saxon, or Norman-French. A good exercise would be to Saxonize a whole Latinized paragraph, and inversely.

In discussing other studies in English, I shall make a distinction between analytical processes and synthetical processes. Both occur in dealing with what usage permits—the province of grammar—and also in dealing with what, within the compass of permissible usage, is best suited for its purpose—the province of rhetoric. Analysis is otherwise known as construing, or parsing; synthesis, as constructing, or composing.

In the meagre share of our school-time now allotted to the teaching of English, very little is done toward the practice of these operations. This is all the more to be deplored, because the analysis of sentences and the principles of composition are not taught in connection with Latin or Greek. It is a great waste of energy to learn meanings and shades of meaning of so many vocabularies destined to total neglect as soon as they have been learned; the evil is aggravated when so much lumber is acquired without reference to principles applicable to all verbal compositions.

The grammatical analysis of sentences has lately been introduced in

into our schools. But the complaint is made that boys, though they soon learn to repeat glibly enough the hard terms used in that process, often fail to understand them. Now, what is the cause of this? It is due to two causes, both arising from the consumption of so much time on Latin and Greek. Too little time is left for this analysis; none but teachers know the quantity of iteration and exemplification necessary to get an abstract notion into a boy's head. And there is no time at all for an exercise, without which analysis can never be vividly understood—the opposite process of synthesis. Before a boy can be fully awakened to the gist of the terms of analysis, he must have applied them again and again to themes of his own composing, and there will be no time for such an exercise until there is an end of the classical supremacy.

There are books of elementary exercise in the synthesis of sentences. They are of a kind that any teacher might make for himself to suit his particular boys; and, once the ingenuity of teachers is set upon such exercises, they will doubtless be multiplied abundantly. I refer the inquirer to Mr. Dalglish's "Introductory Text-book of English Composition," to Mr. Armstrong's "Practical Introduction to English Composition," and other works of the same nature.

The purification of the language from blunders is an urgent necessity. A good way of habituating the pupil to recognized usage would be to keep him working at collections of grammatical blunders. Were English made the systematic study that Latin has been, we should in this way effect in the course of a generation or two a great purification of our language. We have a good many collections of genuine idioms with examples of their violation; but we want a great many books of this kind—contributions from many workers in the same field. Latin is well provided for in this way. One cannot help regretting that so much time has been thrown away upon settling pure Latin usage that might have been spent so much more profitably in the purification of our own tongue.

So much for familiarizing the pupil with the parts of a sentence, and correct grammatical usage. Practical teachers will recognize in what has been exhibited a wide field for school-study. Others will understand the amount of exercise involved, when they reflect upon the time now spent upon introductory exercises to Latin, of a much less extensive range than those I have indicated.

A knowledge of admissible forms of expression is more than Mr. Dasent seems to have found in several "good Latin scholars." But a youth that is master of this accomplishment is but indifferently equipped for recording and communicating his thoughts. Much imperfect expression passes current. A thing may be put a hundred ways, all conformable to grammar; yet one, and perhaps not many more than one, accords with the laws of good composition.

Can the principles of good composition be taught? Is rhetoric—the knowledge of good and bad in expression, viewed with reference to certain ends—a possible accomplishment for the school-boy? According to De Quincey, the end of rhetoric, as conceived by the ancients, was either ornament or fraud, figurative decoration or sophistry—a conception of rhetoric not so very rare in our day. The one end was served by the branches of rhetoric conversant with tropes, figures, and emotional qualities of style; the other by the various maxims of persuasive art, consisting for the most part of shrewd devices for securing plausibility. I believe something more might be made of those branches of education than mere garnishing and trickery; still they are, perhaps, too advanced for the school-room. Be that as it may, there are other parts of rhetoric that have a prior claim, because of more general value. De Quincey's account of ancient rhetoric is a fair enough summary; but of late years the canons of rhetoric have taken a wider scope. In Professor Bain's *Rhetoric* or *English Composition*, written with the scientific exhaustiveness and originality characteristic of the author, we have great advance upon Aristotle. In addition to the old material completed and methodized, we have a body of rules bearing upon the order of words, the principles of the construction of sentences and of paragraphs, the principles of description, narration, and exposition. Of these subjects, the first four are admirably suited for the school-boy, description more than narration or exposition—although these also might be valuable—because it is regulated by a compact, complete, and easily-managed body of maxims.

What is there, then, to prevent this department of English composition from being practised in our schools, instead of composition in a dead language, where the sole ambition is to be grammatical? A

variety of objections may be urged, which I proceed to discuss one by one. They will be found to disappear on consideration:

1. It may be said that *such studies are not ample enough* to keep our school-boys busy, and so fail in the most fundamental requisite of a school-study. How to arrange words, how to form sentences and paragraphs, how to make an easily-conceivable description—why should not that be learned in a few lessons? If so, why are years spent in teaching our boys to avoid a few stock pitfalls in Latin composition? The reason is obvious. The rules or principles you may learn in a few lessons; you may not be perfect in the practice of these rules after years of study. The same thing is seen in every art. The pugilist or fencer soon learns the guards theoretically: it is a long time before he can promptly parry the hit or thrust of an adversary. The musician knows all the notes, and where he should place his fingers to bring them out, long before he can play at sight. We can all of us remember what we should have done; the opportunity is often past before we remember what we should do. In English composition, as in every thing else, theory and practice are two very different things. Take, for example, two points—how to place qualifying clauses in the most advantageous light for the words they qualify, and how to apportion the emphatic places of a sentence. These are embodied in Professor Bain's work, and treated of in isolation, the one by Mr. Herbert Spencer, the other by Mr. Matthew Arnold. The principles are within the comprehension of any boy of ordinary intelligence. And yet they may be practised for years by a grown man without insuring infallibility in rapid composition. Here is a wide field for educational exercises—a field wide as the writings of the language, beginning with easy examples, and reaching on to the more difficult. No expensive apparatus is required; wherever you have sentences written in English, you may fall to work. The principles I have mentioned are but samples. The difficulty is not to get work to overtake, but to overtake much of the work that waits for us.

2. It may be said that *studies of this kind are more elegant trifling*. Admitted that classical studies are of no practical value, except for discipline; admitted that these English studies contain all the elements of discipline—the one is as useless subsequently as the other; there is no reason for substituting the one for the other. I say that English studies have at least the advantage of keeping the pupil occupied with the words and correct usages of *his own language*, and that this, were there nothing else, is sufficient cause for change. But I say, further that these studies can be so directed as to cultivate clearness and force of expression. Perhaps it is said that clearness and force are natural gifts. That clearness and force are natural gifts, and that a teacher cannot communicate brains, nobody will dare to dispute; but, that the devices and appliances for giving clearness and force to what they say can be communicated to boys of natural aptitude by a skilled teacher, I hold to be beyond question. All would not learn to compose English well any more than all learn to compose Latin well; but some would learn; and no more can be said for any system of instruction.

3. It may be said that, granting careful tuition to be a help in acquiring clearness and force of expression, *a good style can be formed only by familiarity with the best writers*. I answer that this is no objection to the scheme we have considered. We made provision for the analytical as well as the synthetical study of English, rhetorical parsing as well as rhetorical practice. What I insist upon is, that we must have principles of good and bad in expression drilled into our boys, principles to be borne in mind both in analysis and in synthesis, in reading authors as well as in our own composition. Otherwise how are we to know what to adopt and what to reject in an author, what to imitate and what to avoid; and how shall we escape the errors of Latinists that worship the conceits of Cicero, and adore the Patavinities of Livy? I quote from Dryden a striking confirmation: "Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern, not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites or the greater part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model; adore him and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is inharmonious."

4. It may be said that, granting the necessity of reading admired authors critically, that is, upon principles of good and bad, *there are no good authors in English*, and that the pupil should go with his principles to classical Greek and Latin. Supposing there were no good authors in our tongue, the amendment of the bad would be as valuable an exercise as the recognition of the good. However, we should be glad to think with Macaulay: "It may safely be said that the literature now extant in the English language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world put together."

5. It may be urged that if composition were managed according to rule, *there would be no scope for variety*. That depends upon the nature of the body of rules. If the rule is absurdly narrow, obedience to it will result in a dead monotony. For example, on the unity of the sentence, Irving lays down that "different thoughts ought to be separated in the expression by being placed in different periods"—a rule that would reduce all composition to the movement of a jig. On the contrary, Professor Bain recognizes that the matter of a sentence is determined by the rest of the composition, and gives the limitations of the absolute rule of unity. A principle of this kind, so far from inducing monotony, tends to assist variety: the writer is compelled to think of the matter of his sentences, and, in all probability, will thereby be prevented from the natural tendency to run them all together on the same model. Even if the rule were absolute, it would still be valuable, provided its reasons were assigned. The dull pupil would be dull all the same: the eager pupil, if he found the restrictions irksome, would either overthrow the reasons, or cast about for all variety within the letter of the law. Cut a root that intrudes into your garden, and the stump sends out twenty suckers for the one. You produce the same effect when you stop short an inquiring boy with a rule: the dull boy, a dead root, is little affected for good or for evil, but the clever boy is put upon his mettle, and becomes twice as active as before.

6. It will be said that *writing by rule, like walking on stilts*, must be a very cramped and constrained movement. The awkwardness in both cases is removed by practice.

7. It might be maintained that we should have *nobody to teach the new subject*. Such an evil would rapidly disappear. Many teachers are already competent, and all could without difficulty keep ahead of their first batch of pupils.

8. It may again be said that *no material for school exercises has been accumulated*, and that taking up an author at random would be unprofitable. It is not so; a good deal of such material has been accumulated. The reason why so little, comparatively, has been done, is plain enough. Our school-rooms have been occupied by a foreign invader, and the makers of school-books have been retained in alien service. For generations our boys have been condemned to anomalies in Greek and Latin, gender, declension, and conjugation, Greek accents, Latin quantities, stiff constructions in Virgil, obscure allusions in Juvenal, various readings in Æschylus, years of study at things of no human use or interest; and generation after generation of schoolmasters and book-compilers have been tortured to supply the means of torture. If the same amount of ingenuity had been expended upon English, our young writers might have been saved many a throe of composition, and our language many an ugly blemish. No one can tell how much the language might have been improved, and its superior modes and characteristics rendered habitual to the mass of our countrymen.

What I proposed in these papers was, to inquire whether classical studies should cease to be the staple of a liberal education; should in public institutions for general instruction continue to form the basis of all scholarly acquirements. We have reached the conclusion that Latin and Greek in that capacity should be replaced by English. There is, however, no reason why such a change should involve the entire cessation of Latin and Greek studies. It would simply make Latin and Greek as other foreign languages are. It would make them optional as Hebrew, Sanscrit, German, French. It would prevent the distorted view that we take of their importance, from their anomalous place in our education. It would enable us to survey them in their true light, as two—perhaps an important two, but still only two—of the great family of languages. Our conclusion is, not that the study of Latin and Greek should be discontinued, but that whatever acquisitions be intended for the school-boy, the foundation of them all should be, not a knowledge of Latin and Greek, but a competent knowledge of his own language.

SCIENCE AND MEDICAL CULTURE.

By PROF. W. R. GROVE.

THE doctors of St. Mary's Hospital lately employed Professor Grove, who is not a doctor, to talk to them about the necessity of science in medical education. After referring to his odd position, the speaker began by relating an anecdote of Dr. Faraday's experience in Wales, in 1819, which the great physicist had recorded as follows:

"I wanted a little alcohol; and, having found out a doctor's shop and a spruce doctor's man, got some. I then asked for a little spirits of salts, hoping I could have it in a glass-stoppered bottle. The man found me a bottle, having emptied one of his preparations out of it, and would then have poured in acid; but it was not the acid I wanted, and I again mentioned spirits of salts to him, willing to allow every thing to the possibility of his ignorance of the scientific name, but at the same time adding 'muriatic acid,' to save his credit, if possible. He now seemed to understand me; and, reaching down another bottle, again prepared to pour, but I stopped him. 'It is muriatic acid that I want.' 'This is muriatic acid, sir.' 'No; that is nitric acid.' 'They are the same, sir.' 'Oh, no; there is a little difference between them; and one will not do for me as well as the other.' I then endeavored to explain that the one came from nitre; the other from common table-salt. He comprehended a difference between these two bodies, but not between their acids; and he brought out a *Pharmacopœia*, and, opening it at Muriatic Acid, uttered the Latin name and synonymes fluently and with great emphasis, endeavoring thus to prove to me the two were alike. I was really ashamed to correct the doctor; and, if I had not been under the necessity of vindicating my contradiction of him, should have left him in ignorance. However, at last I made him comprehend, from his own book, that there was something like a difference between these acids; but I don't think he shut the book much improved by the affair. I could scarcely afterward look at the man. If he had any feeling—he appeared to have a considerable stock of pride—he must have felt himself extremely lowered in the eyes of strangers, and before his own companion, who was standing by. I began to rummage his bottles for muriatic acid myself; but I must do him the justice to say he first found out what little they had (about an ounce), and that he really compared it with the nitric acid—I hope for information, though the object professedly was to show me how like they were. Is it not strange that a man so ignorant of his profession should still appear respectable in it; or that one so incompetent should be intrusted with the health and lives of his fellow-creatures? Had I seen nothing more than his harshly dictatorial manner to a poor woman who came in with a prescription and a bottle in her hand, I should have concluded him to be a man who had attained the utmost knowledge of, and confidence in, his art. Seeing what I did, I cannot enough condemn the being who, without a knowledge even of the first requisites of an honorable but dangerous profession, assumed to himself its credit and its power, and dashed at once upon human life with all the means of destruction about him, and the most perfect ignorance of their force."

Another instance of the dangers of ignorance occurred to myself twenty-five years ago. Suffering from an illness for which strong doses of opium were required, I obtained a prescription which concluded with the words "*quarta quaque hora sumendum*." Fortunately for me, though perhaps not for you, I read it; for, when the bottle came, it was labelled, "To be taken every quarter of an hour," which direction would have given me sixteen times the prescribed quantity; and, had I followed it, you would have been spared the trouble of listening to me to-day. Another not uncommon mistake arising from ignorance of chemistry was that, in prescriptions of two or more substances, each of which singly was known to produce a certain effect on the human body, the practitioner considered that by mixing them he would get the effect of each; whereas, if even a slight chemical change took place on admixture, the resulting compound or precipitate produced a totally different effect from any of the components, and was, consequently, injurious, if not fatal.

If there be one species of cant more detestable than another, it is that which eulogizes what is called the practical man as contradistinguished from the scientific. If by practical man is meant one who, having a mind well stored with scientific and general information, has

his knowledge chastened, and his theoretic temerity subdued, by varied experience, nothing can be better; but if, as is commonly meant by the phrase, a practical man mean one whose knowledge is only derived from habit or traditional system, such a man has no resource to meet unusual circumstances; such a man has no plasticity; he kills a man according to rule, and consoles himself, like Molière's doctor, by the reflection that a dead man is only a dead man, but a deviation from received practice is an injury to the whole profession.

The anecdotes with which I commenced, though doubtless not applicable to the present day, or to this metropolis, show the frightful power which is wielded by medical men. How many fatal blunders may occur we know not, for those who commit them are generally careful to keep the eleventh commandment, viz., "Thou shalt not be found out." How much harm, however, must have been done, not by ignorance such as this, but by what I may call accredited ignorance, i. e., by received modes of treatment, which the intelligent practitioner despised, but dared not depart from. The practice has so recently ceased that I can hardly venture to remark on it, by which a medical man was paid only for and in proportion to the quantity of drugs he administered; so that in very many cases—in all, more or less—the most honest practitioner could only support his family by giving sham medicine, or that which would produce no ill effect. Even this was difficult, as I need not tell you that a glass of water does harm if it is not wanted. What injury, again, you now know to have been effected by the blind and almost compulsory following of systems—from the time of the Dogmatists and Empirics to the phlogistic and anti-phlogistic doctors, and from them almost to the beginning of the present century—what terrible results must have followed from ignorance of physical science, and of its judicious application to medicine!

Physician, i. e., student of nature; but what is nature? Not a personified existence, as she is apt to be conceived, but simply what is, what we observe, or what we deduce or generalize from observed phenomena. Observation teaches us, when directed to organic beings, that they have an adaptability to circumstances, arising, probably, from long-continued adaptation; but the limits of this adaptability are exceedingly difficult to ascertain. To know when and to what extent change will benefit, and when it will injure or destroy, requires the highest skill of the experienced and scientific physician. The so-called nature of the hot-house grape, of the domestic cow, differs from that of their wild congeners—they suffer from different diseases, and require different remedies.

What is disease? Speaking crudely, is it any thing but too sudden a departure from uniformity of action? The function of the whole or of some part of an organism is rapidly accelerated or impeded; the other organs cannot keep pace with it; the structure becomes changed, because those motions which preserve its form, those secretions which feed it, are out of time with it; and either the destruction of the organism, or the setting up of a *quasi* independent life, ensues. Things have become what they are by slow alterations during ages, and their power of adaptation will not bear sudden changes. What can enable you to detect and to remedy this? First, a knowledge of the functions of the body in its healthy state; second, a knowledge of the cause of the derangement. Can you proceed one step in these inquiries without a knowledge—ay, a profound knowledge—of physical science? Could we tell, without a knowledge of chemistry, only attained in the present century, why train-oil is good for the Esquimaux and rice for the Oriental? Until a few years back, we did not know that fat, and not lean meat, was the best food for those who undergo great but rather sudden physical exertion; and even now we do not know how much sugar, starch, or fat, and how much nitrogenous food are suitable for given habits; how much lime, how much phosphoric acid, etc., are required; for a man without bones would not succeed, and bones cannot grow out of nothing, or substantially from other elements than their normal constituents. The sportsman's appetite may guide him with tolerable accuracy, but you have to treat the lawyer and the statesman, and to tell them how they are to economize their powers under the most trying changes of condition. And your difficulty is the greater that you are not allowed to experiment. If a physician could select, say ten patients laboring under similar disorders, and apply a different mode of treatment to each, he would greatly promote the science of medicine; but he would, doubtless, be sentenced to penal servitude for manslaughter.

Of the first two steps to physical science—observation and experiment—one is, to a great extent, denied you. How can you supplement

it? Very feebly, I own. You have, to some extent, *post-mortem* dissection, and you have comparative anatomy and physiology; but you have a little more: you may substitute for experiment, observation of individuals; or, better still, of classes, placed by their necessities under circumscribed conditions. Thus the miner would give you some aid as to what degree of health was compatible with exclusion from light and respiration in an abnormal air; and what diseases are produced by such conditions of existence. The fisherman could assist you as to what are the effects produced by a fish diet, etc. Indeed, there is some scope for individual experiment. Fick and Wislicenus made valuable experiments on themselves in their ascent of the Faulhorn. Regnault made valuable experiments on animals (hardly chargeable, like vivisection, with cruelty) by keeping them in different gases, and supplying them with special food.

Physical science applied to these cases is at present in its infancy; but can any thing else do any thing? It provokes me to hear classically-educated men speak in patronizing terms of the introduction of physical science into general education, such as, "I do not object to physical science; I have no prejudice against it." Why, you might as well object to breathing, to eating, to feeling.

TABLE-TALK.

ANOTHER geographical and commercial revolution is about to take place on this continent, the importance of which, and its ultimate influence upon this nation, cannot be over-estimated. It is the abolition of the exclusive privileges of the Hudson's-Bay Company, or, in other words, the practical dissolution of a great and oppressive monopoly, which has never had a parallel except in the East-India Company. The Hudson's-Bay Company, chartered in 1670, and then confined in its practical operations to a small section of country in the immediate vicinity of Hudson's Bay, from time to time availed itself of the vague terms of its charter, and extended its bounds until, in 1868, it claimed and exercised exclusive control over one million four hundred thousand square miles of territory, including in its limits great lakes and rivers, mountains rich with precious metals, lands fertile and ready for the husbandman, and forests of the most valuable timber. From this vast extent of valuable territory the colonist and the trader were excluded, that it might be retained as a preserve for fur-producing animals, in themselves a mine of wealth for the sharers in this most iniquitous organization. The spirit of the age is now too far advanced to submit to the maintenance of such a barrier to the progress of civilization; the Government of Great Britain has put an end to these privileges, and, the whole country having been thrown open to the settler, a new nation will soon arise upon our northern border. The Red-River settlement of the north, prosperous, even under the iron rule, and despite the repressive efforts, of the Hudson's-Bay Company, will extend its borders; a country whose fertility and natural wealth are beyond calculation will become settled and developed; a new railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be opened; cities will spring up—all toward the performance of the divine command that man should "replenish the earth and subdue it." It being, then, certain that this grand development of the expansive and aggressive characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race will soon become an accomplished fact, the most vital questions suggest themselves as to its bearing upon our own national future. Will this new nation be our rival in the development of liberal ideas and principles, or will it, as an empire, proclaim hostility to our cherished institutions? Will it retain its individuality, or will it become a component part of a republic bounded only by the limits of a continent? Will its growth divert desirable immigration from our borders, or will the westward tide increase proportionately with the facilities afforded for its diffusion and accommodation? These are questions to which the current of events will soon afford conclusive answers, and upon which the domestic policy of the United States will have an incalculable influence.

— Mr. James Hart's picture of "Sunday Afternoon," which forms the steel engraving accompanying this number of the JOURNAL, is one of those charming New-England landscapes for which this artist is so famous. It is a characteristic of Mr. Hart's familiar landscapes that every one residing in any of the Eastern States is prone to recognize, in their general features, the scenes of his own locality.

The long range of wooded hills, the narrow, shallow stream, bordered with elms, the rich meadow-lands, the cottage homes, hid away in the foliage, the village church, the marsh, the shaded river-road, and a hundred minor points, are suggestive of scenes familiar to him now, or which were once the haunts of his boyhood. This has resulted from Mr. Hart's thorough knowledge of the features of our Northern valleys. Rarely making any picture an exact portrait of a particular view, he catches so successfully the spirit of our landscapes—the contour of the hills, the massing of the foliage, the characteristics of the trees, the forms of the rocks—that the same picture will be supposed by one to represent a view of a familiar valley in Maine, another will call it a Berkshire scene, and a third will be sure it portrays a landscape in New Hampshire. Mr. Hart is especially successful in painting the New-England elm; and it is the very general introduction of this tree that especially locates his pictures in the Eastern States. As to the engraving now before us, it happily expresses the "day of prayer and holy thought," and the sweet calm of the scene steals over the senses of the spectator as he looks upon it. Many of our readers have experienced and enjoyed the delicious quiet that broods over the landscape on a still, sunny Sabbath, when the mill is hushed, the plough is idle, the roads are untravelled, and all forms of labor have ceased, while the ear is filled only with the murmurs of waving tree-tops, the ripple of the water in the brook, and the hum of bees. To many of us the sweet hush of "Sunday Afternoon" is a thing of the past—of our childhood—and this picture, hence, will awaken reminiscences and associations almost forgotten in the whirl of busy life—will recall all the exquisite enjoyments of early days, for the loss of which neither the successes nor the triumphs of later days can fully compensate.

— A readable essay might be written on the errors almost all writers are guilty of when attempting to portray some of the characteristics of their *dramatis personæ*, by what may be called, although not quite accurately, phonetic spelling. Humorists, like Artemus Ward and Josh Billings, employ bad spelling in an utterly capricious way, without system, uniformity, or significance. Sometimes there is an attempt to render it phonetic, and at other times nothing but a whim seems to determine the arrangement of the letters. We occasionally find a distortion of consonants and vowels that is abundantly amusing, but ordinarily there is no more humor than method in their orthographic madness. Novelists very often use bad or phonetic spelling as a means of delineating oddities or exhibiting the ignorance of their characters, which, upon examination, will be found to more conspicuously illustrate the carelessness of the writer than the illiterate character of the speaker. Mr. Dickens offers a conspicuous instance of this, often referred to, in printing "humbly" in Uriah Heep's dialogue always as "'umbly," thereby implying that Heep's pronunciation of the word was unusual and peculiar to himself, whereas the aspirate in this word is not sounded by English speakers. But, as Uriah Heep used this word with a peculiar unction, Mr. Dickens, no doubt, thought it was best expressed by this mode of spelling, and stands excused. We find writers, however, continually causing their Irish characters to talk of "yer 'onor." Now, how would they have them, pray, pronounce this last word? All through literature we find similar errors. In certain Yankee novels the lower characters are usually made to say "wimen," just as if this did not have the high sanction of Webster and other orthoepists. The word "been" is also always put into the mouths of vulgar speakers as "bin," thereby implying, we suppose, that it ought to be pronounced "bean," or "ben." We find continually words beginning with *c* spelt with a *k* or an *s*, as if *c* has any sound of its own, or could be otherwise than *k* or *s*. So, also, we will find "applause" spelled "applauss," in seeming ignorance that *c* is necessarily silent in this word and in all similar ones, and that the speaker's pronunciation is rendered in no wise peculiar by such a trick. Of course, these writers sometimes hit it rightly, and give the vulgar pronunciations to vulgar speakers; but what we claim is, that, in attempting to do so, they often commit greater blunders than they are charging upon their characters. We might go on to cite numerous other instances of errors similar to these we have quoted, but it was only our intention to hint at a subject which we believe has not hitherto been commented upon.

— It is not needful, if it were possible, to add any thing to that general and earnest expression of sorrow and respect which has been called forth by the sudden death of Mr. Henry J. Raymond. By a

combination of excellent qualities, chief among which were a remarkable industry and perseverance, Mr. Raymond had worked his way to a high position of public influence, and had become an acknowledged power in the world of American political thought. His career is ended, and encomium is superfluous; but has the true lesson of his sudden and premature demise been sufficiently enforced? Dead at forty-nine! What business has a man of good constitution to die at forty-nine, unless he is struck by lightning, or killed on a railroad, or inherits a cancer? Are men designed to die at forty-nine? and, if that is not the providential intention, we may well pause to reflect on that conduct of life by which the higher purposes of Providence are thus violently thwarted. It is impossible to disconnect Mr. Raymond's death from his career. His life terminated in a cerebral crash—in the break-down of that organ of thought which had been the instrument of his influence, and which his ambition had strained beyond its power of endurance. He was struck down with apoplexy, "without warning," we are told by the newspapers, but who dare affirm the truth of this? Are apoplectic seizures unheralded? The human brain is not constituted to snap like glass under the first sudden strain; the exhaustion of its vigor, and the impairment of its vitality, are things of time, and cannot take place without decisive premonitory indications. It is not in the order of Nature that the human brain should be disrupted without adequate long-acting causes of injury, which have their unmistakable symptoms in the intelligent consciousness of the individual, if not apparent to outside observers. If it be said there may be inherited apoplectic predisposition, what is this but an ever-impending danger and warning against exposure? It is true that men are swept away, often against their better judgments, by the powerful currents of circumstances, and it is, moreover, true that these currents rush with a violence more headlong and resistless in this country than in any other. The lesson of so conspicuous and startling a fatality should not be lost. The moral duty of personal hygiene, and a sacred regard to mental and physical health, require to be more pointedly and urgently enforced.

— The series of papers appearing in this JOURNAL, a few weeks since, under the title of "French Morals and Manners," by "A Roving American," have called out an attack upon their accuracy, by "Carl Benson," in the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, and this attack has been met with a response by the author of the papers. No doubt our readers were impressed with the somewhat different views of French society, expressed by the "Roving American," from those currently entertained, but the gentleman who penned those articles resided many years abroad in an official position, and had unusually favorable opportunities for observation; and yet, at the same time, it must be admitted that "Carl Benson" has considerable claim to speak with authority on subjects of foreign life and society. We have now on file for early publication an essay on French morals by a gentleman who, like the "Roving American," has seen a great deal of Continental society, but whose judgments coincide with the usual estimate of this subject. Hence, we see how doctors can disagree. One may well question, with Carlyle, the accuracy of any history, when we find it impossible to obtain contemporaneous views by different persons that all agree. Carlyle quotes, in his "Essay on History," the story of a street-brawl that Sir Walter Raleigh saw from his prison-window, which three spectators described as occurring in entirely different ways—and, no doubt, just so long as observers view matters colored by their own individuality, or see only one aspect of a varied picture, we shall have this conflict of statement and opinion.

— It is pretty generally known that Prince Arthur, second son of the Queen of England, will visit Canada and the United States during the present season; but the fact that we are about to announce has not yet been made public—that a more illustrious visitor will land on our shores next summer in the person of Eugenie Montijo, granddaughter of old Mr. Kilpatrick, at one time American consul at Malaga, and a friend of Washington Irving, who, in one of his letters, says: "Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France!—one of whom I entertained at my cottage on the Hudson; the other, whom, when a child, I had on my knee at Grenada! It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my lifetime. . . . The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid." Eugenie will not visit the United States as Empress of France, but will travel *incog.* under an assumed title, which, however, will not prevent her re-

ceiving a most cordial and enthusiastic reception wherever she may show her still beautiful face. She will be the first of the crowned heads of Europe who has landed on American soil.

— A journal of Augsburg contains the following singular paragraph: "We think right to call attention to the public wash-house of the hospital in this town, which is organized in every respect. Not only have all the latest improvements been introduced into it, but regard is had to the difference in the religious creeds of the customers. Thus, linen of the Roman Catholics and that of the Protestants are washed in separate tubs. The washed linen is afterward placed in a wheel, which, it is true, is consecrated to both forms of worship, and there, by a centrifugal apparatus belonging equally to both religions, it is freed from the water which it contains. But the Roman Catholic linen is afterward carried to the Catholic drying-place, and the Protestant into that appointed for itself, and then it is distributed to its owners." This is not a jest, but a faithful translation of a serious announcement in a German paper.

Literary Notes

NOVA SCOTIA, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, were once known under the poetic name of *Acadie*, and, though they are situated upon our very border, are to us, as to almost all the world, a *terra incognita*. Captain C. Hardy, an officer of the English army, whose taste and acquirements have eminently fitted him for the task, has, as the result of fifteen years' experience in all portions of this region, prepared a book entitled "Forest Life in Acadie," which has recently been published by D. Appleton & Co. The professed object of the work is to give to the proposed settler valuable information in regard to the country, its products, animal, mineral, and vegetable, and its general adaptability to the sustenance and comfort of its inhabitants. This design is never lost sight of, and yet all dry details and burdensome statistics are avoided, and the desired information is communicated in a pleasing narrative style. Personal experiences, tales of guides, trappers, and Indians, and descriptions of natural scenery, serve as the media through which the reader is made acquainted with the geography of the country; the class and customs of the inhabitants; the immense forests, and the trees which compose them; the mountains, with their mineral treasures; the rivers and lakes, with their finny inhabitants; and the reindeer (caribou), moose, elk, and other noble game, which furnish unequalled sport to the adventurous hunter. The work is profusely illustrated, and is an acceptable addition to the descriptive literature of North America.

Among the other results of the completion of the Pacific Railway has been the addition to our geographical literature of a new book, by Charles Carlton Coffin, which has recently been published by Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston, under the title of "Our New Way Round the World." The route as described is from New York to Marseilles *via* England, thence across the Mediterranean to Egypt, through the Suez Canal and Red Sea to India, through India, from Bombay to Calcutta, then from Calcutta to Hong Kong, stopping at various islands and other points of interest, and then a tour through portions of China, concluding at Peking, where the traveller embarks for Japan. After seeing all of Japan that the jealous customs of that country permit, the traveller crosses the Pacific to San Francisco, visits the most interesting places in California, takes the Great Pacific Road for the East, and finds himself once more at home. The writer has endeavored to compress within the narrow limits of a moderate volume the most necessary information in reference to routes, objects of interest, customs, scenery, and climate, and has necessarily been compelled to avoid elaborate description; still, he has succeeded in finding room for much that is of an entertaining as well as of an instructive nature, and the book may be regarded as a readable index to the great volume of this wonderful *circum-terrestrial* trip. Ninety-five woodcuts and fourteen maps furnish abundant illustrations, and the volume makes its appearance just at a time when it is likely to meet a general demand for the very information it conveys.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have just issued a volume by Sir Samuel W. Baker, entitled "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," which is really a brief historical and geographical sketch of the island, with much information in reference to its agricultural and mineral products and capacity, as well as some details of its fauna and flora. The author, whose discovery of the great Albert Nyanza, the source of the Nile, has placed him in the front rank of successful and daring explorers, spent eight years of his life as a colonist in Ceylon, and for the benefit of future colonists, as well as for the information and amusement of all who may take an interest in this well-known and yet thoroughly-unknown island, has concisely given

to the world the result of his experience. He has explored the ruins of great cities, one of them larger than any now in existence; he has examined and described the superb system of irrigation, once brought to perfection by a now extinct race; he has fully tested the capacity of the land for cultivation, and has by repeated experiment determined what classes of crops will prove lucrative to the farmer; he has satisfied himself of the presence of gold in vast quantities, and he has carefully noted the character of the forest-trees, and the indigenous products of the soil. A sportsman and naturalist, he has introduced into his narrative sketches of his elephant, elk, and leopard hunts, and has incidentally described the habits of many of the birds and animals that he encountered. Though less exciting than some of his other works, the book is one of great interest.

Harper & Brothers have just published a handsome 12mo volume, entitled "Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland," consisting of a series of charming sketches, embodying the experiences of Edward Gould Buffum, a veteran American journalist, who for many years resided in Europe, as chief correspondent of a leading New York daily. The value of the volume is greatly enhanced by a brief and fraternal biographical sketch of the author from the facile pen of William A. Gould, who has shown good judgment in the selection he has made from his brother's MSS. The titles of a portion of the twenty-two chapters which compose the work will best indicate the range of topics selected by the editor: The "Bubbles of Champagne;" "*Trente et Quarante* at Hombourg;" "A Tramp in the Bernese Oberland;" "The *Closerie de Lilas*;" "A Flying Trip in the Country;" "Rouen and its Romantic Reminiscences;" "What the Parisians eat," etc. We have not in many a day met with a more tender and touching sketch than Mr. Buffum's "My Neighbor, Little Aglaë, the Flower-maker," which is worth the price of the volume.

As announced in General Wilson's Memoir of the poet Halleck, the formal dedication of the beautiful monument erected over his grave, at Guilford, last autumn, will occur on the 8th of July, when an address will be delivered by Bayard Taylor; and a poem, written for the occasion by one of America's sweetest singers, will be read. Among the numerous subscribers to the obelisk, erected through the efforts of the poet's biographer, are Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Prof. Morse, Fanny Kemble, and many other notable persons, who will probably be present on this interesting occasion. The Hon. S. B. Chittenden, of New York, who is a native of Guilford, where he has his country residence, will preside at the dedication of the monument—the first erected to an American poet, by his friends and admirers, if we except the case of the eccentric Gothamite, "poor Macdonald Clarke," to whom a tasteful tablet was raised in Greenwood Cemetery.

In 1868, Henry E. Roscoe, B. A., Ph. D., F. R. S., Professor of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester, delivered a course of six popular lectures upon the comparatively new subject of *Spectrum Analysis*. These lectures, as originally delivered, together with appendices containing a vast amount of scientific and technical information, especially designed for the information of students, have been published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., in a very handsome volume, profusely illustrated with maps of the different spectra, and with representations of the most improved instruments in use. From the easy and colloquial style of the lectures, even the superficial reader must become interested, while to the scientific inquirer a fund of the most valuable information is concisely presented.

We learn that Mr. Walworth's novel of "Warwick" is having a good sale. There is no doubt the public like these learned heroes and heroines, especially when they exhibit as great a genius for adventure as for mastering languages, or deciphering hieroglyphics. "Warwick," whatever one may think of it, shows invention, and its improbable adventures are at least not dull. One's curiosity carries him on to the end, through the wildest vicissitudes, the oddest experiences, the mightiest heroics, and the most comprehensive learning that may well be conceived. The dedication, to Mr. Morris Philips of the *Home Journal*, is graceful and pleasant.

Matters of Science and Art.

THE attentive study of the great provisory circles of comparison of the different mountain-systems of Europe has gradually demonstrated a principle of regularity pervading matter, and shown that in their various positions they are intimately associated with one another; the investigation of the laws presiding over their correlation and coordination having extended over the long period of fifteen years. The discovery of the principle in question consisted in proving by simple numerical conjunctions the basis of a regular design existing on the surface of the globe, but which could not be perceived, owing to the greatness of

the features composing it, and the want of precision in representations of the terrestrial globe. This principle has taken the form of a geometric lemma reduced to a formula by the study of the respective positions of the provisory great circles of comparison of different mountain-ranges, and which appears destined to give more precision and solidity to their study. The proof of a law of coordination existing among the great circles, provisionally adopted by M. Elie de Beaumont for representing the twenty-one mountain-systems he then admitted in Western Europe, gave them a kind of consecration which was extended to the mountain-systems themselves, and to the fundamental laws which had guided him in their study; for it is evident that no correlation could possibly have existed between circles chosen by chance, according to imaginary considerations which were not the representations of real phenomena. The author never once thought of submitting the circles which he determined to such a coordination; Nature alone could have produced it, thereby expressing one of its conditions of action. The law of this coordination is very simple in its essence, although, in its development, it leads to great complexity in harmonizing with the apparently extreme complication of orographic and stratigraphic forms. It has for its basis the division of the surface of the sphere into twenty equilateral triangles, the angles of which are 72° , and the sides $63^\circ 26' 5.84''$. These twenty equilateral triangles embrace the entire surface of the sphere. They are arranged upon it with a peculiar kind of symmetry, with which are associated more or less absolutely a large number of other circles, joined to the great primitive circles, of which the sides of the triangles form a part, in certain conditions, capable of being enlarged and generalized, so as to produce a net-work sufficiently close and intricate for the satisfactory solution of the different questions. The following examples, being taken at random from among several hundred, show with what wonderful precision the pentagonal system adapts itself to the divers formations and phenomena, utterly demolishing the theory that the structure of the entire surface of the globe is fortuitous. Being placed upon the triangle tri-rectangle, the connection was beautifully demonstrated between the volcanic axis of the Mediterranean and the great volcanic tracks of the Andes and Japan; one point coincided with *Ætna*; a centre of the pentagon rested on the middle of Germany, and the great primitive circle which passed over *Ætna* likewise passed over *Mou-na-koa* in the Sandwich Islands; the bisector crossed over the Loyalty Islands obliquely, New Zealand, the Chatham Islands, and the solitudes of the Austral Seas, then entered the South Atlantic, touching with great precision the east parts of the Falkland Islands, and crossed the Atlantic in a straight line to the coast of Senegambia, passing consequently over the submarine volcano near Cape Rouge. The position of the pentagonal system was explicitly fixed when M. Elie de Beaumont announced that the centre of the pentagon embracing Europe was situated by lat. $50^\circ 46' 3.08''$ N., long. $8^\circ 53' 31.08''$ E. from Paris, the orientation on this point from one of the sides of the twenty equilateral triangles being N. $13^\circ 9' 41.030''$. These three series of figures determine the position of all the points of the pentagonal system, and are sufficient to calculate for any given point the latitude, longitude, and orientation. The correct establishing of positions, as a whole, is extremely complicated; but the value and peculiarity of this system consist in clearing the way to what is most simple in the complication. M. Elie de Beaumont did not study less than fifty-nine circles before he completely mastered his own subject, and could put implicit confidence in it—an example to all who may be discouraged by the non-success of their first attempts.

All who have recently attended the higher classes in our public schools know how much teaching has been facilitated by the frequent use of photographic projections with the electric, or Drummond, light. Thanks to this process, the most delicate objects, whether microscopic or telescopic, can be faithfully represented to an entire audience; and it was supposed, in arriving at these results, that perfection was certainly attained. M. Bourbouze, however, in explaining the gas-machine of M. Hugon, experienced many difficulties not before anticipated, while demonstrating the relative movements of the slide and pistons; and was obliged to repeat, several times, the same design, with the organs in different positions, with only a partial degree of success. In studying to remedy this defect, we are glad to say he has entirely succeeded, having invented a process that will completely revolutionize the art of projection. He constructs his photographs in movable parts: but turning a small winch, the whole design is correctly demonstrated; the pistons and slides repeat successively the different relative positions taken by the real machine, and consequently all difficulties in explaining disappear. This elegant result has been obtained by the ingenious inventor by means of a very simple arrangement: each movable organ is photographed on a special glass, and these different glasses are arranged in a frame which contains, on a fixed glass, the photography of the fixed parts of the apparatus represented. The movable glasses are each fixed to a connecting-rod moved by a single winch; the length of each connecting-rod being calculated in such a way as to produce accurately the movement required.

M. Colonna Ceccaldi, French consul at Larnaca, in the Island of Cyprus, has, for some time, devoted his leisure hours to archaeological researches, which have been rewarded with brilliant success. He has discovered a dozen of curious statuettes, nine entire heads belonging to mutilated sculptures, and two splendid statues. One of these statues, a magnificent specimen of Grecian art in its best days, is of full life-size, and in a perfect state of preservation. It represents a woman clothed with a tunic descending to her feet, bound with the usual cincture, over which is thrown a second garment, serving both for veil and mantle. The head is a perfect model of antique beauty, the face having a wonderful expression of grace and sweetness, mingled with severity. The left hand holds a bird, the upper part of the hand and the head of the bird, however, being wanting. From her left side hang down certain attributes which appear to be a mirror and a disk. These objects were found, at a depth of six feet below the surface of the ground, at the village of Dali, supposed site of the ancient *Idalium*, the celebrated sanctuary of Venus in the Island of Cyprus, and are destined to be deposited in the museum of the Louvre, where they will occupy a worthy place among the monuments of antiquity.

Mr. H. V. Poor, in his manual of the railroads of the United States, gives some interesting statistics of the growth and present condition of that great interest. The aggregate length of the railroads of the country is stated to be 42,255 miles. Kansas, Nebraska, and Nevada, have more miles of railroad to population than any other States. This is because the Pacific Railroad and its branches have been driven forward at a rate disproportionate to the movement of population. The Western States have 1 mile of railroad line for every 731.2 persons; New England, 1 to 845.9; the South, 1 to 960.7; and the Middle States, 1 mile to 1,086.8 inhabitants. Railroads increase faster than the population. The increase of population for the next ten years is estimated at 1,100,000 annually; railroad line, at 2,500 miles annually: so that in 1880 we shall have 48,000,000 people, and 67,000 miles of railroad. The cost of railroads at the South was, \$30,000 per mile; in New England, \$40,500; in the Middle States, \$55,000 to the mile; while the West is put down at an average. The aggregate cost in round numbers of the whole railroad system of the United States is stated at \$1,850,000,000, so that in 1880 we shall have between three and four thousand millions of dollars invested in this kind of property.

The application of mechanism to the various operations formerly almost impossible to the union of brain and hand, has worked such wonderful results, that we are prepared to receive, with surprise certainly, but not with incredulity, the newest application of mechanics, by which a small *bicycle* performs an operation popularly supposed to be exclusively mental in its nature. Mr. C. H. Webb, of this city, has perfected a machine which he terms "The Adder," and which is an unerring means of rapidly obtaining the sum of the longest columns of figures. It is so simple that a child can understand it, and its operation so easy that great dexterity in its use can be acquired without difficulty. It involves no mental labor, and its capacity is only limited by the extent to which numerals go.

The Museum.

MAY not the use of the head, instead of the shoulder-strap, in carrying loads, be a predisposing cause of goitre, by inducing congestion of the laryngeal vessels? The Lep-cha is certainly far more free from this disease than any of the tribes of East Nepal I have mixed with, and he is both more idle and less addicted to the head-strap as a porter. I have seen it to be almost universal in some villages of Bhotéas, where the head-strap alone is used in carrying in both summer and winter crops; as also among the salt-traders, or rather those families who carry the salt from the passes to the Nepalese villages, and who very frequently have no shoulder-straps, but invariably head-bands. I am far from attributing all goitre, even in the mountains, to this practice, but I think it is proved that the disease is most prevalent in the mountainous regions of both the Old and New World, and that in these the practice of supporting enormous loads by the cervical muscles is frequent. It is also found in the Himalayan sheep and goats which accompany the salt-traders, and whose loads are supported in ascending by a band passing under the throat.—*J. D. Hooker.*

In conversation with a native of Switzerland, who knew nothing of the above explanation of goitre, a gentleman states that it incidentally came out that the Canton Valais, where cases of goitre are most numerous, is also the canton where the practice of using the head-band in carrying is most prevalent.

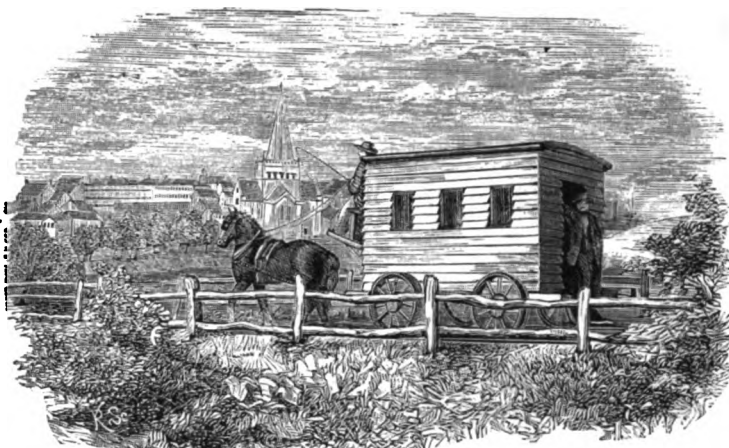
We give in the Museum this week a representation of the first railway-carriage built after the design of George Stephenson, and started as a passenger-coach on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, October 10, 1825. It was drawn by one horse, and made the daily trip—twelve miles—between the two towns in about two hours, for one shilling.

It was called the "Experiment," and was not run by the company, but was let to contractors. The success of the experiment created a demand for more vehicles, which were supplied by placing old second-hand stage-coach bodies mounted on under-frames with flange wheels. As the width of the old common road-track grew into the regular railway gauge, so with the transfer of coach-bodies to the rails, came also coach customs. The distinction of inside and outside passengers was soon converted into first and second class, paying different fares. We copy the engraving from *Smile's Life of Stephenson*, and extract the following passage:

"There were two separate coach companies in Stockton, and amusing collisions sometimes occurred between the drivers, who found on the rail a novel element of contention. Coaches cannot pass each other on the rail as on the road, and, as the line was single, with four sidings in the mile, when two coaches met, or two trains, or coach and train, the question arose which of the drivers must go back. This was not always settled in silence. As to trains, it came to be a sort of understanding that empty should give way to loaded wagons; and, as to trains and coaches, that passengers should have preference over coals; while coaches, when they met, must quarrel it out. At length, midway between sidings, a post was erected, and the rule was laid down that he who had passed the pillar must go on, and the 'coming man' go back. At the Goose Pool and Early Nook it was common for the coaches to stop, and there, as Jonathan would say, passengers and coachmen 'liquored.' One coach, introduced by an innkeeper, was a compound of two mourning-coaches—an approximation to the real railway-coach, which still adheres, with multiplying exceptions, to the stage-coach type. One Dixon, who drove the 'Experiment' between Darlington and Shildon, is the inventor of carriage-lighting on the rail. On a dark winter night, having compassion on his passengers, he would buy a penny candle, and place it, lighted, among them on the table of the 'Experiment,' the first coach that indulged its customers with light at night."

Mr. Wallace gives several curious instances of "mimicry" and "protective resemblance" among animals. As an instance of the latter, he gives the case of a butterfly, which has the habit of resting among dead or dry leaves, which, in repose, it resembles exactly. An instance of mimicry is found among a species of butterfly (*Papilio memnon*), the females of which are divided into two groups, one resembling the male in shape, the other closely resembling, when flying, another butterfly

of the same genus, but of a different group. The use and reason of this resemblance appear to be, that the butterflies imitated belong to a section of the genus *Papilio*, which, from some cause or other, are not attacked by birds. Cases of such mimicry among birds are also to be frequently met with.



The First Railway Coach.

In the cabinet of the United States Mint at Philadelphia may be seen a very ancient-looking and diminutive object labelled "The Widow's Mite." It is enclosed, with other Jewish coins, in a small case near the entrance; and the printed slip attached, which gives it its name, states that it was found in the ruins of Jerusalem. It is the smallest of copper coins, its metallic value being scarcely one-tenth of a cent. Yet, from the associations connected with its name, as well as from its rareness, it is valued beyond price, or, as the attendant says, "No money would

buy it." The lover of antiquities should not fail to see it on visiting the Mint.

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band; and no long time elapsed before Mrs. Upjohn received the blow which made her Mrs. Rowley's bitter enemy for life. Whether the motion came from Mrs. Rowley, or from Mr. Rowley's daughters, or whether it was (as Mrs. Upjohn, of course, always asserted) that Mrs. Rowley undermined her deliberately in the affection of the girls, they were recalled from England just at the moment when their aunt's schemes were on the eve of consummation, in the glory of Susan's "coming out." She came out in Paris, not in London, and Mrs. Upjohn's resentment knew no bounds. Several years more had now elapsed, and passion had only subsided into calm and settled rancor, for Mrs. Upjohn was not a woman on whose wrath the sun ever went down.

Years of brooding over wrongs, real or imaginary, and nursing a whole family of spites and jealousies, were never yet favorable to good looks; so that Mrs. Upjohn's personal charms had not been improving since Mrs. Rowley's last return to her perihelion in old England. Art could, of course, regulate her color, and even keep her figure in control, but it could not teach her eyes the language of love or tenderness.

They certainly spoke a very different tongue, as she burst into her husband's quiet study, in a wing of Foxden, with a crumpled newspaper in her hand, a few mornings before the commencement of the second period of these memoirs. The family had come down, as usual, to spend the Easter recess in the country.

"What's the meaning of this?" she vehemently exclaimed. "Is there any truth in this?" and she flung the paper down before him, with her finger on the paragraph which raised the storm.

Poor Upjohn, who was immersed in one of his absorbing speculations, looked up alarmed from his desk, and took the paper in his hand; but it was so crumpled, and he was so blind, that some moments passed before he could read the paragraph, and, all the time, his wife, glowing with rage, kept beating the floor passionately with her foot.

The paragraph consisted only of a few lines, in which it was stated that the management of the Rowley property in Cornwall was about to pass into the hands of Messrs. Alexander and Marjoram, of Spring Gardens, and that Mrs. Rowley was shortly expected in England.

"Is there any truth in it, I say; have you given up the agency?"

"Well, my dear—the fact is—not exactly yet—all is not settled. This announcement is premature," he faltered out; "but you know what a bore the business has been to me for years, and that it has been growing more and more vexatious every day. However, I have not formally resigned it; if I had, I should have told you."

"No, you have not resigned it; you have been dismissed; and that's the true reason why you have kept it from me."

"Dismissed, my dear! You really speak as if I was a menial. Dismissed by my brother! Nonsense—nothing of the sort."

"No, but by your brother's wife!" she interrupted, fiercely; "she is just the woman to do it, and, in the most insulting way, by publishing it in the newspapers. I might have been prepared for this last piece of impudence from the tone of all her late communications—more insolent and officious every day, because they were never answered with proper spirit. At last she thinks there is no indignity too great to put upon us."

"My dear, my dear," said poor Upjohn, stumping up and down his den, "there is no indignity in the matter; you allow your imagination to carry you away. I had often spoken of resigning, and my brother may very naturally have thought that I held on only on his account, and would wish to be relieved. Besides, it is not yet entirely arranged; as I told you, I doubt the truth of that paragraph."

"Then I do not. It is too like Mrs. Rowley not to be perfectly true. She has appointed your successors, and the next communication you have from her will be notice to quit Foxden in that scrivener's hand of hers."

"Nonsense—impossible; no such thing will happen; there is no reason why we should leave Foxden."

"She shall not turn me out, at all events. I shall go up to London to-morrow, and I shall let your brother know how his wife has acted, for I don't believe he has an idea of her behavior. She made a tool of you as long as it suited her convenience; and now she whistles you off without ceremony, to put some creature, or perhaps some admirer, of hers into your place."

She flung out of the room, as she entered, but returned in a moment.

"Who is this Mr. Alexander? Is he the handsome Mr. Alexander?"

Mr. Upjohn protested he knew nothing about him.

"I have my reasons for asking," continued the fair one, with another variety of malice in her eye. "Mrs. Rowley is a gay lady, we all know—too gay, some people think, who have seen more of her than I have; but if she has no respect for herself, she ought to remember that she is your brother's wife, and not bring disgrace on the family."

"Too strong, my dear; really not the language to use."

"Not a bit too strong for such conduct," and again she flung out of the room.

Poor Upjohn, as soon as his amiable spouse was gone, limped about his little room a few turns to recover from the agitating scene he had gone through, and then (wonderful attraction of abstract studies!) sat down again to his papers with a serenity and power of concentration worthy of wiser speculations than his generally were. A precious thing it is to possess a mind that can so easily find refuge in its own employments from the petty annoyances of life, even though the world may never be much a gainer by its toils. Some of his views of political economy were as amazing as Mr. Ruskin's when he quits the region of art, where he is a master, to discuss sciences, such as political economy, of which he is profoundly ignorant; but, as defences against the envyings and heart-burnings which tormented his wife, and destroyed the peace of his family—as the means of keeping his breast serene while a tempest was blowing all round him—the most fruitful researches in any branch of philosophy could not have been more valuable.

So absorbed was Mr. Upjohn in the subject he was now engaged on, that he actually scarce knew whether he was in or out, when his wife pounced upon him with her hurricane of interrogations. Nay, what was still more characteristic, when at length he got up, almost doubled with long writing, it occurred to him to look again at some unopened letters on the table, and among them he found one from his sister-in-law in Paris, with all the new arrangements proposed in the friendliest tone imaginable, and she told him in a postscript that she would probably go to England and down to Foxden in a few days.

"Then it is quite as well," he said to himself, "that my wife should not be here." So he determined not to dissuade her from going up to town, which she did with her daughter next day, undeterred by the weather, which was wet and blustery.

Miss Upjohn was a tall girl, with her mother's black hair and high color, but without any pretensions to beauty. Her looks were rather gloomy and forbidding than actually expressive of ill-temper. It was perhaps the fault of her brows, which were dark and beetling; but her face wore a sort of calm and chronic frown, which was not as pleasant in a family as it might have been effective on the stage in such a character as Lady Macbeth or Clytemnestra. However, we must believe that Harriet Upjohn did not frown upon the young clergyman who had the pastoral care of the parish, representing the vicar, who was old and non-resident; for the Rev. Malcolm Blackadder, a Scotchman, was her accepted lover. To account for a gentleman in a curate's position finding favor in Mrs. Upjohn's eyes it may be as well to mention at once, in that lady's justification, that in Mr. Blackadder's case the insignificance of the Christian minister was compensated by the possible succession to a Scotch peerage. He now came running up to Foxden from the vicarage, which was hard by, to see his intended before her abrupt departure, with the reasons for which she had probably made him already acquainted.

As soon as his wife and daughter were gone, Mr. Upjohn and Mr. Blackadder had some conversation about the weather, and the floods, and that unlucky bridge which was always giving such trouble. The curate thought it would be well to see about it at once. "To-morrow would be Saturday, and on the next day, of course," said the Scotchman, with his strong sabbatarian proclivities, "nothing could be done." Mr. Upjohn put on a rough overcoat, and they went together, through wet and mire, to take an observation of the water. It was manifestly rising; so it was resolved to send for Mallet, the carpenter, at once, and set him to work. So energetic was Upjohn for the moment that as soon as he got home out of the rain he sent a message to

Mallet, to which the answer returned was that he would come up immediately. Immediately, on the Rowley estate, under the present régime, meant any time within a day or two. On the present occasion it meant the afternoon of Saturday, for not till then did the worthy carpenter make his appearance.

How the interval was passed by Mr. Upjohn is worth mentioning in illustration of his character. Though forsaken by his wife and daughter, he was still not left quite alone; for there was a third lady in the family, a niece of Mrs. Upjohn's, who had been left to her tender care and protection by a deceased sister, who had married in her father's lifetime without the consent of that fine specimen of an old English gentleman. Miss Roberts, or Carry (for she was hardly important enough to have a surname, not having come into the world with her grandfather's permission), was now in her twentieth year, but was so small and fragile that she might have been taken for a child. A spinal complaint had stunted her growth, and not only deformed her figure, but affected her features; she never appeared in company, and often kept her room when there was none. Many acquaintances of the family had never seen her. She was either carefully kept out of view, or, conscious of her defects, shrank of herself from observation. It was remarkable, however, that she always emerged, and became somebody, whenever she and her uncle were left together, as they were now; and he only did on this occasion as he had done many a time before, in dividing himself between his papers and his niece. Indeed, he was never less engrossed by his pursuits than when he and Carry were left together. She sometimes crept down and sat beside him in his den, watching him at his desk, or agreeably interrupting him with an affectionate look, or a question. At other times, if she was too unwell to leave her little room, he would go up to her, and take his papers or a book with him. He sometimes played cribbage with her; she had a very pretty cribbage-board, a present from Mrs. Rowley, whom she was in the habit of calling aunt. Occasionally he read a chapter in the Bible for her, or something from Dickens, and always prayed with the poor thing morning and evening. But his great delight was to hear his Carry sing, which she did very nicely. Generally it was, "Consider the Lilies," or Addison's version of the exquisite twenty-third Psalm, something sweet and sacred. This was a pleasure he never enjoyed when her aunt was at home; for Mrs. Upjohn discouraged her singing, and perhaps she was right, for it sometimes brought on the poor girl's consumptive cough, which could even be heard in the drawing-room.

They dined together too that stormy day. This was an event in Carry's life like a jubilee. She was so happy at such times that one could not help thinking that such doses of happiness, repeated sufficiently often, might have been of more use than medicines. Nor was it her uncle's fault that the system was never tried.

But they made the most of that sweet evening together, sweet although heaven and earth were clashing together out of doors, and the wind howled in the chimneys, and the thundering of the ocean came up the wild dell at the top of which the house stood, and shook it to its foundation.

When dinner was over and Carry was seated on a stool at her uncle's side close to the fire, she asked him to tell her something to make her forget the wind and rain. He considered, trying to find something she would like to hear. How like him it was! he never thought until that moment of telling her that he was expecting Mrs. Rowley over. You had only to see how Carry's eyes danced, and how she jumped up and clapped her attenuated hands, perfectly to understand the two factions into which the house of Upjohn was split.

"And is Susan coming too?" cried the happy Carry.

That her uncle could not tell her.

"Oh, how I love Aunt Rowley and Susan; more than all the world next to you—and, of course, Aunt Upjohn and Harriet. It is nearly five years now, uncle, since I have seen them, and I was beginning to fear," she added sadly, "I was never to see them again."

"We must see and have better weather for them than this, Carry."

"Oh, yes, it will be fine! Aunt Rowley is like the queen, she will bring fine weather with her. Do you know, uncle, I was never thoroughly unhappy but once, and that was when my cousins left us; though I never blamed them, but always thought it natural and right they should live with their father and Mrs. Rowley. And they write to

me so often, and send me such pretty things. When do you think they will be here?"

It was now blowing such a hurricane that Carry could hardly hear what her uncle answered; so they stopped talking and played a game of cards, after which Carry went to her bed and Upjohn to his papers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PET WASPS.

HAVING been much interested in the account, in "Homes without Hands," of the experiments made by Mr. Stone, in domesticating the wasp for the purpose of observing its habits, I resolved to try, and though, from beginning late in the summer, I was unable to carry my experiment on as I should have wished, yet an account of the experiment as far as it went may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, if only to show that a waspish nature is an amiable one, though usually considered the reverse. I also give Professor Henslow's method of taking wasps' nests, a method far simpler than any I have ever heard of, and the efficacy of which I have proved.

This first thing toward the experiment was to prepare a box for the accommodation of the wasps: this was simply a common wooden box (procured from a grocer's), at the back of which I had a small hole cut, so that the wasps might have free exit and entrance: in place of cover of the box, I substituted a cover of glass which could draw in and out, so that food could be placed inside when required. Two or three pieces of thin brass wire were placed across the length and breadth of the box: the whole was made firm by nailing it in an upright position to a wooden stand, under a tree, in a meadow some little way from the house. It was protected from the weather by some hurdles, arranged at a little height from the box, in the form of a gable, and covered with straw. The box being ready, the next question was, how was the nest to be taken without injury to the taker or the taken? I had read some time ago in the Mem. of Professor Henslow, that he himself had invented a way of taking wasps' nests; it was described by him in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* for 1842. The method consists of simply "pouring about half a cupful of spirits of turpentine into and about the entrance-holes, after dark, when the wasps, with the exception, perhaps, of a few stragglers, are all in for the night: then place a flower-pan over it, and bank it round with earth." This has the effect of stupefying them; and, if desired, the nest may be dug up thirty-six hours afterward with perfect security. This plan, so simple and easy to put into practice, I determined to adopt; but I fancy, in giving thirty-six hours before the nest was to be dug up, Professor Henslow could have only thought of preserving the nest, and of the safety from stings of the person employed in taking it, and not of preserving the insects alive.

My first experiment was carried on under my own directions; but after fifteen hours, on digging for the nest, we found all the wasps in a state past recovery. I then thought a less quantity of turpentine and fewer hours might be attended with success. I fortunately heard of a very large nest, and easy of access, and accordingly the experiment was repeated. The nest had the same quantity of turpentine poured in and around the entrance-holes, and the other directions were followed with regard to the flower-pan and banking up; but, instead of waiting fifteen hours, in two hours' time our gardener and coachman ventured to dig for it, and brought it to me under a large bell-glass just two hours and a half after the turpentine had been poured in. The wasps were then fast recovering from their stupor, but the servants had dug up the nest without the slightest inconvenience to themselves. Two or three drops of chloroform, dropped on wadding under the bell-glass, soon intoxicated the wasps sufficiently to allow me to remove them one by one with a pair of forceps into the box prepared for them. The nest I deprived of its cover and strong pieces of the comb, containing the grubs, at the bottom of the wire bars. As all this had to be done late at night, the box and its contents were placed in an out-house for the night; the door of the box was stuffed quite tightly with paper, several small holes to admit air having been bored at the top of the box. The next morning the men found the house full of wasps, having eaten away a good deal of the paper, and they had already begun to cover the wire bars with a thin layer of paper. The wasps were most amicable, allowing the box to be carried down to the meadow, and following it, but mak-

ing no attempt to sting the person who carried it. They further allowed the box to be firmly nailed on to the stand, and quite established their claim in my eyes of being highly good-natured, by allowing me to open the glass front sufficiently to allow of my putting my hands in, and inserting an extra brass bar across the box without attempting to sting me, though they were working all the time, and one or two crawled on my hand, which was gloveless. I doubt whether bees would allow such interference. The wasps built steadily, covering over the grubs. The queen wasp kept in sight for the first two days, and seemed busily employed looking after the grubs: but, as soon as the comb was covered, I saw her no more. The wasps in the space of ten days built a small nest. I did not begin my experiments until the middle of August; so the wasps had not so good a chance. I got another nest in the way already described, and with the same success in taking it, but the weather became colder, and the wasps did not finish any nest. I never got stung by them except once, when a wasp crawled up my neck and got entangled in my hair; this I put down entirely to its not being able to extricate itself, for they frequently alighted on my hand and wrist without attempting to sting. I fed them daily with beer and sugar mixed together, and put outside their box. A stray hornet came daily to feed with them, but I never saw it interfere with the wasps at all. I saw it in the midst of some dozen wasps feeding; but, when a large drone-fly attempted to share the repast, the hornet flew at it and carried it off bodily.

With regard to stings, I may mention that equal parts of common salt and sweet oil will allay all irritation and swelling. One great preventive against such a catastrophe is to be very quiet in your dealings with wasps; any flurry or bustle when you have to handle or feed them excites them greatly, and they would be then very likely to sting. I watched them for weeks, and found them most interesting pets, and hope to continue my experiments this summer.

THE DRAT.

A GOBLIN STORY OF FRENCH PROVINCIAL LIFE.

A VERY curious chapter might be written—I have no doubt several have been written—on the popular oaths of different countries. Nor must the reader be shocked at the subject, or my way of approaching it, as if I show undue levity. He must not take it for granted that such ejaculations are necessarily either profane or indecent. There is really no more profanity or blasphemy in saying “the deuce,” or “the old scratch,” than in saying “Pan,” or “satyr;” the former expressions have no more direct reference to the prince of the powers of the air than the latter. The doubtful and obscure origin of many such terms has given them a worse character than they deserve. If *omne ignotum pro magnifico* is true of certain classes of persons, *omne ignotum pro indecoro* is just as true of other classes, those people, for instance, who think you must be saying something improper if you talk French. Before the “Ingoldsby Legends” had made the word familiar, probably few Englishmen, certainly few Americans, knew that *jingo* was a corruption of Saint Gengulphus. What sin it may be for a Protestant to take the name of a Romish saint in vain, is a question which we may leave to casuists. One of these instances of doubtful origin has recently occurred to me, in connection with a not altogether unamusing French legend.

I am not aware that the expression “drat it!” is common in any part of America. But it is very common in England, among some of the lower classes, especially old women of the Mrs. Gamp and Rose-Brown-Sketchley order. And the usual philological explanation given of it is to this effect, that “drat it!” is a softened abbreviation of two words composing a horrible curse. Now this may be the origin of the expression, but a more innocent one is also possible. *Drat* is the name of a country demon still believed in by many French provincials, a “tricksy spirit,” a sort of Puck, minus Puck’s good qualities. (If it be objected to this derivation that the final letter of the French word is not pronounced, the answer comes of itself that it must have been pronounced formerly.)

Within what geographical limits belief in the *Drat* is confined, I am unable to say. There are no traces of it in George Sand’s Breton legends, or in the German myths of Alsace and Lorraine on the other side of France. I doubt if any can be found in Marseillais literature.

The local superstition is probably confined to the southwest, that territory which was once Navarre, or which formed a debatable land between the Kings of France and Navarre. It is said to be very strong in what is now the Department of *Lot*, and was formerly the district of Quercy in Guienne, the chief town of which is Cahors. (Readers of Dumas, Senior, will recollect the dramatic capture of this town by Henry IV.)

The *Drat*, as has been intimated, is a mischief-maker. Old people use him as a kind of bogie (there you have another popular term; the Slavonic root *bog*, for the Supreme Being, you may remember from Suvaroff’s couplet on the taking of Ismail, quoted in the notes to “Don Juan”), to frighten truant boys and giddy girls. He plays his pranks chiefly by night, and the especial objects of his malice are those who disbelieve in his existence or deny his power.

When the following events are supposed to have occurred, it is not very easy to say—the old woman, who was my informant’s authority, not being particularly accurate in her chronology. Internal evidence, however, seems to refer them to the third quarter of the last century. The hero of the tale is just the sort of man, in a small way, to have been a precursor of the first great French Revolution.

It was a fine, sunshiny afternoon in August. Ramounet, butcher of the town of Figeac, having closed his shop at the usual hour, sauntered out apparently for his usual evening stroll. Short and stout, yet well built, with an active, healthy, good-humored look, he was just the stuff to make a village beau or bully, or both. It was not, however, his physical qualities that had rendered him the wonder and scandal of the neighborhood. Having received the rudiments of a liberal education from his uncle, the canon, he was proud of his intellectual superiority over most of his fellow-townsmen. His learning (for so it might be called, considering his time, place, and condition) had made him skeptical, sophistical, and disputatious. Not daring openly to deny the existence of God, he did the next thing to it, by denying the existence of the *Drat*. He stigmatized the popular belief as an old woman’s superstition, and declared that he, for his part, would believe in the *Drat* when he saw him, and not before. “And if I do see him,” he would add, “I promise you he shan’t get away in a hurry.”

Unfortunately, our learned and skeptical butcher had not the reputation of being proportionately honest; his customers had more than once complained of short weight, and there were several dubious reports about him. Still, he had not as yet come to grief in any way; on the contrary, his business was as flourishing as his health; it seemed as if the *Drat* had forgotten him or was afraid of him. But, as he walked along at his ease that afternoon, the old women, sitting on their doorsteps, shook their heads and muttered, “We shall see, if we live long enough.” From an individual of the other sex he received a different greeting.

“Hullo, Ramounet! you’re just the man I want.”

“What’s wanted, brother Ivernet?”

Ivernet and Ramounet composed the guild or corporation of master-butchers in the town of Figeac. It was not so big a place as to need a larger allowance of them. Ivernet seemed very anxious to speak with Ramounet; and the latter, who had his own reasons, as will be seen, for desiring an interview with his fellow-tradesman, did not require to be asked in twice.

“I am right curious to know what you will say this time,” began Ivernet.

“What’s in the wind now?”

“Somebody who will do you a bad turn, if you don’t look out; depend upon it.”

“The *Drat*?”

“Hush! Just so.”

“What! you’re not cured of that yet? I thought—”

“Just listen to what happened this morning in the village.”

“Bah! some story invented to deceive those stupid peasants.”

“But all the villagers who came to my shop this morning told me the story, and all in the same words.”

“Well, let’s hear it.”

“You must know that this morning at daybreak, at the place where the women wash their linen, suddenly a horse appeared. No one could tell where he came from.”

“Good! he came out of the mud of the pool, that fellow did, as they say that the crocodiles are born of the slime of the Nile, after an inundation.”

“The Nile, what’s that?”

"I'll tell you another time. But about this horse. Handsome, was he?"

"Superb. And so a little urchin, seeing this splendid horse, which didn't look a bit vicious, jumped on him."

"And then—?"

"Well, then, my dear fellow, the other boys wanted to get on too, and, as they climbed up one after another, the beast's back lengthened out, till by-and-by it held twenty-four of them!"

"Come, now, say twenty-three."

"It's all very well for you to laugh, but that horse was the Drat, and as soon as he had his load, he made for the pool, and all the poor little devils—"

"Were drowned? That's nothing to laugh at."

"No, were saved by a very pious old woman who was passing, and just had time to make the sign of the cross. Then the Drat gave a caper, shook all the boys off, without hurting them, and disappeared."

"With a flash of lightning and a smell of brimstone."

"Now, what do you say to that?"

"I should like to have seen it."

"Ramounet, I wonder how you can talk so, when the Drat is just next door to us, as one may say, and perhaps hears you talking."

"Let him hear; I'll talk loud enough—no, I won't either—but I'll tell you a good stroke of work I know about in this very village—next door, as you call it—that all the drats and devils in the world won't hinder me from having a try at."

"A good stroke of work?"

"Just so, and, as you are a good fellow, I'll let you in for half of it, and cure you of your Drat at the same time. Only you promise to keep it a secret."

"Trust me for that."

"Well, now, brother, suppose you could get your stock for nothing, and still sell your meat at retail for the same price, you'd make more profit, wouldn't you?"

"Of course. But how could I?"

"I know how."

"What!" and the covetous butcher drew closer to his fellow-tradesman, who dropped his voice mysteriously, and continued:

"There's a pound full of sheep near the village."

"Well."

"In that pound there is a shepherd to take care of them."

"Just so."

"I know for sure that this chap, instead of staying at his post all night, goes to court a girl at the other end of the village. Eh! What do you say to that?"

"I don't understand, exactly."

"More stupid you. Don't you see that, while the watch is away, two handy men, like you and me, can slip into the pound, pick out a good, fat sheep, carry him off without any noise or fuss, and then divide him? Now, do you understand?"

"Yes, but—but—that isn't all right—in fact, it is—stealing—isn't it?"

"Mere prejudice. Ivernet, don't you know that what you call stealing was highly honorable among the Spartans, who were a great people of ancient Greece?"

"You don't say so!"

"Besides, I don't want to draw you into a bad action. Quite the contrary. Some scoundrels might take advantage of this shepherd's absence and clean out the whole pound in a night. But, if the owners lose one sheep, it will put them on their guard, so we shall really be doing them a good turn."

"You are quite right. But, then—"

"But what?"

"The Drat was out this morning, and—no, Ramounet, it won't do. Better say no more about it."

"As you like; I can find somebody else to help me."

"Dear me! It's a pity to lose such a net profit. If I only knew—"

"Now, my friend, you are too ridiculous. If your Drat is such a terrible fellow, why hasn't he ever come down upon me, who do nothing but laugh at him from morning to night?"

"That's true. Why doesn't he?"

"And, besides, if there's any risk, it's for me, because it's my advice—"

"To be sure—you advised me."

"Exactly. Come, now, it's hardly more than a league. We go at eleven o'clock, and can be back early in the morning. It's settled, isn't it?"

"Yes; it's settled. I go in."

And the butchers parted.

Ivernet addressed a special prayer to his patron saint. To keep out of temptation? No, but to keep him out of danger in his expedition. The men met, and started at the appointed time. It was a warm night, and they took nearly an hour to reach the village. When they had arrived at the farther end of it, Ivernet was, or professed to be, somewhat fatigued.

"Never mind," said Ramounet, "one of us ought to stay here, for fear our man should come back too soon; do you stay, while I go to the pound and fetch the sheep."

Ivernet made a face at the idea. "Stay here, by the churchyard?"

"Would you rather go to the pound yourself?"

"What! Alone in the country?"

"Nonsense, you coward!" exclaimed Ramounet, losing his patience. "Stay there, where you are; if you see any thing, whistle, to let me know."

And off he started. Poor Ivernet was left alone, whether he chose or not, with only his fears to keep him company. To be sure, they made a pretty large troop.

On the other side of the road, opposite the church and the churchyard, was the house of Jacques Poriel, the sexton. No one lived with him but his wife Madeleine, who had been the ornament of his life for many years. This night, as usual, they were sleeping quietly. But the butchers had not long separated when the good-wife awoke, sat up, listened, and gasped. It was a low, but weird and awful sound which she heard. Trembling and terrified, she shook her husband:

"Jacques! Jacques!"

"Oooo!" quoth Jacques, more asleep than awake.

"Do you hear that noise in the churchyard?"

"Wha-at?" and he rubbed his eyes.

"Good Lord! something is munching a Christian's bones there!"

"I'll put your bones there, you old goose, if you don't leave me alone."

With which amiable answer, he turned round, and tried to go to sleep again.

"You old sot," retorted his lovely spouse, almost forgetting her fear in her indignation, "it's you that have brought the Drat upon us. There he is!"

At the name of the Drat, the sexton started up in bed. He listened, and heard the same noise which his wife had heard already.

Crunch, crunch, crunch!

He was speechless with terror.

Bang! came something against the door, accompanied by a tremendous oath, worthy of Satan himself.

"The Drat!" cried the couple, simultaneously.

Madeleine plunged her head under the bedclothes, Jacques plunged himself bodily under the bed.

The male, as was proper and natural, recovered his faculties first. Hearing no more of the Drat for some time, concluding that he had gone off, and fearing that he might come back, Jacques took his breeches and a resolution to run for the curate, who would beat the demon if anybody could.

Slowly and silently the sexton opened his door; then, making himself as small as possible, and, commending his soul to the divine protection, he stumbled and scrambled along close to the churchyard-wall at the best dog-trot he could raise, and found himself, to his agreeable surprise, uninjured and uninterrupted, at the curate's door.

Whether the honest villagers were in the habit of leaving their doors unfastened (as some New-England villagers still do), or whether a certain divinity hedged the priest, and made ordinary precautions unnecessary for him, there was no bolt or bar to the curate's modest dwelling, and Jacques was making his way to the bedroom, when the shrill voice of the old housekeeper arrested him.

"Who's there?"

"Jacques, the sexton."

"And what does Jacques, the sexton, mean by coming here at this indecent hour?"

"I must see the curate at once," said Jacques, glancing round in the dark, as if he expected to see the Drat at his heels.

"Jacques, is that you?" called out the priest from his bedroom.

The sexton knew the house well enough to find his way in the dark; the next moment he was at the curate's bedside, and pouring into his ears the terrible narrative.

The curate congratulated him on his escape, praised his pluck, and, not willing to seem behindhand in courage, rose and dressed himself, in spite of the old woman's grumbling remonstrances, armed himself with the largest pot of holy-water in the chapel, and started for the dangerous spot, followed by the sexton.

Poor Ivernet! When his fright at being left alone had somewhat abated, he began to be tired of waiting for his comrade. There was a tempting walnut-branch within reach as he walked back and forward. He gathered some nuts, and began to crack them with the help of his knife and a stone. The first batch was successfully disposed of, but, in operating on the second, he missed his aim and bruised his fingers. The pain forced an oath from him, and, in his vexation, he threw away the stone, without looking whither it went. Then, sensible of the noise which he had made, he was so frightened at it that he dodged away for several hundred yards and several minutes, thus contriving to miss the sexton when the latter emerged from his house. Then he returned to his post, but in such a scare that, though it was a warm August night, he shook in every limb. He started at the wind, he jumped at a bird, he cursed Ramounet a thousand times. Suddenly he saw a man, or rather the shadow of a man, approaching.

"Is that you?" he asked, in a low voice.

"The Drat!" shrieked the sexton, crouching down behind his superior.

"The Drat!" echoed the curate. "*Apaga! Vade retro! In nomine Patris et Filii et—*" Losing his head, and hardly knowing what he did, he let fly, mechanically as it were, the holy-water, pot and all, in the face of the apparition.

Drenched by the water, bruised by the pot, terrified by the exorcisms in the unknown tongue, the unfortunate butcher recoiled, then, with one fearful yell, "the Drat!" he turned tail, covered three miles of ground in a quarter of an hour, and fell senseless at his own door.

He was found there next morning and put to bed. We may be allowed to anticipate the course of events by remarking that his fright, fatigue, and bruises, combined, brought on an illness which lasted several weeks. Still he felicitated himself at having got off so cheaply, and offered up a six-pound candle to his patron saint, who had delivered him from the Drat.

Let us now return to the startled but triumphant officials.

"Phew!" ejaculated the sexton, recovering courage and speech, "what a stench of brimstone the scamp has left behind him! Don't you smell it, sir? By the Lord, if I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget the caper he cut when he felt the holy-water. And that yell. What a yell he did give!"

"Because it burnt him."

"And didn't he run! I think I can see him running there yet.—What's that? Boo-oo-oo!" The sexton remained like one thunder-struck, his mouth open, his forefinger stretched out.

The priest looked in the direction of the outstretched finger. Fear rendered him also speechless.

He beheld—what?

A mysterious, gigantic form was coming down straight upon them. It was larger than a man, had two legs, two heads, and apparently several arms. It advanced rapidly, but not silently; a hoarse, gurgling groan, mingled with the sound of its heavy steps.

Alas, must their glorious victory be changed to defeat! Defeat without resistance, for the holy-water was expended, and the very pot thrown away. Frozen with terror, they crouched against the wall, and lifted their eyes and their hearts to Heaven.

"Cursed brute!" cried a gruff voice, "I can't choke him; he will make a row, and he is so fat and heavy that I can't carry him any farther. So I shall just cut him up here."

The affrighted spectators could now make out, in the dim light, that the phantom was composed of two parts, one carrying the other, and that the form had "the outward semblance of a man," as Sergeant Buzfuz said of Mr. Pickwick. This probable or possible man—as M. Victor Hugo would have called him—threw his burden on the ground, drew a long knife—a deed of blood was about to be done!

The priest and the sexton fell on their knees; their eyes closed; their mouths opened in a cry of horror.

A diabolical laugh answered them. It was some seconds, perhaps some minutes, before they dared to look up; then they caught a glimpse of something like the phantom in its original guise, vanishing in the darkness.

They remained on their knees some time longer, thanking the Lord, who had a second time saved them from the terrible Drat.

Next day, Ramounet's customers found his shop closed. He had disappeared, and no one, not even the police, ever discovered any traces of him. Wherefore, the old women of Quercy believe to this day that he was carried off by the Drat.

C. A. B.

ROMAN WIVES.

THE legal position of the Roman wife was, for a long period, extremely low. The Roman family was constituted on the principle of the absolute authority of its head, who had a power of life and death both over his wife and over his children, and who could repudiate the former at will. Neither the custom of gifts to the father of the bride, nor the custom of dowries, appears to have existed in the earliest period of Roman history; but the father disposed absolutely of the hand of his daughter, and sometimes even possessed the power of breaking off marriages that had been actually contracted. In the forms of marriage, however, which were usual in the earlier periods of Rome, the absolute power passed into the hands of the husband, and he had the right, in some cases, of putting her to death. Law and public opinion combined in making matrimonial purity most strict. For five hundred and twenty years, it was said, there was no such thing as a divorce in Rome, and, even after this example, for many years the marriage-tie was regarded as absolutely indissoluble. Manners were so severe, that a senator was censured for indecency because he had kissed his wife in the presence of their daughter. It was considered in a high degree disgraceful for a Roman mother to delegate to a nurse the duty of suckling her child. Sumptuary laws regulated, with the most minute severity, all the details of domestic economy. The courtesan class, though probably numerous, and certainly uncontrolled, were regarded with much contempt. The disgrace of publicly professing themselves members of it was believed to be a sufficient punishment; and an old law, which was probably intended to teach in symbol the duties of married life, enjoined that no such person should touch the altar of Juno. It was related of a certain ædile, that he failed to obtain redress for an assault which had been made upon him, because it had occurred in a house of ill-fame, in which it was disgraceful for a Roman magistrate to be found. The sanctity of female purity was believed to be attested by all Nature. The most savage animals became tame before a virgin. When a woman walked naked round a field, caterpillars and all loathsome insects fell dead before her. It was said that drowned men floated on their backs, and drowned women on their faces; and this, in the opinion of Roman naturalists, was due to the superior purity of the latter.

It was a remark of Aristotle, that the superiority of the Greeks to the barbarians was shown, among other things, in the fact that the Greeks did not, like other nations, regard their wives as slaves, but treated them as helpmates and companions. A Roman writer has appealed, on the whole with greater justice, to the treatment of wives by his fellow-countrymen, as a proof of the superiority of Roman to Greek civilization. He has observed that, while the Greeks kept their wives in a special quarter in the interior of their houses, and never permitted them to sit at banquets, except with their relatives, or to see any male, except in the presence of a relative, no Roman ever hesitated to lead his wife with him to the feast, or to place the mother of the family at the head of his table. Whether, in the period when wives were completely subject to the rule of their husbands, much domestic oppression occurred, it is now impossible to say. A temple dedicated to a goddess named Viriplaca, whose mission it was to appease husbands, was worshipped by Roman women on the Palatine, and a strange and improbable, if not incredible story, is related by Livy, of the discovery, during the republic, of a vast conspiracy of Roman wives to poison their husbands. On the whole, however, it is probable that the Roman matron was, from the earliest period, a name of honor; that the beautiful sentence of a juriconsult of the empire, who defined marriage as a life-long fellowship of all divine and human rights, expressed most faithfully the feelings of the people, and that female virtue shone in every age conspicuously in Roman biographies.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*

OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

V.

STATE REASONS WORK ON A SMALL, AS ON A LARGE SCALE.

URSUS—he had boasted of it, alas!—had never wept. The reservoir of tears was full. Such a plenitude—wherein, drop by drop, sorrow by sorrow, is accumulated all a long existence—does not empty itself in a moment. Ursus sobbed a long time.

The first tear is a tapping. He wept over Gwynplaine, over Dea, over himself, Ursus, over Homo. He wept like a child. He wept like an old man. He wept over all at which he had laughed. He paid off back debts. Man's right to tears is never out of date.

For the rest, the dead body that had been committed to earth was Hardquanonne; but Ursus was not bound to know it. Several hours slipped away.

The day began to break; the pale shimmer of morning spread itself forth, vaguely streaked with shadows, over the bowling-green. The dawn blanched the front of the Tadcaster Inn. Master Nicless had not been to bed; for the same fact often brings about sleeplessness in several quarters.

Catastrophes radiate in every direction. Throw a stone into the water, and count the splashes!

Master Nicless felt himself hit. It is very disagreeable to have things happening under your roof. Master Nicless, by no means reassured and foreseeing complications, thought it over. He regretted having taken "those people" in.—If he had but known!—They will end by getting him into some scrape.—How turn them out at once?—He had given Ursus a lease.—What good luck, if he were quit of it!—What to do, to drive them off?

Suddenly, at the inn-door, there was one of those thundering raps that, in England, announce "somebody." The gamut of door-knocks corresponds to the hierarchical scale.

It was not quite a lord's knock; but it was a magistrate's.

The innkeeper, all in a tremble, partially opened the small casement in the door.

A magistrate, in fact, it was. Master Nicless saw at his door, in the dim light, a group of the police, at whose head stood out two men, one of whom was the justice of the quorum.

Master Nicless had seen the justice of the quorum in the morning, and recognized him.

He did not recognize the other man.

He was a fat gentleman, with a wax-colored complexion, in a common wig, and a travelling-cape.

Master Nicless was greatly in awe of the former of these personages, the justice of the quorum. If Master Nicless had been of the court, he would have stood in greater fear of the latter—for he was Barkilphedro.

One of the men of the group thumped a second time on the door, violently.

The innkeeper, with the heavy sweat of anxiety on his brow, opened it.

The justice of the quorum—in the tone of a man who has the police under him, and is up to all that personally concerns vagabonds—raised his voice, and asked sharply:

— Master Ursus?

— It is here, your honor.

— I know that, said the justice.

— Without doubt, your honor.

— Let him come here.

— Your honor, he is not in.

— Where is he?

— I don't know.

— How's that?

— He has not come back.

— Did he go out so very early, then?

— No; but he went out very late.

— These vagabonds! exclaimed the justice.

— Your honor, said Master Nicless, meekly, here he is!

Ursus, in fact, had just appeared at a turn of the wall. He reached the inn. He had passed almost the whole night between the jail where at mid-day he had seen Gwynplaine go in, and the burial-ground where at midnight he had heard the grave filled up. He was pale, with a double pallor; that of his affliction, and that of the twilight.

The dawning day, which is light in its chrysalis state, blends with forms—even those that are in movement—something of the indistinctness of night. Ursus, wan and shadowy and walking slowly, resembled a figure in a dream.

In the sullen distraction produced by acute suffering, he had gone off from the inn bareheaded. He had not even noticed that he had no hat. His few gray hairs fluttered in the wind. His opened eyes did not appear to be looking. Awake, a man is often asleep; just so it happens that, when asleep, we may be awake. Ursus had the air of a madman.

— Master Ursus, cried the innkeeper, this way! Their honors want to speak to you.

Master Nicless, solely anxious to soften down the incident, let out this plural, and at the same time would have withheld it. "Their honors" was respectful toward the group, but might jar perhaps upon the head of it, thus confounded with his subordinates.

Ursus gave such a start as a man might give, on being tumbled out of a bed whereon he was sound asleep.

— What's the matter? said he.

And he saw the police, and, at the head of the police, the magistrate.

A new and severe shock for him.

A while ago, the wapentake; now, the justice of the quorum. The one seemed to throw him over to the other. There are old legends, such as this, concerning reefs.

The justice of the quorum signed to him to enter the tavern.

Ursus obeyed.

Govicum, who was just up and was sweeping out the room, stopped short, got into a corner behind the tables, kept his broom quiet, and held his breath. He thrust a hand into his hair and scratched it at random, which indicated attention to what may happen.

The justice of the quorum seated himself on a bench, before a table; Barkilphedro took a chair. Ursus and Master Nicless remained standing. The officers of police, left outside, grouped themselves before the reclosed door.

The justice of the quorum fixed his legal eyeball upon Ursus, and said:

— You have a wolf.

Ursus answered:

— Not exactly so.

— You have a wolf, resumed the justice, emphasizing "wolf" with a decisive accent.

Ursus replied:

— That is . . .

And he remained silent.

— Misdemeanor, the justice went on.

Ursus hazarded this bit of pleading:

— He is my servant.

The justice placed his hand flat on the table, with his five fingers spread out—a very striking gesture of authority.

— Mountebank, to-morrow, by this hour, you and your wolf must have quitted England. Otherwise, the wolf will be seized, led to the court of records, and killed.

Ursus thought:—Continuation of assassinations.—But he

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

didn't breathe a word, and contented himself with trembling in all his limbs.

— You hear? said the justice.

— Ursus affirmed, by bowing his head.

The justice persisted:

— Killed.

There was silence.

— Strangled, or drowned.

The justice of the quorum looked at Ursus.

— And yourself in prison.

Ursus murmured:

— Judge! . . .

— Be gone before to-morrow morning. If not, such is the order.

— Judge! . . .

— What?

— Must we leave England, he and I?

— Yes.

— To-day?

— To-day.

— How to do it?

Master Nicless was happy. This magistrate, whom he had mistrusted, had come to his aid. The police made itself the auxiliary of him, Nicless. It delivered him from "those people." It brought him the means that he was seeking. The police was chasing away this Ursus, whom he wanted to bow out. Superior authority. No objection could be made. He was enchanted. He interposed.

— Your honor, this man . . .

He indicated Ursus with his finger.

— This man asks how to set about leaving England to-day. Nothing more simple. Every day and every night there are vessels sailing for different countries, from the Thames anchoring-grounds, on this side, and on the other side of London Bridge. They go from England to Denmark, to Holland, to Spain—not to France, on account of the war, but everywhere else. To-night, several vessels will start, toward three o'clock in the morning, when the tide suits. Among others, the galliot *Vograat*, of Rotterdam.

The justice of the quorum made a movement of the shoulder on the side toward Ursus:

— So be it! Start by the first craft that falls in your way. By the *Vograat*.

— Judge! said Ursus.

— Well?

— Judge, if I had only, as formerly, my little booth upon wheels, that might be. It might be put on board a vessel. But . . .

— But what?

— But I have the Green-Box, which is a huge machine with two horses; and, however large a vessel may be, that can never be shipped.

— What's that to me? said the justice. The wolf may be killed.

Ursus, shuddering, felt himself handled as by a hand of ice.—The monsters! thought he. To kill people! That's their expedient.

The tavern-keeper smiled, and addressed himself to Ursus:

— Master Ursus, you can sell the Green-Box.

Ursus looked at Nicless.

— Master Ursus, you have had an offer.

— From whom?

— Offer for the caravan. Offer for the two horses. Offer for the two women. Offer . . .

— From whom? repeated Ursus.

— From the master of the neighboring circus.

— That's true.

Ursus remembered it.

Master Nicless turned toward the justice of the quorum.

— Your honor, the bargain can be concluded this very day.

The master of the circus close by desires to purchase the big caravan and the two horses.

— This master of the circus is right, said the justice, for he is about to have need of them. A carriage and horses—that will be of use to him. He, too, will start to-day. The clergy of the parishes of Southwark have complained of the obscene hubbub of the Tarrinzeau-Field. The sheriff has taken his measures. This evening, there won't be a single mountebank's booth upon the place. An end of scandals. The honorable gentleman who deigns to be here present . . .

The justice of the quorum interrupted himself by a bow to Barkilphedro, which Barkilphedro returned to him.

— The honorable gentleman, who deigns to be here present, arrived to-night, from Windsor. He brings orders. Her Majesty has said: "This must be swept away."

Ursus, in his long reflection that lasted all night, had not failed to ask himself some questions. After all, he had only seen one bier. Was he quite certain that Gwynplaine was in it? There might be other dead men upon earth, besides Gwynplaine. A coffin passing by is not a corpse telling its name. Subsequently to Gwynplaine's arrest, there had been a burial. That proved nothing. *Post hoc, non propter hoc*, etc.—Ursus had got back to doubting. Hope burns and lightens over agony, as naphtha upon water. This buoyant flame floats eternally over human grief. Ursus had ended by saying to himself:—It was probably Gwynplaine who was buried; but it is not certain. Who knows? Gwynplaine is still living, perhaps.

Ursus bowed down before the justice.

— Honorable judge, I will set out. We will set out. There shall be a general setting out. By the *Vograat*. For Rotterdam. I will obey. I will sell the Green-Box, the horses, the trumpets, the Egyptian women. But there is one person who is with me, a comrade, whom I cannot leave behind me, Gwynplaine . . .

— Gwynplaine is dead, said a voice.

Ursus felt an impression of cold, as though a reptile had crept over his skin. It was Barkilphedro who had spoken.

The last gleam of light faded away. No more doubt. Gwynplaine was dead.

This personage ought to know. He was sinister enough for that.

Ursus bowed to him.

Master Nicless, save for his cowardice, was a very good fellow. But, when frightened, he was atrocious. Fear is supreme ferocity.

He muttered:

— Simplification.

And there took place, behind Ursus, that rubbing of hands, peculiar to egotists, which signifies: "There; I'm well out of it!" and seems as though made over the hand-basin of Pontius Pilate.

Ursus, overwhelmed, bowed his head. Death, the sentence of Gwynplaine, was executed; and, as for himself, his sentence had been pronounced, exile. There was nothing left, but to obey. He mused.

He felt some one touch his elbow. It was the acolyte of the justice of the quorum. Ursus shuddered.

The voice that had said, "Gwynplaine is dead," whispered in his ear:

— Here are ten pounds sterling, sent you by a well-wisher.

And Barkilphedro laid a small purse upon a table in front of Ursus.

It may be remembered that Barkilphedro brought away a casket.

Ten guineas, out of two thousand—that was all that Barkilphedro could manage. In conscience, it was enough. If he had given more, he would have lost by it. He had taken the trouble to bring about the finding of a lord; he had begun the working it; it was fair that the first product of the mine should belong to him. They, who see meanness herein, would be in the

right of it; but astonishment would be a mistake. Barkilphedro loved money—particularly when stolen. Avarice is embraced in envy. Barkilphedro was not free from defects. Committing crimes does not prevent the having vices. Tigers have lice.

Besides, that was the school of Bacon.

Barkilphedro turned toward the justice of the quorum, and said to him:

— Have the goodness, sir, to bring this matter to an end. I am in a great hurry. A chaise, with proper relays of her Majesty's horses, is waiting for me. I must set off at full gallop for Windsor, and must be there in two hours from this time. I have accounts to render, and orders to receive.

The justice of the quorum got up.

He went to the door, which was only fastened by a bolt, opened it, looked, without uttering a word, at the squad of police, and flashed upon them with his forefinger a signal of authority. The whole group entered with that silence which portends the coming of something severe.

Master Nicless—satisfied with the rapid unravelling that cut complications short, and charmed to be out of this entangled skein—feared, on seeing so many officers deploying, that Ursus would be arrested then and there. Two arrests, one close upon the other, in his house—that of Gwynplaine, then that of Ursus—might injure the tavern, drinkers not liking to be interrupted by the police. Master Nicless brought his smiling countenance, whereon confidence was tempered by respect, to bear upon the justice of the quorum:

— Your honor, I would call your honor's attention to the fact that these honorable gentlemen, the sergeants, are not indispensable, now that the culpable wolf is about to be transported out of England, and that the man Ursus makes no resistance, and that your honor's orders are punctually obeyed. Your honor will bear in mind that the respectable acts of the police, so necessary to the well-being of the kingdom, do harm to an establishment, and that my house is innocent. The mountebanks of the Green-Box being swept away, as says her Majesty the queen, I see no longer any criminal here, for I do not suppose that the blind girl and the two gipsy women are delinquents; and I would implore your honor to deign to abridge your august visit, and to dismiss these worthy gentlemen who have just entered, for they have nothing to do in my house; and, if your honor would permit me to prove the justice of my statement in the form of an humble question, I would render the uselessness of the presence of these venerable gentlemen evident, by asking of your honor:—Since the aforesaid Ursus yields and sets out, whom can they have to arrest here?

— You, said the justice.

There is no disputing with a sword-thrust, that pierces you through and through. Master Nicless sank down, overwhelmed, upon—no matter what—upon a table, upon a bench, upon what was at hand.

The justice raised his voice so much that, if there had been any one on the place outside, it might have been heard:

— Master Nicless Plumtre, keeper of this tavern, this is the last point to be set in order. This juggler and this wolf are vagabonds. They are driven away. But the most culpable one is yourself. It is in your house, and with your privacy, that the law has been violated; and you, a licensed individual, invested with public responsibility, you have installed scandal under your roof! Master Nicless, your license is revoked; you will pay a fine, and to prison you will go.

The officers of police surrounded the tavern-keeper. The justice continued, indicating Govicum:

— This boy, your accomplice, is arrested.

An officer's wrist swooped upon the collar of Govicum, who regarded the officer with curiosity. The boy, not much frightened, comprehended but little, had already seen more than one strange sight, and asked himself if this was the playing out of the comedy.

The justice of the quorum pressed down his hat upon his head, crossed his two hands over his stomach, which is the *ne plus ultra* of majesty, and added:

— It is ordered, Master Nicless; you will be taken to prison and put in jail. You, and this boy. And this house, the Tadcaster Inn, will remain shut, under ban, and closed. For example's sake. Whereupon, you are to follow us.

BOOK VII.—THE SHE-TITAN.

I.

W A K I N G .

— AND Dea!

It seemed to Gwynplaine—as he watched the day dawning at Corleone Lodge, while these adventures were occurring at the Tadcaster Inn—that this exclamation came from without; the exclamation was within himself.

Who has not heard the profound outcries of the soul?

Furthermore, the day was coming on.

The morning is a voice.

Of what use would be the sun, were it not to awaken that gloomy sleeper, the conscience?

Light and virtue are of the same race.

Whether the god be called Christ or Love, there is always an hour when he is forgotten, even by the best. We have, all of us—even the saints—need of a voice to bring back our recollections; and the day-dawn causes the sublime warner to speak within us. Conscience cries out in face of duty, as the cock crows before the morn.

That chaos, the human heart, hears the *Fiat lux*!

Gwynplaine—we continue to call him thus: Clancharlie is a lord, Gwynplaine is a man—Gwynplaine was as though raised from the dead.

It was time that the artery was tied.

There was, in him, an absconding of honor.

— And Dea! said he.

And he felt in his veins as it were a generous transfusion. Something of healthful and tumultuous coursed through him. The violent irruption of rightful thoughts, is the return home of a man, who is without his key, and who climbs honestly over his own wall. There is a scaling, but for good purpose; there is an assault, but upon evil.

— Dea! Dea! Dea! repeated he.

He assured himself of his own heart.

And he asked this question aloud:

— Where are you?

Almost astonished that there was no reply.

He resumed looking at the ceiling and the walls, and with a distraction through which reason was coming back:

— Where are you? Where am I?

And in that chamber, in that cage, he began again to pace up and down, with the tread of a wild animal shut up.

— Where am I? At Windsor. And you? At Southwark. Ah, good Heavens! now for the first time is there a distance between us. Who, then, has spaced it out? I here; you there! Oh, this is not! this shall not be! What is it that they have done to me?

He stopped.

— Who, then, has spoken to me of the queen? Do I know any thing of this? Changed? I changed? Why? Because I am a lord. Do you know what is taking place, Dea? You are a lady. They are marvellous, these things that are happening. Ah, psaw! it is all about finding my way again. Had any one lost me? There is a fellow, who has spoken to me with a mysterious air. I remember the words that he addressed to me:—My lord, one door, as it opens, closes another door. What is behind you has no more existence.—In other words:—You are a craven!—That man, the wretch! said this

to me while I was not yet awakened. He took advantage of my first moment of surprise. I was as though a prey that he grasped. Where is he, that I may abuse him? He spoke to me with the sombre smile of a dream. Ah! now I am becoming myself again! That is well. It is a mistake to suppose that any one can make what he wishes, out of Lord Clancharlie. Peer of England? Yes, with a peeress, who is Dea. Conditions? Do I accept any? The queen? What matters the queen to me? I have never seen her. I am not lord, to be slave. I enter, free, into my prerogative. Do they believe that they have unchained me for nothing? They have taken my muzzle off; that is the whole of it. Deal! Ursus! we are linked together. What you were, I was! What I am, you are. Come! No. I will go there. At once, at once; I have waited too long already. What must they think, on not seeing me return? That money! When I think that I sent them money! It was I that was needed. That man told me, I remember, that I could not go out hence. We shall see about that. Hollo, there, a carriage! a carriage! Put the horses to! I will go and look for them. Where are the valets? There ought to be valets, since there is a lord. I am master here. It is my house; and I will twist the bolts, and force the locks, and break down the doors by kicking. If any one bars my passage, I will pass my sword through his body, for now I have a sword. I should like to see any one resist me! I have a wife, who is Dea. I have a father, who is Ursus. My house is a palace, and I give it to Ursus. My name is a coronet, and I give it to Dea. Quick! At this instant! Dea, here I am! Ah! Bah! I shall soon have got over the interval!

And, raising the first door-curtain that came to hand, he went out impetuously from the room.

He found himself in a corridor.

He held straight on.

A second corridor presented itself.

All the doors were open.

He began walking on at hazard, from room to room, from passage to passage, looking for the way out.

II.

LIKENESS OF A PALACE TO A WOOD.

CORLEONE LODGE being in the style of Italian palaces, there were very few doors. All was curtain, drapery over entrances, tapestry.

Never a palace at that epoch, which had not, in its interior arrangement, a medley of rooms and of corridors, wherein pomp abounded; gildings, marbles, chiselled wainscotings, Oriental silks, with nooks that told of secrecy and obscurity, while others were ablaze with light. There were garrets rich and gay; small apartments varnished and shining, covered with pantiles from Holland, or azulejos from Portugal; embrasures of lofty bay-windows that overhung cabinets all in glass, pretty lanterns for living in. The thickness of the wall, if hollowed out, would be habitable. Here and there, gems of boxes, that were wardrobes. This was called "*les petits appartements*"—the suite of rooms for ordinary use. Therein it was that crimes were annotated.

If it was necessary to kill the Duc de Guise, or to lead astray the fair president of Sylvecane, or, at a later period, to stifle the cries of the little ones whom Lebel had brought in—this was convenient. A complicated abode, not intelligible to a newcomer. Place for abductions; unknown depth, whereto disappearances tended. Princes and lords deposited their spoil in these elegant caverns. There did the Comte de Charolais hide Madame Courchamp, the wife of the Master of Requests; there did Monsieur de Monthulé hide the daughter of Handry, the farmer of la Croix-Saint-Lenfroy; there did the Prince de Conti hide the two beautiful baker's girls of l'Île-Adam; there did the Duke of Buckingham hide poor Pennywell, etc. The deeds that were there accomplished were of the sort that are done, as

the Roman law says, *vi, clam, et precario*, by force, in secret, and for temporary purpose. Whoever was there remained there, according to the master's good pleasure. There were secret dungeons, gilded. A compound of cloister and seraglio. Staircases turned, mounted up, descended. A spiral of rooms, dovetailed into each other, brought you back to your starting-point. A gallery ended in an oratory. A confessional was grafted on an alcove. The ramifications of coral and the piercings of sponge had probably served as models to the architects of the royal and seigniorial "*petits appartements*." The branchings-off were inextricable. Portraits, pivoting upon openings, offered exits and entrances. All was planned out. And requisite it was; dramas were played there. The stories of this hive extended from cellar to garret. Quaint madrepora coral encrusted in all palaces, beginning with Versailles, made as it were a habitation for pigmies in the dwelling-place of Titans. Passages, altars at stations, nests, cells in honeycombs, hiding-places. All sorts of holes, whereinto the littlenesses of the great were thrust.

These walled and winding quarters woke ideas of games, of bandaged eyes, of groping hands, of suppressed laughter, of blind-man's-buff, of hide-and-seek; and at the same time suggested dreams of the Atrides, of the Plantagenets, of the Medicis, of the wild knights of Elz, of Rizzio, of Monaldeschi, of swords pursuing a fugitive from room to room.

Antiquity also, on its part, had mysterious abodes of this sort, wherein luxury was dedicated to horrors. A specimen of them has been preserved, underground, in certain sepulchres of Egypt; for instance, in the crypt of King Psammetichus, discovered by Passalacqua. Fear of these suspected constructions is found in the old poets. *Error circumflexus. Locus implicitus gyris.*

Gwynplaine was in the "*petits appartements*" of Corleone Lodge.

He was in a fever to go away, to be outside, to see Dea again. This intricacy of corridors and of cells, of hidden doors, and doors unexpected, stayed him and slackened his pace. He would have wished to run; he was forced to wander. He thought that he had but a door to push open—he had a skein to unravel.

After one bedroom, another. Then a gathering of saloons.

He met nothing living. He listened. No movement.

It appeared to him sometimes that he was retracing his steps.

At intervals, he thought he saw some one coming to him. It was no one. It was himself, in a mirror, in a lord's costume.

It was his improbable self. He recognized himself; but not immediately.

He went on, taking all the passages that presented themselves.

He involved himself in the meanderings of domestic architecture; there, a cabinet coquettishly painted and carved, somewhat lascivious, and extremely discreet; there, a chapel of doubtful character, all in scales of mother-of-pearl and enamel, with ivory-work made to be looked at through a magnifying-glass, like the lids of snuffboxes; there, one of those precious Florentine retreats set apart for feminine hypochondriacs, and which were then called *boudoirs*. Everywhere, upon the ceilings, upon the walls, even upon the floors, there were configurations in velvet or in metal, of birds and trees, of extravagant vegetation in clustered pearls, of embossments in lace, of nets of bugles, of warriors, of queens, of female Tritons. The bevelings of cut crystals added the effect of prisms to the effect of reflection. Table glassware played off precious stones. Dark buffets in corners were seen to sparkle. It was not clear, whether all these luminous facets—wherein emerald green was merged in gold of the rising sun, and dove-colored tints went floating—were microscopic mirrors, or aqua-marina of extraordinary size. Magnificence, delicate at once and immense. It was the most coquettish of palaces, at least if it were not the most color-

of caskets. A house for Mab, or a jewel for Géo. Gwynplaine sought a way out.

He did not find it. Impossible to determine his direction. Nothing gets into the head so soon as opulence, when seen for the first time. But, beyond this, it was a labyrinth. At each step, a magnificence was an obstacle to him. This one seemed to resist his going away. That one had the air of not wishing to loose its hold on him. He was as though snared in birdlime of marvels. He felt that he was seized and kept fast.

— What a horrible palace! thought he.

He prowled uneasily around this maze, asking himself what it meant, whether he was in prison, becoming irritated, sighing for free air. He repeated: "Dea! Dea!" as you might clutch the thread which will guide you out, and which you must not allow to be broken.

From time to time he called out:

— Ho, some one!

There was no answer.

The rooms came never to an end. All was deserted, silent, splendid, sinister.

Enchanted castles may be imagined thus.

Hidden hot-air holes kept up a summer temperature in these corridors and these cabinets. The month of June appeared to have been taken by some magician, and shut up in this labyrinth. This was agreeable sometimes to the senses. Whiffs of perfume were traversed, as if invisible flowers were there.

Gwynplaine looked out of the windows. The view was different. At one moment, he saw gardens filled with the freshness of spring and of morning; at another, new fronts of buildings with new statues; at another, small quadrangular courts, after the Spanish fashion, between important buildings, flagged, mouldy, and cold; at another, a river that was the Thames; at another, a huge tower that was Windsor.

Outside, at so early an hour, there were no passers-by.

He stopped. He listened.

— Oh! I will go away, said he. I will rejoin Dea. I shall not be kept here by force. A curse on any one who would desire to hinder me from going out! What is that vast tower there? If there is a giant, a dog from hell, a Tarasoon crocodile, that bars the door of this bewitched palace, I will exterminate him. An army—I will devour it. Dea! Dea!

Suddenly he heard a slight noise, a very slight noise. It was like running water.

He was in a narrow and dark corridor, closed, at some steps before him, by a curtain divided in the middle.

He walked up to this curtain, put it aside, and entered. . .

He found himself in the unexpected.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNINGES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—THE MAGICIAN'S CAVE.

THE address was Guildford Street, Manchester Square, a narrow, dingy, very respectable street, with a good many public-houses in it, and a livery-stable under three or four different archways, where the genteel population round about got their "flies." The houses were tall and rather decayed, with smoky remains of the flowers which had been kept fresh and bright in the season lingering in their narrow little balconies, and no small amount of cards hung up in the windows, announcing lodgings to let. It occurred to Ben, as he walked listlessly through it, that here was a place which would be more suitable to his fallen fortunes than the Albany; but the thought was inarticulate, and took no form. There was even a similar ticket in the ground-floor window of No. 10, where Mrs. Tracy lived, and where they were immediately admitted and conducted to the drawing-room. Ben followed his friend mechanically into the dingy room, with three long

windows glimmering down to the faded carpet, commanding a view of the opposite livery-stable, from which one inevitable fly was creeping slowly out under the archway. This particular vehicle was drawn by an old white horse, and it was that spot of white upon the dim foreground, and the white-cotton gloves of the driver, that caught Ben's eye as he went in. He was so little interested that he scarcely noticed anything in the room. It was a disagreeable business. He had come listlessly because he had been asked. But, though he had heard the story of the widow's son, it had not touched him. Perhaps he was not very tender-hearted by nature; perhaps it was because he was absorbed in his own affairs. But, certainly, when he saw a tall figure in black rise from the small room behind and make a step forward to meet his friend, Ben woke up with a little start to realize that he was thrusting himself in, without any call, to be a spectator of what might be a tragical scene. He stopped short, and grew red with the embarrassment of a well-bred man suddenly placed in a position where he is one too many; and, notwithstanding Hillyard's almost nervous glance back at him, and appeal for support, might have made his way out again, had not his course been suddenly arrested by another figure in intense mourning, which rose from a low seat by the vacant window. It was getting late in the afternoon, and twilight begins soon in a narrow London street; besides which, the blinds were half down, the curtains hanging half over the long, narrow windows, and such light as there was falling on the floor. For this reason, the lady at the window had been seated on a very low chair against the wall, to secure all the light she could, evidently for the work in her hand. She rose up, facing Ben as the other faced his friend, rising slowly from the long sweep of black drapery which had lain coiled round her on the carpet, and suddenly flashing upon the young man, out of the shadows, with such a face as he had never in all his life seen before. She gave him a hurried glance from head to foot, taking in every detail of his appearance, and settling in a second what manner of man he was; and then she pointed to a chair, with a soft murmur of invitation to him to seat himself. He obeyed her, not knowing why. His brain began to whirl. The long window bound with its high, narrow, smoky rail of balcony; the faded curtains hanging over and darkening the room; the pale light below upon the carpet, and the figure which sank slowly down once more with its black dress in waves on the floor; the white hands joined with some white work between them; the face against that dusky background—was it true that he had never seen them all till that moment, or had they been there waiting for him, attending this moment all his life?

Ben Renton had been a great deal in society, and had seen beautiful women in his day; and he knew quantities of pretty girls, and had fancied himself a little in love with some of them, also, in his time. But something, perhaps, in the surrounding made this woman different from any thing he had ever seen. She was very tall, almost as tall as himself. She was pale, with none of that adventitious charm of color which often stands in the place of beauty. Her hair was dark, without any gleams in it. The only color about her was in her eyes, which were blue, like a winter sky—blue of the sweetest and purest tone—shining out under her dark hair from her pale, beautiful face, from the shadow and the darkness, like a bit of heaven itself. Ben sat down and looked at her, struck dumb, in a kind of stupor. What had he to do with this wonderful, lovely, silent creature? Who was she? How came she here? How did it come about that he sat by her, having no right to such an acquaintance, struck silent, like a man in a dream? He looked on stupidly, and saw the other lady sink down and cover her face with her hands as Hillyard delivered his melancholy commission. Of course, it was Hillyard's duty to do so, and even to remain with them while the daughter rose noiselessly and went to her mother, bending over her, turning her beautiful pale face appealingly to the strangers, with the blue eyes full of tears. All this strange scene his companion had a certain connection with by right of his errand; but why was Ben Renton there, or what could it ever be to him?

And yet she came back to the seat by the window, and Ben, looking on, saw the tears fall upon her white hands and white work, and met in his turn the same wistful look. "Were you there too?" she said, with a little sob. He was ashamed of himself to say no; but, perhaps because her heart was full of her dead brother, she gave no sign that she thought his presence was intrusive. She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and then she looked in his face again.

"It is very, very hard for poor mamma," she said, in the softest, lowly-whispering voice. "Her only son! She was so proud of him! She always hoped he would do so well; and papa died so long ago, and we had no one else to look to. It is so hard upon mamma!"

"She has you," said Ben, wildly, feeling that some reply was looked for, and not knowing what he said.

"Ah! yes; but I am only a girl. I can love her; but what more can I do?" said this celestial creature, with piteous looks. Ben's brain went round and round; he was in some enchanted place, some magician's castle. What had he to do there, listening to these soft complaints, receiving those looks which would have melted a heart of stone? In his amaze he turned half round to his friend, who alone gave him any title to be present, and his appeal was not in vain.

"I came home only this morning," said Hillyard, "and, of course, the first thing I thought of was to discharge my sad commission. My friend, Mr. Renton, came with me, as he knows better how things go on here than I do. If we could be of any use—"

Ben had got up and bowed in his embarrassment. He was overcome, he thought, with pity, certainly with another and stronger sentiment. "If there is any thing I can do—" he said, eagerly. As he spoke, the mother raised her head, and shot him through and through with a sudden glance of her eyes—eyes which must once have been like her daughter's, but which had grown keen, clear, and cold, instead of that sweetness—with a hungry look in them. But how can you criticise a woman in such circumstances? They might be puckered up with grief; it might be the anguish of Rachel's weeping that looked through them. She said, "It is very kind," looking at them both, contrasting, as it were, the two together; and then, with a certain abruptness, "What was it you were saying to me about some Rentons, Millicent?" she asked.

"You know, mamma," said the daughter, "Thornycroft, where I was at school, was close to the Manor, and Mary Westbury was always talking of her cousins. But perhaps this gentleman—"

"Yes; I am one of Mary Westbury's cousins," said Ben, with a throb of delight; and then he paused, thinking what else he could say to ingratiate himself further. "I am the eldest—Ben," he added, with heightened color; and mother and daughter both looked at him with an interest which they did not attempt to disguise.

"I have heard so often of Ben!" said Miss Tracy, with a soft, little laugh. The sound of his own name so softly uttered completed the young man's bewilderment. He forgot how soon that laugh had followed on the tears, and how entirely the mother and daughter had both thrown themselves into the new subject. As for Hillyard, he sat between the two with a puzzled expression on his face. Nobody took any notice of him after the first. His friend, who had the cachet of the latest civilization on him, who was a Renton of Renton, the eldest son, was a very different person from an adventurer out of the bush. Mrs. Tracy herself came forward from the little back drawing-room where she had been sitting, and took a chair near the new object of interest. She was a handsome woman still, for her age, and showed traces of having been like her daughter. She had the same clear, fine features; the same dark hair, still unchanged in color; the same height, and drooping grace of form. But her eyes, instead of being soft and dewy, were hard and keen; her lips were thin, and the muscles all tightened about them. Her hands were thin and long, and looked as if they could grasp and hold fast. "The daughter will grow like the mother, and I'd trust neither of them," Hillyard said to himself; but there might be a certain spite in it, for they showed no interest in him.

"It was very kind of you to come," said the widow, leaving it undecided whom she was addressing, but looking at Ben. "Though it is three months since I first heard of my dear boy's death, this visit brings it all back. He was my only son; and, oh! what hopes are buried with him, Mr. Renton! I thought it was he that would have restored us to our natural place in the world. My Millicent was not born to live in a back street opposite livery-stables. I expected every thing from her brother. Man proposes, but God disposes. I cannot tell you what heaps of money I spent on him getting him ready for that examination; and yet it all came to nothing; and now he is gone."

"Dear mamma, we must not strive against Providence," said Millicent, putting her handkerchief lightly to her eyes.

"No, my dear," said her mother; "but, if it was to be, I might have been spared all that waste of money—when we are so ill able to afford it. Providence knows best, to be sure; but still, when it was to be, it might have been so arranged that I should have saved that. You will think it strange of me to say so; but my thought by night and by day is, what will my child do when I die?"

"Dear mamma, don't say any more," said Millicent again. "I never grudged any thing that was for poor dear Fitzgerald's advantage; and, I am sure, neither did you."

"Not if it had been for his advantage," said Mrs. Tracy, gloomily; "but you know how he broke down in his examination, poor fellow. I don't want to blame Providence—but still I might have been spared that."

"Perhaps, Ben, we had better go," said Hillyard. "We are only intruding upon painful recollections.—He was heartbroken, poor fellow. He never could forget what you had spent upon him, and that he made so little return.—Ben, I think we should go."

"No; he never made any return," said Mrs. Tracy. "When one spends so much on one child without a return, one feels that one has been unjust to the rest. We are not very lively people; but I hope you will not hurry away. It was so very good of you to come. Millicent, ring for some tea. I shall be very glad to see both of you if you like to come to us sometimes of an evening. It is a very dull time of year to be in town. My poor boy has made it impossible for me to take Millicent to the sea this year; and if you are going to be in town, Mr. Renton, as you and she are almost old friends, I shall be very glad to see you; and you too, Mr. Hillyard," she added, turning half round to him. Hillyard muttered "By Jove!" to himself, under his breath. But as for Ben, so suddenly and enthusiastically received into the bosom of the family, his eyes brightened, and his face crimsoned over with pleasure.

"I shall be in town all the rest of the year," he said; "indeed. I am looking for rooms in this neighborhood. I have something to do—that is—I shall want to be near Manchester Square. I shall be too glad, if you will let me, to come now and then. I must write to Mary and tell her what her relationship has gained me," said Ben, with a glow of satisfaction; while Hillyard looked on sardonic, probably because he had been asked, "too," as Ben's appendage, which was a curious reversal of affairs.

"How is dear Mary?" said Miss Tracy, "and where is she just now? I dare say going on a round of nice visits," she added, with a soft sigh; "her circumstances are so different from ours."

"She was with my mother when I left home," said Ben, his face clouding over. "She will not have many visits this year, poor girl. My mother is very fond of her, which is a great comfort to us all just now."

Millicent Tracy looked at him with her blue eyes, which seemed ready to overflow with soft tears; and Ben, who had the calm consciousness, common to great people, that everybody must "know what had happened," felt her sympathy go to his heart. But as it chanced she had not the least idea what had happened. The ladies had not had their *Times* the day on which Mr. Renton's death was announced, or else they had been interrupted by visitors, or some accident had happened to the supplement; but, anyhow, they were in ignorance of that event. It was sufficiently clear, however, that something had come upon the Renton family to call for sympathy, and sympathy accordingly shone sweetly out of Millicent's eyes. As for Mrs. Tracy, her attention was turned to more practical matters.

"The ground-floor here is to let," she said. "I can't suppose it would be good enough for you, Mr. Renton; but still, if you had any particular reason for being in this neighborhood—the people of the house are honest sort of people. There is a parlor and a bedroom, quiet and respectable. And if we could be of any use—"

"A thousand thanks," said Ben. He was very reluctant to leave the paradise on which he had thus suddenly stumbled, but Hillyard, the neglected one, had got up and stood waiting for him. "I shall look at them as I go down-stairs."

And then Millicent gave him her soft hand. "I have known Mary's cousin for years," she said, smiling at him, with a little blush and half apology. It was as if an angel had apologized for entering a mortal household unawares. Ben went down the narrow staircase dazed and giddy, treading, not on the poor worn carpets, but on some celestial path of flowers. He looked at the low, melan-

choly room below clothed in black haircloth, and veiled with curtains of darkling red, and thought it a bower of bliss. Something, however, restrained him from securing this paradise while Hillyard was still with him. He whispered to the eager landlady that he would return and settle with her, and went out into the street a different being. It looked a different street, transfigured somehow. The old white horse and the rusty carriage, and the man in white cotton gloves, with his pretence at livery, stood before a house a little farther down; and it seemed to Ben an equipage for the gods. Every thing was changed. The only thing that troubled him was that Hillyard took his arm once more, as if supposing he meant to be dragged back to that wretched club.

"It is easy to see that I am not a swell like you," said Hillyard. "I never pretended I was; but I had no idea it was written on my face so plainly till I read it in that old woman's eyes."

"She is not exactly an old woman," said Ben, making an effort to get free of his companion's arm.

"Oh! dear, no; not at all!" said Hillyard. "But if the daughter is—say five-and-twenty—"

"I should say eighteen," said Ben.

"Oh, by Jove! that's going too fast," cried his companion; "though I can't wonder, considering the dead set they made at you. That girl is stunning, Ben; but she thinks you're the heir of all your father's property, and have the Manor at your command. Mind what you're after if you go there again. The old woman is as crafty as an old fox, and as for the young one—"

"Look here, Hillyard," said Ben, hotly. "I am introduced to this family not by you, but my cousin Mary. If it had been you, of course you might say what you like of your own friends; but I consider they are Mary Westbury's friends, and I can't have you speak of them in such a tone, for my cousin's sake."

"Ah! I see," said Hillyard, ironically. "But poor Tracy was my friend, not Miss Westbury's, and I suppose I may talk of him if I like. It was the mother that drove him to it, Ben. Don't you think it's my line to speak ill of women. I've a dear little mother myself, thank God, and a little sister as sweet as a daisy—and about as poor," the adventurer added, with a sigh; "but I hate that kind of woman. You may growl if you please. I do. After he broke down in his examination she never gave him a moment's peace. She kept writing to him for money, and upbraiding him for having none to send her, when the poor wretch could not earn bread for himself. That much I know: and you heard how she spoke of him. If you have anything to do with these two women you will come to grief."

"If every woman who has a good-for-nothing son or brother was to be judged as harshly"—said Ben, making an effort to keep his temper. Hillyard turned round upon him with a hoarse exclamation of anger.

"He was not a good-for-nothing, by—!" he cried. "You know nothing about him. You call a man names in his grave, poor fellow, because a girl has got a pair of pretty blue eyes."

"It appears to me that our road is no longer the same," said Ben, with the superiority of temper and good manners. "I am going to my rooms, and you, I suppose, are going back to the club. I dare say we shall meet there shortly, as we are the only men in town. Good-morning, just now."

And thus they parted almost as suddenly as they met. Ben went into the Park, and composed himself with a long walk, at first with a pretence of making his way to his rooms, as he had said. He went across almost to the gate, and then he turned and made a circuit back again. He wanted cheap lodgings, that was evident—and then!—The truth was that his mind was swept and garnished, emptied of all the traditions, and occupations, and hopes of his previous life. All had ended for him as by a sudden deluge, and the chambers stood open for the first inhabitant that had force enough to enter. Was it love that had burst in like an armed man? A certain sweet agitation took possession of his whole being. His agitation had been bitter enough in the morning, when he took the account of all those dead household gods of his, from which no comfort came; or rather it had been a kind of bitter calm—death after a fashion. Now life had rushed back and tingled in all his veins. The world was no more a desert, but full of unknown beauty and wonder. Since his first step out of the familiar ways had taught him so much, what might not his further progress reveal? Might it not be, after all, that his deliverance from the conventional round was the opening of a new, and

fresh, and glorious existence? Should not he be as free in Guilford Street, Manchester Square, as in the backwoods, as undisturbed by impertinent observation? What were the buhl cabinets and the old Dresden in comparison with horsehair, and mahogany, and Millicent Tracy's blue eyes up-stairs? He tried to consider the matter calmly without reference to those eyes, and he thought he succeeded in doing so. He reminded himself with elaborate, almost judicial calm that he had but two hundred pounds a year; that he could not afford to live at the Albany any longer; that cheap lodgings were necessary to him, not altogether out of reach of the world, but beyond the inspection of curious acquaintances. Under these circumstances the adaptation to all his wants of the ground-floor at No. 10 was almost miraculous. It was providential. Ben had not been in the habit of using that word as some people do; but yet he felt that in the present remarkable circumstances it was justifiable. Something beyond ordinary chance must have guided him in his ignorance to exactly the place he wanted. And the machinery employed to bring about this single result had been so elaborate and complicated! First, a suicide far off in Australia; second, the return of an adventurer who had been sent there expressly to make Fitzgerald Tracy's acquaintance, and convey his dying message;—a friendship which had been brought about by such means surely must count for something in a man's life.

And so by degrees Ben found himself once more approaching the street. He knocked at the door with a curious thrill and tremor. What if he should see her again! What if she might be passing up and down after some of her celestial concerns! He was admitted by a dismal maid-of-all-work, and shown in this time to the rooms which were the object of his ambition. They were very dingy little rooms. In their original and normal state they made a double room with folding-doors; but, as arranged for a lodger, the folding-doors had been closed and barricaded, the front half made into a sitting-room, and the back into a bedroom. The windows were closed, and in the sultry September evening the four mean walls seemed to close round the inmate and stifle him. Such a thought had half stolen across his mind when a sudden movement above thrilled him through and through. It seemed to vibrate through the house and through him. No need to ask any further question; undoubtedly it must have been her step; and immediately the musty air grew sweet as summer to foolish Ben.

The result was, that he took the wretched little rooms for thirty shillings a week, conveying to his future landlady as he did so the meanest possible opinion of his intellectual powers. "Some fool," she replied to her husband, "as never asked no questions." He thought them very cheap, poor fellow; he thought them highly economical, retired, respectable, and exactly what he wanted. And he was rewarded, and more than rewarded for his promptitude. Just as he had settled with the landlady, a little creak on the stairs and rustling of ladies' dresses set all his pulses beating. And when he turned sharply round there were the mother and daughter in their crape bonnets equipped for their evening walk. They were immensely surprised at the sight of Ben; more, perhaps, than could have been fully accounted for in conjunction with the fact that Miss Tracy had been seated all this time, at the window, seeing who came and went.

"Is it possible that Mr. Renton has come to look at the rooms?" the innocent Millicent said to her mother, stopping short in the narrow little lobby.

"I have not only come to look at them, but I have secured them," Ben said, coming forward. "They suit me exactly." And there was a charming little flutter of pleasure and surprise.

"I never thought you could be in earnest," Mrs. Tracy said; "the rooms are well enough, but, after what you have been accustomed to—I was just saying to Millicent that, of course, it was impossible. But now I shall be quite comfortable in my mind, knowing you are there. Living in lodgings is very trying for ladies," continued the widow, lowering her voice confidentially as she went in with Ben to give a critical look round the sitting-room. "You cannot think how anxious I have been to have some one I know here, on Millicent's account, Mr. Renton. The last lodger used positively to lie in wait for my innocent child at the door."

"Confounded impudence!" said Ben. "I hope the fellow was kicked out."

"Ah, we had no such champions as you," said Mrs. Tracy, with a dubious smile. "It was after my poor boy went away on that ill-

fated voyage, so much against my will, Mr. Renton. Yes, he has actually taken them, Millicent," she went on, speaking louder as she turned round. "We were just going out for our little walk. It is cool now, and there are not so many people about. We neither of us feel equal to fashionable promenades, Mr. Renton. We take our little walk for health's sake in the cool of the evening. It is all the amusement my poor child has."

"Don't say so, mamma dear," said Millicent. "I am quite happy. And, oh, Mr. Renton, couldn't you have dear Mary up for a day or two to see you? Cousins may visit, may not they, mamma? It would be such a pleasure to see her again."

"Hush, child, you don't think what you are saying. Young ladies can't visit young men, you silly girl," said Mrs. Tracy. And Millicent blushed and glided round to the other side of her mother, as they all emerged into the street. Why should that mass of crape be put between them? Ben thought. But yet he had the happiness of walking to the Park with them, and catching, across Mrs. Tracy's shadow now and then, a glance of the blue eyes. They talked and amused him the whole way, leading him to the grateful shadows of Kensington Gardens, away from all chance of recognition by his fashionable friends, even had there been any fashionable friends to recognize him. They would not permit him, however, to return with them, but dismissed him under the trees. "I am sure we are keeping you from dinner," Mrs. Tracy said, "and we could only ask you to tea. But I trust you will come to us often to tea, Mr. Renton, when you are our fellow-lodger at No. 10."

And he went back to the Albany, not miserable and misanthropical as he left it, but full of loving-kindness and charity to all mankind. He went and dressed himself in honor of "the ladies" whom he had just left, and who had already taken that name in his thoughts; and was most Christian in his treatment of Morris, promising him the best of characters and fullest explanations of why he was leaving; and dined at his club, feeling that there was still light and comfort in the world. Hillyard was there, too, in the evening, reading all the newspapers, and yawning horribly over them. To him "the ladies" had opened no paradise. With a temper that was half-angelical, notwithstanding the adventurer's rudeness in the morning, Ben was pitiful and compassionate to him in his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT A SNOW-FLAKE MAY COME TO.

By DR. I. L. HAYES.

STAGE THE THIRD.—THE ICEBERG.

IT is perhaps not surprising that so few people should know what an iceberg is, seeing how few people there are who go where icebergs come from. We have seen that they come from Greenland.

But how do they get down into the region of ordinary observation—into the region of the North Atlantic, coming there, in season and out of season, as if for no other purpose than to worry the crews and captains of Liverpool packets, and other craft sailing in these waters?

The answer is simple enough. They are brought down from Greenland by that great polar current whose course is now through the Spitzbergen Sea, the Greenland Sea, and Baffin's Bay—a current which, by-the-way, in some remote geological epoch, once swept over the greater part of what is now North America, as, at the present time, it sweeps over the growing banks of Newfoundland—a current into which Lake Superior once discharged as a gulf; then, afterward, Huron and Michigan; then Erie and Ontario; now the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which will, in the course of time, form another fresh-water lake of the great chain, as the sea becomes more and more filled up, while another gulf, and a river still beyond, will tempt some enterprising explorer of a distant time to apply a name. Many of the icebergs that drift down with this current, carry, embedded in their very heart, vast quantities of rock and sand, which are deposited at the bottom of the sea when the iceberg melts. Thus do they add something, every year, to the shoals

off Newfoundland and to the northward, and thus do they strew the entire bed of the polar current with boulders from the Greenland hills. When these now-submerged regions come to be elevated above the sea, the geologist of that day will have less trouble to account for the boulders being there than our forefathers had to explain the presence of similar masses on an Illinois prairie, or in the valleys of the Mohawk, the Potomac, and Connecticut.

The melting of the iceberg is far from rapid. It requires many years to mingle its crystal particles with the waters of the ocean. Yet its rate of drift being slow, and the distance great, by the time it has reached the track of vessels in the North Atlantic, the largest part of it has disappeared; and, immense though they sometimes appear to be, and are, when seen from the deck of ships crossing to Europe, they are then but a fragment of their former greatness. Indeed, very few of them ever reach so low a latitude at all, going to pieces long before the current has carried them so far.

To make the nature of the iceberg more clear to the reader's mind, I will use a very homely illustration.

Observe the little bit of ice that clicks in your tumbler at dinner-time. Observe it closely, and you will perceive how very small a part of it floats above the surface of the water—not more than one-eighth, at the farthest—while the remaining seven-eighths float beneath. Now, this little bit of ice is an iceberg in miniature—an iceberg in every essential feature, except that it did not, in all human probability, come from Greenland. In shape, in general transparency, in the play of light upon it, in its prismatic character, in its frequently-cavernous form, in the general shape of the projecting tongues which lie beneath the surface of the water, in the delicate mist which plays around its summit in the warm air, it is the very image of those great, floating monoliths of the Arctic frost which come sailing down Baffin's Bay with the polar current, in all their stately grandeur and magnificence, scorning, as they tread their watery way, the great billows of the ocean with a cold disdain, sending them away, moaning and shattered, in defeat, chilling the air for leagues around, yet gathering to themselves the gorgeous colors of the sky; immovable from their steadfast course, and majestic as the "silvery moon," that, like the iceberg, "bathes its sides in the trembling wave."

The iceberg is the largest independent floating body in the universe, except the heavenly orbs. There is nothing approaching it, within the range of our knowledge, on this globe of ours; and yet it is, as we have seen, but a fragment of the ice-stream, which is, in its turn, but an arm of the ice-sea. And yet the iceberg is to the great quantity of Greenland ice as the paring of a finger-nail to the human body; as a small chip to the largest tree; as a shovelful of earth to Manhattan Island. Yet magnify the bit of ice in your tumbler until it becomes, to your imagination, a half a mile in diameter each way, and you have a mass that is far from unusual. Add to this a mile, two miles of length, and you have what may be sometimes seen. I have sailed alongside of an iceberg, two miles and a half, measured with a log-line, before coming to the end of it.

The name signifies, as we have seen before, ice-mountain; and it is truly mountainous in size. Lift it out of the water, and it becomes a mountain one thousand, two thousand, three thousand feet high. In dimensions, it is as if New-York City were turned adrift in the Atlantic, or the Central Park were cut out and launched in the same place. An iceberg of the dimensions of the Central Park is far from unusual. And its surface is not in form unlike it either. It is undulating like the Park, and craggy, and crossed by ravines, and dotted with lakes—the water of the lakes being formed from the melting snows of the late winter, and also of the ice itself after the snows have disappeared before the influence of the summer's sun. I have even bathed in such a lake, although I am glad to say but once, and that was in "those days of other years," when the youthful insanity is strong to say, "I have done it"—a disease which I

believe to be amenable only to that treatment popularly known as "sad experience." Skating on an iceberg lake is far more satisfactory and sensible.

Such are the general features of the iceberg as they are to be seen every day in the Arctic waters.

Let us go back now to the ice-stream of Auk-pad-lar-tok, with which we closed the last sketch. Here we saw an imaginary iceberg leaving its hold upon the land, breaking loose from the parent stream, and restoring to the sea its own again. I would once more call attention to that ice-stream, and show more particularly its river-like character.

I have spoken of the long line of the glacier front, stretching away to the opposite shore, in glittering white and blue and green; but it was not an unbroken front. Near its centre there was a dark rock nearly embedded in the ice—the ice being on both sides of it, and overtopping it.

This rock had been an island. The ice-stream, pouring out into the fiord, has at length touched this island, and encroaching more and more upon it from year to year, moulding itself to the rock, had finally attained the position which I have described.

I asked my guide, Philip, if he had observed any change in it during the period of his residence in the fiord.

"Oh, yes," said he, "a very great change. When I first came here, I could pull all the way around the rock in my boat."

"How far was the rock then from the face of the ice-stream?"

"A good half English mile."

"How long was the rock?"

"At least as long as the distance was from the ice-stream."

"How did you learn all this?"

"I have gone to it many a time, and have brought away from it many a barrel of eggs, and many a bag of eider-down."

Making all proper allowance for the general disposition of people to magnify distances, here is yet a most valuable observation—a mile of flow, according to Philip, in five-and-twenty years—almost seven inches for each day. My own observation of an ice-stream, continued through almost a year, showed, as has been previously stated, a daily rate of five inches. Suppose Philip to have even doubled the distance in his rough guessing, we have still a rate of flow equal to three inches and a half per day. An inspection of the numerous breakings from its front, shows that it must have been considerable indeed, judging from the great numbers of icebergs that were scattered down the fiord, all of which were its children. Many of the largest of them had lingered in the fiord ever since Philip came there. Missing the deepest channel, they had grounded, and held on for years and years, until they had been gradually reduced by melting, and by pieces breaking from them, but never yet were small enough to tide over the rocky bottom and reach the sea outside. I looked upon these "ancients" with reverence.

But, hark! what was that?

We still stood upon the summit of the bluff, overlooking the fiord and the ice-stream.

The ice-stream had been constantly emitting sounds, as I have said before, sometimes by the breaking off of a small fragment from its front, sometimes by a partial crack opening far up in the body of it, as it strained in its rocky bed; but now a loud report, as of "deep-mouthed thunder," broke from its profoundest depths—seemingly, indeed, as if from the very bowels of the earth. It fairly shook the ground on which we stood.

Philip said, quietly, "The ice-stream is going to calve."

An instant afterward the report was repeated, louder and still more startling. The shock beneath my feet was more sensibly felt: it seemed like the first warning cry of a coming earthquake.

Philip said again, "See! it is rising."

A portion of the glacier was being lifted by the sea. A great wave was rolling back with this movement of the ice, and was dashed wildly against the ice in front.

An instant more, the sound, which was before so deep and loud, now broke through the air with a crash that was almost deafening—as when a heavy gun is fired near by.

I knew that a monstrous crack was opening in the ice-stream.

The position of the crack was soon seen. A fragment, of enormous proportions, had been disengaged. Its front raised itself aloft as if it were some great leviathan endowed with life, and while it rose the crack opened wide. The unwieldy mass plunged forward, crashing against other ice-masses, scattering the broken fragments to right and left with irresistible force. Then the inner side rose up and the front sank down, while vast volumes of water that had been lifted with it went roaring and hissing over its sides into the foaming and violently agitated sea.

Thus an iceberg had been born.

It would be impossible, with mere words alone, to give any adequate idea of the action of this new-born child of the Arctic frosts. Think of a solid mass of ice, a third of a mile deep and more than half a mile in diameter, hurled like a mere toy into the water, and set to rolling to and fro by the impetus of the act—as if it were Nature's merest football—down one side, until the huge mass was nearly capsized; then back again and down the other side, with the same unresisting force; and so on, up and down, swashing to and fro, for hours, before it comes finally to rest. The disturbance of the water was inconceivably fine; waves of enormous magnitude were rolled up with great violence against the glacier, covering it with spray; and vast billows came tearing down the fiord, their progress marked by the crackling and crumbling of the ice, which was in a state of wildest agitation throughout a space of several miles. Over the smaller of the icebergs these billows broached completely, breaking as if a tempest were piling up the waters, and heaving them with infuriated might against a rocky shore. Then, to add to the commotion thus made, the great wallowing iceberg that was the cause of it all, was dropping fragments from its sides with each vacillation, the reports reaching the ear above the general din and clamor. Then other bergs, as they were successively set in motion by the waves, also dropped pieces from their sides; and at last, as if it were the grand *finale* of the piece—the clash of the cymbals and the big bass-drum of Nature's grand orchestra—a monstrous berg, near the middle of the fiord, split in two, and, during the noise of moving waters and crumbling ice, filled the air with a peal that rang among the bergs and crags, and, echoing from hill to hill, died away only in the void beyond the mountain-tops; while to the noisy rhythm the huge leviathans of the fiord dance their wild, ungainly dance upon the waters.

It was many hours before this state of wild unrest was succeeded by a calm; and when at length the iceberg that I had seen born came quietly to rest, and the other icebergs had ceased to dance their dance upon the troubled sea, and the billows had stilled their lashings, it seemed to me that, in beholding this birth of an iceberg, I had beheld one of the most sublime exhibitions of the great forces of Nature. It was indeed a convulsion!

My purpose being now accomplished, and my curiosity satisfied, I left the bluff, and returned down the fiord to Philip's hut, whence, after leaving my guide, I proceeded to Upernavik, well content with what I had seen, and feeling well repaid, halting by the way only long enough to inspect closely one of the largest icebergs I had seen, and around which I lingered many hours.

This berg was not only remarkable for its great size, but for its great variety of feature. We rowed all the way around it, and measured it carefully. One of its sides was nearly straight and regular, having the appearance of being broken away from something—a fracture-look. This was evidently the side which was attached to the glacier. Facing the sun, it glistened marvellously. This side was six thousand

five hundred feet long. At one end, it was two hundred and forty feet high, rising squarely from the sea. At the centre, the height was less, being only a hundred and sixty feet. At the farther end, it was a hundred and ninety. These measurements were made with as much accuracy as was possible under the circumstances, and they are quite reliable within small limits. The log-line and chronometer were of necessity the means of determining the length. By dropping the "chip" at the foot of the berg, and then rowing out a hundred fathoms, I obtained a tolerably accurate base line, for ascertaining the altitudes—a pocket sextant giving me the necessary angles. By the same method I found the end of the berg to which we came, after measuring the side, to be eighteen hundred feet across. This terminated in a rounded bluff. Turning here, we came upon a side wholly different from the one we had before measured. It had evidently been for a long time the glacier front—for a period of perhaps fifteen or twenty years at the least. It was most irregular. In places it was cliff-like, as the other, but for the most part it was worn into all sorts of irregular shapes. This had been done partly by the washings of the sea, and partly by the streams of melted snow which, in the summer-time, poured over the glacier. Thus there were bights eaten into it that were large enough to float a frigate. In one place there was a considerable bay, with two islands in it that were very peculiar. Around this bay we pulled, and in the valley or rather gorge, at one angle of it, I landed, and, with sharp spikes in my heels, and a short boat-hook in my hand, I climbed up to the summit of the berg. Its surface was rolling, uneven, and craggy. There were two conspicuous hills upon it, one of which was two hundred and ninety, the other two hundred and seventy feet above the sea-level. Between these hills, and among others less conspicuous, I discovered a winding lake at least a quarter of a mile long—the water being formed from the snows of winter, which, melting with the summer's sun, had trickled down the icy hill-sides and gathered in the valley. Following along the margin of this singular and beautiful lake, I came at length to its outlet, where, through a gorge, poured the superabundant crystal waters over a crystal bed, in a rapid torrent, until, coming at length to the side of the berg, the stream leaped wildly down into the ocean, roaring like a young Niagara. On every side, indeed, there were streams, many of them very small, hurrying to the ocean, and dropping from the roof of the iceberg like the waters from a house-top, on a warm day following a heavy fall of snow.

I wandered about among these icy hills until I really grew bewildered, and found my way to the exact place of my ascent, not without embarrassment. The cause of this was thus partially explained: I had kept my eye upon the sun, while the iceberg was turning round beneath my feet. It had probably grounded on one corner, and the current was slowly swinging it around upon a pivot. Before this, however, I had climbed the loftiest hill. The view was superb—distant, as from the summit of Staten Island, and over a sea where icebergs lay scattered like mammoth diamonds set in a waste of *lapis laeuli*. Nor was the neighborhood devoid of life. A flock of Kittiwake gulls flew up from the sea, and perched themselves upon the hill, and then set up their noisy chatter; and one old burgomaster, who had caught a fish, came there to swallow it in peace; but, to his evident surprise and sad disgust, he was suddenly pounced upon by a predatory jager, who had seemingly been hovering round for just such a chance, and with an angry scream the burgomaster dropped the prize.

It was altogether a most strange sensation—afloat at so great an elevation, on an ice-mountain in the sea. Yet my footstool was firm and solid as the eternal hills.

If time and circumstance had permitted I would gladly have brought up my tent and camp-fixtures, and have slept and lain there for a day or so, watching the grand panorama of the hills and sea around, while the sun, like a golden wheel in the blue

sky, rolled round and round me, never setting, but changing from hour to hour the aspect of every object within the range of vision—now silvering an iceberg, now coloring it, now flaunting it in blue and now in green; now blazing with red the ragged cliffs of the fiord; now throwing them in shadow, as if they were the gloomy wall encompassing the abysses of Dante's giants; now gilding the distant mountains; now robing them in purple; now whitening the far-off ice-sea; now making it a sea of rubies; then blending it with the blue sky.

But this camp-life on an iceberg could not be, so I returned to my boat, and continued my survey of the floating mountain. First I explored the bay where I had landed. The bottom of this bay was the sloping ice, shoaling gradually as we went farther in, through a distance of a hundred yards; and, as I looked down over the side of the boat upon the ice beneath, through what was at first a few fathoms, but finally only a few inches of water, I thought I had never seen so soft and exquisite a color, or one so perfectly graduated in its various tints, as the liquid green through which we sailed. The islands in the bay, which I have spoken of before, were but two hummocks that rose a few feet above the surface—as Governor's Island and Ellis Island in New-York harbor.

Leaving the bay, we continued our course, past broken-down turrets and dismantled towers, and ruined spires, between which lay huge clefts filled with a deep chameleon light, and great caverns of cimmerian darkness, in which the slow-moving billows were caught and confined, until, tired of their imprisonment, their hollow voices came gurgling out, as the loud breathing of some mighty monster of the deep who was exhausting his feeble efforts to move the great mountain from his path.

This side was six thousand feet in length. The other end was thirty-five hundred. Thus, in making the complete circuit, we had pulled almost three and a half miles. I averaged the whole altitude at a hundred and eighty feet above the sea-level. This would give a total average depth of fourteen hundred and forty feet—between a quarter and a third of a mile. Multiply these dimensions together, and we get 28,850,000,000 of cubic feet. Convert this into tons, and all the ships in the known world are nothing to it. Freight them all, and you would hardly make an impression upon it. Convert it into money, and, at the present market rates for the skimmings of the Boston ponds, you have the national debt.

It is only by such figuring that we can form any thing like an adequate idea of the enormous magnitude of this vagrant of the polar seas. Its beauties are not so easily defined. A solid and a mighty, it is yet a subtle object. The light plays through it as through the opal. Its side is blazed with crimson, and gold, and purple. Here we see the enamel, there the chalcidony; transparent quartz in one place, sapphire and the flashing ruby in another.

These varying colors as seen in the sunlight are due in a measure to its parallel lines of stratification, which are faintly perceptible, and which, like the multiplied rings of the old forest-oak, round the long period of years or ages through which it has gone on, slowly growing in the parent glacier; partly to the irregular form of the fractured surface, the myriad of reflecting faces placed at all angles, to the sun and to the light; partly to the sunlight, dissolving in the sharp prisms of its sides, and stealing through the mist and spray of the falling waters, flinging here and there the tender colors of the rainbow, along the pure, clear surface of its glistening walls; and partly to the waters of the sea, in which it floats—sometimes green, sometimes blue, always wondrously clear, and always mirroring the giant that it floats—its sublime proportions, its crumbling ruins, its cascades, and the light which flickers round it—while bearing it aloft in triumph, and while the laughing waves, encouraged by the sun, leap round and kiss it gently, and with each touch steal away the crystal particles which were theirs of old and are theirs of right.

More than this I cannot say for the floating mountain. Words fail us utterly in the description of such a mighty work of Nature—fail us, as do the colors of the painter. Who can paint or who describe the leap of Niagara, or the roar that rises from the great abyss? The iceberg, in its growth, and birth, and immensity, is the nearest parallel.

And what pen can describe or pencil paint its age? How long since its crystals were snow-flakes, dropped by the air upon a Greenland mountain-top? It was not a few years or even centuries ago. Its existence on the earth in the great ice-sea and stream has been longer than that of the whole human race, from the birth of Adam.

THE WEDDING-RING.

FROM a recent work, by Edward J. Wood, on "The Wedding-Day in All Ages and Countries," we glean a few interesting facts in reference to the wedding-ring. The use of the ring, both in betrothal and marriage, seems to be of a very old date. Among the ancient Hebrews the selection of a bride, always made by the parents of the lover, was followed by an espousal, which was confirmed by oaths and accompanied by presents. These gifts were probably the origin of the gift of the ring.

In the first meeting of the servant of Isaac with Rebekah, he seeks her favor by the present of a massive ear-ring and two bracelets. After the consent of her parents, there were more costly gifts—"jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment." In later days, it was the custom for the bridegroom to place a ring upon the finger of the intended bride. It is not certain how early this custom began. There is no mention in the Bible of betrothal finger-rings; but, in Genesis xli. 42, a ring is mentioned as a token of fidelity or friendship, and, in Luke xv. 22, of adoption.

No reference to rings was made by the Talmudists, and there is an opinion that they were not used in the Mosaic days, but came in at a later period as an economical substitute for dowry-money. The modern Jews still attach more moment to the breaking of glass, not as a bond of union, but a suggestion that the union is irrevocable, as the damage to the crystal; also as a suggestion of the frailty of life, and a portent of the punishment of infidelity.

"Whatever may be the fact as to the use of marriage-rings in the Bible days," says the author, "monkish legends relate that Joseph and Mary used one, and, moreover, that it was of onyx or amethyst. It was said to have been discovered in the year 996, when it was given by a jeweller from Jerusalem to a lapidary of Clusium, who had been sent to Rome by the wife of a marquis of Etruria, to make purchases for her. The jeweller told the lapidary of the preciousness of the relic; but he despised it, and kept it for several years among other articles of inferior value. However, a miracle revealed to him its genuineness; and it was placed in a church, where it worked many curative wonders. In 1473, it was deposited with some Franciscans at Clusium, from whom it was stolen; and ultimately it found its way to Perugia, where a church was built for it, and it still performed miracles; but they were, as Hone says, trifling in comparison with its miraculous powers of multiplying itself. It existed in different churches in Europe at the same time, and, each ring being as genuine as the others, it was paid the same honors by the devout."

In modern Greece there are two rings used—gold for the bridegroom, and silver for the bride—which are frequently interchanged by the two in token of union and of domestic equality, the higher value of the ring of the husband, however, still marking his superiority.

In the time of Pliny, an iron ring was sent as a pledge to the intended bride. These iron rings were set with adamants, the hardness and durability of both iron and stone signifying the perpetuity of the contract. Juvenal states that, during the imperial period, the man gave a gold ring in token of his fidelity to his betrothed, and that she wore it, as now, on the finger next the small one. Tertullian speaks of them in his day. Isidore says that women wore only this ring, or not more than two, at most. Some nuptial rings were of brass, and some of copper. The plain circle was not the only form of wedding-ring, as some were carved in devices, such as a key, to signify the domestic authority of the wife.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Italians used betrothal-rings, which were generally of silver, inlaid with niello. The bezel was oval or circular, and the shoulders of the hoop formed sleeves from which issued hands that clasped. The mediæval Italians esteemed the diamond for espousal-rings, from its supposed power of maintaining concord between husband and wife.

The Irish peasantry have a general impression that marriage without a gold ring is not legal. In former days, girls in the mountain-regions were often married at twelve and thirteen. The women thought that bracelets of hair, given to the husband, were charms of certain efficacy in love.

Near the Loch of Stennis, in the Orkneys, are two large circles, sacred to the sun and moon. Only one hundred years ago, a maiden, who wished to be married, performed alone the circuit of stones dedicated to the moon, and the intended husband traversed the circle of the sun. Then the pair met at the stone of Odin, and, joining their hands through the matrimonial ring or hole in the stone, plighted their faith, and became man and wife. A divorce was more simple, as the pair had only to go to church, and go out at different doors.

Among the Anglo-Normans, the ring was always worn on the middle finger of the right hand, while in the latter part of the seventeenth century the wedding-ring was often worn on the thumb. The Quakers reject the ring as a remnant of Pagan superstition, and in the time of the Commonwealth the Puritans endeavored to abolish it for the same reason.

Although a ring is absolutely necessary in a Church-of-England marriage, it may be of any metal, and of any size. Some years since, a ring of brass was used at Worcester at a wedding before the registrar, who was threatened with proceedings for not compelling a gold one to be employed. A story is told of the wedding of two paupers, who came to the church and requested to be married with the church-key, as the parochial authorities had not furnished them with a ring. The clerk, feeling some delicacy about using the key, fetched an old curtain-ring from his own house, and with that article the marriage was celebrated. The church-key was used in lieu of a wedding-ring at a church near Colchester, early in the present century; and that was not a solitary instance within the past one hundred years in England. The Duke of Hamilton was married at May Fair with a bed-curtain ring. *Notes and Queries* for October, 1860, relates that a ring of leather, cut transversely from a finger of the bridegroom's glove, was used as a substitute for the wedding-ring on one occasion. A clergyman unjustifiably stopped a wedding in India, because the bridegroom offered a diamond ring instead of the kind generally in use.

In Iceland, the betrothal and the marriage were both confirmed by money, and the ring seemed little needed in evidence where value received for the maiden was supposed to be paid in cash. It was used there, however; but could hardly be called a *finger-ring*, being variously formed of bone, jet, stone, gold, and silver, and sometimes it was so wide as to allow the palm of the hand to be passed through it. In the solemnization of betrothal, the bridegroom passed four fingers and his palm through one of these rings, and in this manner he received the hand of his bride.

Wearing the ring on the fourth finger of the left hand is due to the belief of the ancients that a vein of that finger ran directly to the heart, and that the nuptial sign was thus joined to the seat of life. The fact that the soft metal is less worn or injured on the finger of that hand may have much to do with it. It is said, however, that the ring originally worn among the Anglo-Normans on the right hand of the bride was changed to the left, or inferior hand, in token of subjection. The particular finger is also said to be favored from an old custom of placing the ring on the first finger in the name of the Father, on the second in the name of the Son, and on the third in the name of the Holy Ghost. This usage probably grew up at the time of the Arian controversy.

One of the earliest and prettiest forms of betrothing-rings was the gemmal ring, once used by the Anglo-Saxons, and probably derived from the French or Normans. It was of two or three links, fastened on a hinge, and joining in one ring. Sometimes, when the two flat sides and the central ribbon joined, there were male and female hands to clasp at the union. A heart above these signified love, fidelity, union. At betrothal, the man and woman were often actually linked by a finger in each end of the three-hooped chain, and then, severing

them, each kept the part held, and the witness the third, until all became the property of the bride at marriage. A gemmal ring of nine interlaced loops still exists. These often had posy verses upon the flat inner surface.

Fictitious rings of rushes were once used in England to delude girls into a mock marriage. A bishop of Salisbury, in 1217, put a stop to the sport by declaring the rush-ring contract legal. An old writer says: "Well, 'twas a good worlde, when such simplicitie was used, sayes the old women of our time; when a ring of a rush would tie as much love together as a gimmon of golde."

FATAL FRENCH.

WOMEN make society. If a society is without charm, without grace, but chattering and imitative, like a colony of monkeys, it is because the women of that society lead the most vulgar life, and ape the modes and manners of a race foreign to them, and with a different past. The education of girls, which subordinates the social and historic examples of their own race and literature to the social means of an alien and artificial society, must be considered as fatal to the precedence of English and American, while it fails to graft a pure example of the best product of Continental society.

The young ladies of our New York schools are taught French to the sad neglect of English; and the strange and best result of a fashionable boarding-school is to graduate young ladies who can write and speak the French with more correctness and grace of expression than the English language; for, in the French of good society, slang is ignored, if not unknown. The young lady knows that French is the social passport in the most fashionable world, and, urged by vanity, she acquires a mechanical facility in the use of it, and remains quite indifferent to the charm and wealth of our mother tongue.

Our English is the English of our households. If our mothers and sisters, our wives and daughters, speak it carelessly and badly, all of us, not interested in language and literature as a special study, speak it badly and carelessly. Judge how important are a just and fine appreciation and use of English in the education of a young lady! And what has she gained as a social influence, if she uses the language of Racine, and has not acquired a true perception of Shelley? And what play of expression in French is solicited and evoked by the objects and incidents of English or American social life?

The charm, the grace, the harmonious intercourse of Frenchwomen, the fame of French *salons*, were made by French women and men conversing in and writing their own language with exquisite grace and purity of expression. Benjamin Constant and Madame de Staël were supreme among many who had the literary sense and the Gallic taste in almost equal measure. The language of conversation, which has had so much more influence on the written language in France than in England or America, was made supple, and delicate, and brilliant, by the influence of women. In what parlor of New York shall we go to hear our language expressed correctly without pedantry, with grace without affection, with vivacity without slang, with freedom without carelessness? In what young ladies' school are the strength and beauty of the English language appreciated? On the contrary, what blunders, what irksome labor, what mental disgust, what repetition and monotony, yes, and what thefts, are not suggested by "English composition"!

Are our English language and literature too virile for the feminine mind? Is Chaucer too homely and racy, and Shakespeare too comprehensive, to engage the model young lady? Is Spenser too ideal, and Shelley too unreal? Is Milton too involved, and Johnson too sonorous? And does the young lady of the period shrink from every expression but that of the shallow current of conversational French, which gives importance to trifles and varnishes the dull facts of common life?

It is a pleasure to hear a Frenchwoman speak. Her accent, her vivacity, her well-trained and modulated voice, her mobility and naturalness, her art of concealing art, attract and enchant a stranger's ear. Is the American girl likewise taught to value her natural means of expression? Is she impressed with the beauty and charm of her native language? Is she instructed in the use of that exquisite instrument of the mind and heart, the language of her race? Outside of her French exercises, how trite, how careless, often how vulgar, is her expression! You could not think she had ever read and appreciated a pure example of English; that she had ever understood a master's use of language. Her conversation gives no suggestion of the supreme masters of expression. The deficiency of the artistic sense is felt even in our use of language, and in the habitual influences which determine our choice of language. For the rare influence of a Hawthorne, a Poe, an Irving, an Emerson, we have, every Sunday, the often threadbare diction of the pulpit, and once a week the tepid phrases of popular newspapers—language without grace and empty of life—or, oftener, the language of the daily paper, which is chiefly composed of the phraseology of politics and business; all alike "flat, stale, and unprofitable," in an æsthetic society, which is the ultimate society of every fine civilization.

The true object of the education of girls is to form a social being of varied and engaging qualities. The moment education has placed man on a level with material obstacles, and enabled him to conquer the obstructions of an harmonious and peaceful life, we ask for pleasant intercourse, for agreeable diversion, for a charming society. If our girls have not been taught to appreciate and meet our highest social wants, our society remains at a low level; if they have not been taught the most sacred and beautiful elements of their own language, what compensation does mutilated and mechanical French offer as a means of fine social intercourse?

The chief value of a foreign language is, that it enlarges our mental experience, and reveals another intellectual horizon. A new literature is a new domain opened to us. But of what value is that new country of the mind, if we have taken but little exercise and a sluggish breath in our native air? If our mind is stiff and inflexible in English, if it knows but little of the broad pastures of the paternal estate, will it thrive in and explore a foreign one? Does it not necessarily remain the same dull, inert being as at home, and, at best, lead a parrot-life in the social cage called good society?

French is well taught only when English is taught with equal *empressement*. And, in teaching French to young ladies, is the whole of French literature laid open to their adventurous and fearless minds? Are they not introduced to a literature that has no correspondence with the customs and traditions of their own life? It is a literature thoroughly liberating; a literature that necessarily emancipates the social being; a literature which gives the zest of things that are ridiculous or disgusting to the English mind, but which are seductive to, and absolved by, the *sentiment du cœur* of the Frenchman.

Bigots and croakers may inflame their minds with the awful possibilities of fatal French for the young lady of the period; we are not troubled by that aspect of the question, because we trust human nature; but French is fatal to our girls when they study it with more zest than English, and neglect the language which should be found the most choice and charming on their lips, not the most slovenly and awkward, enlivened with slang. Throughout New England young ladies use slang in spite of the beautiful forms of expression of a Hawthorne; in New York slang is perhaps equally obtrusive, and the expression of the feminine mind and heart is far from having the sweetness and grace of Irving, or the beauty and magic of the exquisite women of Poe's stories. Is French fatal to them? Or are the English language and literature feebly taught on Murray Hill, and on the banks of the Hudson?

EXALTATION.

GOD'S thoughts are sometimes stars in heaven,
That joy to live forever,
And, taking all the brightness given,
Shine back upon the Giver.

God's thoughts are sometimes angels, sent
To fill up the abysses,
And carry through the firmament
The measure of His blisses.

And sometimes they are souls of men,
Undying, unforgetting,
That pass from out His hand, and then
Live on in strange regretting.

And those who love best recognize
The strength that formed their beauty,
Making on earth the paradise
That from the first is duty.

Those who are loved to love again
Are twin-thoughts grandly moulded—
In highest joy, in deepest pain,
Are two in one enfolded.

And we who love and are not loved,
But pass through life unfriended
By all but Thee, O Christ, unproved !
Trust us till life is ended ;

Pity, through Thy great tenderness ;
And love us tenfold rather,
Because, unfinished thoughts, we press
From the wisdom of the Father.

M. M.

A COURT PREACHER AND FATHER HYACINTHE.

A COMBINATION of fortunate circumstances, with which I need not trouble the reader, enabled me to witness very recently two religious services in Paris, which, striking in themselves, were still more so as representing the chief phases of religious feeling in France at the present day.

The first was the celebration, by an archbishop, of high mass, at the private chapel of the Tuileries, where the "elder son of the Church," with his graceful empress and charming little boy, performed his devotions in the presence of a very select congregation, and listened to the exhortations of a bishop chosen on account of his great talent to pronounce the discourse which is always added in Lent. The second was a mass, very simply performed at the Madeleine as a preliminary to a sermon on behalf of the sufferers from the Mexican earthquakes, delivered by Father Hyacinthe, that great Carmelite preacher, whose wide-spread fame filled the great church hours previous to the time fixed, and sent hundreds of disappointed persons from the doors long before he appeared.

A brief account of these strangely-contrasted services may, I think, be interesting to those who wish to know something of the forms in which religion appears at the present day to our neighbors over the water.

Admission to the chapel at the palace is not now easily procured : it is to be obtained only by tickets issued by the Duke de B—, Grand Chambellan de la Cour, to those whose social status is supposed to entitle them to the entrée. Fortunately, the gentleman in whose house I was staying was in a position to demand this privilege

for himself and his guest, and in due time the tickets arrived, inscribed with an order to appear in full dress, and in the mourning which the court was then wearing, somewhat late in the day, for the Duke of Brabant. I was told that any one neglecting to comply with these requirements of etiquette would be unceremoniously turned back at the door—a statement which I afterward saw verified in the discomfiture of an unfortunate individual whose equipment was not up to the mark.

A more agreeable intimation on the ticket stated that our seats were to be in the *premier banc d droite*, which proved to be the front row facing the altar, and immediately behind the chairs placed for the emperor and his wife and son.

Sunday, the 14th of March, dawned amidst falling snow and piercing blasts of the bitter wind from which gay Paris suffers so severely in the spring ; but all recollection of the unpleasant weather outside vanished when we passed into the warm fragrant atmosphere of the gorgeous chapel at the Tuileries.

It has many sad historical associations, this royal palace of worship ; but no trace of the storms of the past has been allowed to remain within it now, and every thing that art and good taste can do has been done to render it beautiful and luxurious. A magnificent altar stood at the east end, draped with ruby velvet and splendid lace, and glittering with gold, which reflected back the rays of innumerable lights. In front of it was a sort of throne, with a large chair to the left and a smaller one to the right, and the *prie-dieu* before them supported jewelled books, in which a priest assiduously marked the places before the service began. These chairs, as well as the seats where the congregation sat, were gorgeous in crimson and gold, and so was the pulpit, which was placed on the left of the altar.

The lower half of the chapel was already crowded when we went in ; but fortunately very few had tickets for the upper part where we sat, and where we were joined only by some of the ladies of the court. They soon came in, all in mourning, but dressed with the inimitable good taste and elegance of high-class Parisians. Most of them were the wives of men holding high offices under Government. A duchess with a well-known name sat in the seat with us, and marquises and comtesses were rife on the opposite side ; but, for all that, the old aristocracy of France had no representatives among the members of the empress's household. As is well known, the Faubourg St. Germain does not patronize the court. I had paid a visit the day before to one of the baronnes of the *ancien régime*, in her old gloomy, low-roofed house in the said faubourg, and there I found a stately circle of *grandes dames*, not one of whom would condescend to set her foot within the Tuileries while Napoleon III. has his habitation there.

This fact speaks somewhat ominously for the future of the gentle little boy on whom the hopes of the present dynasty are fixed, no less than the sinister meetings of Red Republicans which at this present time are being held constantly in Paris, where the fatal *bonnet rouge* is worn, and the doctrines that heralded in the political convulsions of '93 are openly proclaimed. Meantime, however, the empress had certainly succeeded in collecting a band of very fair and gracious ladies round her, whose appearance was followed almost immediately by that of the Demoiselles d'Albe, the orphan daughters of the empress's sister, whose death was so deeply mourned by her. She has taken the entire charge of these young girls, and, though a certain approach to royal honors is paid to them, she very sensibly allows them to attend the *cours de lecture* which are open to all the daughters of gentlemen in Paris.

At last, after a somewhat tedious delay, the procession of the clergy filed in through a side-door close to the altar ; choristers, with their long cassocks of scarlet cloth falling below their maulin surplices, and their arms folded over their broad blue sashes ; priests, walking two and two ; then the bishop who was to preach ; and lastly, the archbishop, whose vestments were certainly the most splendid that could well be imagined. He, too, had a long train of crimson velvet ; over it a surplice, composed entirely of the richest lace, and a chasuble, stiff with gold embroidery and precious stones, which formed a large cross on his back. Other portions of his attire, which were new to me in shape, were equally gorgeous, and on his head he wore a red velvet skull-cap.

For some time these dignitaries sat in their places studying their breviaries with much attention, until at length they were roused by a

sign from an individual who seemed very much out of place, standing where he did, close to the altar, for his dress and appearance were exactly those of a respectable butler, with only the addition of a gold-laced cocked-hat, which he held in his hand. Some mystic movement on the part of this functionary intimated to the clergy that the emperor was at hand, and rising from their places they filed out of the chancel and walked down the central passage to meet him. At the door they waited for some time, and then the pompous-looking butler, if butler he was, advanced in front of the altar, and proclaimed in a loud voice, "L'Empereur!"

I must say, this part of the ceremonial appeared to me to be in extremely bad taste in a church—as it was exactly like the announcement of a visitor in a drawing-room. Then the clergy returned toward the altar, and following closely after them came first the prince imperial—an exceedingly graceful, gentle-looking boy—appearing taller than he really is from the slenderness of his figure—with smooth dark hair, and a pale, thoughtful countenance, which has a very pleasing but rather melancholy expression. He is not at all like the Bonapartes, but resembles his mother, though he does not possess the striking beauty which must in early youth have characterized her fine face. He was dressed simply in jacket and trousers, but in mourning for that other prince, like himself the only son and heir of royal parents whose young head has been laid low in the dust of death. The son of Napoleon III. came forward, bowing from side to side, and took his place on the smallest of the chairs in front of the altar.

Immediately after him followed the empress: she has now only the appearance of a woman who has been very beautiful, as her fair face is somewhat faded and worn; but there is a great charm in her refined and delicate features, and in the extreme grace of her movements.

I believe the Empress of the French is considered a high authority in matters of dress; and if so, her appearance entirely condemned the fantastic costumes in which our English ladies have been appearing of late. She wore no huge chignon or streaming hair, no looped-up tunic or short petticoats; but a plain black silk dress falling in long folds to the ground, with a quiet little black lace bonnet over her very simply-arranged hair. Perhaps the best description of her personal appearance would be to say, that she was simply an extremely lady-like woman, with an amiable expression and pleasing manners.

By her side walked the emperor, steadily and sturdily, as if to him the whole thing were simply a business which had to be gone through, and the sooner the better. Napoleon III., short as he is, and now, in advancing years, decidedly stout, is still a striking-looking man. That large head—too large in proportion for the size of his body—those strongly-marked, resolute features, seemed well fitted to the man, whose ever-working brain teems with the destinies of nations, and hides in its hidden cells the projects which may one day fling the whole of Europe into convulsions. His hair is now of an iron-gray, and so are his mustaches and small, pointed beard; but there is no sign of any decay of force in the Emperor of the French; he has the look, more than any one I have ever seen, of *un homme capable*, which untranslatable term seems specially to characterize him.

They went forward at once and knelt down on the *prie-dieu* prepared for them. I believe it is only during Lent that they perform their devotions there in view of the congregation. At other times they occupy a gallery where they are not seen at all.

The service commenced with a litany, very well sung by an unseen choir, and then the bishop ascended the pulpit, and the chairs of the imperial party were turned round so as to face him, by which means they were also brought in front of us, and separated from our seat only by some four or five gray-headed, weather-beaten officers of high rank, who formed the emperor's suite. The sermon proved to be one which powerfully affected both the emperor and empress, for it so happened that the young prince's birthday of thirteen was to occur in two days, and the whole of the latter part of the discourse referred to this young child, in whom such high hopes centred.

The first portion of the sermon consisted of a very able comparison between the man who lives for the honors and pleasures of this life, and he who tramples under foot all earthly desires, and seeks the glory of God and the joys of heaven alone. It was a striking discourse to be pronounced in that gorgeous chapel, and in face of those who had risen to so unusual a share of this world's pomp and

greatness; but the empress seemed greatly to approve of it. Whenever there was a burst of special eloquence from the bishop, she turned to one of the gray-haired officers close to her, and nodded and smiled to him in evident admiration. She did this more particularly when the preacher, having expatiated on the deep bliss of a life hid with God, wound up by exclaiming that sorrow and evil over such a one had no power. "Like other men he seems to suffer, but he suffers not; and when his last hour comes he seems to die, but he dies not; death has no dominion over him—he lives—and ever lives to God." Probably the empress thought, as the lady seated next me told me she did, that this fine closing sentence was original; but in truth it was simply borrowed from that lovely passage in the Apocrypha which says that

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
And there shall no torment touch them;
In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die,
And their departure is taken for misery,
And their going from us to be utter destruction:
But they are in peace."

While his wife, however, showed her approbation by such evident signs, none could have told from the impassible face of the emperor what he thought of the sermon, or whether he thought of it at all; up to this moment, he had remained looking fixedly before him, with a keen, thoughtful gaze, which seemed to penetrate far beyond the walls of the Tuileries.

But now the bishop began on a theme which riveted his attention at once:

"I have spoken," said the preacher, "of the triumph of him who enters as a conqueror into the kingdom of God, and I am reminded of an anniversary which will take place the day after to-morrow; for it was the saying of our most saintly king of old—that the crown of France is second only to the crown of heaven; and these words impel me irresistibly to a consideration of the destinies of that young child who is inheritor of both, and who stands even now on the threshold of another year, which carries him another step on that path which cannot fail to be a marked and eventful one on earth."

He then went on to speak of the great interests which hung on this young life, of the pomp and glory which had surrounded his birth, and would, he trusted, surround him to the end; and, with the sanguine hopes of a devoted adherent of the second empire, he predicted a glorious destiny, alike on earth and in heaven, for that child of many hopes. He trusted, he said, that, long after the men of the present day had all passed away, this young prince would wear the crown of France in peace and prosperity, and surrender it only for the brighter crown of heaven, whose glory would never fade throughout the eternal ages.

And, as the bishop spoke thus, the fair face of the empress flushed and paled with emotion, and the keen eyes of the emperor looked out from under the shaggy eyebrows, and fastened on the face of the preacher with a softness of expression of which they had scarcely seemed capable; while the young boy, toward whom the eyes of all were turned, bent down his graceful head till his face was completely hidden.

To me, while the bishop spoke, there came back the memory of a scene I would fain have forgotten at that moment. The chapel of the Tuileries, and the gray sky and snow-clad earth, all seemed to vanish away, as a vision rose up before me, glowing in summer sunshine, of the beautiful gardens and palace of Schönbrunn at Vienna, where the only son of another Napoleon, born to the same inheritance, object of the same high hopes, passed through those years of early youth on which his young successor now was entering. But, passing from the sunny gardens where that short and most sad life was spent, my thoughts were constrained to turn to a dark vault, where a coffin was once pointed out to me as the last receptacle of the ashes of that "King of Rome," heir of the first great emperor, who had gone down mysteriously to his grave in the brightest years of opening youth, before the crown of his birthright had ever touched his brows. How many ominous points of resemblance there were between the early destinies of the dead and the living "son of Napoleon!" The record of that first young life is sealed up and laid aside forever; but over the opening page, where the history of the second shall be written, dark shadows are already stealing, which seem to indicate that for him, no less than for the early dead, it will be a blessed thing if the crown of heaven proves a surer inheritance than that of France.

The sermon was over. The general tone of the whole had been marked by the strongest ultramontanist, and it was in this respect that it formed so complete a contrast to that which I heard elsewhere from Père Hyacinthe, the first French preacher of the day.

The emperor and empress returned to their places before the altar, and knelt down—a few words having passed between them, evidently on the subject of the allusions to their child in the sermon, and then high mass began. It was conducted with great solemnity—all but one episode, which struck me as appearing both irreverent and ludicrous. It was the sudden apparition of the butler before mentioned, who, with a quick movement, came up behind the archbishop, and literally snatched the velvet skull-cap from his head—of course, with the object of enabling him to perform the most solemn part of the service uncovered; but it was done in a manner so exactly resembling the way in which a saucy boy in the streets performs the same ceremony on his companion, that it conveyed a painfully-absurd impression; as did also the proceedings of the choir-boys, who, every time they genuflected before the altar, turned round and repeated precisely the same act of homage to the emperor, as if there was to be no distinction between the honor they wished to show the King of kings and that offered to the earthly monarch.

All thoughts, however, of any thing but the highest enjoyment soon passed away; for, when the little bell had announced that the consecration was over, and the deep silence which followed it had lasted a few minutes, there suddenly arose high above our heads, like an angel singing in the air, the most exquisite woman's voice I almost ever heard, breathing out a *Salutaris hostia* with a sweetness and pearly clearness of tone which were unspeakably beautiful. The singer was unseen; but so full and rich was the lovely voice, that one could not even tell from what direction it proceeded, as, quite alone, with only the softest organ accompaniment, it filled the whole chapel for some time with its pathetic melody, and at last died away in a sort of languor of sweetness which seemed still to breathe from the air when it had already ceased. I was told afterward that it was probably the chief *prima donna* of the day, as the first singers are always employed in the Tuileries' Chapel. But I do not know certainly that it was; I only know that neither Jenny Lind, nor other noted singers I have heard, ever left such an impression of beauty on my mind as that one soft strain of sacred music floating in the upper air of the quiet chapel. At last, mass was at an end. The emperor rose at once, and, bowing as he went, passed down toward the door. The empress stopped for a moment, with her son at her side, to say a few words to the Duchesse de C—, who was in the seat with me; and her gentle, unassuming manner struck me very pleasantly. Then she, too, went on, followed by her ladies, and the whole train passed quickly from our sight.

Very different, indeed, from this aristocratic congregation were the masses who thronged the Church of the Madeleine, when the Carmelite monk, who has acquired a European reputation for eloquence, preached the sermon which has since been the cause of so much excitement in the ecclesiastical world of Paris. I was told that, unless I went an hour and a half before the time fixed, I should not get a seat, and I found this warning perfectly justified, for already when I went there the great church was half full, and, had I been only a few minutes later, I should have failed in getting the place near the pulpit which I was fortunate enough to obtain. Within half an hour after, there was not standing-room for the men, who filled every passage, and ladies were sitting on the steps, on the floor, on the railings, and wherever a few inches of space were to be found. Every class seemed to be represented in this enormous crowd—*la haute aristocratie*, as well as *la bourgeoisie* and the peasantry, many of whom seemed to have come from the country, while there were members, I believe, of almost every religious order in Paris.

There was much to interest in the aspect of this great crowd of Parisians, and the time passed quickly, till a quiet, low mass commenced at the altar; then, scarcely had the creed been said when the noiseless approach of the great preacher was detected, and he was seen kneeling down in the pulpit, which he had entered unobserved. In another moment he stood up and silently surveyed the enormous mass of human beings whom the fame of his rare gifts had drawn to the spot. Father Hyacinthe has a noble face; his marked, well-cut features are of a very refined type; his eyes are clear and penetrating, and, unlike the majority of religious, he does not keep them fixed on the ground, but looks out with a free, bold glance, which is full of candor and truth; he is pale and thin, but scarcely ascetic-looking, and,

though he seems to be no longer young, the fringe of dark hair below his tonsure is untinged with gray. He wore an under-robe of brown serge, with loose hanging sleeves, and over it the white woollen habit of the Carmelites.

Perfect silence reigned through the vast church, and all seemed to wait breathlessly for the first words from the lips that have spoken the truth to France more boldly than any others in this age. At last his accents were heard; in a clear, vibrating tone, which rang to the uttermost limits of the vast fabric, he gave out the words, "I heard Thy voice . . . and I hid myself." He did not pause to state whence the text was taken, but instantly plunged into a graphic and startling description of the first guilty man seeking so vainly, so madly, to hide from the eye of the Omnipotent Being who had created him. Then he passed to an able and thoroughly philosophical explanation of the manner in which the whole human race became tainted by this first sin, and its effects on individuals. In this, as in every other part of his sermon, when he touched on dogmas which modern skepticism has disputed, the preacher gave a detailed *résumé* of the arguments brought by unbelievers against the truth, and refuted them with a withering sarcasm which was full of power.

Then he spoke of the terrible earthquakes in Mexico, which had caused the suffering he expected his hearers to relieve. What, he asked, was the primary cause of these catastrophes? He would tell them in plain words, though he knew the majority of his hearers would revolt against the statement—he would tell them that these calamities were the chastisement of sin!—the sin that steeped this whole beautiful world in pollution, that infects the great cities of civilization—the mountain villages, the hamlets of the plain—that walks the waters of the sea, and burrows in the depths of the earth, wherever human skill has led human beings with their passions and their crimes—and in the lands where those convulsions of Nature had taken place, had there not been slavery and crime, and bloodshedding and torture, under the very shadow of the Cross, planted there by the Christians who first took possession of them in the name of Christ?

As he spoke on this theme, the flood of natural eloquence with which this man is so remarkably gifted, burst from his lips, and his description of the guilty condition of this world, on which the eternally-righteous God is forever looking down with eyes too pure to behold iniquity, was simply magnificent, and not the less so for being thoroughly philosophical. It was plain that this monk was a man who had not feared to face the mystery of the origin of evil and all the dark problems which spring from that great centre; but deep and difficult as was the theme on which he spoke, the stream of thought that bore him onward seemed to carry him out of himself, and his voice rolled like melodious thunder over the whole vast church, vibrating through the resounding air till every one of that great multitude must have heard and felt each word. As he terminated his wonderful picture of that horror of great darkness which morally underlies the outward beauty and sunshine of this lovely world, his ringing tones died away into a sort of moan, and he remained silent, his gaze fixed on vacancy, as if contemplating the awful images he had conjured up. After a few minutes' silence, he seemed, as it were, to draw himself back from the dark thoughts that engrossed him; he came forward, and looked down from the pulpit on the vast audience. "You will ask me," he said, speaking very quietly, "why this just chastisement of sin is to take effect on the persons of a few only out of the guilty masses who throng this fair, sad world—why these are to suffer and we to escape—why the yawning earth and the mountain wave are to swallow up those hundreds of Mexico, while the thousands of Paris and the millions of Europe are left in ease and safety, in luxury and rest?" Again, for a moment, he paused, and sent his keen glance over the multitude of faces upturned toward him. Then he folded his arms, and said, calmly, "*Mes frères, je n'en sais rien.*" Not a sound interrupted the momentary silence which followed, but almost instantly he raised his right arm, and stretched it out with a solemn gesture, as he said, "The question you would ask me hollows out beneath my gaze a dark and fathomless abyss—the abyss of the mind of God. Deep in the hidden councils of the Omnipotent, to whom the myriad worlds that throng infinity are but as moats floating in the sunbeams of the morning, and who yet deals with each individual soul on this one puny globe as if it alone existed for Him in all eternity—deep in the mysteries of His justice and of His mercy, ever active, yet never opposed, lies hid the solution of that problem before which I, a mortal man, can but bow my head in adoration and sub-

mission. But, my brothers," he went on, a sudden animation kindling in his eyes till they seemed to glow as with fire; "I can see well and clearly that, in this age of intellectual inquiry, God needs some such witness as the cleaving earth of Mexico to prove His hatred of sin, and His power to chastise as well as to bless; for it is no more as in times of less mental progress and lower culture, when falsehood and unbelief appeared before men in their true guise, and, if embraced, were embraced as the enemies of God and of religion; it is now by appeals to the highest qualities of our souls, to our finest instincts, that we are asked to throw off the trammels of the faith—it is in the name of truth and virtue and brotherly love that we are called on to deny the God of revelation; and error, in our generation—error itself, as become transfigured as an angel of light in the heaven of our most noble thoughts."

On this theme the preacher went on long, showing that he had gauged the depths of the rationalism and infidelity of the day, with such an uncompromising candor and keen intelligence as are not often brought to the task.

Drawing now to the close of his sermon, he spoke of the remedies with which we were bound to try, at least, to combat the evils of which we had been speaking; and it was in this part of his discourse that the most remarkable feature of the whole became so prominent. This was the freedom and liberality of thought—the utter absence of anything approaching to ultramontanism which, in a preacher who was a Roman Catholic and a monk of one of that church's most ascetic orders, was certainly very extraordinary. The most large-hearted and independent orator, that ever spoke to a monster-meeting from a platform, could hardly have exceeded Father Hyacinthe in the breadth and liberality of his views—universal love, brotherly kindness—the whole world girt about with a mutual interchange of benefit, irrespective of differing creeds or nationalities—all barriers between human beings, the common offspring of the universal Father, thrown down—no limits of government, ecclesiastical or temporal, to separate the brothers of the human race—no conditions imposed on mutual help—the gifts, the powers, the wealth of each, to become by the law of charity the treasury of all—such were, in substance, the counsels he addressed from the Roman Catholic pulpit to a Roman Catholic audience, and the astonishment and excitement with which he was heard by his French hearers are still, I am told, the theme of much comment in the saloons of Paris. He descended to details, which showed that he most thoroughly meant what he said. "Why," he asked, "were the Arab children of Algeria only to receive instruction from the French schools, if they became Roman Catholics? Why were these narrowing limits to be set to the only education they could and would accept? Let them come freely to drink from the fountains of moral truth and purity, and save the rest to God! In asking now that help should be given to the Mexican sufferers, did they suppose he asked it only of those who were of the same faith, and, as the children of France, descendants of the same Latin race? No! In the vast assembly before him, doubtless there were many who shared neither in the religion nor the nationality of the French; but they were no less the brothers of those sufferers—the children of the Universal Parent, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh—the link between man and man over the whole surface of this teeming globe could never be really broken by the fanatical barriers of prejudice and bigotry—all the denizens of earth were in hopes and fears, in power of suffering, and capacity for joy, in wealth of life and certainty of death—one let them be in charity and mutual aid, in generous sympathy and universal love." He ceased, and disappeared from the pulpit as suddenly as he had entered it: in silence the vast audience waited for the conclusion of the mass, and when they poured out in one huge stream through the streets.

Imperfect and inadequate as this brief analysis of Père Hyacinthe's sermon must necessarily be, taken as it is from memory, it may serve to show the extraordinary contrast between that discourse and the one which was delivered at the Tuileries. There the most marked ultramontanism pervaded every word—the infallibility of the Church, the status of the Blessed Virgin, the invocation of the saints, were all emphatically enunciated; but from the lips of the Carmelite monk not a syllable was heard on any of these subjects: the broadest views of liberalism, the most perfect independence of thought, subject only to a belief in God and His Christ, characterized the whole of his exhortations. These men are the representatives of the opposite schools of thought which are moulding the religion of France at the present day. What will be the faith of the next generation?—of the de-

scendants of those who lived under the government of Napoleon III.? Very strange, I believe, will be the answer to that question some hundred years hence.

DEATH FROM A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW.

IT is a law of Nature that whatever has a beginning must also have an end, the idea of death itself being associated with birth.

But this term of life, the moment that reduces to inert matter the body which life had animated, may arrive sooner or later, accidentally or naturally.

Accidental death happens when one of the essential organs of life, from some cause or other, ceases to act; these principal organs being the brain, lungs, and heart.

The action of the brain, however, may be almost wholly suppressed, and yet life continue; breathing may for some time be suspended, and yet life linger within; but when the beatings of the heart cease, then life is extinct.

Accidental death, therefore, is all the more rapid from its cause acting more immediately on the circulating centre; it may happen at all ages, although it is much more frequent in the earlier than the later stages of existence.

Natural death is much rarer; accidents or disease almost always consuming life before the period primitively fixed upon by Nature.

It may also happen at a more or less advanced age, according to the peculiarities of constitution, sex, race, climate, etc. When the work of destruction follows its usual course, life departs in an opposite sense from the one in which it had been developed; in the embryo life seems to march from the heart to the remoter organs, but in the old man it gradually forsakes his body from the circumference to the centre. Then the members, becoming motionless, and obeying the law of heaviness, lose their sensibility and heat; the muscles no longer obey the will, even if the will exist; the skin becomes cold and dry, or is covered with a viscous sweat; the face assumes a characteristic aspect, and appears emaciated; the eyes withdraw deep into their orbits, the cornea is unsettled, the eyelids are half closed by the lowering of the upper one, the cheek-bones become prominent, the nose droops, and the discolored lips are parted and puckered. The voice, like thought, becomes incoherent; the eyes lose their powers of vision, and the olfactory nerves are insensible to odors; but hearing is among the last of the faculties that leave him. The abdominal and pectoral viscera cease to fulfil their functions, drinks fall into the œsophagus as into an inert tube; breathing becomes short, slow, and irregular, now suspended, now renewed, terminating finally in the last gasp. The pulse beats rapidly, but fainter and fainter, offering numerous remittances until it ceases to be appreciable. The heart still continues beating feebly and irregularly, and its last contraction marks the moment that separates life from death.

No vestige of life now remains except in certain tissues, which, even for some time after death, retain organic properties; the capillaries are contracted, so as to drive into the veins all the blood they contain; the irritability of the muscles is demonstrated when placed under the influence of the voltaic pile; the uterus can expel the infant within, even when the heart has ceased to beat, etc. These last phenomena of life soon disappear, then the blood decomposes, its liquid parts infiltrating the tissues, and its solid elements being deposited either on the heart or on the sides of the vessels. Then follows decomposition, which slowly and mysteriously reduces the whole to water, carbonic acid and ammonia being the products into which are resolved all animal matters in a state of putrefaction. These matters of complex composition return to the inorganic combinations which enabled the plants

to elaborate them; thus the study of putrefaction, at first so revolting, acquires a special philosophical interest, while revealing to us a chain-work of phenomena admirable on account of its beautiful simplicity.

MILL ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

MR. MILL has now given us his contribution to the philosophy of the woman question. His work has been looked for with solicitude, for there are many who, recognizing the importance of the subject, recognize also its difficulties, and want light and guidance in dealing with them. The discussion, hitherto, has not given satisfaction to thoughtful persons. Truths, half-truths, gross errors, and palpable absurdities, have been promulgated so indiscriminately as almost to confound the earnest and intelligent inquirer; and it was beginning to be felt that the question needed an exponent who could make a rational and consistent statement of its claims, and which should have something of the weight of recognized authority. Mr. Mill was the man for the undertaking, and the friends of the new movement have reason to be proud of their champion. Mr. Mill is a philosophic student of human nature and human affairs, and is trained to the practical as well as the theoretic consideration of public questions. He is now the authoritative interpreter of the highest laws of logic—the laws of the pursuit of truth—and is a courageous and untrammelled thinker, who has no hesitancy in the utterance of his extremest convictions. Mr. Mill has besides been long and deeply interested in this subject, and, bringing to it all those intellectual accomplishments which have won for him the character of “the most elaborated mind of his age,” we were justified in expecting from him a powerful plea for the cause he has espoused—something that can be accepted as valid, and made the basis of an intelligent judgment of the question.

Whatever may be thought of the sufficiency of Mr. Mill's argument, nobody will doubt that it expresses his candid and most earnest convictions. He takes the extremest ground, asserts the absolute equality of the sexes, characterizes the subordination of woman to be essential slavery, declares this subordination to be vicious in all its consequences to both sexes, and demands the unqualified abrogation of all the legal disabilities of women, and the removal of every impediment to their entering into the freest competition with man in all spheres of activity. We have read and reread his book with care, and have been deeply interested in every page of it. It is by far the ablest contribution yet made to the discussion, and presents many phases of it in new and striking lights. He urges with great impressiveness many considerations which should be pondered and heeded by all. But, while cordially conceding the various eminent merits of his essay, we are still of opinion that his statement is incomplete, and his discussion inconclusive. Mr. Mill, we think, is chargeable with violating those conditions which he has himself laid down for the conduct of the argument. He says: “The discussion must be a real discussion, descending to foundations, and not resting satisfied with vague and general assertions.”

Now, what is the question to the foundations of which we must go if this discussion is to be real and not a sham? The question is, Shall the social relations of woman be revolutionized? There is an order of society which is a fact of human nature and an outgrowth of all past experience: that order practically limits the sphere of feminine activity, and the question is, Shall those limitations be now abolished? The issue is not whether the circumstances of woman require amelioration or amendment—that everybody concedes—but it is, Shall this improvement continue to go forward as it has gone forward, or is the next step to be the sweeping away of every thing like a circumscribed sphere of action for the female sex? Mr. Mill denies the right of society to prescribe the sphere of

woman; but we shall be better able to judge about that when we have ascertained whether there be such a thing as a feminine sphere, and what determines it; only thus can we reach the foundation we seek.

The “sphere” of any living being is simply the arena or field of its activities, and in this sense the conception is a natural and inevitable one. All living creatures have their spheres, and the very first thing that we recognize concerning them is that they differ from each other. The horse, for example, has its sphere, which differs from that of the beaver, the eagle, or the bee; that is, each has a range of activities appropriate to it. Now, what is it that first creates the diversity of these spheres, and thus determines the boundaries of each? Obviously, it is the special capacities and endowments of the endowed creature. Each being must act in accordance with the way it is constituted. But this is no more true of the lower creatures than of the higher. The same law holds in all cases, from the animalcule to the archangel: the scope of the activities is determined by the powers and faculties of the acting organism. To this principle woman is no exception. If the capacities of woman are unlimited, her sphere will be boundless; if they are circumscribed, her sphere will have its answering limitations; if woman's capacities of action are identical with those of man, her sphere will coincide with his; if they are peculiar to her, she will have a sphere of her own. Here, then, we reach that foundation of the question for which Mr. Mill bids us search. It is an analysis of the feminine nature, which shall show how it is constituted, what are its endowments, and what are the proportions of these endowments. The destiny of woman is the resultant of the organization of woman, and our knowledge of her true sphere depends upon our knowledge of that organization.

When, therefore, Mr. Mill insisted that we should descend to the foundations of the question, we had a right to expect that he would conform to his own requirements, and address himself to the full elucidation of this aspect of it. We were justified in expecting that he would do what has not yet been done, and which is an indispensable prerequisite to this discussion, that is, to make such a clear and full analysis of the feminine character as will decisively define the sphere of action which she is intended by nature to fill. But, Mr. Mill does no such thing; and, what is most surprising, while he deplors the need of it, he, at the same time, denies the possibility of it. He says: “Of all difficulties which impede the progress of thought and the formation of well-grounded opinions on life and social arrangements, the greatest is now the unspeakable ignorance and inattention of mankind in respect to the influences which form human character. In regard to that most difficult question, what are the natural differences between the two sexes? . . . Almost all neglect and make light of the only means by which any practical insight can be obtained into it. This is an analytic study of the most important department of psychology, the laws of the influences of circumstances on character.” Now, the clear conclusion to be drawn from this is, that, the necessary knowledge being wanting, until it is furnished the whole discussion is premature. But, instead of relieving us of our dilemma, by supplying the needed information, Mr. Mill proceeds to aggravate it by denying that we can attain to any true understanding of the feminine nature. The being, woman, with which we have acquaintance, he will not accept as woman at all. She is a perverted and distorted product of ages of enslavement. Mr. Mill says: “I deny that any one knows, or can know, the nature of the two sexes as long as they have only been seen in their present relation to each other. If man had ever been found in society without woman, or woman without man, or if there had been a society of men and women, in which the women were not under the control of the men, something might have been positively known about the mental and moral differences which may be inherent in the nature of each. What is now called the nature of woman is an

eminently artificial thing, the result of forced repression in some directions, unnatural stimulation in others. It may be asserted, without scruple, that no other class of dependants have had their character so entirely distorted from its natural proportions by their relations with their masters."

And this is the effect of Mr. Mill's going to the bottom of the subject—to knock the bottom out, and land us in the most helpless skepticism. Woman as she is—all the women we know, or can know—is unceremoniously ruled out of court. Of course, the same reasoning applies to man, for Mr. Mill has elaborately shown how *his* nature also has been perverted and distorted by his past relationship with woman. And we are, therefore, brought to the strange conclusion that, for the scientific study of the sexes with a view to determine their respective constitutions and characters, we are not to employ any of the examples which fall within the range of observation and experience, and are cut off from the inquiry until we can find men and women who live *out of relations with each other*. But, could we get that extraordinary knowledge, it would be inapplicable to present circumstances, and therefore worthless. It is with men and women as they are that we must deal; and, when it is proposed to extend or abolish the present sphere of woman, it must first be shown that the capacities and constitution of the present woman require it.

This argument of Mr. Mill's is not new; it has been used before in parallel circumstances. Sylvester Graham, a few years ago, undertook to reform the world dietetically. He ascribed the chief evils of society to eating meat, and maintained that human nature can never be perfected until it adopts a vegetarian diet. It was replied that his reform was unnatural, and that, if he would consult the human constitution, he would find it against him. The teeth and the digestive arrangements in man are intermediate between the carnivore and the herbivore, and, partaking of the characters of both, they show that man is designed to use a mixed diet. And what was the reply? Substantially this. "It avails nothing to say that he *nature* of man adapts him to his present dietetical functions, and makes these appropriate to him. I deny that any one knows, or can know, the nature of man as regards the food he should eat, as long as he is only known with his present dietetical habits. If men had ever been found who ate nothing but vegetables, something might positively have been known concerning his inherent alimentary requirements. What is now called the nature of man, is an eminently artificial thing, the result of a long course of perverted appetites and wrong assimilation. It may be asserted, without scruple, that no other class of animals have had their alimentary character so entirely distorted from its natural direction as man by his perverse, meat-eating habits."

Everybody sees that, in the case of Mr. Graham, this was but an ingenious evasion of a formidable difficulty; Nature being against him, he repudiated her. It does not look well for Mr. Mill's case that he has been driven to the adoption of the same tactics. Nor can we see what he gains by it. If the *roman* of Nature is no longer extant, while the distorted artificiality we have in her place can only mislead the reason, by what authority does reason venture to revolutionize existing feminine relations? The argument has a double edge. If it cuts the ground from under those who maintain the limitations of the feminine sphere, it equally cuts the ground from under those who would abolish these limitations. But this is more than Mr. Mill means. When he says, elsewhere, that "the decision on this, as on any other social arrangements of mankind, must depend upon what an enlightened estimate of tendencies and consequences may show to be most advantageous," he puts the question on the true ground, and, from this point of view, woman as she is, becomes as legitimate and trustworthy a subject of study as man or any other social factor. And as the whole question is, What is best for woman—what will injure and what will benefit her? we are brought back to

the primary and essential inquiry, What are the laws, capacities, and limits of that feminine nature to which one set of social arrangements may be better suited than another?

TABLE-TALK.

IN an essay in *Putnam's Magazine*, on "The Stage and Nature," the writer attempts to account in part for the artificial manner of the actor, by the assumed fact that he lives excluded from society, and hence is deprived of adequate opportunity for the study of high-bred examples of tone, manner, and speech. But how is it that clergymen, lawyers, and platform speakers, many of whom are the pets of society, have almost invariably an artificial manner in their public addresses? Our essayist is quite happy in describing the marvellous transformation that occurs between the gentleman who enters the theatre at the rear door, and thirty minutes later is found strutting and bellowing before the footlights. But does not a similar transformation occur between the smooth-spoken, easy clergyman, as he salutes his parishioners at the church door, and the same gentleman a little later, in the full flood of his noisy, affected, and *twangy* eloquence? There are several things that unite in producing the varied mannerisms of the stage, pulpit, and bar. One is, defects in the acoustics of almost all public buildings, which render level talking nearly impossible. Whenever a speaker has to pitch his voice at an unnatural level in order to be heard, he is sure, in doing so, to get into strained, forced, and unpleasant habits of delivery. Of all the theatres in New York, Booth's is the only one in which the ordinary voice can easily be heard. The actors, however, cannot forget the training which has grown out of the acoustic necessities of other theatres, and roar at us there as they do elsewhere. Apart from this, we must recollect that the style of an actor or of a preacher is not so much the product of himself as of the taste he appeals to. We mentioned in an earlier number of this JOURNAL that our public speakers needed training in effective *talking*, as distinguished from affected spouting—but, so long as our audiences like and applaud the demonstrative and noisy, a better manner will scarcely obtain. The most popular preacher in America, a man whose genius is unquestioned, and whose culture is or ought to be of the highest, addresses his audiences in the worst manner of the platform—at one moment colloquial, at another lashing himself into a noisy fury, full of gesture, bombast, and overdone emphasis. We are speaking of his manner, and not his matter, which is often admirable. No such style would be tolerated in England outside of a Dissenting chapel. If Sheridan could return to-day to the House of Commons, and attempt one of his highly-wrought orations, he would inevitably be coughed down. The speakers in the House of Commons are not by any means good talkers, but a slow, hesitating manner, where the matter is good, will be tolerated when mere oratory or eloquence would not be listened to at all. It is now quite the fashion to belabor actors on account of their false methods, and all over the country rises a cry for the realistic and genuine in the art of the stage. But in justice let us demand no less of all other public speakers, until the pompous pumping of the pulpit, the declamation of the bar (which with us is not near so manneristic as in England, and as a whole is less objectionable than any other form of public speaking), or the noisy roaring of the platform, shall altogether cease.

— Throughout the country at the various universities and colleges, the scholastic year has now closed, and professors and students alike are resting from their labors. A gratifying fact, which is evident from the unanimous verdict of the entire press, is, that the standard of scholarship is steadily advancing, and that, as a body, the graduates of '69 are superior to those of any preceding year. The general tone of our collegiate institutions may be readily gathered from the journals and magazines, edited and managed exclusively by students, which now form a feature of American educational institutions, most of which are noticeable for their freshness, vigor, and ability, though none are quite free from certain defects which are the characteristics of young and unpractised writers. The glories of commencement are gradually being absorbed by the superior attractions of "Class Day," on which the formal disruption of the graduating class takes place. The exercises of this "day of days," while varied in details, embrace everywhere the same general characteristics, consisting of poems, orations, songs, grotesque sports, dedications of memorial trees, vines, and stones, feasting and dancing. The songs are always original, and

most of them as ephemeral as the cloud of smoke from the "farewell pipe of peace;" yet occasionally gems of poetic beauty flash from the Laureate's pen, as in the following farewell ode of the class which has just left "Old Harvard:"

"Like the thousands before us, we gather to-day,
And with beauty in blossom and gem;
We march on the world as high-hearted as they,
To forget, be forgotten, like them.
Forget thee, my brother! forgotten by thee?
Alma Mater, thy blessing forgot?
Oh, dry with the dryness of ashes will be
The heart that remembereth not!

"Give thy hand to me, brother! Farewell must be said.
There is bitterness love would prolong:
There are prayer for the living and praise of the dead;
There are sorrow, and promise, and song.
Alma Mater, God bless thee! Dear Mother, adieu!
On our tongues are hurrah! and alas!
'Tis alas! for the days that will never renew;
'Tis hurrah! we salute thee and pass."

— The decadence of politeness in all public gatherings has been commented upon many times, and it would seem as if nothing more remained to be said on this subject. But silence is to let the matter go by default, and possibly a persistent exposition of the evil may do something to awaken the attention of those commonly guilty in the premises. So rapidly has politeness declined, so marked have become certain forms of boorishness, that it is no longer possible to ride in a street-car, or enter a theatre or concert-room, and not experience some unbearable rudeness. This is so peculiarly the case in connection with the street-cars, that no person can now enter these vehicles and retain his self-respect. The indignities he must submit to come, first, from ill-mannered passengers, and, secondly, from ill-mannered conductors. The former, in entering or leaving, think nothing of rudely and forcibly thrusting him aside, and never dream of expending even a look upon him. He is simply an obstacle, which they thrust aside, as they would an article of merchandise. As for the conductor, he goes further—to ignore a passenger by considering him as merchandise might be tolerated; but fares are to be collected, and this renders each passenger the conductor's mortal enemy. He never thinks of asking for his fare, or politely intimating his readiness to receive it. He simply roughly takes you by the shoulder, and thrusts his hand in your face. If you remonstrate, you are laughed at for your pains, and a majority of the passengers take so much pleasure in the despotism of these car-kings, that they will heartily enjoy your discomfiture. There is not much *esprit du corps*, or fellow-feeling, among American travellers, whether on short or long routes; and usually a conductor has it pretty much all his own way, because he is sure of the sympathy of at least all the rougher portion of his little community. Americans, moreover, are so notoriously tolerant of ill-breeding on the part of their public servants, that one who resents an indignity is looked at with amazement, as if to say, "Why, what a fool you are to make a fuss about a thing that everybody has to submit to!" But, if the manners of passengers and conductors do not mend, it will soon come to pass that a ride on a public car will be pretty nearly the last thing a lady or gentleman will undertake.

— Mr. Winslow Homer's sketch, on our front page, of a familiar road-side scene, can scarcely fail to stir the blood of all those of our readers who are waiting impatiently for their summer vacations to begin. To a town-wearied man, woman, or child, who has been longing for the woods and the fields, who has been panting in the close office, or the dull school-room, for the sound of waters, the fragrance of the meadows, the air of the mountains, there is rarely exhilaration so stirring as that which he feels when once fairly beyond the borders of the city, either in car, steamer, or stage-coach. The eager traveller, in this case, surrenders himself with all his soul to his new surroundings. He snuffs the air from the hills with a deep, hearty relish. He is full of raptures at the first glimpse of a lake or stream. He is delighted at the dark, cool shadows of the forests. He watches the group of cattle in the pastures, and strains to see the little cottages hid away among rose-bushes and other shrubbery. The country-wagon, or team of oxen, or hay-cart piled high with the odorous grass, has each its picturesque charm. If seated upon a country-coach, with all the minor varieties of the country unfolding momentarily before him, he enters with a new and surprising pleasure into all the aspects of the unfamiliar life. Groups of children on the road-side, who hail him with half-timid cheers, are responded to with

a hearty hurrah. He is out for a holiday, and he means to convert every thing he meets into ministers to his pleasure. If there are pretty girls on the coach beside him—all the better; agreeable women are prone to enhance vacation pleasures under nearly all circumstances. It is only when we temporarily take up a hunter's life in the heart of the Adirondacks, or in similar wildernesses, that we can dispense with their enlivening companionship. These little summer scenes, like that of Mr. Homer's sketch, are necessarily abundant all through the season. Everywhere—by lake-side, on the mountain, at the sea-shore—the country is dotted with pleasure-seekers, and artists find no lack of pleasing groups for their sketch-book.

— The anecdote of the great Emperor Charles having twice picked up Titian's pencil and presented it to him, saying, "To wait on Titian is service for an emperor," is well known, but we do not remember to have met with the following: Titian had painted the portrait of Charles several times, but, now being called to the court of that prince, he, for the last time, painted his portrait just as it then appeared in the latter part of his life; and this picture also pleased the renowned emperor. Certain it is, that the very first portrait that Titian drew of him so struck him with admiration, that he would never after sit to any other artist, and, for every picture Titian took of him, he gave him a thousand crowns of gold. Titian painted three portraits of the emperor; and, when he last sat to him, at the conclusion of the picture, Charles said, with emphasis, "This is the third time I have triumphed over Death!"

— One of the more recent English publications is a book of travels in Austria, in which the writer expresses his surprise at the fact that in many middle-class families, even where the heads of families are erudite scholars, well-known in the world of letters, the wives habitually cook the dinner, place it upon the table, and then act as waiters, even when guests partake of it. The *London News*, in an elaborate article upon the subject, accounts for this by stating that many of the scholars of continental Europe are born, live, and die, poor, and that, their hearts being given to their studies, they select a wife, not for her mental and social acquirements, but as a practical assistant on the rough road of life. "She can push behind if she cannot pull in front, and thus materially lighten the load he has to draw."

Literary Notes.

IT has almost universally been believed that, for seventeen years before his death, Daniel Defoe withdrew himself entirely from the ranks of political writers, and confined his literary labors to the composition of works of fiction; but, within the past few years, it has been discovered that he was secretly employed as a censor of the press and as an anonymous writer in support of the government. Some four years since, several autograph letters, written in 1718, from Defoe to Charles de la Fay, Esq., were accidentally found in the state-paper office of the English Government, which avow Defoe's connection with the following papers: *Mercurius Politicus*, *Dormer's News Letter*, and *Mist's Weekly Journal*. Mr. William Lee, an ardent admirer of the great novelist and polemic, at once devoted himself to an investigation of the matter, and the result of his labors is a work, in two volumes, entitled "Daniel Defoe, his Life and recently-discovered Writings, extending from 1718 to 1729." In this book appears a list of the authentic works of Defoe, including in all two hundred and fifty. It has been the aim of Mr. Lee to defend the character of his idol from every unfriendly hand, and to place his reputation untarnished before the world; yet he shows that Defoe, while apparently under the ban of the Whig government, was in its pay, and, as its secret agent, was connected with the leading Tory organs for the purpose of suppressing articles which might work evil to his patrons, or, in his own words, so to conduct the management of these journals that they should "pass as Tory papers, and yet be disabled and enervated so as to do no mischief, or give any offence to the government." The discovery of this connection with the government, by Defoe's former friends and Tory associates, was the cause of the venom with which they pursued him, and which embittered his latter years.

The *Nineteenth Century* is the name of a new illustrated Southern monthly magazine, published in Charleston, S. C. It aims to be a "sprightly, vivacious, and entertaining magazine," and its appearance indicates that it has not fallen short of its purpose. The leading paper in the first number is the first of a series on "The Blockade-Runners of the Confederacy," in which we find a promise of well-told "hair-breadth escapes" and stirring adventures. "Shoulder to Shoulder"

is another specimen of the literature of the war, affording highly-readable reminiscences of Southern camps and fields. The first paper is devoted to incidents connected with the attack on Sumter. The editorial department is very full of good, pleasant talking, and reminds one a little of the old *Knickerbocker's* "Gossip" in its best days. Altogether, the *Nineteenth Century* ranks well with the periodicals of the day, and is a credit to the South.

A writer in the *Pull Mall Gazette* attempts a review of Leland's "Hans Breitmann's Barty, and other Ballads," which he utterly fails to comprehend. He studiously seeks for wit, independent of the idiosyncrasies of style which have won for these poems their great popularity, and because, upon reducing them to pure English, they do not sparkle with inherent brilliancy, he condemns them. There may not be any great talent displayed in the distortions of language by an indifferent scholar, but, when the leading feature of an author is the manner in which he handles idiomatic peculiarities, a reviewer who ignores these, and indulges in indifferent travesty, shows himself to be unjust and hypercritical, even though, as in this case, he is compelled to acknowledge the existence of some merits, which even he cannot entirely ignore.

Among the book-reviews in a late number of the *Examiner and London Review* are somewhat extended critiques upon two new books, which are considered as valuable additions to the literature of the day. One of these works is entitled "Shakespeareana Genealogica," and is devoted to the identification of the *dramatis personae* in Shakespeare's historical plays, from King John to Henry VIII., notes on characters in Macbeth and Hamlet, persons and places in Warwickshire, and the genealogy of the Shakespeare and Arden families. The book is spoken of in terms of unmeasured praise. The other of these volumes is "The Lady of Latham," by Madame Guizot de Witt, being the life and original letters of Charlotte de la Trémoille, Countess of Derby, which the reviewer designates as a literary treasure. The period covered by this book is from 1601 to 1664.

A history of the Princes of Condé during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by the Duc d'Aumale, has recently been published in Paris, which is the subject of lengthy reviews in the English journals. This book has been published after meeting with much opposition from the Imperial Government, at which the reviewer expresses some surprise, the work being "a fair, an honest, and, in many respects, a successful attempt at pure historic writing. . . . We cannot see what imperialism had to lose by its issue, or gain by its suppression." The work is described as one "welcome to the statesman and the soldier," and perhaps "even more welcome to the man who reads for mere amusement."

Matters of Science and Art.

"IN the May Exhibition of Paintings," continues our Paris correspondent, "M. Nazon, celebrated for the fine taste he displays in landscapes, has this year exhibited two paintings—the 'Skirt of the Wood' and the 'Heart of the Forest.' The first possesses great truthfulness of aspect; but the second is the more meritorious, being specially remarked on account of the very successful rendering of an effect, very seldom attempted, and very prudently avoided by landscape-painters—viz., rays of light breaking through the tree-tops, playing from branch to branch and from leaf to leaf, piercing and enlivening the obscurity of the shade, and shining here and there like pieces of gold on the greensward below.

"Mr. McCallum's 'Summer,' a forest-scene in Durham, England, fills us with surprise and perplexity, on account of the marked contrast it presents to what we are accustomed to consider as the standard of art on this side of the Channel. It is the process of the pre-Raphaelites applied to landscapes in its absolute rigor—a corner of Nature studied with scrupulous exactness, a microscopic fidelity in details, and an excess of finish, quite the reverse of the summary, hasty, and too often loose style of our Continental landscape-painters. In this instance, an oak is represented which has bravely withstood the storms of centuries, having grown on a reddish soil hedged around with gray moss-covered rocks, the blocks of which have hindered the natural development of the roots, having grown around them twisted and fantastically knotted before penetrating the soil. The rays of light streaming down upon it reveal the roughness of the trunk, the inequalities of the dry mosses, the brightness of the foliage shining in the heat, and the slightest unevenness in the arid and reddish soil. At the first glance, the eye is shocked by what may be called here the unusual treatment of the different objects, the true sometimes seeming so strange; but, after a little observation and reflection, this strange painting exercises upon the beholder a secret power and fascination that entirely subdue and disarm unfavorable criticism, the fact remaining impressed upon our mind that great talent and rare energy must have been exercised in the artist so completely assimilating Nature to himself.

"A remarkable landscape of a 'Storm in the Rocky Mountains,' by Mr. Bierstadt, an American artist, has attracted a great deal of attention, and been very favorably criticised by our best-recognized judges of art here. What is especially striking about it, is the enormous scale of this nature compared with ours. The trees are three hundred feet high; the mountains, in whole ranges, tower high above the altitude of Mont Blanc; the lakes are oceans; and the storm breaks forth upon the sublime scenery, with its array of clouds, describing circles of colossal grandeur. The one represented by Mr. Bierstadt rises in a whirlwind above a lake, lashing into fury its dark-blue waters; it bends like willows the forests of gigantic trees, and covers the sides of the mountains with a rising tide of sombre vapors, tumultuous as chaos; but the white-capped summits reappear above this unchaining of the tempest like islands of snow floating in the heavens. All this is painted with perfect clearness and precision, approaching in style the manner of Camille, who, after all, is still the undisputed master in the treatment of Alpine scenery. Mr. Bierstadt, in his present effort, has produced the best specimen of American painting which we have as yet seen exhibited, combining quality of execution with the interesting nature of the site.

"After having for some time illustrated the domain of history, M. Curzon has again returned to landscape-painting, in which he is an acknowledged master, and exhibits this year charming views of Sorrente, in the Gulf of Naples, and the banks of the Clain, at Poitiers, remarkable for elegance of design and precision of treatment, combining in color strength with harmony.

"M. Dardoize has this year produced a landscape of high artistic excellence, the subject of which is "Solitude." It is represented by a stretch of forest-glade, with rays of light here and there through its shady groves, and sheets of water intersecting the verdure of the soil at irregular intervals. The boughs, branches, and foliage, intertwining and overarching, with the light here and there breaking through, yet failing to light up the obscurity of the shade, are all of admirable execution. This "Solitude," to justify its title, is enlivened by no human figure; but it has, to charm us, that life of Nature which is also a powerful attraction, and which the artist has been happy enough to express with a most remarkable finish of execution. This mode of treatment is one of the most original features of modern landscape-painters. Their paintings, while revealing the manifold charms of a corner of Nature, associating the beauties of Nature with the perfection of art, appeal to our better feelings, and impress upon our mind the ideas which they represent."

The annual season of thunder-storms is now upon us, and the papers teem with reports of casualties from the so-called vagaries of the electric fluid, the writers apparently forgetting that electricity, like all other natural agents, is subject to certain immutable laws which, if perfectly known and rigidly conformed to, would protect us from the fatal effects of this most useful yet destructive of atmospheric purifiers. A current of air, a bright metallic point, a peculiar geological formation, all serve to attract and guide the death-dealing bolt, while glass insulators, feather beds, and other protective devices of ingenious man, often prove the inefficacy of his defences and the profundity of his ignorance. Recent experiments, in London, with a gigantic inductive coil and batteries, second only to the immeasurable resources of Nature, have recently thrown a flood of light upon the nature, operations, and results of electricity; and the day may not be very remote when every schoolboy will be familiar with all the characteristics of that yet mysterious element which was once thought to be the chosen weapon of "Imperial Jove."

Early in June, M. Gerhard Rohlfs, the African traveller, passed through Malta on his way from Africa to Berlin. He has recently made careful surveys of many portions of the Great Desert, and has established the fact that a large tract, beginning at the Bir-Rassan, extending southward of Cyrenaica and the Libyan plateau, is nearly everywhere from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet below the level of the Mediterranean. He states that, were a canal to be cut from the Syrtis to the well of Morhara, Audjila and Siwa would be covered by the sea, and Cyrenaica and the Libyan plateau would form a peninsula.

M. Jules Lavinière, a French *savant*, proposes to utilize the immense masses of marine vegetation which are found floating in the Atlantic Ocean, to the west of the Azores, by employing the vessels of the cod-fisheries, when the codfish is out of season, in gathering this vegetation, and conveying it to some entrepôt where it could be converted into exceedingly valuable manure. The space covered by these floating meadows is seven times larger than all Germany.

Human skeletons have recently been found in the Département de la Dordogne, in France, which, from their position in the formation of the earliest quaternary period, were evidently coeval with mammoths. The French Government have sent one of their most distinguished paleontologists to examine and report upon the subject.

The Museum.

THE odor of musk is wonderfully enduring. When Justinian, in 538, rebuilt what is now the Mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this very day the atmosphere is filled with the odor. More than thirteen hundred years! And yet the fragrance of noble deeds lasts longer still. The words Ruth said on that distant day—"Where thou goest, I will go"—will be remembered when the perfumed mortar of St. Sophia is scentless sand.

From Hero of Alexandria, who invented the æolipile—the first machine moved by steam—to Watt of England, who perfected the steam-engine, there were two thousand years of inventive effort, and a large number of illustrious men who worked on helpfully to the final result. But complex machines, like the steam-engine, are not alone examples of the slow growth of thought, but the simplest contrivances are also matters of time and long unavailing effort, before they are realized. Robert Stuart tells us that the corkscrew has its history as well as an empire, and thus pictures the efforts by which it had been perfected:

Who first invented bottles nobody knows; but they had been used for centuries before corks were thought of. But, a bottle being once well corked, the problem of getting into it must have been at first very perplexing; and generations again elapsed before any convenient method was hit upon for their extraction. The destructive short-cut of beheading the bottle was the first escape from the difficulty; it was prompt and effectual, but expensive. As considerations of economy gradually grew into greater strength, and it began to be thought important to save the bottles, there was an increasing demand



upon the twisting capacity of the fingers; and, when that failed, the teeth were called in, as their natural and more efficient auxiliary. The dental experiment must have often failed to dislodge the stubborn plug; but, if neither teeth nor cork were extracted, the latter was probably ruptured. In this dilemma, a nail would become invaluable as a means of bringing away the tenacious impediment, particle by particle; or, if this failed, it furnished an invaluable means of desperate escape by sending the obstacle the wrong way. It was a fine stroke of inventive resource, when some happy genius hit upon the expedient of inserting a pair of forks "witchwise" into the cork, by which the result was often accomplished when all other means failed.



A wire, with its lower extremity twisted into a spiral form, and a handle attached, was the next step in the line of progress; and a masterly

device it certainly was, as it left all past exploits far behind, and opened a new cork-extracting future. Up to this time, all has been misty and indefinite; nobody knows who are entitled to the honors of these contrivances, but now we emerge into the light. It is known who took the next great step in the growth and perfection of the corkscrew; and in these days, when there has arisen a great war concerning the relative capacities of the sexes, it is interesting to remember that the

first known invention in the corkscrew line was made by a woman. Miss O'Rourke, a London hostess, celebrated for the qualities of her punch, the friend of Kosciuszko, and something of a poet withal—she it is who should be held in precious remembrance by all bottle-suckers for having placed a button at the end of the screw-worm. But, even with a good screw, it often costs a hard effort to make the extraction, which it is sometimes desirable to do without agitating the contents of the bottle. The last improvement, therefore, consists in gearing the screw to a pinion, by turning which with the fingers the most refractory cork can be gently and easily withdrawn. When the task, at first so puzzling, is at length quickly, safely, neatly, and easily performed, invention has completed its work.



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FAMOUS GARDENS.*



THE ZWINGER AT DRESDEN.

I.
A DISTINGUISHED writer says that, if he had to define what gardens are, he would say they are the "*chef-d'œuvre* of human genius, inspired by the *chef-*

œuvre of Nature." Indeed, if we consider the natural or artificial garden, we find that what constitutes the one

and the other is nothing less than an harmonious assemblage of objects admirably adapted to charm the senses and please the mind.

We call natural gardens those landscapes, those picturesque sites, which combine, according to country and climate, the most varied characteristics; here smiling and inviting, there grand and rugged; on every side formed of the same elements: the azure of the heavens, the golden sunset, the silver-edged cloud, the easy hillock, the abrupt mountain, the yawning precipice, the grassy lawn, trees covered with foliage, and birds of brilliant plumage, that fill the air with their joyous warbling. Each of these beauties of Nature, considered separately, fills the beholder with pleasure and receives the tribute of his admiration. What, then, must be the effect when they are united in one picture by an unrivalled artist, who shows us in one glance all the most beautiful things of the creation!

Is it necessary to demonstrate that, in improving on what Nature has fashioned in her most attractive forms, Art achieves

* From "*Les Jardins; Histoire et Description.*" Tours: Alfred Mame et fils, éditeurs.

her greatest triumph? It is sufficient to cite the universal verdict of mankind, from which there can be no appeal.

There is not a countryman who does not find more pleasure in cultivating the little plot of ground where he grows a few flowers and fruit-trees, than the fields that yield him his bread. The country-seats of the opulent would be hardly worthy of the name but for the gardens and parks that surround them. To these they owe their greatest value. The man of taste finds more pleasure in embellishing the grounds that surround his villa, than in adorning the villa itself. On them he spares neither pains nor expense. There, more than anywhere else, he feels himself free and happy, and most fully enjoys the blessings of ease and affluence.

The thought uppermost in the minds of those who are compelled, by interest, to inhabit large cities, is to husband sufficient to enable them to become the possessor of a spot in the country where they can enjoy the fresh air, the verdure of the fields, and plant their own violet-beds and rose-bushes. From the richest to the poorest, from the most humble to the most elevated in dignity, all are more or less occupied with this idea. "It is evident," says Loudon, "that this desire is innate in the human mind. All men, even those who are natives of large cities, are more or less tormented with it, and if they are not demoralized by misery, disease, or evil associations, it pursues them through life. Who has forgotten the story of the Emperor Diocletian, who, having descended from the most powerful throne in the world and taken refuge in an humble retreat, exclaimed to those who would have persuaded him to re-assume the imperial purple: 'Ah, if you were to see the beautiful lettuce I cultivate in my garden, you would not talk to me of the imperial dignity!'"

Proud as the large cities are of their public edifices, of their churches, their palaces, their monuments, their theatres, their galleries, still, their greatest ornaments, those on which they dwell with most pride, and which most excite the admiration of strangers, are their public gardens and parks.

The great majority of Parisians have little knowledge of the monuments and museums of Paris, nor do they care to know more; but there is not one who has not a peculiar affection for *his* garden, as he calls the one nearest to his humble dwelling. At every season of the year, if the weather be at all favorable, the public gardens of Paris, during some hours of the day, are much frequented. The same is equally true of the public parks and gardens of London, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Madrid, and New York.

II.

If large cities were built according to a plan fixed upon in advance, it would be easy to reserve sufficient space, at suitable points, for such public gardens and parks as might be deemed necessary for the convenience and well-being of their inhabitants, but this is rarely the case. St. Petersburg is, perhaps, the only large city of the present day to which the founder said, "You will be a great capital," and which has realized the founder's anticipations. All the other capitals owe their growth to circumstances which their modest origin did not justify their founders in anticipating. It is, indeed, at a comparatively recent period, that the more important have assumed proportions, by their rapid development, which have rendered it necessary to open to their population spacious promenades of a pleasing aspect. Then it was too late to choose the location. Those that already existed were, generally, the parks belonging to the palaces and chateaux built at an early day near the city, often at a considerable distance, but which had been steadily approached by the growing city until they were finally surrounded. There is a natural tendency on the part of the inhabitants of European cities to gather around the residences of the court. Hence has arisen the very unequal division of public gardens in many of the large cities. The inhabitants of some localities have almost at

their doors the most beautiful pleasure-grounds, while those of other neighborhoods have to go a long distance to get a breath of fresh air or the sight of a blade of grass.

London is not exempt from this inconvenience. Nor was Paris, until recently, better provided. In the latter city, the present administration has done much to supply the deficiency. In London, as in Paris, it is the west end, inhabited by the aristocracy, that is favored. Here we have an uninterrupted series of large parks extending from Whitehall, at the east, to Kensington, at the west, a distance of less than three miles. Here are Saint James's Park, Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens. At the south of Hyde Park, on the other side of the Thames, lies Battersea Park, and at the north, on the same line, Regent's Park. In order to reach another public garden it is necessary to traverse the entire extent of London from the west to the east. This may be done by taking the North London Railway, which leads to Victoria Park. Greenwich is entirely out of the city. It is a journey to reach it, like that of going from Paris to Saint-Cloud. Sydenham is still farther, from thirty-five to forty minutes distant by rail.

All the public gardens of London, except that of Kensington, which is symmetrical in form, are, according to the English taste, extremely simple in their design. A stream of water, natural or artificial, with numbers of little pleasure-boats, a few rustic pavilions, here and there a grand old tree, and flowers and other ornamental plants and shrubs around the sides and in clumps, compose the entire decoration. But what forms the chief attraction of the London gardens is the immense grass-plots, or lawns, which the public are at liberty to enjoy as they will. When the grass begins to be worn, the denuded spots are enclosed by temporary iron barriers, that may be easily removed when the grass has been replaced.

The capital of the Netherlands, the Hague, possesses only one grand public park. It is modern in style, and situated like the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, entirely outside the city. The Hague is, comparatively, a small city, and, to make room within its limits for such a park, it would have been necessary to demolish nearly one-third of the town. This park is called simply the Woods (*het Bosch*). The inhabitants of the city are very proud of it, and well they may be. Travellers are unanimous in the opinion that it is the most beautiful public garden in Europe. "The Bois de Boulogne," says M. du Camp, "is not to be compared with it."—"Imagine," says M. Ferrier, "a miniature forest, silent and tranquil, with innumerable sites, wild and picturesque, a league in circumference, planted with beautiful beech-trees, at only a few steps from a capital teeming with a busy population!—a rich foliage of dark green, broad gravelled walks, of which you do not see the end, traversed by the stately buck and his dams, basins of limpid water, inhabited by a numerous family of swans, numbers of the feathered tribes, including the nightingale, flying to and fro among the branches, and you have *le Bois* of the Hague. All this is preserved with such art that, while Nature is robbed of none of her advantages, the handiwork of man is carefully concealed. If we reflect that this charming spot is on the shore of the sea, in a country of prairies and water, where trees are scarce, we shall not be surprised that its possessors point to it with peculiar pride. On one side, separated from the public promenade by only a moat, stands the palace known as the *Maison du Bois*."

The German states, with their respective capitals, some of which have fallen at various epochs to the rank of provincial towns, number many royal and princely palaces and chateaux with their parks, which are thrown open for the convenience of the public, to say nothing of the grounds, in different cities, that were originally intended for the accommodation of the people, and are kept at the public expense.

Hanover offers to its population, besides its broad avenues planted with trees, the two gardens of Montbrillant and Herrenhausen. Montbrillant is a royal chateau, restored, and

years ago, by the architect Tram. Its park is situated opposite that of Wangenheim, at the right of a long alley of lime-trees which leads to Herrenhausen. This latter chateau was built by George I. for his mistress, the celebrated Countess of Platen. The garden is laid out in the French style, and ornamented with numerous *jets d'eau*. It encloses a very fine conservatory, and a mausoleum containing the tombs of King Ernst-August and Queen Frederica.

Berlin has no promenades worthy of notice within the city limits. Its large public garden, der Thiergarten, is situated at the western extremity of the city, just outside the walls, on the bank of the Spree. Notwithstanding the pains that have been taken to improve it, it still presents a gloomy aspect when not enlivened by a crowd of promenaders. In order to brighten the scene, a number of concert coffee-houses have been established, which, when the weather will permit, are much frequented late in the afternoon and evening. The most agreeable part of the Thiergarten is the route leading to the Zelte (pavilions), near the Château de Bellevue. No part of it, however, is especially attractive. The ground is as flat as a table, and little has been done—at least had not ten years ago, when the writer last saw it—to improve upon Nature, where Nature appears in her simplest and least picturesque forms. The Thiergarten is one of the largest public parks in Europe, and certainly one of the least interesting.

Friedrichs-Hain, a park much smaller than the Thiergarten, planted by order of the late king, is situated at the other extremity of the city.

Dresden is well supplied with promenades. In the centre of the city, on the right bank of the Elbe, we have the Pavilion; on the left bank, the Brühl, planted with fine old trees. This promenade is reached by a stairway of forty steps, decorated by statues. The Zwinger, a vast unfinished palace—a view of which we present—has on the west a small but beautiful garden laid out in the English style. But the grand public garden of Dresden, and of Saxony, is situated at the southeast extremity of the city. It is called the Grosser Garten, a beautiful park, which owes its origin to a pheasantry, located at this point by the Elector John-George II.

III.

In England, in spite of the modern innovations that have found favor, especially in France, many of the older parks belonging to the aristocracy have preserved, in a great measure, the appearance they had two hundred years ago. Others have been partially modernized, while those of more recent origin have been divided into two distinct parts: the garden proper and the park. The first displays around the chateau its wealth of terraces, arbors, balustrades, basins, fountains, statues, and flowers. The second offers to promenaders its serpentine walks, shady groves, verdant lawns, its hillocks, lakes, and cascades.

Among the parks that have escaped transformation, one of the most noted is that of Hampton Court, which Louis Viardot found presenting the same appearance it did in the time of London and Wise at the end of the seventeenth century. "In this park," says Viardot, "besides the long walks, the profusion of flowers, the luxurious shrubbery, and fine old trees, you see two remarkable curiosities. One is a labyrinth formed by a continuous hedge, so arranged that, if one enters without a guide, it is almost impossible to find one's way out. The entire length of the windings is half a mile, although the whole labyrinth covers a space of less than ten acres. The other curiosity is the famous arbor, one hundred feet long, covered by the branches of a single vine, the largest, probably, in the world. It was planted by accident nearly a hundred years ago. In 1866, three feet from the ground, it was twenty-seven inches in circumference, and one of its branches measured, in its entire length, over three hundred feet. This vine produces from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds of grapes yearly."

The illustrious poet and novelist, Sir Edward Bulwer Lyt-

ton, possesses, at Knebworth, a magnificent park, planted partly in the English and partly in the French style. M. Charles Blanc, who describes it *de visu*, in his "*Grammaire des arts du dessin*," takes occasion to compare the two styles: "During the first days of our stay at Knebworth," he says, "the irregular garden, which we call the Jardin d'Horace, was for us the wonder of this feudal habitation. We experienced an indescribable pleasure in wandering through it until we were familiar with all its nooks and windings. But soon it was the French garden that afforded us the most satisfaction. The majesty of this grand style, in the end, commanded higher admiration. In the morning, by the first rays of the sun, these straight alleys, these flights of steps and balustrades, and these rows of statues, form a spectacle that is truly grand. On emerging from the labyrinths of the English garden, the mind filled with incoherent images, we felt a relief in contemplating this garden, where order and regularity exist without doing violence to Nature. This impression convinced us of the relative æsthetic value of the two systems. The one, for a time, perplexes the imagination; the other always elevates and enlarges the mind."

This same association of the ancient and modern styles is found on many of the estates of the English nobility, and which has been fully described by Brooke, in his large work in quarto, "The Gardens of England," and beautifully illustrated in chromo-lithography. Staffordshire seems to be one of the counties richest in notable gardens. That of the Earl of Stafford, at Enville Hall, is surrounded by antique monuments in ruins. It covers an area of seventy-six acres. Its chief objects of interest are the river-horse fountain, with a group of tritons and amphibious horses; a lake, with a *jet d'eau*; and an orangery that alone cost £100,000. Trentham, the property of the Duke of Sutherland, is situated at the foot of picturesque mountains. A terrace, decorated with balusters and statues, and planted with the choicest flowers, surrounds the chateau. The park is traversed by the Trent, which pauses to form a lake. On the estate there is also an Italian garden, and very extensive conservatories. Alton Towers, belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury, is worthy of being mentioned, on account of the elegance of its architectural ornamentation; and Teddesley Hay, the property of Lord Hatherton, for its superb avenue of elms. The park of Harewood House, in Yorkshire, was designed by Brown, about a century ago; Nesfield modified it a few years since, by laying out a symmetric parterre around the chateau. Bowood, belonging to the Marquis of Lansdowne, in Wiltshire, realizes, in the opinion of Mr. Brooke, the *beau idéal* of the English style. The terrace and symmetric parterres, ornamented by well-kept trees, and a profusion of flowers, look down on a lake, to which you descend by broad steps, with stone balusters. At Elvaston Castle, in Derbyshire, the Earl of Harrington has had the flower-beds and grass-plots designed in arabesques, and the trees and arbors of yoke-elms cut in a great variety of odd figures.

The most notable feature of the two immense estates of the Duke of Devonshire, Chiswick and Chatsworth, are the landscapes. Chiswick is only seven miles from London, a little above Kew, on the banks of the Thames. The gardens were originally designed in the Italian style, a remnant of which is seen in two avenues of cedars of Lebanon before the chateau. Although they are planted twenty yards apart, their branches interlace, so as to present a dense mass of verdure. A parterre bordered with trees surrounds the conservatories, which are themselves a veritable crystal garden. The English park contains a luxuriant growth of forest-trees, broad meadows, picturesque hills, a river, and a menagerie, enclosed by a light iron fence, so that the animals appear to be at liberty. It is at Chiswick, also, that the Horticultural Society have their country gardens where, in the months of May, June, and July, their exposition of flowers takes place.

Chatsworth is situated in a wild valley of Derbyshire, at the



CHATSWORTH.



THE TUILERIES.

base of the mountains from which the Derwent flows. This rapid stream traverses the park, contributing greatly to enliven and beautify the scene. Immediately about the chateau, there is a garden, French in design, ornamented with yoke-elms, marble basins, jets of water, and artificial cascades; while beyond, extends a vast perspective, presenting a varied landscape, which Nature seems to have formed unaided by art.

IV.

The tragic death of Henry II. of France, placed the sovereign power in the hands of his queen, Catharine de Medici. It was then that France entered upon a long series of civil wars, massacres, and assassinations, which did not terminate until the triumph of the Béarnais, and retarded, without entirely paralyzing, the progress of the arts. The gloomy Catharine herself, although immersed in schemes to further her violent and perfidious policy, found time to gratify the taste for elegant and sumptuous luxury that was a characteristic of her race. At Paris, she abandoned and destroyed the Hôtel des Tournelles, the scene of her husband's assassination. It was not long till she tired of the Louvre, which was the seat of the monarchy, the political centre of the kingdom, rather than a royal residence. Here the queen could not avoid, for even a day, the importunities of the court or the bustle and confusion of business. It was here she governed, or rather conspired, for her reign was only a long series of plots and counter-plots. However great the *ennui* she experienced, she had no means of escape. Catharine de Medici wished, therefore, to have a residence of her own, to which she could retire and meditate undisturbed, and which should realize, more fully than the old castles of the middle ages, her ideas of comfort and elegance. She resolved to build, near the Louvre, but beyond the city walls, a palace worthy of the niece of Leo X.

The site she chose was a vast plain, formerly called the *Sablonnaire* (sand-pit), occupied by manufactures of earthenware and tiles. Philibert Delorme was commanded to submit a plan for the new edifice and to direct its construction. The plan he presented was worthy of his great name. In its execution he was aided by Jean Bullant, Germain Pilon, and Jean Cousin, who, unfortunately, died in 1570. Du Cerceau, to whom the task of continuing the work was confided, made some alterations in the plans, which later received still other modifications. But Catharine, after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, took an aversion to the Tuileries (plural of *tuilerie*, tile-field), as she had formerly for the Hôtel des Tournelles and the Louvre, and ordered the Hôtel de Nesle, or de Bohaigne, to be rebuilt, which took the name of Hôtel de la Reine, and later of Hôtel de Soissons. The Pavillon de Medici was the only portion of the Tuileries she ever occupied.

The garden of this palace was originally very limited in extent. It was called simply "the garden of the queen's palace," and designed *à l'italienne*. It was considerably enlarged by Henry IV. The plan that Count de Clarac has given in his "Description du Louvre et des Tuileries," represents it as being composed of a parterre of flowers, divided into sections, in front of the palace, and of a wood, traversed by rectilinear alleys, that bordered the parterre on the north and south, and extended west as far as the city limits, which had greatly increased since the time of Catharine. It was bounded on the north by the large riding-ground, that owed its existence to Charles IX., and on the south by a wall extending along the bank of the Seine. On this side stood the Maison Menon, which was given for life by Louis XIII. to Nicolas Poussin, when this prince called Poussin from Rome to superintend and decorate the royal residences. The western extremity of the park was occupied by the royal dog-kennel, aviary, and menagerie. The site of the dog-kennel was given by Louis XIII. to his valet Renard, who transformed it into a garden, which was subsequently united by Louis XIV. to that of the palace.

The garden of the Tuileries, although belonging to the crown, was in reality, in the seventeenth century, what it is to-day: a public garden which the Parisians were accustomed to consider their own, and of which they enjoyed almost the entire use. It is nearly the only garden on which Louis XIV., who spent so many millions on his private gardens, has left the impress of his long and eventful reign. He left that of the Luxembourg as it was in Marie de Medicis's time, for which he cannot be censured. Nor did the Place Royale undergo any changes; it has preserved to the present day its original characteristics. Planted in 1604, on a portion of the ground previously occupied by the Hôtel des Tournelles, it immediately became and continued to be for nearly two centuries the rendez-vous of the aristocracy. One of the buildings that surrounded it, the peculiar appearance of which was in striking contrast with the more modern structures of Paris, was inhabited by Richelieu; another was the city residence of the celebrated Marion Delorme. The quadrangular style of the garden, planted with elms and limes, and ornamented with basins and jets of water, around which *les précieuses et les raffinés* of former generations were wont to assemble, has been respected. The equestrian statue of Louis XIII., raised in the centre of the garden, by the Cardinal de Richelieu, was alone destroyed in 1792. It was replaced under the Restoration by the present one, the work of the sculptors Cartot and Dupaty.

After the Restoration, a good deal was done to embellish the garden of the Tuileries; a number of statues were added to those it already contained, and the present iron fence was substituted for the wall that separated the terrace on the north from the Rue de Rivoli. Under Louis Philippe the terrace in front of the palace was destroyed, and replaced by a parterre from which the public was excluded. Under the present emperor, this parterre has been considerably enlarged at the expense of the garden. His majesty has also reserved the terrace on the river-side, at the extremity of which he has erected an orangery, and, as a pendant to this structure, a tennis-court for the young prince imperial has been built on the Terrace des Feuillants. The parterres of the public garden, at the right and left of the basin, have been replanted, so as to make them harmonize with the Parterre Impériale, in which the emperor may frequently be seen taking a promenade, when the imperial family are at the Tuileries. The gates leading to the quay and to Rue de Rivoli have been moved back, and a new entrance has been made under the south terrace, facing Solferino Bridge.

The grand alley of the Tuileries is admirably continued by the magnificent avenue of the Elysian Fields. Here is the most striking example to be found, doubtless, in the world, of the imposing perspective to be obtained by the French style. That of the Champs-Élysées, taken from the entrance to the Tuileries, from the Place de la Concorde, with its fountains, statues, and circular setting of monuments. At the right, stand the storehouse and the ministry of the marine, and between the two, at the end of the broad Rue Royal, the beautiful façade of the Madeleine presents itself: at the left, we see the Pont (bridge) de la Concorde and the legislative buildings, while in front we have the colossal Arc-de-Triomphe and the grand avenue, adorned with trees and flowers and elegant pavilions. All this presents a *coup d'œil* with which nothing else in the world of art can be compared.

In 1670, the Cours-la-Reine of Marie de Medici was extended, by planting new alleys as far as the road to Saint Germain. It then took the name of Grand-Cours, and, a few years later, the name it is known by at present, Champs-Élysées. In 1764, Marigny, superintendent of the royal buildings, caused the ground of the entire area to be graded, and the garden to be replanted. In 1828, the Elysian Fields were ceded by the crown to the city of Paris; since then, the city has expended large sums in beautifying them.

These pleasure-grounds are divided into two distinct parts.

the garden, which extends from the Place de la Concorde to Rond-point, and the avenue, which begins at Rond-point and extends to the Arc-de-Triomphe. The limits of the garden are, on the south, the Quay de la Conférence; on the west, the Avenue d'Autin, the Rond-point, and the Avenue de Matignon; and on the north, the Avenue Gabriel, which is lined for nearly its entire length with private gardens, the most notable of which is that of the Palais de l'Elysée, remarkable for its extent, and the taste displayed in its arrangement. The Palais de l'Industrie is located in the southern portion of the Elysian Fields, on what was formerly the Carré Marigny, while the Cirque de l'Impératrice stands on the opposite side, fronting the Avenue de Marigny. Fountains, clumps of exotic plants, flower-beds, puppet-shows, and refreshment-stands, ornament and animate the promenade, which, during the mild season, is the favorite Sunday resort of the Parisians of all classes. Besides, the Elysian Fields are the principal scene of the public *fêtes*. On such occasions they are illuminated by thousands of multi-colored lanterns, the effect of which surpasses in brilliancy every thing the imagination of the Oriental poets ever pictured.

If Marie de Medicis was not so fortunate as to realize the paradise of her imagination, on the right bank of the Seine, which was destined later to be the site of the Champs-Élysées, she had the satisfaction of having her name connected with a work not less beautiful, and more complete—the Luxembourg. In 1612, two years after the death of Henry IV., Marie de Medicis determined to build for herself a palace more in conformity with her tastes than the Louvre or the Tuileries. To this end, she purchased a large estate belonging to the Duc de Piney-Luxembourg. To this she added, the following year, the farm of the Hôtel-Dieu, and several other pieces of ground belonging to different landed proprietors in the neighborhood.

The queen chose for her architect Jacques de Brosse, and instructed him to make the exterior of the new edifice resemble that of the Pitti Palace, the usual residence of the grand-dukes of Tuscany, in which she was born. The respective plans of the two palaces, however, are quite different; the one is by no means a copy of the other.

The construction was not begun till 1615; but, as soon as the ground was cleared, which was as early as 1613, the plan of the gardens was fixed upon, and this part of the work, to which the queen attached especial importance, was completed before the palace was inhabitable. These gardens were far more extensive than they are at present, their extent and beauty being in harmony with the palace.

During the reigns of Louis XIII., of Louis XIV., and of Louis XV., the Luxembourg seems to have remained pretty nearly as Marie de Medicis left it. But Louis XVI., by an edict dated December, 1779, gave the palace and grounds to his brother, the Comte de Provence. This prince, in 1782, disposed of a very large part of the western portion of the garden to the municipal authorities, for the ostensible purpose of extending the city by opening new streets in that quarter. This project was, however, not carried into execution until much later. Thus were destroyed the stately old trees, the well-shaded walks, and the rich vegetation it had taken a century to produce.

The Convention, when they made the palace of the Luxembourg the seat of the directorial government, ordered considerable improvements to be made, with the view of enlarging the public garden. This work was immediately begun, and continued, with little intermission, until about the end of the year 1811. These works, directed successively by the architects Chalgrin and Baragney, gave to the garden of the Luxembourg very nearly the dimensions and divisions it preserved until 1861. During the first empire, the accessory buildings, that marked the lateral aspects of the palace, gave place to a high iron fence along the line of Rue de Vaugirard. Under the reign of Louis Philippe,

important additions were made to the palace, which slightly lessened the area of the garden, and materially altered the disposition of the terraces. From 1843 to 1844, the old buildings adjoining the palace on Rue de Vaugirard were torn down and removed to give place to a guard-house, an orangery, and a charming little English garden, between the orangery and Rue Férou. It was also under the reign of Louis Philippe that the idea was suggested of making the sculptural ornamentation of the garden contribute to the historic instruction of the promenaders. Instead of the old, broken, and stained mythological figures, in which the garden abounded, statues of the most illustrious women of France were placed on the east and west terraces, with the name, date of birth and death of each inscribed on the pedestal.

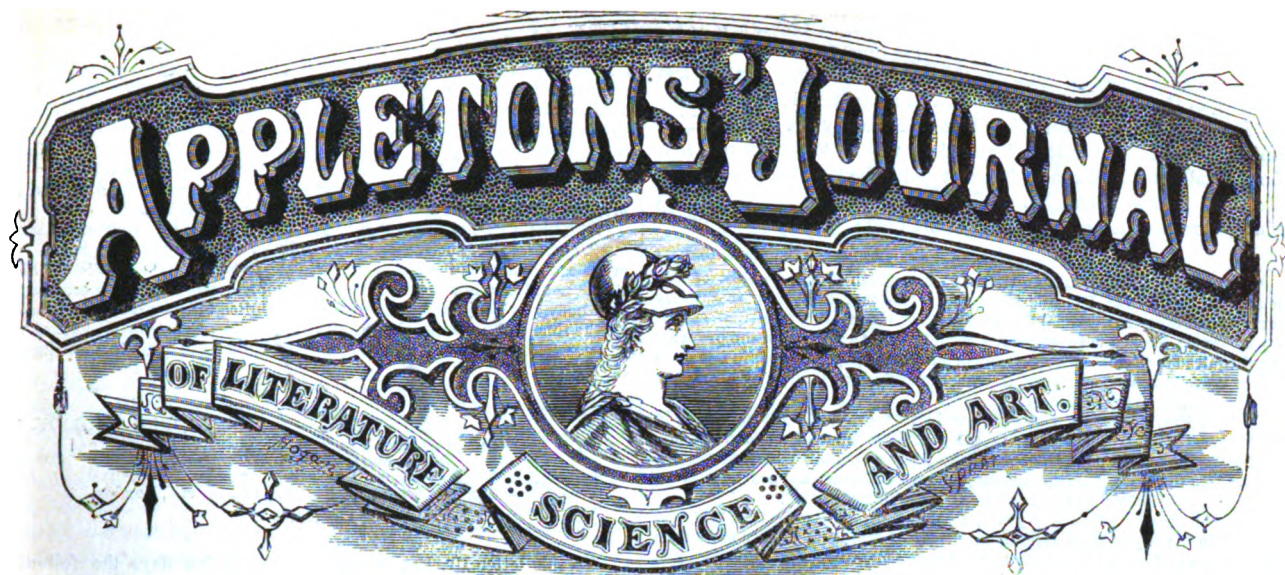
The present administration, which seems to have set for itself the task of rebuilding Paris almost entirely, has given the *Quartier Latin* a large place in its system of embellishments. The formidable Boulevard Saint Michel, in its rectilinear course from the bridge, from which it takes its name, to the Observatory, has swallowed up a complete net-work of old streets, the names of which were familiar to the students of fifteen years ago, but are unknown to the present generation. Several more important avenues have also been more or less invaded; of this number are Rue de Vaugirard and Rue d'Enfer, the high buildings of which encompassed the Luxembourg garden on the northeast. All these houses have disappeared. The high iron fence of Rue de Vaugirard, back of the Odeon, has been lengthened, following a curved line as far as to the new Rue de Medicis, when it straightens and extends to the School of Mines.

It was reasonable to suppose that the corporation would be satisfied with these transformations, but, in 1865, there appeared in the *Moniteur* the details of another project, contemplating still more important changes. It was proposed to entirely suppress the nursery of the garden, a beautiful labyrinth of verdure and flowers situated between the grand quincunxes on the west and the alley of the Observatory, for which the more thoughtful promenaders had a peculiar affection; and, further, to extend Rue Bonaparte as far as Rue de l'Ouest, and to occupy all the southern portion of the garden with streets and buildings. The object was to utilize, in the interest of the city, these unproductive grounds, and to open a direct communication between those quarters which were separated by the garden. The scheme met with great opposition on the part of the public, and was violently attacked by the press. The emperor hesitated, and, animated by a desire to consult the wishes of the public as well as the interests of the municipality, he ordered the project to be reconsidered. In the mean time, petitions, with long lists of signatures, were addressed to the Senate, which also took the matter into serious consideration. A long session was devoted to the examination of the petitions, and, by a unanimous vote, they were referred to the consideration of the proper ministers. The preservation of the gardens founded by Marie de Medicis, and that all the governments of the last seventy years have taken pride in embellishing and enlarging, found warm and eloquent defenders in the Senate. Another decree was published, August 13, 1866. Its principal provisions were briefly: extension of the Rue Bonaparte, by an iron fence running parallel with the buildings that at present limit the garden on the west; extension of the Rue de l'Abbé-de-l'Épée to a junction with the Rue de l'Ouest; suppression of the southern half of the nursery; suppression of the botanic garden of the Medical School, transformation of the Avenue de l'Observatoire into a boulevard, and the opening of a new net-work of streets.

The zealous predilection of the Parisians, and especially of those on the left bank of the Seine, for the Luxembourg, is certainly very natural. This beautiful garden offers to the twenty-five or twenty-six thousand students of the *Quartier Latin* as good and convenient grounds for exercise and relaxation as they could possibly have.



THE LUXEMBOURG.



ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

No. 18.—WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

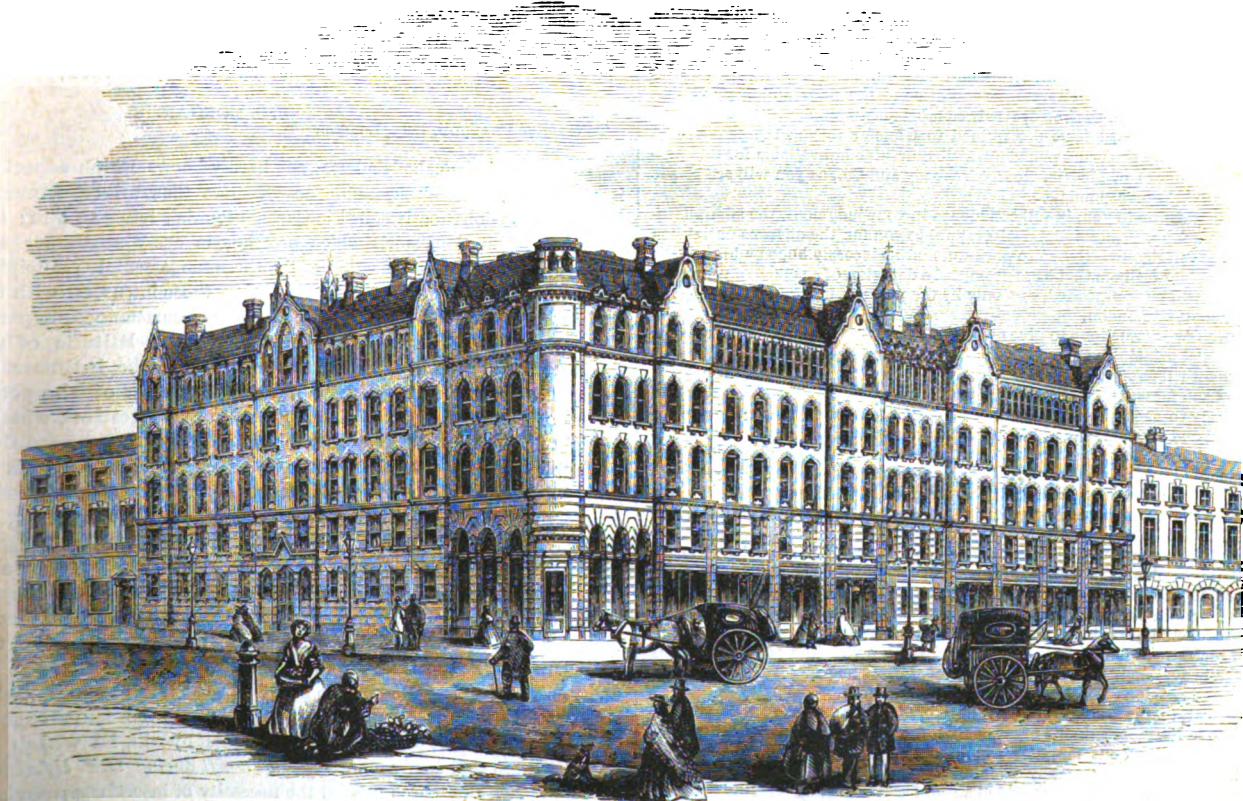
[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

MR. PEABODY'S GIFT TO THE POOR OF LONDON.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE interest excited by the great gift made by Mr. Peabody to the poor of London, has not been confined to the country which directly or indirectly is to reap the benefit. To other lands the report

for cherishing those sentiments, surely the American public, who have the privilege of claiming Mr. Peabody as their countryman, are that people. Yet beyond the slight information derived from the short notices that have appeared from time to time in the newspapers of the day—notice, too, very liable to embody more or less of error—little is really known by the majority of the people of the origin of this gift to the London poor, the vast extent of the operations contemplated in it, and the progress already made in the realization of our illustrious countryman's benevolent purposes. A full account of all the points



PEABODY SQUARE, SPITALFIELDS, LONDON.

one, giving rise to unfeigned admiration of the rare generosity, interestedness of the donor, astonishment at the largeness placed at the disposal of his trustees, and wide-spread interest in the practical working-out of his intentions. And if any people not directly participating in the bounty, have more reason than another

of importance connected with this great charity, drawn up from reliable sources, cannot fail to interest the general reader; and may supply to those who have means at their disposal a motive to go and do likewise. While to such as possess both the means and the wish to benefit their poorer fellow-men, but cannot fix upon a suitable scheme for giving

effect to their charitable designs, the detail of the organization and working of the Peabody Trust will furnish many useful suggestions.

The early history of the gift is best described by Mr. Peabody himself in the following letter addressed to the United States minister, Lord Stanley, Sir J. Emerson Tennent (who died a few weeks ago), Mr. C. M. Lampson, and Mr. J. S. Morgan—the gentlemen who had kindly consented to act as trustees to the fund :

LONDON, 12th March, 1862.

GENTLEMEN: In reference to the intention which it is the object of this letter to communicate, I am desirous to explain that, from a comparatively early period of my commercial life, I had resolved in my own mind that, should my labors be blessed with success, I would devote a portion of the property thus acquired to promote the intellectual, moral, and physical welfare and comfort of my fellow-men, wherever, from circumstances or location, their claims upon me would be the strongest.

A kind Providence has continued me in prosperity, and consequently, in furtherance of my resolution, I, in the year 1852, founded an institute and library for the benefit of the people of the place of my birth in the town of Danvers, in the State of Massachusetts, the result of which has proved in every respect most beneficial to the locality and gratifying to myself.

After an absence of twenty years, I visited my native land in 1867, and founded in the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland (where more than twenty years of my business-life had been passed), an institute upon a much more extended scale, devoted to science and the arts, with a free library, coinciding with the character of the institution. The corner-stone was laid in 1858, and the building is now completed; but its dedication has been postponed in consequence of the unhappy sectional differences at present prevailing in the United States.

It is now twenty-five years since I commenced my residence and business in London as a stranger; but I did not long feel myself a "stranger," or in a "strange land," for, in all my commercial and social intercourse with my British friends during that long period, I have constantly received courtesy, kindness, and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind Providence, encouraged by early associations, and stimulated by my views as well of duty as of inclination, to follow the path which I had heretofore marked out for my guidance, I have been prompted for several years past repeatedly to state to some of my confidential friends my intention at no distant period, if my life was spared, to make a donation for the benefit of the poor of London. Among those friends are three of the number to whom I have now the honor to address this letter. To my particular friend, C. M. Lampson, Esq., I first mentioned the subject five years ago. My next conversations in relation to it were held about three years since with my esteemed friend Sir James Emerson Tennent, and with my partner, J. S. Morgan, Esq. I also availed myself of opportunities to consult the Right Rev. Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, and with all these gentlemen I have since freely conversed upon the subject in a way to confirm that original intention.

My object being to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of this great metropolis, and to promote their comfort and happiness, I take pleasure in apprising you that I have determined to transfer to you the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which now stands available for this purpose on the books of Messrs. George Peabody and Co., as you will see by the accompanying correspondence.

In committing to you, in full confidence in your judgment, the administration of this fund, I cannot but feel grateful to you for the onerous duties you have so cheerfully undertaken to perform, and I sincerely hope and trust that the benevolent feelings that have prompted a devotion of so much of your valuable time will be appreciated, not only by the present, but future generations of the people of London.

I have few instructions to give or conditions to impose, but there are some fundamental principles from which it is my solemn injunction that those intrusted with its application shall never, under any circumstances, depart:

First and foremost among them is the limitation of its uses absolutely and exclusively to such purposes as may be calculated directly to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor, who, either by birth or established residence, form a recognized portion of the population of London.

Secondly. It is my intention that now and for all time there shall be a rigid exclusion from the management of this fund of any influences calculated to impart to it a character either sectarian as regards religion, or exclusive in relation to local or party politics.

Third. In conformity with the foregoing conditions, it is my wish and intention that the sole qualifications for a participation in the benefits of this fund, shall be an ascertained and continued condition of life such as brings the individual within the description (in the ordinary sense of the word) of "the poor" of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society. It must, therefore, be held to be a violation of my intentions if any duly qualified and deserving claimant were to be excluded either on the grounds of religious belief or political bias.

Without, in the remotest degree, desiring to limit your discretion in the selection of the most suitable means of giving effect to these objects, I may be permitted to throw out for your consideration, amongst the other projects which will necessarily occupy your attention, whether it may not be found conducive to the conditions specified above for their ultimate realization, and least likely to present difficulties on the grounds I have pointed out for avoidance, to apply the fund, or a portion of it, in the construction of such improved dwellings for the poor as may combine in the utmost possible degree the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy.

Preparatory to due provision being made for the formal declaration of the trust and for its future arrangement and appropriation, the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds will be at once transferred into your names and placed at your disposal; for which purpose I reserve to myself full power and authority. But, as a portion of the money may probably not be required

for some time to come, to meet the legitimate purposes contemplated I would suggest that, as early as possible after the organization of the trust, one hundred thousand pounds (£100,000) should be invested, for the time being, in your names in Consols or East India stock, thus adding to the capital by means of the accruing interest; and the stock so purchased can be gradually sold out as the money is wanted for the objects designated. Meantime, pending the preparation of a formal trust-deed, you shall be under no responsibility whatever in respect of the fund, or its investment or disposition.

With these preliminary stipulations I commit the fund to your management, and to that of such other persons as by a majority of your voices you may elect, giving you the power either to add to your number (which I think should not at any time exceed nine), or to supply casual vacancies occurring in your body. It is my further desire that the United States minister in London, for the time being, should always in virtue of his office be a member of the Trust, unless in the event of his signifying his inability to act in discharge of the duties.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE PEABODY.

(Signed)

To His Excellency, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS,
United States Minister in London. }

"The Right Honorable LORD STANLEY, M. P.
"SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, K. C. S.; LL. D., etc., London.
"CURTIS M. LAMPSON, Esq., } London.
"JUNIOUS S. MORGAN, Esq., }

To this letter Mr. Peabody received in a few days the following reply:

LONDON, March 15, 1862.

SIR: We have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., apprising us of your munificent appropriation of £150,000 toward ameliorating the condition of the poor of London, and intimating your wish that we should act in the capacity of trustees for the application of this fund, on principles which you have indicated for our guidance.

Whether we consider the purity of the motive, the magnitude of the gift, or the discrimination displayed in selecting the purposes to which it is to be applied, we cannot but feel that it is for the nation to appreciate, rather than for a few individuals to express their gratitude for, an act of beneficence which has few parallels (if any) in modern times.

For ourselves, we are deeply conscious of the honor implied by the confidence you have reposed in us, as the administrators and guardians of your bounty; and it only remains for us to assure you of the satisfaction with which we shall accept this trust, and the zeal with which we shall address ourselves to the discharge of its duties, so soon as its precise nature is defined, and the arrangements for its administration sufficiently organized.

Ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS,
STANLEY,
J. EMERSON TENNENT,
C. M. LAMPSON
J. S. MORGAN.

To GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., London.

In reading Mr. Peabody's letter one hardly knows which aspect of it to admire, most—"the noble act of more than princely munificence," as the donation is called in Queen Victoria's letter to him; the simple, unostentatious spirit which breathes in every sentence; the wisdom displayed in the selection of the three fundamental principles, from which it is his "solemn injunction that those intrusted with the application of the fund shall never, under any circumstances, depart," and in the union of those principles with the utmost latitude of discretionary power on the part of the trustees; or the intimate acquaintance with one of the most pressing necessities of the poorer classes of the population of London, shown in the suggestion, whether it might not be found conducive to the realization of those conditions "to apply the fund, or a portion of it, in the construction of such improved dwellings for the poor as may combine, in the utmost possible degree, the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy."

"Thus generously endowed," says the report for 1865, "alike with funds and with discretion to choose the mode of their employment, the first care of the trustees was to obtain a deed so framed as to confer legal powers on those who were to be intrusted with their administration, and to insure their undeviating application to the generous objects contemplated by the giver. But at this stage considerable difficulty was encountered, arising mainly from the fact that the large amount to be expended was not a bequest by will, in which case precedents are sufficiently numerous, but a gift during the lifetime of the giver, which therefore involved the necessity of inserting provisions to satisfy the requirements of the mortmain law.

"After some delay, a trust-deed was prepared, executed, and enrolled; and at the first meeting under it, which took place on the 28d of July, 1862, Lord Stanley was elected chairman, and another of the trustees undertook to act as honorary secretary *pro tem.*, thus facilitating a resolution to postpone as long as possible the appointment of any salaried officers.

"Pursuant to the terms of the deed of trust, the main portion of the fund was invested at interest in Government stock, and other negotiable securities; the balance being held in readiness for early expenditure, so soon as a decision could be come to as to the most advantageous method of employing the fund in conformity with the intentions and subject to the conditions laid down by Mr. Peabody."

But the legal difficulty arising from the fact that the donation was a gift made during the lifetime of the giver, was not the only one which met the trustees at the outset. "By the express terms of the gift, it was directed to be so applied as to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the well-conducted poor of London;" and "it became essential to determine *who are the poor of London* in the eye of the law."

Many people will at first be surprised that any difficulty should be experienced in ascertaining what class of people is denoted by the expression "the poor." But class-distinctions among men, like class-distinctions throughout the organic and inorganic world, instead of being separated by clearly-defined lines of demarcation, run into one another; and even legal authorities are sometimes sorely puzzled in deciding whether a certain individual belongs to one or the other of two contiguous social grades. The unsettled nature of public opinion on this point has been well exemplified by the complaints and criticisms that have from time to time appeared in the London daily press, to the effect that the benefits of the Peabody Fund were reaped by a more well-to-do class of people than those characterized by the donor as the "poor of London."

"It has hitherto been held," says the report already referred to, "under the authority of judicial decisions, that, in the absence of any governing or qualifying expressions, a gift or bequest to 'the poor' of any place is applicable exclusively to persons not receiving parochial support; and this, on the principle that to relieve those already chargeable on the parish or the union, inasmuch as it would contribute to the reduction of the rates, would virtually be conferring a benefit on the property rather than on the poverty of the locality."

"Later decisions have somewhat modified this view; the rigidity of the law would now be more or less tempered to adapt it to the ascertained wishes of the donor; and the mere fact of the receipt of alms would not, perhaps, of itself, suffice to disqualify an indigent family for receiving additional comforts from the donations or bequests of benevolent men like Mr. Peabody."

Be this as it may, the trustees decided "to confine their attention, in the first instance, to that section of the laboring poor who occupy a position *above* the pauper." The wisdom of this decision few will call in question, except that still too numerous class of people who think the bestowment of alms on those who will rather beg than work, and whose indolence, imprudence, or intemperance, prevents them from ever rising above their present position, or deriving any permanent advantage from the profuse charities of a well-meaning but short-sighted public, is more commendable than to assist the honest, hard-working laborer who, notwithstanding all that industry and strict economy can accomplish, is often sorely pressed to provide for those dependent on him.

"Public attention throughout the United Kingdom having been attracted by the largeness of Mr. Peabody's bounty, communications were received from numerous quarters suggesting benevolent plans for adoption. Many of these were in themselves highly desirable, but the majority involved arrangements more or less at variance with Mr. Peabody's injunctions and the provisions of the deed of trust. For example, institutions connected with religious bodies were expressly excluded, and educational establishments, as ordinarily organized, were open to the same objection, inasmuch as they are more or less dependent for their success upon denominational favor."

"Hospitals, both for acute and chronic disease, presented strong claims; but on one, amongst other grounds, their consideration was deferred. Mr. Peabody, in his communication to the trustees, had not specially directed that the fund should be so employed as to render it reproductive; but that passage in his letter in which he expressed his hope 'that not the present only, but *future generations of the people of London*,' would appreciate its advantages, was felt to be entitled to the widest construction of which it was susceptible; and it appears to point to a mode of investment, such as, while administering to the immediate enjoyments of the laboring poor of London, would also bear within itself the germ of future extension and perpetuity. This result did not seem to be attainable in the

case of hospitals, which would absorb without returning any portion of the fund. The same remark applies to almshouses and dwellings for the reception and support of the absolutely destitute, whose subsistence would necessarily be a perpetual charge, without presenting the slightest element of self-support; and attention was thus forcibly directed to the object dictated by Mr. Peabody himself, of erecting dwellings for the laboring poor on such improved principles as to conduce at once to economy, salubrity, and social enjoyment. This mode of employing the fund had also the recommendation that the low rents at which this healthful accommodation could be given would annually supplement the original fund, and thus create a source whence similar advantages might continue to be derived for an almost indefinite period."

"In postponing other projects, such as those above already alluded to, it is not to be supposed that the trustees ignore their value or question their importance; but a concurrence of circumstances, at the moment, combined to give preëminence to the one" just referred to. "In the poorer districts of London, the dwellings of the lower classes had been suddenly disturbed by the long-pent-up invasion of metropolitan railroads, whose incursions were overthrowing whole streets inhabited by humble and industrious laborers and artisans. The dispossessed population, unprovided with adequate accommodation elsewhere, were thus driven away into alleys and courts, already inconveniently crowded by their previous inmates; and discomfort and disease were in many instances added to loss of employment and expense. . . . 'Even in our crowded and deplorable districts,' says a gentleman, writing in 1865, 'such as the streets and alleys running out of Drury Lane, and in the region of the Seven Dials, apartments are not to be had; and the rents in some neighborhoods have been raised fifty per cent.' Small tenements were not regarded as an eligible property, and the construction of them did not invite the enterprise of ordinary capitalists. The consequence was that, poverty apart, a workman had great difficulty in obtaining decent lodgings, even with the means of paying for them in his pocket. How extreme was the distress may be inferred from the fact that, besides Mr. Peabody's scheme, some seven or eight large organizations (differing from the former, however, in being purely commercial transactions) have been devised, and are now in operation for building improved dwellings for the working-classes."

Taking those peculiar circumstances into account, few will hesitate to admit that Mr. Peabody's trustees reasoned wisely when they came to the resolution, "without precluding the consideration of other subjects hereafter, to confine their operations for the present to the object specially recommended to their notice by Mr. Peabody, *viz.*, the improvement of dwellings for the poor of the metropolis."

"Enabled by this decision to proceed promptly with the business of the trust, the next inquiries of the trustees were directed to the system and style of buildings most conducive to the objects in view, and to the acquisition of sites in districts of the city most suitable for their erection; these sites to be distributed throughout the various quarters of London in order to diffuse the benefits of Mr. Peabody's gift over the largest possible area."

"The first site chosen was in Commercial Street, Spitalfields, near the terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, where a space equal to 13,682 square feet was obtained from the Commissioners of Public Works for £3,300. For a further expenditure, something under £24,000 for buildings, accommodation was obtained for upward of 200 persons in tenements of one, two, or three apartments each, according to the requirements of the several occupants. The latter sum included also the cost of erecting nine shops on the ground-floor, the rents of which, amounting to nearly £500 per annum, go to increase the general fund, and thus contribute to the reproductive character which it is the desire of the trustees to impart to it."

"Before the dwellings at Spitalfields were completed, the trustees were enabled to possess themselves of other sites in districts similarly claiming attention. At Chelsea a plot, containing 13,616 square feet, was obtained for £4,616, 18s. 6d.; for another, at Bermondsey, with an area of 27,880 square feet, they gave £4,870, 7s. 3d.; a fourth at Islington, measuring 47,863 square feet, cost £8,646, 5s. 6d.; and for £4,300 a fifth was acquired at Shadwell, the extent of which is over 73,890 square feet."

While the houses at Commercial Street were still in progress, the trustees commenced, on their premises at Islington, the erection of four blocks of buildings, to comprise in all 155 tenements, containing,

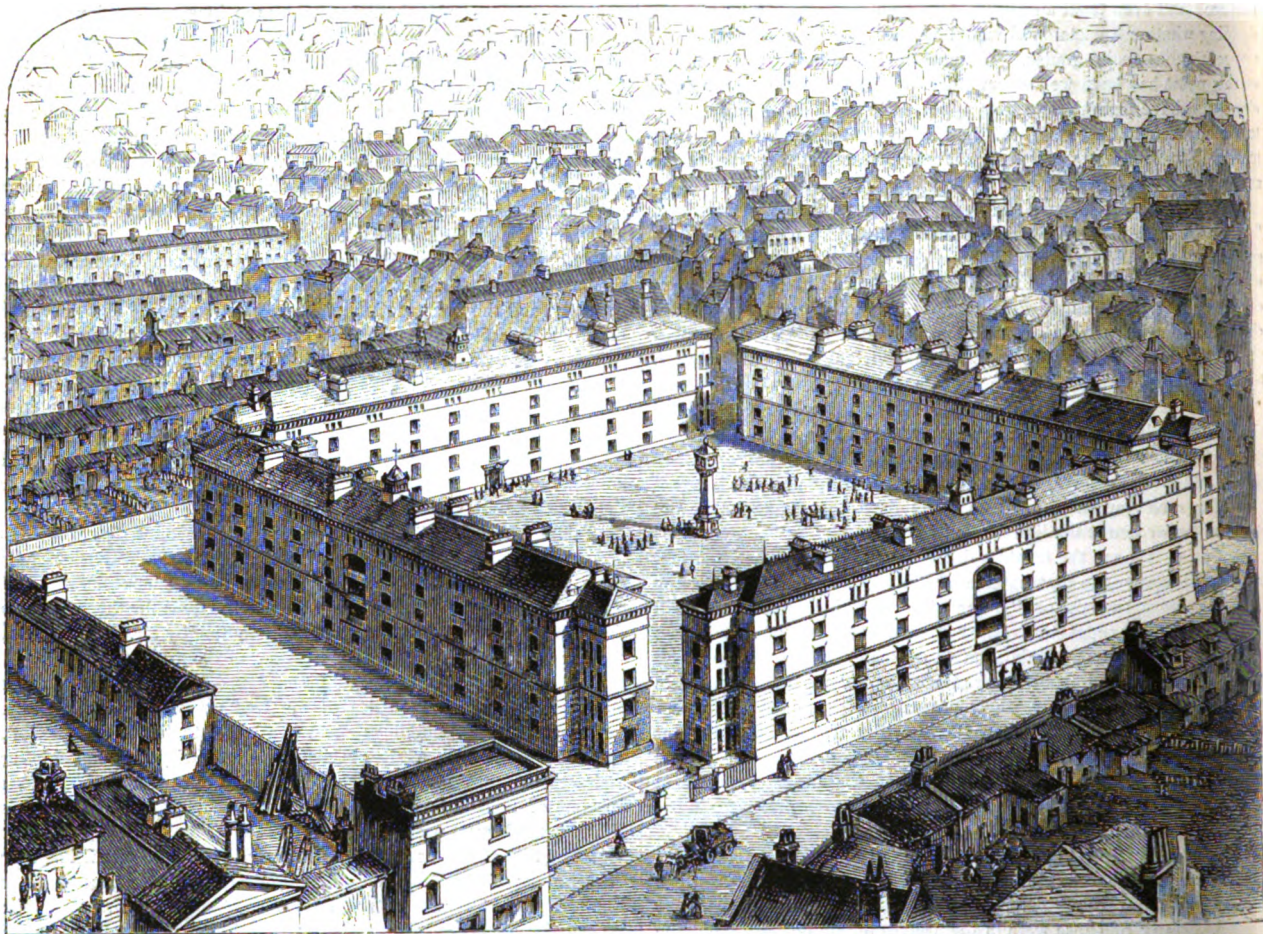
as at Spitalfields, one, two, or three rooms each, and furnishing ample accommodation for upwards of 660 persons. The whole cost of these buildings, inclusive of the sum paid for the land, amounted to £40,397, 2s. 1d.

Before the square at Islington was finished, the trustees entered into a contract for the sum of £37,953 to build on a similar scale on their property at Shadwell.

On the 29th of February, 1864, the first pile of buildings erected in Commercial Street, Spitalfields, and of which we furnish a view, was thrown open to receive its inmates, and the number of applicants was, and continues to be, considerably in excess of the accommodation available. The number of persons who took possession of their new homes was upward of two hundred.

We give an illustration of the buildings at Islington, which were opened in September, 1865. They have been erected on the site of a pile of buildings known as Ward's Place, Essex Road, formerly inhabited by a dense population of the worst character in the metrop-

All the buildings are substantially constructed of brick, from designs by Mr. H. A. Darbishire, Trafalgar Square. They consist of four detached blocks of houses, five stories in height, which are let out in tenements of one, two, and three rooms. As the accompanying illustrations show, in the buildings at Westminster, the square consists of only three blocks, with one open side, while in those at Shadwell each block is six instead of five stories in height. The buildings at Spitalfields also present a somewhat different arrangement. Each block is surmounted by a handsome ornamental turret. The upper story or attic is appropriated to the laundry, wash-houses, and baths—a bathroom, and a cistern capable of containing nearly 2,000 gallons of water, being placed at each end of this spacious and well-ventilated drying-loft. The principle and organization in each of these extensive structures are essentially the same: the only differences consist in such improvements in matters of detail as experience enabled the trustees to introduce into the more recently-erected buildings. To each block there is but one entrance, which is placed in the centre of its length,



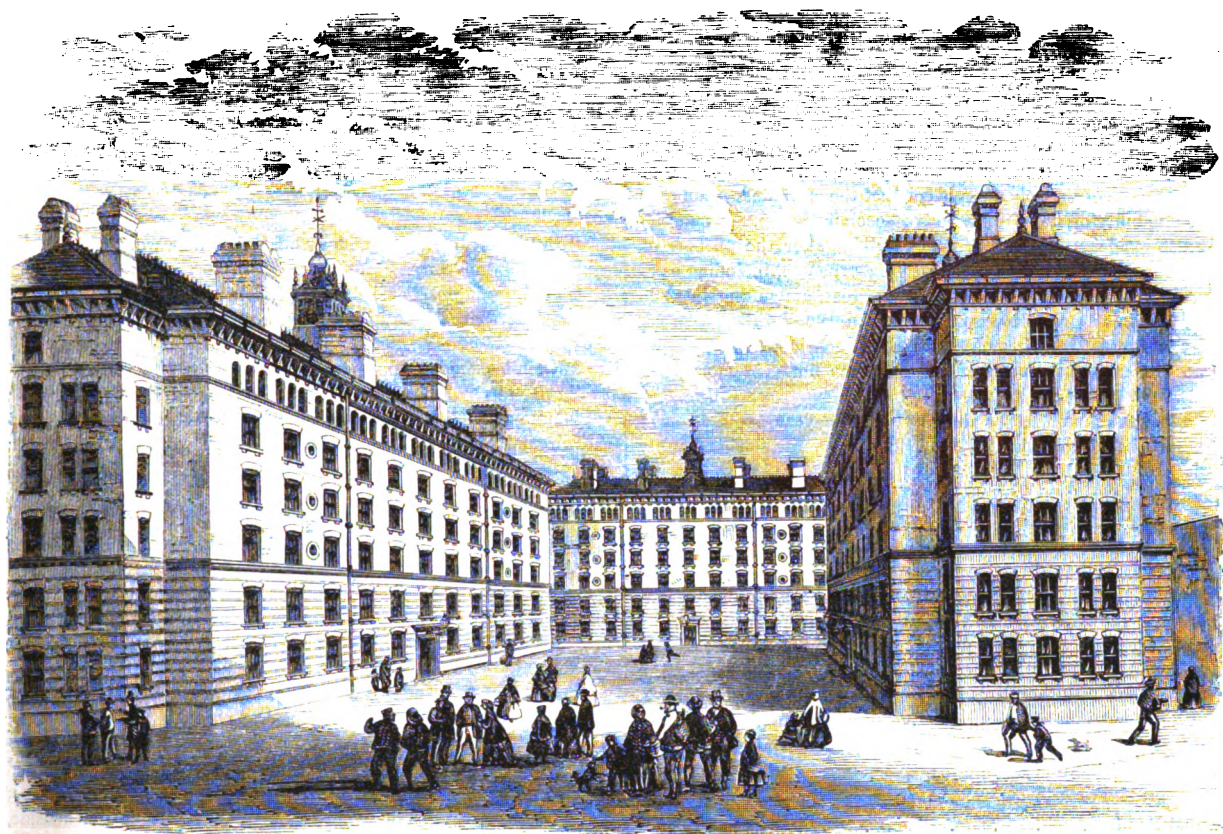
PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON, LONDON.

olis, who herded together with little or no attention to morality or decency. What a contrast to the healthy, tidy, respectable, and industrious people who now, through Mr. Peabody's bounty, inhabit the same spot! The entire community, at the close of the year 1865, consisted of 674 individuals, of whom 19 were widows, the rest married persons and children.

At Shadwell, the four ranges of buildings forming Peabody Square, and containing 195 tenements, were completed and ready for occupation at the close of the year 1866; but owing to the depression of business, and the consequent suspension of employment in that part of London, they were somewhat slow in filling. At the commencement of the year 1867, the number of families resident was 175.

During last year a fourth range of buildings, forming what is now known as Peabody Square, was erected in Victoria Street, Westminster. They were completed at the end of December, and contain 285 rooms, fully occupied by 389 individuals. There is at present a large list of applications for future vacancies.

and on the side looking into the interior of the square. The living rooms on each story are approached from a corridor, which runs along the middle from one end of the building to the other, and is lighted at each end, as well as thoroughly ventilated, by the wide, centrally-situated staircase, which is unenclosed on the outer side except by an iron railing. The lavatories, sinks, and other such offices, are placed at each end of the corridor, apart from the main building. Drainage and ventilation have been insured with the utmost possible care; the instant removal of dust and refuse is effected by means of shafts which descend from every corridor to cellars in the basement, which cellars are accessible, for the purpose of carting away their contents, only from the outside of the square. The passages are all kept clean and lighted with gas, without any cost to the tenants; water from cistern in the roof is distributed by pipes into every tenement; and the bath are free for all who desire to use them. Laundries, with wringing machines and drying-lofts, are at the service of every inmate, who thus relieved from the inconvenience of damp vapors in the

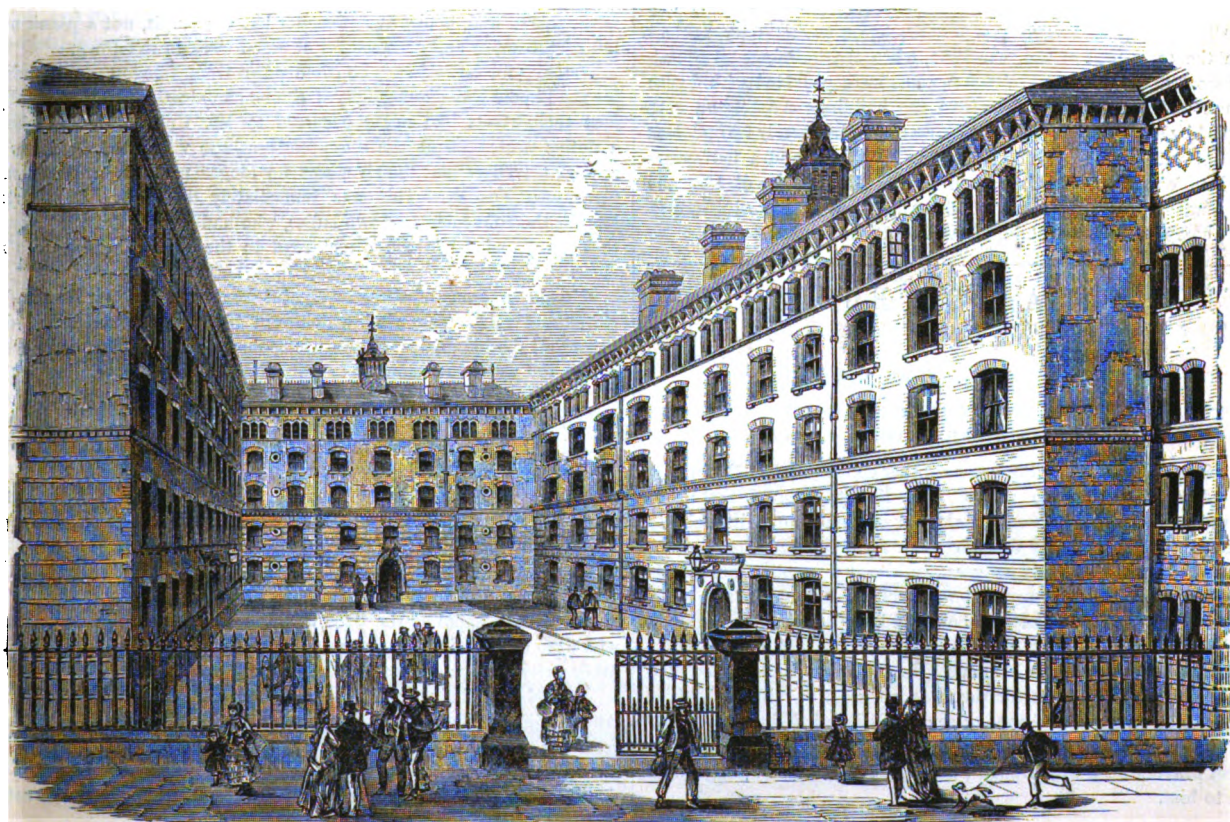


PEABODY SQUARE, SHADWELL, LONDON.

apartments, and the consequent damage of furniture and bedding.

The rooms are each of them about nine feet wide and twelve feet long, and of a suitable height. Every living-room or kitchen is abun-

dantly provided with cupboards, shelving, and other conveniences, and each fireplace includes a boiler and an oven. But, continues the secretary in his report, what gratifies the tenants, perhaps more than any other of the arrangements, are the ample and airy spaces which serve



PEABODY SQUARE, WESTMINSTER, LONDON.

as play-grounds for their children, where they are always under their mothers' eyes, and safe from the risk of passing carriages and laden carts.

The cost of the general management of the fund is kept as low as possible. From the commencement, in 1862, to the close of the year 1865, it had amounted in all to only £517 10s. When they had advanced so far as to have a number of dwellings ready for occupation, etc., the trustees found it necessary to employ a secretary to supervise the general affairs of the scheme, and conduct the preliminary inquiries as to the eligibility of those applying for accommodation. A superintendent also resides upon each group of buildings for the purpose of collecting the rents, etc. Still, the working expenses, including salaries, printing, stationery, etc., are far from great, amounting in 1866 to £317 11s.; in 1867 to £268 15s. 4d., and in 1868 to £271 10s. 6d. So that the general management of this vast scheme, from its commencement in 1862 to the close of last year, has not cost more than £1,375 6s. 10d.

The accounts show that, at the close of the year 1865, £85,277 15s. 7d. had been expended on land, buildings, etc.—considerably more than one-half the original fund. At the end of the following year the total expenditure had amounted to £118,118 13s. 2d.; on 31st December, 1867, this had reached £125,356 2s. 10d.; and when the accounts were made up at the close of last year, the total expenditure from the beginning was shown to be £152,631 8s. 4d.—£2,631 8s. 4d. more than the original fund; while £20,682 0s. 11d. still remained at the disposal of the trustees. So that, up to 31st December, 1868, the original fund had increased by £23,813 9s. 3d.; £15,756 7s. 9d. of this sum being due to interest earned, and £7,557 1s. 6d. accruing from rents; thus fulfilling, in some measure, the generous donor's wish that the fund should be reproductive and perpetual.

The fiscal statement of the Trust, from its commencement to the end of December, 1868, is as follows:

	ORIGINAL FUND.	£	s.	d.
Original Fund		150,000	0	0
Interest earned		15,756	7	9
Rents		7,557	1	6
		£173,313	9	3
	DEBIT.	£	s.	d.
Paid for Land and Buildings		151,194	17	1
Expense Account		1,486	11	3
Cash at Interest		15,000	0	0
Ditto in Bank of England		5,682	0	11
		£173,313	9	3

In the early part of the year 1864, when the buildings at Spital-fields were opened, upward of 200 persons were provided with house accommodation. By the end of 1865 the buildings at Islington were occupied by a population of 674; making altogether nearly 900 persons furnished with comfortable dwellings in about three and a half years after Mr. Peabody had announced his gift. At the close of 1866 the total number provided for was 1,683, which was increased to 1,971 by the completion of the buildings at Westminster last December.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XVI.—PROVIDENCE DECLARES AGAINST A CURATE AND A CARPENTER.

ON Saturday afternoon there was another consultation at the bridge, followed, as usual, by no action. Mr. Mallet declared that as it survived such a night, he would stake his existence upon its solidity for another year; and why this particular flood should carry it away, when it had resisted twenty as great in his own recollection, for his life he could not see. However, it was well to be on the safe side, particularly as the great lady was expected, so he would strengthen the timbers here and there, and then there would not be a safer or prettier bit of wood-work in England. In truth, Mr. Mallet, according to his lights and little opportunities, was as great a jobber as there was in the country; and if none of the floods he alluded to had demolished that pretty bit of wood-work long ago, it was not for want of his earnest prayers for a catastrophe likely to be worth something handsome to him.

"Then you think," said Mr. Upjohn, with only his nose peering out between his hat and his great-coat, "there is no danger of it this time?"

"Certainly I do," said the carpenter.

"Then, Mr. Mallet, I entirely differ from you," said the curate, joining them, also muffled up to his eyes, and trying hard to hold his umbrella against the wind. "The stream is running furiously, and the barometer is still falling, let me tell you. You ought to be at work, Mr. Mallet, instead of standing talking. Remember what day to-morrow is."

"But surely, Mr. Blackadder, this would be a work of necessity," said Upjohn, modestly.

"I am afraid not," said the curate, solemnly; "I have considered the matter; there is another communication between the two sides of the river."

Mr. Mallet nodded approvingly.

"But only by a circuit of several miles," said Mr. Upjohn.

"I am afraid," repeated Mr. Blackadder, "that I could not, under the circumstances, conscientiously sanction a work of the kind on the Sabbath-day. We shall all be better employed in praying to the Almighty in His mercy to moderate the fury of the elements."

Mr. Mallet nodded still stronger approbation.

Mr. Upjohn, though accustomed to passive obedience in ecclesiastical affairs, was not prepared to admit Mr. Blackadder's observation; but whether he was or not was immaterial, for a sudden gust put an end to the discussion, by blowing the curate's umbrella inside out, and Upjohn and the roguish carpenter nearly off their legs into the torrent.

Sunday came. The bridge was still standing in the morning, although not even on Saturday evening was any thing done to reinforce it, Mr. Mallet even going beyond his pastor, and relying entirely on divine interposition. Mr. Upjohn said his prayers with his niece at home, as he usually did in his hours of independence. Carry was very ill after a sleepless night, and he read the service at her bedside, in the pious hope that Heaven would not reject their petitions for not being reiterated ten times over, as they would have been in the parish church. Mr. Blackadder, as in duty bound, never spared his scanty audience a single collect, and he was near the end of a sermon (as full of repetitions as the prayers) just beginning to recommend special supplications to Providence to chain up the winds and floods, when a rumor ran through the congregation, beginning with the sexton at the door. Providence had in the plainest language refused to favor the improvident, and, before the preacher left the pulpit, not a plank was left of the safest and prettiest bit of wood-work in the shire.

Luckily for Mr. Cosie, who came down from London on Monday, his road home was independent of the communication destroyed. His first thought—it had never occurred to Mr. Upjohn—was to have a notice posted up at the cross-roads at the village of Oakham, to apprise travellers that the river was no longer passable at the usual place near Foxden. This was immediately done; but it was too late for the convenience of two ladies, who had already driven through the town, and taken the direct road to the bridge, which was no more.

Monday was one of those lovely, bright days that often come after storm and rain. The wind, which still blew pretty fresh, had dispersed all the impurities of the atmosphere, and the sun shone out bright and warm in a cloudless sky. The two ladies, now posting fast for the bridge at Foxden (the road to which they either remembered, or had learned from some authority of the country), having passed a dismal wet Sunday at an inn about forty miles distant, were enjoying the fine morning all the more heartily, with the windows of the carriage open; and the further they advanced, the more every object seemed to please and interest them. As Mrs. Upjohn had also been forced by stress of weather to pause in her passionate flight at a place still nearer Oakham, it necessarily happened that the two travelling-carriages, both starting the next morning, met and passed each other on the road. Rapid as the pace was, the younger of the two ladies who were coming down to the country, recognized the travellers of the other party, and exclaimed to her companion:

"Surely that lady with her arms folded and so well wrapped up is Aunt Upjohn. The other must be Harriet; they are running away from us; we shall find nobody at Foxden but my uncle."

"We must bear it as well as we can," said the elder lady.

"For my part, I shall bear it very philosophically," said the other,

"only I do hope we shall have Carry. What should I do without her while you are going about with Mr. Cosie and my uncle?"

"Pooh, pooh, my dear; you will find Mr. Cosie's daughters very pleasant company for the short time we have to stay. Besides, I shall be sure to find something for you to do."

"It's quite plain Aunt Upjohn is going to town to avoid you, as it was only ten days ago she went down to Foxden."

"It's very silly of her to put herself out of her way on my account; I should never do so on hers, though I do prefer her room to her company."

The elder of the ladies, who, however, was far enough from a Hecuba, had either cares on her mind, or she was fatigued by travelling, for she was rather pale, and more disposed to think than talk. She made few and short replies to a hundred remarks her daughter made as they proceeded; for almost every new object, house, tree, or rock, hill or distant glimpse of the sea, called forth some exclamation of recognition and delight. Happily for her, she could survey every beauty of the landscape, which was gradually growing wilder and more attractive, without being obliged to think, at the same time, of business, if business it was which preoccupied her mother. Soon, however, there came a critical moment, such as all have more or less experienced who have ever returned to scenes dear to the eye or the affections, when, at a sudden turn of a winding lane, or in gaining the crest of a hill, there bursts upon the view that familiar region, every inch of it almost part of yourself, though you may not own a cottage that you see, or an acre of heath or gorse, or so much as a rock to sit on. As that moment draws nigh, as you approach such a point, does not your heart flutter, particularly after an absence of years?—does not your eye gleam?—does not your foot hasten? You are nervous, you are impatient, you think the crisis and the loved spot will never come. So did the younger lady, certainly. She was silent with emotion and expectation for full half an hour before the peninsula of old Oakham, with its charming hills and hollows, all girt with the sparkling sea—now breaking on shining beaches—now rushing into resounding caverns—now washing the base of gigantic cliffs, or the white walls of a fishing-station—spread itself out before her earnest, enthusiastic gaze; then the tears stood in her eyes with transport. The elder lady, who might have passed very well for a young one too, save, indeed, for the name of mother, was scarcely less excited when that moment arrived, though she had not only waited for it more, tranquilly, but was even engaged in looking over some papers to the last. Then she threw them from her lap, as if they were of no earthly value, and entered into all her daughter's raptures. The common excitement seemed to equalize their years; the eyes of the matron expressed the same glee that glittered in the maiden's; they might have passed for sisters, only that neither in features, eyes, nor color of the hair, was there any thing of the usual sisterly resemblance.

The descent had already commenced; they rolled along as fast as the state of the road permitted, soon came to the cross-roads, and took that which led directly to the stream.

"How glorious it will be after all the wet we have had!" said the young girl; "we shall not see it until we are quite close. I saw it once before, after only a few days' rain, and what a glorious little brook it was!"

A few hundred yards more, and, leaping up in the carriage, she cried again:

"There it is, mamma; there it is!"

"The river is there, sure enough, my dear, but where is the bridge?" said the elder, with her head out of the window, as the position drew up abruptly on the top of the sloping bank, having just made the discovery that he could advance no farther.

"I thought, mamma, the bridge was to have been repaired and strengthened this spring," said the younger lady, looking very blank.

"I ordered it, but it was either not done, or done in the usual way things are done in this part of the world," said Mrs. Rowley, with the air of a commanding and warm-tempered woman, accustomed to restrain her looks and her language within the bounds of feminine displeasure.

"What are we to do, mamma?"

"That's simple enough, my dear; we have a round of ten miles to make to get to Foxden."

"But, oh, how beautiful the river is! I forgive it all the mischief it has done. Let us get out, and look at it nearer; how it foams, and sparkles, and tumbles among the rocks! Who would believe this

was the meek little rivulet over which one could almost jump in summer-time!"

The flood was rapidly going down, and already some of the largest stones in the rocky bed were above water.

In an instant the ardent Susan Rowley was standing in the midst of the subsiding but still riotous and exulting torrent. She hardly wanted beauty to make her beautiful; youth, and health, and gayety, and a bright eye full of sweet fancies, were loveliness enough; and, besides, her cheek was now flushed with intense enjoyment, and the breeze which fluttered her brown hair, and set it free from comb and bonnet, made her still more charming.

She was nearly of the same height (a little above the middle size) as the lady who was now at her side, having jumped from stone to stone as bravely, if not quite so lightly, forgetting all that teased her, and enjoying the scene as keenly as any girl could do. The wind made free with her locks, too; they tumbled about her face in cataracts of gold.

From the spot where they stood, the chimneys of Foxden were visible above the trees.

"How provoking to be so near," said Susan, "and yet to have to go ten miles about!"

"One ought either to swim or fly, my dear, to travel comfortably through the Oakham estate at present. It is impossible to say what further obstacles we may yet have to encounter, so we had better move."

But just as they gained the bank again, up trotted, on the far side of the stream, Mr. Upjohn, mounted on a rough pony, followed by some workmen, carrying a number of planks, intended, no doubt, to knock up a temporary foot-bridge. He cut an amusing figure, for the pony was too small for him; he had nothing on his head but an old red-velvet cap, which he usually wore in his study, and the wind, besides whirling up every moment the skirts of his great-coat, made it so difficult to keep his spectacles steady on his nose, that at last he took them off, and thrust them into a side-pocket.

Of course, the ladies recognized him at once. There was no mistaking Johnny Upjohn.

"He has not the least notion who we are," said Susan, "nor have the men either."

"No," said Mrs. Rowley, "but we may as well pull down our veils."

Upjohn could barely see that two ladies were standing on the opposite side, and could he have also seen the carriage he would probably have guessed who they were; but the carriage was out of sight, behind the trees, on the summit of the slope; so he took them for friends of the Cosies.

He rode the shaggy pony as close as he could to the brink, and accosted them politely, saying, he hoped they did not want to cross the river, as the nature of the accident that had occurred put it out of his power to help them.

"Oh, thank you very much, sir," said Mrs. Rowley; "I am sorry to hear there has been an accident."

"A very serious one," said Johnny. "You would hardly believe that, at one o'clock yesterday, there was a very handsome bridge across the stream at this very spot."

"Who would have thought it?" said Mrs. Rowley.

"It ought to have stood; we are quite at a loss to conjecture why it did not."

"I suppose it was a competition," replied Mrs. Rowley, "between the flood and the bridge, and the flood carried the day."

"Just so, madam," said Upjohn.

"How like that poor dear uncle!" whispered Susan.

"Let us go," said Mrs. Rowley. "Good-by, sir; I am sorry you are in trouble; I hope the bridge will win the next time. Good-morning;" and nodding to him most graciously, she retreated from the edge of the stream to where she had left her carriage, while he pulled off his cap to salute her as she withdrew.

"How astonished he will be a few hours hence," said Susan, "when he discovers who we are!"

"He will hardly discover that to-day," said Mrs. Rowley; "for it just occurs to me that as we must pass Mr. Cosie's, we can't do better than put up there for to-night."

"A capital plan, mamma; we shall have had quite travel enough for one day."

They had scarcely proceeded a mile along a winding lane, with

steep banks on each side, still glowing with primroses, when they were met by Mr. Cosie himself; he was just coming down to the river-side to take a view of the scene of havoc.

Nothing could exceed the old farmer's amazement, except his joy at the *rencontre*. He had not been apprised of the day of Mrs. Rowley's coming, and thought she had dropped from the clouds.

"You see I have taken your advice, Mr. Cosie, and come over to see things with my own eyes, and I have seen a good deal already."

"A bad reception to give you, madam, after so long an absence from home. We ought to be heartily ashamed of ourselves. You have seven or eight miles to travel to get to Foxden."

"But we are not going quite so far, Mr. Cosie; we are thinking of indemnifying ourselves for the hardships we have undergone, by passing a day, or perhaps two, with you, if you will take us in."

If he was happy before, this announcement made the old man doubly so, and proud into the bargain. They took him up, but he could think of nothing until they reached the Meadows, but the state Mrs. Cosie would be in when she saw him coming back in a coach with two beautiful ladies.

CHAPTER XVII.—MRS. UPJOHN IN TOWN.

LET us now follow Mrs. Upjohn's movements a little, to give that fair lady her share of attention.

Neither she nor her daughter had observed the Rowleys, being too much occupied talking of them to notice anything or anybody that passed them on the road.

"I suppose," Harriet had been saying, "my uncle must be much better, or Mrs. Rowley could hardly leave him."

"That would depend entirely on her objects," said the mother; "but one never knows how your uncle really is; he never writes himself, and there is no reliance to be placed on anything we hear from the people about him."

"I think, mamma, this must have been a long time brewing."

"That it has," said Mrs. Upjohn, with bitter volubility, "ever since she was last in England, taking such grand airs on her, and imposing on everybody, as she imposes on her husband; but she never imposed on me, never for one moment. Do you think your uncle would ever have been so mad, or so ungrateful, as to take his daughters away from me, to put them under a fast lady like her, if she had not completely hoodwinked him? Was she a proper person to have the management of girls at the most critical period of their lives—a woman who thinks of nothing but show, and without a single accomplishment?"

"There can be no question about that," said Miss Upjohn; "but what I detest most is her double-dealing; her letters were always so full of affection to papa, even to the very last, when she must have been conspiring with that meddling old Mr. Cosie to turn him out."

"There were other conspirators besides Mr. Cosie," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Whom do you suspect, mamma?"

"I'll say no more now," said Mrs. Upjohn, "but I'll unravel the whole plot before I am many days in London."

She then folded her arms over her bust, closed her expressive eyes, and threw herself back in her seat, in the posture which she was in when Susan Rowley recognized her.

Miss Upjohn took out of her bag a gorgeous little prayer-book, opened the golden clasp, and read the psalms and lessons of the day—a practice which she never omitted, even on a journey, since her nuptial engagement. Indeed, Mrs. Upjohn was generally very particular about it herself in her family, from which it may be inferred how much or how little the routine of devotion tends to improve the frame of mind, or cultivate the Christian graces.

It may well seem strange that living as Mrs. Upjohn did, surrounded with a great many good influences, among a great many good people, with an excellent husband, and a pious pastor (for Mr. Blackadder was a man of genuine piety, though his views on many subjects were narrow), living, too, at a great distance from the people, or rather the individual, who excited her bad feelings, should yet, for so many years, have never softened or relented toward her; but, in truth, there was nothing wonderful in it, for when any bad passion, but especially envy, seizes hold of an unfortunate human mind, the gripe of a huge polypus with a hundred arms, such as fishermen dread on the

coast of Brittany, and Victor Hugo has so powerfully described in a recent novel, is not harder to escape. A hundred little incidents of daily life are always helping to feed the monster. In Mrs. Upjohn's case there were especially the affairs of the property, leading to continual and often unpleasant correspondence, which no other man but her simple, unsuspecting husband would have allowed her to see. Then there were besides the usual kind friends, who, being aware of the feud in the family, were forever freshening up her animosities with their remarks; for weeds as well as flowers flourish the more for being watered. The secrets of her soul were not always drawn out on these occasions; but it was worse when she was forced to disguise them, for it was often at the expense of acquiescing in some encomium on her enemy. It was not before every one, for instance, that Mrs. Upjohn was daring enough to dispute that Mrs. Rowley was a fine or a clever woman, or even that she had, through a good many trials, been an affectionate and devoted wife. And, on the other hand, when anything very severe was said of that lady in her presence, it placed Mrs. Upjohn in the dilemma of either agreeing with it, and running the risk of having it repeated with her authority, or of discountenancing it, and almost vindicating the woman she most hated. But who is there that has not one sympathising bosom into which he can unreservedly pour the sweetness or the bitterness of his heart? Such a friend Mrs. Upjohn was fortunate in possessing in a veteran spinster, though not yet quite an old maid, a certain Miss Letitia Cateran, who was connected in some remote way with the Rowleys. She lived at No. 1, Westbourne Place, Tyburnia, when she was at home, but she was not particularly home-keeping, finding herself more comfortable, one way or another, in the homes of her friends and acquaintances, to which a variety of clever, amusing qualities, with a prodigious gift of making herself useful, gave her frequent and welcome admission. She knew her what's what and who's who as well as any girl in England, and nobody was more mistress of the art of preserving a polite neutrality among conflicting interests, when there was no decided advantage in taking a side herself. She was an old acquaintance of the Rowleys. Mrs. Rowley perfectly understood her, but liked her in a way; and with Mr. Rowley her talents were actually triumphant; she amused him, and, before he resided permanently abroad, there was nobody whom he liked better to have about him.

When Mrs. Upjohn said she would not be long in town without unmasking her sister-in-law's schemes, it was Miss Cateran who was present to her mind's eye; for Letitia knew everybody, or, if there were any people whom she did not know, she was always sure to know somebody who did know them, or a great deal about them, which came to the same thing.

Mrs. Upjohn was not a day in London before she dispatched a little note to her dear friend, to tell her she was in town, and invite her to lunch the next day, if she had nothing better to do. It was not often the popular Letitia was to be had at such a short notice; but she was to be had on the present occasion, and she came with the more alacrity, because she inferred, from the suddenness of Mrs. Upjohn's return, that something extraordinary had taken place. Letitia was always dressed in very good taste, for which she deserved great credit, for she had a very modest income, which required good management to make the two ends meet at the close of the year. Her small means were probably the reason that she came on foot to Cumberland Gate, though the streets were sloppy; but she was provided with a neat pair of goloshes, which she slipped off behind the door in the hall. In a moment she was in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Upjohn awaited her alone, her daughter having gone out shopping or visiting. The kissing and exclaiming done, Letitia ran up to Harriet Upjohn's room (for she knew every room in the house as well as if she had been one of the family), laid her pretty pink bonnet carefully on the bed, with her parasol, and gloves, and green-silk mantilla, settled her black hair in the glass, which reflected a nice figure, as well as agreeable features (though the nose, perhaps, was cocked up a little too much for dignity), and slid smiling down again to luncheon.

A very nice luncheon it was: lobster, lamb-cutlets, spinach, and gooseberry tart; for Miss Cateran appreciated such attentions, and her friend knew it. Attractive, however, as they were, Mrs. Upjohn's secret was still more so; but, if one lady was bursting with curiosity, the other was fortunately bursting as much to satisfy it.

"What in the world has brought you back to town so suddenly?" cried Letitia, the moment the servant was sent out of the room. "You have something wonderful to tell me, I know."

"Nothing, after all, that ought to surprise you," said Mrs. Upjohn, "only that my husband has thrown up that Cornish concern at last."

"You don't say so!—thrown it up?"

"Oh, it ought to have been done long ago! but he could stand Mrs. Rowley's interference and dictation no longer; he has at last been brought to see things in the proper light."

"He has done quite right," said Miss Cateran, almost distracted between the news and the cutlets; "I always thought the position was beneath a man of his station and abilities."

"Oh, you know," said Mrs. Upjohn, "he only held it to oblige his poor brother."

"And he has thrown it up!—dear me!"

It was in vain for Mrs. Upjohn to treat the event as one of no great importance. Miss Cateran knew all the bearings of the case as well as any one, and she did not believe the resignation a bit. Helping herself now to the claw of the lobster, she added:

"And how, my dear, about Foxden?"

"Oh, of course, we throw up Foxden too," said Mrs. Upjohn, with a contemptuous wave of her hand, and the same assumption of the grand tone. "Indeed, I should probably never have gone there again; it was too far away, and such a wild place altogether."

Through the whole of this dialogue, which lasted until the turn of the gooseberry tart came, Miss Cateran was as hard pushed to dissemble her incredulity as Mrs. Upjohn to affect indifference.

"And who is to fill Mr. Upjohn's place?" was Miss Cateran's next question. It was the very one Mrs. Upjohn wanted her to put.

"Some attorney, I hear, of the name of Alexander."

Miss Cateran gave a little start.

"You know him, I see, as you know everybody."

"No, I don't, my dear, except by sight; but I might have guessed he was the man before you told me."

"He is an acquaintance of Mrs. Rowley's, I'm sure."

"Something more, I should say. Why, my dear, she has had her portrait painted for him."

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" cried Mrs. Upjohn; "but I never imagined any thing half so bad."

She threw down her fork, with which she had been only playing, her eyes glittering with malignant curiosity.

"Do tell me, Letitia, all you know about it."

"What I know is this," said Miss Cateran; "not many days ago I happened to meet Lord St. Michael's somewhere or other, and he asked me should I like to see a good picture of my friend Mrs. Rowley. 'Of all things,' said I. 'Well,' says he, 'it is to be seen at her solicitors, in Spring Gardens, Messrs. Marjoram and Alexander.'"

"The very people," cried Mrs. Upjohn, palpitating with excitement. "The handsome Mr. Alexander, is he not?"

"Yes—yes—yes, the same; he is a very handsome man, indeed. Well, I went to Spring Gardens, and, sure enough, the picture was there, and a very good likeness it is."

"Oh, Letitia, dear, this is positively shocking!"

"Only," said Miss Cateran, "that Mrs. Rowley cannot possibly know the characters of these people, or Mr. Rowley either."

"Then they are not even reputable attorneys."

"Reputable! Why, don't you remember the affair that made such a great noise a good many years ago?—the solicitors who robbed their clients to such an extent—Alexander and Moffat?"

"I suppose I must have heard of it; but it has escaped my memory."

"Old Alexander died, and it was suspected that he committed suicide. The other absconded. It was a terrible business altogether."

"And the present Mr. Alexander is the son of the man who hanged himself?"

"Of course he is, my dear; but there is nothing against him, I believe."

"Nothing against him, indeed! Before I left Foxden, I told my husband what I suspected was going on, and it is worse, a thousand times, than I supposed. In her husband's lifetime, Letitia!—it is actually horrible!"

"You forget, my dear, that Mr. Alexander may be a friend of Mr. Rowley's as well as of his wife's; and there may not be much in the picture, after all."

"My belief is, Letitia, that Mr. Rowley knows no more of Mr.

Alexander than he knows of the great Mogul, though how his wife became acquainted with him I can't imagine. But surely he ought to be informed who the people are in whose hands he has got. Something ought to be done, before it is too late, to save the family from disgrace. You write to Mr. Rowley sometimes, don't you?"

Miss Cateran was not the girl to be made a cat's-paw of so easily. She replied that she now seldom wrote to Mr. Rowley, and could never presume to make the slightest allusion to his affairs. At the same time, without sanctioning Mrs. Upjohn's imputations on her sister-in-law, she agreed that it would be only right that Mr. Rowley should know all about his new man of business, if he did not know it already.

"And, in my humble opinion," she concluded, "either your husband or yourself would be the proper person to do it."

"It must be done," said Mrs. Upjohn, with an expression of bitter determination, "no matter who does it."

After a pause, and a second glass of claret, it occurred to Letitia that her friend ought to see the picture with her own eyes.

"A very good suggestion," said Mrs. Upjohn; "who knows but we may pick up something?" and she rang, and ordered her brougham.

"Picking up something" was a favorite phrase with Mrs. Upjohn; it probably descended to her with other beauties of expression from the fine old gentleman of Mincing Lane.

The visit to Spring Gardens was, of course, abortive. The ladies were informed that the picture was no longer there.

"It was not intended for his office," said Mrs. Upjohn, as she drove away without picking up any thing.

"Shall I drop you at home, Letitia?"

"Do, like a dear."

So they parted at No. 1, after a mutual agreement, than which no agreement was ever worse observed, that, for the sake of decency and the credit of the family, the less that was said about these matters the better.

On returning home, Mrs. Upjohn found a letter from her husband, which acquainted her with the occurrences which had taken place in Cornwall after her departure, particularly the arrival of Mrs. Rowley. Her daughter had one, also, from Mr. Blackadder, with still more details. The temper of neither mother nor daughter was improved by their correspondence—so we willingly leave them to take counsel together, and return to the smiling country.

AN OLD-TIME DUEL.

IT was in 1803 that Captain Fournier of the Chasseurs, and Captain Dupont of the Hussars, commenced a duel which lasted nearly five years. Fournier was the most famous duellist in the French army at the time. He was a skilful swordsman, and even more skilful with the pistol. When quarrels were scarce, he would frequently smash with his pistol-balls the pipes in the mouths of soldiers, who sat unsuspectingly thirty paces away. And quarrels, of course, became lamentably scarce with such an expert as Fournier, and the soldiers, becoming wary, would not sit out-doors as usual, nor in fact at their windows, with their pipes in their mouths. While matters were in this strait, young Blumm, a wealthy burgher, who had been roistering around Fournier's quarters in Rouen, one evening, was found a corpse the next morning, with a rapier thrust in his throat. Blumm being inexperienced, some indignation was excited among the citizens against Fournier, who was believed to have dispatched him. Fournier, however, never replied to the indignant murmurs that reached his ears, except by a shrug of his shoulders. "A fight," he would say, "is too precious to lose."

On the night succeeding Blumm's funeral, a ball was given at the Grand Opera, the finest ball that it was probable Rouen would see for many a day. It was reported that Fournier had expressed an intention of coming. This following so closely on the disastrous duel, public decency was shocked at the suggestion. The general said that it must be prevented. He sent for the captain of the guard, who happened to be young Captain Dupont.

"Captain," said the general, "Fournier proposes to come to the ball to-night. You see it is plainly impossible that he should be admitted."

"Yes, general."

"You will, therefore, prevent his entrance, captain."

"Yes, general."

Captain Dupont knew Fournier by sight and fame alone. The two could not be intimate friends, for Dupont detested duelling and duellists. He was a good swordsman, a man of honor, and had a brave heart. He loved Marie Huton, a lovely young lady of Rouen, and the day just before the ball she had consented to become his wife. Now he felt that he must be a better swordsman than Fournier, if he won her. Not that Fournier loved her, or even knew her, but Dupont saw that a duel was inevitable, and he must kill or be killed.

The ball opened, and Dupont was at his post. Late in the evening, Fournier arrived.

"Captain," said Dupont, "it would seem somewhat indecorous for you to attend a ball on the night of young Blumm's funeral."

"I presume," answered Fournier, "that I alone have the right to judge of that."

"Apparently not," replied Dupont; "the general has decided that you should not attend."

"Has the general directed you to prevent my entrance?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you are willing to answer at the sword's point, for impertinences that you retail second-hand."

"I am willing to answer at the sword's point."

"Early in the morning then, captain, at the usual spot," said Fournier, eagerly; "so, *bon soir*; I assure you I do not regret the ball."

The parties met at the appointed time and place, and, after a few well-contested thrusts, Dupont was wounded in the shoulder. As he fell, he exclaimed; "I claim another fight."

Then he sank into insensibility.

"Perhaps you will claim it when you recover, and perhaps you will not," said Fournier, and, leaving Dupont in the care of surgeons, he withdrew. Within two weeks Dupont was well again, and he sent word to Fournier that he claimed his privilege.

The code of honor in those days guaranteed a fight until death or surrender, but a cessation when either party received a wound sufficient to incapacitate him.

Fournier was gratified at Dupont's demand for another fight.

"One man for two or three fights," said he, "is economy."

They met again, and Fournier this time received a severe thrust in the shoulder. "Ah," said he, in anguish as he fell, "I claim the privilege."

They met a third time, and Fournier was again wounded, and again claimed the privilege. When he had nearly recovered from his second wound, he sent a note to Dupont asking him to call and see him. Dupont went.

"My dear captain," said Fournier, "we have had three bouts, and I hope we shall have many more. I therefore propose that we draw up a convention by which to govern our future combats."

"I had hoped, captain," responded Dupont, "that we would not have more than another fight at the farthest, but I heartily subscribe to your idea of a convention."

And between them they drew up an agreement, similar to this:

1.—A fight shall be arranged whenever the parties are within thirty leagues of one another.

2.—There shall be no excuse from fighting except illness, or military duty.

3.—Pistols shall not be used except by mutual consent.

4.—Death, surrender, or mutual agreement, shall alone terminate the fight.

Fournier objected to the third clause, as he expressed himself anxious to try a pistol-fight once more, but Dupont insisted upon it, as he knew that the fight would be unequal with that weapon.

That night Captain Dupont, with his company of hussars, was ordered to Beauvais. He went to see his sweetheart Marie, before his departure. He asked her to marry him then and there, but she refused.

"No," she said, "you have a duel on hand with Captain Fournier, and I will not marry you until the duel is ended."

"Alas, my dear Marie," answered the captain, "we have just drawn up an agreement to fight at every opportunity, until we die or surrender."

"Heavens!" cried Marie, "the duel may never be ended!"

"Hope better than that, Marie," he answered. "It may be ended the next bout."

But she was disconsolate, and he went away to his quarters with a heavy heart.

He wrote the following note to Captain Fournier:

"Sir: I am ordered with my company to Beauvais. Address me in case you should be in that neighborhood."

"Yours, etc.,

"ALEXIS DUPONT."

The next day the company departed, to the inexpressible regret of Marie Huton and Captain Fournier.

"Ah," said Marie, in tears at her window, "what a hateful thing is this duelling!"

"Ah," said Captain Fournier, in his sick-chair on a balcony, "what an exquisite duellist!"

Six months passed, and the combatants were still separated. One day, Fournier was ordered to carry important dispatches to Paris. He was accompanied by two chasseurs, and, while laboring through a tangled forest-path, he met Dupont.

"My dear Dupont," he cried, "I have been almost dead to see you."

"My dear Fournier," responded Dupont, "I am quite glad to meet you. Shall we fight?"

"Heavens!" said Fournier, "I have no time. I am carrying important dispatches to Paris. But you—"

"I have a short leave of absence for Rouen, but, if you wish, I will ride with you to Paris."

"My dear, good Dupont," cried Fournier, in ecstasy, "you give me new life. Come, then."

And Dupont, turning his horse, sped onward with the party. They stopped late at night at a quiet little hostelry, where, after a hearty meal, Fournier and Dupont retired to the same room to sleep. Fournier awoke before daylight, and discovered Dupont sitting at the fire with his head in his hands.

"My dear Dupont," said Fournier, yawning, "why are you so abstracted?"

"To tell you the truth," said Dupont, "I am vexed. My leave of absence was for the purpose of seeing my *fiancée* at Rouen, and she will not cherish me more highly for preferring a duel with you, to a chat with her."

"Then you wish to return. We can arrange it. I shall show you that I can be as generous as yourself. We'll fight now, and you can return to-morrow."

"But," interposed Dupont, "suppose something should happen by which your dispatches are delayed?"

"There is where my generosity comes in," answered Fournier, rising and preparing to dress himself.

"My dear fellow," said Dupont, "you are not philosophic. If your dispatches were to miscarry, it might be a matter of considerable detriment to France."

"And I might be court-martialled," said Fournier, "and then I could not fight you any more. I will give them to one of my chasseurs."

"No," said Dupont, "I will carry them if you fall."

They stirred up the fire, to give them better light, and then they closed again in deadly combat. The fight was long, for Fournier had learned to be cautious, and Dupont had long been so. While the rapiers were still twining and twisting, without a scratch having been received by either, the day broke into the room, and the sun struck fairly into Captain Dupont's eyes, blinding him for an instant. At that instant he felt, for he could not see, the pressure of Fournier's sword against his own relax, and, on stepping from the sunlight, he found that Fournier had withdrawn so that Dupont's back would be partly toward the sun. The two, standing thus on opposite sides of the narrow strip of sunlight, stopped a moment, and dropped the points of their swords.

"Captain," said Dupont, tenderly, "I have to thank you for a graceful courtesy."

"Captain," returned Fournier, with feeling, "you taught me a lesson."

With that they again took position, and were about to renew the fight, when a knock came at the door, and a chasseur entered. He saluted in military style, and said: "Breakfast and the horses are ready, captain."

The two captains hesitated a moment, when Dupont said: "I think this comes under the head of military duty, captain?"

"True," returned Fournier, and the two sheathed their swords. The chasseur withdrew.

"I presume you will return to Rouen," said Fournier, as they proceeded to fully enrobe themselves.

"Yes," returned Dupont, "we have had our bout, and, although neither has been wounded, I for one do not feel the less satisfied."

They mounted their horses, and parted at the door, Fournier going toward Paris, and Dupont toward Rouen.

"Wait for me if you can," said Fournier, as they shook hands on their departure.

On reaching Rouen, Dupont reported to the general, and called upon Marie. He again urged marriage upon her.

"No," she said. "You cannot doubt my love, Alexis, but I will surely doubt yours if you urge marriage upon me while this terrible duel is pending."

The very next day, Dupont received orders from the general to return immediately to his company and prepare for the campaign. The great Napoleon was again about to take the field.

Dupont left his regrets with Fournier. "It seems," he wrote, "that fate is against us as well as the general."

Fournier returned answer: "It is hard, but we must have patience."

Over two years had elapsed, and, at Austerlitz, Dupont found Fournier almost overborne by an attack of Austrian cavalry. With his own good company at his heels, he dashed to the rescue, and brought Fournier, badly wounded, from the hands of the foe.

"Is it you, Dupont?" he asked, faintly, as he opened his eyes. "How shall I thank you?"

"By getting well again, my poor friend," said Dupont.

These two enemies now termed each other "friend"—Dupont, too, who had detested duelling and duellists.

When Fournier was almost well, a month later, he rode ten leagues to meet Dupont. The latter was overjoyed to see him looking so well.

"We have not had a fight for over two years," said Fournier. "Is it not sad?"

"We will have one now."

With that their rapiers again sprang to the work. Dupont seemed abstracted. He laid his guard open freely, but Fournier did not notice that he was not playing his best. At one of these unlucky moments, Fournier pricked him unmercifully in the right breast. Dupont fell almost without a groan. Fournier sprang to him, and raised his head.

"My friend, my friend!" he cried, "look up."

He tore open his breast, and discovered there a parchment commission as colonel of hussars for gallantry at the battle of Austerlitz, where he had rescued Fournier.

"A colonel!" he cried, "and yet he consented to fight me, a captain. Good, generous friend!"

He gave Colonel Dupont into the hands of his servants and his surgeon, and withdrew with a bowed head and an aching heart, thinking of the modest, generous demeanor of his friend and enemy.

Two battles took place soon after that, and Fournier displayed such consummate daring that Napoleon himself conferred the cross upon him, and made him a colonel. His first step, after receiving his colonelcy, was to ride over to Dupont. Alas! Dupont had been made a general of brigade.

"The fates are against me," said Fournier.

"It is hard," said Dupont; "but have patience."

Four years and a half had elapsed since Dupont barred Fournier's entrance to the ballroom at Rouen. Fournier had recently won his promotion to general, and several bouts had taken place, with varying results. At least ten duels had been fought by the two in this time, and at least five wounds were recorded on each one's body by the other's rapier. Fournier, being of the opinion that duelling was the normal condition of man, was delighted. Dupont was despondent, for Marie remained firm to her purpose.

He asked her again to marry him. "This duel," he repeated, "will probably never end."

"Then I will never marry," she said, firmly.

"It can only end by my surrendering to Fournier," said he, as he turned bitterly from her presence.

This woman, who loved him so dearly, gazed after him with flashing eyes. "Did he say surrender?" she murmured. That night, as General Dupont rode at a slashing gait past her house, in the direction of Beauvais, where Fournier was now stationed, she muttered a short prayer, and rested her head on her hands. In her heart of hearts she said: "He surely will not surrender."

Dupont reached Fournier early the next morning. They embraced like old friends, as, indeed, they were, for Fournier, about a month previous, had proved his friendship by pricking a young fellow who had said something derogatory of Dupont's sweetheart.

"At least," he said, in telling Dupont of the circumstance, "I thought it might have been your sweetheart, for she lived in Rouen, and he called her Marguerite."

"My dear fellow," Dupont had responded, "there may be many Marguerites in Rouen; but my sweetheart is not one of them. She is Marie."

A shade of gloom overshadowed Fournier's countenance. "I was wrong, then," he said. "I pricked the poor fellow for no cause at all."

When Dupont and Fournier had embraced, Dupont entered immediately upon the business that had brought him.

"I have come, Fournier," he said, "to compromise the whole matter between us."

"Compromise it? Impossible."

"Listen first. We have been fighting for nearly five years, and for what?"

"Ciel! I do not know."

"You surely remember the cause of our quarrel?"

"Not a bit of it."

"My dear Fournier," said Dupont, "when we were both captains at Rouen, I, by the general's order, debarred your entrance to the grand ball, on the night of the funeral of young Blumm, whom you slew."

"My dear Dupont," said Fournier, coolly, "I never slew young Blumm. He was a burgher, and I would not have condescended to fight with him. I remember now that you debarred my entrance to the grand ball; but you had your premises all wrong."

"Why, then, did you not say so?" asked Dupont.

Fournier shrugged his shoulders. "That was not for me to do. Duels were scarce in those days, and my cause of quarrel had nothing to do with Blumm. He was probably killed by some roistering blade of his own rank, while I received the credit of it, as I did of every wild act occurring in Rouen at that time."

"Then the whole thing has been a mistake," said Dupont. "Is there any reason why we should continue our quarrel?"

"Ah! yes, general," said Fournier, with a smile. "You see, it was not the killing of Blumm that constitutes our cause of quarrel; it was your barring my entrance to the ball."

"True," said Dupont, with a sigh. "Then, I have come to propose a compromise."

"Why, my dear general, do you wish to wind up our pleasant interchanges so summarily?"

"Because," replied Dupont, in a low tone, "my betrothed will not marry me until this duel is ended."

"Ah!" said Fournier, rising, "have I been doing you such a wrong as that? Come, then, let's hear your proposition."

"It is this: We will fight with pistols. As you have greatly the advantage, we will each take our two pistols, and enter the private park of M. La Tour, in the suburbs, at opposite gates. Then we will fire when we like."

"The idea is a good one," said Fournier; but he was apparently not enthusiastic over this duel with pistols, which he had been so long craving. He was, in fact, abstracted.

The two separated, and repaired to the park. As Fournier entered the northern gate, he saw Dupont waving his hand to him in the southern entrance. They advanced a short distance, and Fournier took refuge behind a tree. Dupont, seeing this, did the same. They were still at long range; but Fournier, stepping from behind his tree, fired one shot, which struck against Dupont's tree, a foot above the roots. Dupont then moved forward to another tree, and the two were thus brought in closer range.

"One of his two shots is gone," said Dupont. "It is bad shooting for Fournier. Let me see if I can draw his other one."

He thrust his hat cautiously from behind the shelter of the tree.

Fournier plainly saw the ruse. Nevertheless he fired at the hat, which, he knew, was not on Dupont's head. The ball went through it. Dupont, having drawn his adversary's fire, stepped out, and advanced upon him with his two pistols, still loaded, in his hand. Fournier, with a pale face, stepped gayly out from behind his tree, took off his hat with a bow, opened the breast of his coat, and said, "Shoot!"

Dupont dashed his pistols on the ground. "I will not," he cried.

"Then," said Fournier, "my life is in your hands. Make your own terms."

"Fournier," said Dupont, taking both his hands, and looking into his eyes, "our duel is no longer a duel. We do not fight to kill, but to show generosity. Your two pistol-shots were intended, not to hit, but to miss me. I can fight you no longer, and I give you your life without terms."

"I take it," responded Fournier, "only on condition that I may be your friend, and not your antagonist, and that, if we ever fight again, you shall hold the right you now have—to two shots first."

The terms were accepted, and the two friends were no longer antagonists. On returning to Rouen, Dupont claimed Marie's hand, and told her how the duel had ended.

"Then," said she, "you did not surrender?"

"No."

Then that woman, who loved him so, fell into his arms, and whispered in his ear:

"Ah! dear, if you had surrendered, I should never have spoken to you again."

THE ASCETIC EPIDEMIC IN THE EARLY CHURCH.

EGYPT was the parent of monachism, and it was there that it attained both its extreme development and its most austere severity; but there was very soon scarcely any Christian country in which a similar movement was not ardently propagated. St. Athanasius and St. Zeno are said to have introduced it into Italy, where it soon afterward received a great stimulus from St. Jerome. St. Hilarion instituted the first monks in Palestine, and he lived to see many thousands subject to his rule, and, toward the close of his life, to plant monachism in Cyprus. Eustathius, Bishop of Sebastia, spread it through Armenia, Paphlagonia, and Pontus. St. Basil labored along the wild shores of the Euxine. St. Martin of Tours founded the first monastery in Gaul, and two thousand monks attended his funeral. Unrecorded missionaries planted the new institution in the heart of Ethiopia, amid the little islands that stud the Mediterranean, and in the secluded valleys of Wales and Ireland. But even more wonderful than the many thousands who thus abandoned the world, is the reverence with which they were regarded by those who, by their attainments or their character, would seem most opposed to the monastic ideal. No one had more reason than Augustine to know the danger of enforced celibacy, but St. Augustine exerted all his energies to spread monasticism through his diocese. St. Ambrose, who was by nature an acute statesman; St. Jerome and St. Basil, who were ambitious scholars; St. Chrysostom, who was preëminently formed to sway the refined throngs of a metropolis—all exerted their powers in favor of the life of solitude, and the three last practised it themselves. St. Arsenius, who was surpassed by no one in the extravagance of his penances, had held a high office at the court of the Emperor Arcadius. Pilgrims wandered among the deserts, collecting accounts of the miracles and the austerities of the saints, which filled Christendom with admiration; and the strange biographies which were thus formed, wild and grotesque as they are, enable us to realize very vividly the general features of the anchorite life, which became the new ideal of the Christian world.

There is, perhaps, no phase in the moral history of mankind of a deeper or more painful interest than this ascetic epidemic. A hideous, sordid, and emaciated maniac, without knowledge, without patriotism, without natural affection, passing his life in a long routine of useless and atrocious self-torture, and quailing before the ghastly phantoms of his delirious brain, had become the ideal of the nations which had known the writings of Plato and Cicero and the lives of Socrates or Cato. For about two centuries, the hideous maceration of the body

was regarded as the highest proof of excellence. St. Jerome declares, with a thrill of admiration, how he had seen a monk who for thirty years had lived exclusively on a small portion of barley bread and of muddy water; another, who lived in a hole, and never eat more than five figs for his daily repast; a third, who cut his hair only on Easter Sunday, who never washed his clothes, who never changed his tunic till it fell to pieces, who starved himself till his eyes grew dim, and his skin "like a pumice-stone," and whose merits, shown by these austerities, Homer himself would be unable to recount. For six months, it is said, St. Macarius of Alexandria slept in a marsh, and exposed his body naked to the stings of venomous flies. He was accustomed to carry about with him eighty pounds of iron. His disciple, St. Eusebius, carried one hundred and fifty pounds of iron, and lived for three years in a dried-up well. St. Sabinus would only eat corn that had become rotten by remaining for a month in water. St. Besarion spent forty days and nights in the middle of thorn-bushes, and for forty years never lay down when he slept, which last penance was also, during fifteen years, practised by St. Pachomius. Some saints, like St. Marcan, restricted themselves to one meal a day, so small that they continually suffered the pangs of hunger. Of one of them it is related that his daily food was six ounces of bread and a few herbs; that he was never seen to recline on a mat or bed, or even to place his limbs easily for sleep; but that sometimes, from excess of weariness, his eyes would close at his meals, and the food would drop into his mouth. Other saints, however, ate only every second day; while many, if we could believe the monkish historian, abstained for whole weeks from all nourishment. St. Macarius of Alexandria is said during an entire week to have never lain down, or eaten any thing but a few uncooked herbs on Sunday. Of another famous saint, named John, it is asserted that for three whole years he stood in prayer, leaning upon a rock; that, during all that time, he never sat or lay down, and that his only nourishment was the sacrament, which was brought him on Sundays. Some of the hermits lived in deserted dens of wild beasts, others in dried-up wells, while others found a congenial resting-place among the tombs. Some disdained all clothes, and crawled abroad like the wild beasts, covered only by their matted hair. In Mesopotamia, and part of Syria, there existed a sect known by the name of "Grazers," who never lived under a roof, who ate neither flesh nor bread, but who spent their time forever on the mountain-side, and ate grass like cattle. The cleanliness of the body was regarded as a pollution of the soul, and the saints who were most admired had become one hideous mass of clotted filth. St. Athanasius relates with enthusiasm how St. Antony, the patriarch of monachism, had never, in extreme old age, been guilty of washing his feet. The less constant St. Poemen fell into this habit for the first time when a very old man, and, with a glimmering of common-sense, defended himself against the astonished monks by saying that he had "learned to kill, not his body, but his passions." St. Abraham the hermit, however, who lived for fifty years after his conversion, rigidly refused from that date to wash either his face or his feet. He was, it is said, a person of singular beauty, and his biographer somewhat strangely remarks that "his face reflected the purity of his soul." St. Ammon had never seen himself naked. A famous virgin named Silvia, though she was sixty years old, and though bodily sickness was a consequence of her habits, resolutely refused, on religious principles, to wash any part of her body except her fingers. St. Euphrasia joined a convent of one hundred and thirty nuns, who never washed their feet, and who shuddered at the mention of a bath. An anchorite once imagined that he was mocked by an illusion of the devil, as he saw gliding before him through the desert a naked creature black with filth and years of exposure, and with white hair floating to the wind. It was a once beautiful woman, St. Mary of Egypt, who had thus, during forty-seven years, been expiating her sins. The occasional decadence of the monks into habits of decency was a subject of much reproach. "Our fathers," said the Abbot Alexander, looking mournfully back to the past, "never washed their faces, but we frequent the public baths." It was related of one monastery in the desert that the monks suffered greatly from want of water to drink; but, at the prayer of the Abbot Theodosius, a copious stream was produced. But soon some monks, tempted by the abundant supply, diverged from their old austerity, and persuaded the abbot to avail himself of the stream for the construction of the bath. The bath was made. Once, and once only, did the monks enjoy their ablutions, when the stream ceased to flow. Prayers, tears, and fastings, were in

vain. A whole year passed. At last, the abbot destroyed the bath, which was the object of the divine displeasure, and the waters flowed afresh. But, of all the evidences of the loathsome excesses to which this spirit was carried, the life of St. Simeon Stylites is probably the most remarkable. It would be difficult to conceive a more horrible or disgusting picture than is given of the penances by which that saint commenced his ascetic career. He had bound a rope around him so that it became imbedded in his flesh, which putrefied around it. "A horrible stench, intolerable to the by-standers, exhaled from his body, and worms dropped from him whenever he moved, and they filled his bed." Sometimes he left the monastery, and slept in a dry well, inhabited, it is said, by demons. He built successively three pillars, the last being sixty feet high, and scarcely two cubits in circumference; and on this pillar, during thirty years, he remained exposed to every change of climate, ceaselessly and rapidly bending his body in prayer almost to the level of his feet. A spectator attempted to number these rapid motions, but desisted from weariness when he had counted twelve hundred and forty-four. For a whole year, we are told, St. Simeon stood upon one leg, the other being covered with hideous ulcers, while his biographer was commissioned to stand by his side, to pick up the worms that fell from his body, and to replace them in the sores, the saint saying to the worm, "Eat what God has given you." From every quarter, pilgrims of every degree thronged to do him homage. A crowd of prelates followed him to the grave. A brilliant star is said to have shone miraculously over his pillar; the general voice of mankind pronounced him to be the highest model of a Christian saint, and several other anchorites imitated or emulated his penances. . . . In the case of the saints of the deserts, there can be no question that the picture—which is drawn chiefly by eye-witnesses—however grotesque may be some of its details, is in its leading features historically true. It is true that self-torture was for some centuries regarded as the chief measure of human excellence, that tens of thousands of the most devoted men fled to the desert to reduce themselves by maceration nearly to the condition of the brute, and that this odious superstition had acquired an almost absolute ascendancy in the ethics of the age. The examples of asceticism I have cited are but a few out of many hundreds, and volumes might be written, and have been written, detailing them. Till the reform of St. Benedict, the ideal was on the whole unchanged.

THE STORY OF "PARADISE LOST."

WE find the following, credited to Charles Reade, in one of our exchanges, that is usually better informed on such subjects: "John Milton did not give away 'Paradise Lost,' he sold it for ten pounds, to show his contempt of money, says canting Camden—because Tonson would not give him any more, say common-sense and I." Surely there is scarcely any biographical fact that has been oftener repeated than that of Milton having sold his *magnum opus* to Simmons, the bookseller, for five pounds down, and a prospective payment of the same amount if the sale exceeded thirteen hundred copies.

The story of "Paradise Lost," which may be new to some readers, is briefly as follows: It was Milton's life-long ambition to write a great work that his country "would not willingly let die;" and he doubtless thought, during the troublous times of the civil war, that his fondly-cherished hopes were baffled; that he had indeed been born an age too soon; that he had fallen upon evil days and evil tongues; but, when peace again smiled on his native land, he turned his attention to the selection of a subject. Before he determined on his long philosophical poem, he appears to have ranged through history in quest of a topic of sufficient interest and capability, and to have dwelt for a time fondly on King Arthur. At last he reached a point beyond which it was impossible to go. Milton's choice was made, and "Paradise Lost" grew slowly into being.

The exact date when Milton—of whom the Bishop of Avranches wrote to Salmasius, who had done him the honor of abusing him, "How can you occupy yourself with an object so insignificant as this Milton?"—began his great Christian poem

is not known; but we do know that for many years, mostly under his own roof, in Artillery Walk, or while sauntering through the streets of London, when Charles Stuart was amusing himself with his licentious court; when John Dryden was witnessing his own plays performed at the Globe Theatre; when poor Sam Butler was growing morose from neglect and ill-usage; when the lively and garrulous Samuel Pepys was running about embalming notes for posterity; and when the Puritan poet's friend, Andrew Marvell, was interesting himself in his behalf—the plan was carried and resolved in the blind man's brain, till at length he was able to exclaim:

"Give me my lyre,
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine!"

By dictations of fifty to a hundred lines at a time, the work was at last completed. We have no accurate information as to the exact date when "Paradise Lost" was finished, but it was some time previous to the 27th of April, 1667, the day on which it was sold to Samuel Simmons, bookseller, for five pounds down, with a premium of five pounds more when thirteen hundred copies of the first edition were sold, and five pounds when thirteen hundred of the second should have been sold, and so on for successive editions, each edition to consist of fifteen hundred copies. As originally published, the poem consisted of ten books, and was sold at three shillings. The stipulated thirteen hundred copies were disposed of before the 26th of April, 1669, on which day Milton signed a receipt for the second five pounds, which we have seen hanging in a neat frame on the walls of the famous breakfast-room of Samuel Rogers. The remaining two hundred copies do not seem to have sold so fast, as it was not until the year of Milton's death that a second edition was published. In the second edition the ten books are converted into twelve by a division of the seventh and tenth, and there were also some few other alterations. A third edition appeared in 1678, and in December, 1680, Mrs. Milton parted with her interest in "Paradise Lost" for eight pounds, paid to her by Simmons; so that the total amount received by the poet and his family for this matchless work was twenty-eight pounds, or *one hundred and forty dollars*—less than Alfred Tennyson was recently paid by the publisher of a popular English periodical for writing a dozen lines!

BRILLIANTS

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

DESPAIR not, spirit of man, when thy powers fail, because thy earth-body bends, pales, and at last gives way under the weight of years. Once on a summer's night, the flowers glimmered in their dew before the dazzling moon, each decked with silver pearls. When the morning approached, they became dim, the pearls lost their splendor, for the moon grew pale and set, and cold tears only remained in the flowers. Behold! the sun arose, the flowers shone again, but jewels instead of pearls glistened in them and decked the new morning. On thee also, old man, will a sun arise hereafter and illumine thy darkened dew-drop.

"We have looked into heaven with the telescope, but it is dark and void, and the infinite space is empty," say the sharp-sighted skeptics. You perverted men, you are right; only you hold the telescope inverted, and look in at the wrong end.

There is no work of art that does the genius and taste of a woman more credit, and which she should daily polish and improve, than her daughters.

God is light, which, though never seen itself, makes every thing else visible, while it disguises itself in a garment of colors. Thine eye does not feel the ray, but thy heart its warmth.

Herder and Schiller, in their youth, both thought of becoming surgeons. But Providence said: "Nay! there are deeper wounds than those of the body—heal them!" And both became authors.

FOR WHAT?

For what
This maze of weary care;
This bitter loss;
The grief and pain we share;
This earthly cross?
For what
The pall and shuddering knell?
Ah! who may tell?

For what
This glimpse of hallowed joys;
This broken strain
Lost in earth's jarring noise,
Then caught again?
For what
This breath from the outward sea
To you and me?

For what
These doubts and wasting fears;
This fond caress;
These dark and toilsome years;
This faded tress?
For what
These withered hopes and leaves,
And blighted sheaves?

For this:
O hearts that ache and bleed,
Were earth all blest,
Who then would ever need
God's heavenly rest?
For good
Still falls the Eternal Will,
Oh not for ill!

GEORGE COOPER.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*
OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

III.

E V E.

AN octagonal room with flat-arched ceiling, without windows, lighted from above, lined—walls, floor, and vaulted roof—with peach-blossom-colored marble; in the middle of the room, a canopy in pall-black marble culminating in a point, and having wreathed columns, in the massive and charming style of Elizabeth, overshadowing a bath-basin also in black marble; in the middle of the basin a delicate jet of scented and tepid water filling the basin softly and slowly—this was what he had before his eyes.

Black bath, thus constructed, in order to transform the whiteness into lustre.

It was this water that he had heard. An escape-pipe in the bath, at a certain level, prevented any overflow. The basin smoked, but in such small degree that there was scarcely a sign of vapor on the marble. The slender jet of water was like a supple rod of steel, that bends at the least breath of wind.

No furniture, except, beside the bath, one of those cushioned reclining-couches, made long enough to lie upon with a dog at the feet.

It was a Spanish couch, seeing that the framework was in silver. The cushions and the arms were covered with white *glacée* silk.

Set against the wall, on the other side of the bath, appeared a dressing-table in solid silver, with all its appliances, and having in the middle eight small Venetian mirrors in silver sash-work, suggesting a window.

In the side of the wall nearest to the couch, there was a square recess hollowed out, that looked like a dormer-window, and that was closed by a panel made of a sheet of red-silver. The panel had hinges as a shutter has. A royal crown, inlaid and gilded, sparkled upon the red-silver. Above the panel a clock-bell, silver-gilt if not in gold, was suspended and secured to the wall.

Opposite the entrance of this room, facing Gwynplaine, who had stopped short, there was a break in the marble lining. It was replaced by an opening of the same size, reaching up to the spring of the vaulted ceiling, and closed by a broad and lofty cloth of silver tissue.

This cloth, of fairy-like fineness, was transparent. It could be seen through.

In the centre of the cloth, where the spider is generally found, Gwynplaine saw something formidable—a woman.

The silver tissue, transparent as glass, was a curtain. It was only fastened from above, and might be lifted. It separated the room in marble, which was a bath-room, from a chamber, which was a bedchamber. This chamber, a very small one, might almost be called a grotto of mirrors. All round it, Venetian glasses—close together, adjusted in polyhedrons, and connected by gilded rods—reflected the bed that was in the centre. Upon the bed, in silver, like the toilet-table and the couch, the woman was lying. She was sleeping, with her head thrown back.

Her pillow of guipure had fallen to the ground, upon the carpet.

The chamber, rather an alcove than a chamber, was lighted, with something of reticence, by the reflection from the bath-room.

The bed had neither posts, nor dais, nor canopy, so that the woman, on opening her eyes, could see herself a thousand times reflected in the mirrors above her head.

The sheets were in disorder, as by a troubled sleep. Their fine quality was indicated by the beauty of the folds. This was the epoch when a queen, supposing that she would be damned, figured hell to herself in this wise: a bed, with coarse sheets.

A dressing-gown of curious silk—Chinese undoubtedly, for a large lizard in gold might be seen through its folds—was thrown over the foot of the bed.

Beyond the bed, at the end of the alcove, there was probably a door, masked and indicated by a sufficiently large glass, upon which were painted peacocks and swans. In this chamber, disposed in shadow, every thing shone brightly. The spaces between the crystals and the gildings were glazed with that glistening composition, which is called at Venice "fiel de verre," unvitriified salt.

At the bed's head there was a desk set up, of silver, with movable ledges and fixtures for lights. On this, an open book might be seen, having on the top of its pages this title, in large red letters: *Alcoranus Mahumedis*.

Gwynplaine saw not a single one of these details. What he saw was the woman.

He was at the same time petrified and overwhelmed—a contradiction, but a fact.

He recognized the woman.

She had her eyes shut, and her face turned toward him.

It was the duchess.

She, that mysterious being in whom were mingled all the splendors of the unknown—she, who had written him so strange a letter!

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

He had chased away dreams; he had burned the letter. He had banished her, so far as he possibly could, from his dreams and from his memory. He thought no more of her; he had forgotten her...

He saw her again!

He no longer breathed. He felt himself uplifted as in a nimbus, and urged on. He looked. That woman before him! Was it possible?

At the theatre, duchess. Here, Nereid, Naiad, Fairy. In either case, an apparition.

He attempted to retreat, and found that that could not be. His looks had become two chains, and bound him to the vision.

The divinity of an august slumber spoke out, from that unconscious brow, from those golden and scattered tresses, from those drooped eye-lashes, from those blue veins dimly perceptible.

Gwynplaine shuddered. He admired.

Unwholesome admiration, too profoundly interesting!

He was afraid.

Fate's surprise-box does not exhaust itself. Gwynplaine thought that he had come to the end of it. He was beginning again. What were all these flashes of lightning launched unceasingly over his head. What were these courtesies of the unknown tempter, fulfilling, one after another, his vague aspirations, his confused desires become living flesh, and overwhelming him beneath an intoxicating series of actualities drawn from the impossible? Was there a conspiracy of all the shades against him, poor wretch; and what would he become with all these smiles of sinister Fortune around him? What was this dizziness, expressly arranged? This woman there! Why? How? No explanation! Why he? Why she? Was he made peer of England purposely for this duchess? Who brought them thus one to the other? Who was dupe? Who was victim? Whose good faith was abused? He could not bring all these things to a point. He saw them athwart a flight of clouds within his brain. This magical and malevolent abode, this strange palace, tenacious as a prison—was it in the plot? Gwynplaine underwent a sort of reabsorption. Obscure forces throttled him mysteriously. A gravitation enchained him. His will, drawn off, went out of him. Whereto should he cling? He was haggard and under a spell. This time, he felt himself insane beyond remedy. The fall headlong into the depths of wonderment continued.

At intervals, the duchess softly shifted her place upon the bed, with the vague movement of a shadow in the azure, changing her attitude as the cloud changes its form.

Gwynplaine had counted upon every thing, but this. A fierce guardian across the threshold, some furious monster to contend with—for these he had looked. He had foreseen Cerberus. He found Hebe.

He closed his eyelids. Too much of morning-light in the eyes causes pain. But, through his closed eyelids, all suddenly, he saw her again. More in shadow, none the less lovely.

Taking flight is no easy matter. He had tried, and he could not. He was rooted, as we are in dreams. He desired, but knew not how, to snatch himself from this attraction. He felt no longer any thing to cling to. Human fluctuations are infinite. A man may be disabled, as a ship is. Conscience is the anchor. Fatal fact, the anchor may break.

He had not even this resource: "I am disfigured and terrific. She will repulse me." The woman had told him, in writing, that she was in love with him.

In crises, there is an instant of losing the perpendicular. When we lap over toward evil more than we lean upon good, that portion of ourselves, which hovers over the evil, ends by gaining the ascendancy, and precipitates us downward. Had this sad moment come for Gwynplaine?

How to escape?

Thus, she it was! The duchess! That woman! He had her before him, in that chamber, in a lone place, asleep.

The duchess!

You have remarked a star in the depths of space. You have admired it. It is so far away! What is there to fear in a fixed star? Some day—some night—you see it shift its place. You make out a quivering of light around it. The star, that you thought immovable, moves. It is not a star; it is a comet. It is the immense incendiary of the sky. The star moves on, enlarges itself, shakes out its purple stream of hair, becomes enormous. Its direction is to your side. Oh, terror, it is coming to you! The comet knows you, wishes for you, would have you. Terrific celestial approach! What comes upon you is too much of light, which is blindness; is the excess of life, which is death. You refuse this advance, that the zenith makes to you. You reject this offer of love from the abyss. You put your hands over your eyelids, you hide yourself, you shrink away from yourself, you think that you are saved... — You reopen your eyes. The terrible star is there. It is star no more; it is world. World unknown. World, of lava and of embers. Devouring prodigy of the depths! It fills up the sky. Nothing is there, but it alone. The carbuncle deep-seated in the infinite, a diamond in the distance, is, when near, a furnace. You are in its flame.

And you feel your burning up begin with a warmth from paradise.

IV.

SATAN.

THE sleeper suddenly awoke. She raised herself and sat up, with a majestic movement, at once abrupt and harmonious. Her blond hair, like floss-silk, spread itself with tumultuous softness below her waist; she stretched herself and yawned, like a tigress at the rising of the sun.

Gwynplaine probably breathed with effort, as when the respirations are held back.

—Is there any one there? said she.

At the same time she drew to her her dressing-gown, and in the twinkling of an eye the silken robe was around her. The sleeves, being very long, hid her hands; and the tips of her toes were only visible—white with tiny nails, like those on the foot of a child.

She brought forward from her back a flood of hair that she threw over her robe, then passed rapidly behind the bed to the further part of the alcove, and applied her ear to the painted mirror which apparently covered a door.

She knocked upon the glass with the little elbow, that is made by the fore-finger bent back.

—Is there any one there? Lord David, is it you already? What o'clock is it? Is it you, Barkilphedro?

She turned round.

—But no. It is not from that side. Is there any one in the bath-room? Answer! In fact, it can't be; no one can come in that way.

She went to the silver-gauze curtain, opened it with the point of her foot, set it aside by a movement of her shoulder, and entered the marble room.

Gwynplaine felt, as it were, a chill of agony. No refuge now. It was too late to fly. Besides, he had not the strength. He might have wished the floor to split asunder, and to fall, himself, underground. No means of keeping himself unseen.

She saw him.

She looked at him, prodigiously astonished, but without a start, and with a blending of delight and contempt.

—What! said she, Gwynplaine!

Then abruptly, and with a violent bound—for this cat was a panther—she threw herself on his neck.

She pressed his head between her arms, then suddenly—pushing him back, bringing down her two little hands, like talons, upon Gwynplaine's two shoulders, she standing up before him, he standing up before her—she began to eye him strangely.

She eyed him, ominous, with her eyes of Aldebaran, a mixed

visual ray, having in it a certain something of the equivocal and of the starry. Gwynplaine contemplated that blue eyeball and that black eyeball, under the double fixity of the look from heaven and the look from hell. The woman and the man interchanged a sinister dazzling. They fascinated one the other—he by deformity, she by beauty.

He was silent, as under a weight impossible to lift up. She exclaimed:

—You have intelligence; therefore you have come. You knew that I had been forced to set off from London. You have followed me. You have done well. You are wonderful, to be here.

A reciprocal taking possession has, in a certain sense, the effect of a lightning-flash. Gwynplaine recoiled, confusedly warned by a vague fear, savage and decent; but the rosy nails imprinted on his shoulder held him firm. Something of the inexorable was roughly sketching itself out. Himself a wild man, he was in the den of a wild woman.

She went on:

—Anne, that fool—you know, the queen?—made me come to Windsor without knowing why. When I arrived, she was closeted with her idiot of a chancellor. But how did you manage to reach me here? That is what I call being a man. Obstacles? There are none. He is called, and he comes quickly. Did you get information? You know my name, I think, the Duchess Josiane? Who introduced you? It was the valet-boy, without doubt. He is intelligent. I will give him a hundred guineas. How did you set about it? Tell me that. No, don't tell me. I don't want to know. Explaining belittles. I like you better to be surprising. You are monstrous enough to be marvellous. You fall down from the empyrean, look you, or you mount from the triple underground, through the trap-door of Erebus. Nothing more simple; the ceiling has parted, or the floor has opened. A descent by the clouds, or an ascent in a flame of sulphur—that is how you have come. You deserve to enter like the gods. That is enough.

Gwynplaine listened with impaired mind, feeling his thoughts vibrate more and more. It was complete. And impossible to doubt. The woman confirmed the letter sent at night. He, Gwynplaine, lover of a duchess, lover beloved! Immense pride, with its thousand sombre heads, was stirring in that miserable heart.

Vanity, prodigious force within us, against us! The duchess continued:

—Since you are here, it is because it is willed. I ask no more about it. The day that I saw you, I said:—It is he. I recognize him. It is the monster of my dreams. We must aid destiny, that is why I wrote to you. One question, Gwynplaine. Do you believe in predestination? I believe in it, myself, since reading Scipio's Dream in Cicero. Stay, I had not noticed it. A gentleman's coat! You have dressed yourself like a lord. Why not? You are a mountebank. So much the more reason. A juggler is as good as a lord. Besides, what are lords? Clowns. You have a noble figure; you are extremely well made. It is unheard of, that you should be here. When did you arrive? How long have you been in this place? Oh, I love you! You read my letter? Did you read it yourself? Was it read to you? Do you know how to read? You ought to be ignorant. I ask you questions; but do not answer them. I don't like your tone of voice. It is sweet. A being, so incomparable as you are, ought not to speak; he ought to gnash his teeth. You sing, and that is harmonious. I hate it. It is the only thing in you that displeases me. All the rest is formidable; all the rest is superb. In the Indies, you would be a god. Were you born with that awful laugh upon your face? No—am I not right? It is, beyond doubt, a penal mutilation. I really trust that you have committed some crime.

—I love you, not only because you are deformed, but because you are low down. I love the monster, and I love the

stage-player. There is marvellous savor in a lover humiliated, scouted, grotesque, hideous, exposed to laughter upon the pillory that is called a theatre. This is to bite at the fruit of the abyss. A lover, who is infamous, is exquisite.

—Probably, without knowing it, you are a demon. I have kept myself close under a dreamer's mask. You are a dancing puppet, of which a spectre holds the strings. You are the phantom of the great infernal laugh. You are the master, for whom I was waiting. Such a love was needed for me, as the Medeas have and the Canidias.

Her words came out pell-mell, like an eruption. A puncture in the side of Etna might give an idea of this jet of flame.

Gwynplaine stammered out:

—Madam . . .

She put her hand upon his mouth.

—Silence! I am studying you. Gwynplaine, I am immaculate. I have loved no man. I might be Pythia at Delphos, and have under my naked heel the bronze tripod, wherein the priests, leaning their elbows on the python's skin, whispered questions to the invisible god. My heart is of stone; but it resembles those mysterious pebbles that the sea rolls to the foot of the rock Huntly Nabb, at the mouth of the Tees, in which, when broken, a serpent is found. Such as this serpent, my love is. A love all-powerful, for it has drawn you hither. An impossible distance was between us. I was in Sirius, and you were in Allioth. You have made an immeasurable transit, and you are here. That is well. Hush! Take me!

She stopped. He shivered. She began to smile again.

—Look you, Gwynplaine! To dream is to create. A wish is an appeal. To build up a chimera is to provoke reality. Omnipotent and terrible, the Shade will not be set at defiance. She satisfies us. You are here. Do you know why I idolize you?—because I disdain you. So much are you beneath me, that I raise you up upon an altar. To mingle the high and the low produces chaos, and chaos pleases me. Every thing begins and ends in chaos. What is chaos? An enormous blot. And, out of this blot, God has made light; and, with this sewer, God has made the world. You know not to what degree I am perverse. Knead a star in the mud, and it would be myself.

Thus spoke this formidable woman.

She went on:

—Gwynplaine, we are made for each other. I am, internally, the monster that you are, externally. Thence my love. Caprice, it may be. What is the hurricane? A caprice. There is a starry affinity between us; one and the other, we belong to night—you by visage, I by intelligence. You, in your turn, create me. You come, and my soul is let loose. I was unacquainted with it. It is surprising. Your approach makes the hydra come out of me, the goddess. You reveal to me my true nature. You make me make the discovery of myself. See how I resemble you. Look in me, as in a mirror. Your countenance is my soul. I did not know that I was terrible to this degree. I too, then, am a monster! O Gwynplaine, you dispel my ennui.

She laughed a strange child's laugh, and said in his ear, in lowest tone:

—Would you see a woman mad? I am one.

Her look penetrated Gwynplaine. A look is a philter.

While the woman spoke, he felt as it were bespatterings of fire. He felt the welling-out of the irreparable. He had not strength to utter a word. She checked herself, and eyed him fixedly:—O monster! she murmured. She was savage.

Suddenly, she seized his hands.

—You are not ugly; you are deformed. Ugliness is little; deformity is great. Ugliness is the devil's grimace, behind beauty. Deformity is the reverse of sublimity. It is the wrong side. Olympus has two slopes: one, toward light, gives Apollo; the other, toward darkness, gives Polyphemus. You

—you are Titan. You would be Behemoth in the forest, Leviathan in the ocean, Typhon in the cloaca. You are supreme. There is the thunder-bolt in your deformity. Your countenance was spoiled by a thunder-clap. What is on your face is the angry wrench of the huge hand of flame. It moulded you, and passed on. The vast mysterious wrath, in a fit of madness, glued in your soul beneath this fearful superhuman visage. Hell is a penal chafing-dish, wherein is heated the red-hot iron that is called Fatality; and by that iron you are stamped. To love you is to grasp what is great. This triumph is mine. It is by astonishment that glory is measured. I love you. How many nights, how many nights, how many nights, have I dreamed of you! This palace is my own. You shall see my gardens. There are water-springs beneath the foliage, and beauteous groups in marble from the hand of the Chevalier Bernini. And the flowers! They are too abundant. In the spring, it is a flush of roses. Have I told you that the queen is my sister? Are you of any religion? For my part, I am a papist. My father, James II., died in France with a parcel of Jesuits around him. Never have I felt what I experience thus at your side. Oh! I would be with you in the evening, while music was played, both leaning against the same cushion, under the purple awning of a golden galley, in the midst of the sea's infinitude of charms. Insult me! Beat me! I adore you.

Caresses may roar. Do you doubt it? Go in among the lions. There was horror in this woman, and it was combined with grace. Nothing more tragic. The claw was felt; felt also was the velvet. It was the attack of the feline tribe, wherein is sign of receding. There was playfulness, and there was murder, in this vibration to and fro. She idolized, insolently. The result was madness communicated. Fatal language, inexpressibly violent and sweet. What insulted, did not insult. What adored, outraged, deified. An indescribable Promethean grandeur was impressed by her accent upon her furious and amorous words. The festivals of the great goddess, sung by Æschylus, invested with this sombre epic madness the women seeking satyrs beneath the stars. These paroxysms had their part in the mysterious dances under the oaks of Dodona. This woman was as though transfigured, if transfiguration be possible on the side that is the opposite of Heaven. Her hair had the crispings of a lion's mane; the beamings of her blue eye mingled with the flamings of her black eye; she was supernatural. Gwynplaine, giving way, felt himself vanquished by the deep penetrating power of such approach.

It was exquisite and like a lightning-flash for Gwynplaine, to be loved by a woman who could look and who had seen him. Before this woman charged with enigmas, he felt every thing fainting away within him. His recollection of Dea struggled, in this overshadowing, with but feeble cries. There is an antique bas-relief, that represents the Sphinx devouring a Cupid; the wings of the gentle celestial being are bleeding between her ferocious and smiling teeth.

Was it that Gwynplaine loved this woman? Is it that man, like the globe, has two poles? Are we, upon our inflexible axis, the turning sphere—star in the distance, mud in approximation—where day and night alternate? Has the heart two sides; one that loves in light, the other that loves in darkness? Here, woman a ray; there, woman a cloaca? The angel is a necessity. Can it be possible that the devil is also a need? Is there, for the soul, the wing of the bat? Does the twilight-hour ring out fatally for all of us? Is error an integral part of our destiny, not to be refused? Must the evil in our nature be taken, in the gross, with the rest? Is error a debt that must be paid? Deep cause for shuddering!

And yet a voice tells us that weakness is a crime. What Gwynplaine experienced was inexpressible—the flesh, life, affright, intoxication overburdened, and all the amount of shame that there is in pride.

She repeated:—I love you.

Suddenly, close beside them, a little ringing tinkled out, sharp and clear. It was the bell fastened against the wall, that tinkled. The duchess turned her head, and said:

—What does she want with me?

And abruptly, with the noise of a spring-trap, the silver panel, incrustated with a royal crown, slid open.

The interior of a turning-box, lined with purple velvet, appeared, with a letter upon a plate of gold.

The letter was voluminous and square, and so placed as to show the seal, which was a large impression upon vermilion wax. The bell continued its sound.

The duchess took the letter from the plate, and pushed back the panel. The box was reclosed, and the bell was silent.

The duchess broke the wax between her teeth, tore open the envelope, took out from it the two folded documents that it contained, and threw the envelope on the ground at Gwynplaine's feet.

The impression on the broken wax remained decipherable; and Gwynplaine could distinguish on it a royal crown, and, below that, the letter A.

Both sides of the torn envelope were exposed, so that at the same time the address might be read: *To her Grace the Duchess Josiane.*

The two folded objects, contained in the envelope, were a parchment and a sheet of vellum. The parchment was large; the vellum was small. On the parchment was impressed a large chancery seal, in the green wax called "lordship-wax." The duchess, all palpitating and her eyes bathed in ecstasy, pouted an imperceptible sign of annoyance.

—Ah! said she, what is it that she sends me here? A lot of rubbish? What a kill-joy that woman is!

And, laying aside the parchment, she opened the vellum.

—It is her writing. It is my sister's writing. It wearies me. Gwynplaine, I asked you if you knew how to read. Do you know how to read?

Gwynplaine made with his head the sign of yes, and, taking the vellum, unfolded it; then, with a voice in which there were all sorts of tremblings, he read:

"Madam,

"We send you, of our grace, a copy adjoined hereto of an official report, certified and signed by our servant William Cowper, Lord-Chancellor of our kingdom of England, and from which results the important detail that the legitimate son of Lord Linnæus Clancharlie has been identified and found again, under the name of Gwynplaine, in the debasement of a wandering and vagabond existence, and among mountebanks and jugglers. This suppression of his condition goes back to his earliest age. In compliance with the laws of the realm, and in virtue of his hereditary right, Lord Fernain Clancharlie, son of Lord Linnæus, will be, this very day, admitted and reinstated in the Chamber of Peers. This is why, desirous to treat you kindly and to preserve to you the transmission of the possessions and domains of the Lords Clancharlie-Hunkerville, we substitute him in your good graces for Lord David Dirry-Moir. We have caused Lord Fernain to be brought to your residence of Corleone Lodge; we order and will, as queen and sister, that our said Lord Fernain Clancharlie, called Gwynplaine, up to this day, shall be your husband, and you will espouse him, and this is our royal pleasure."

While Gwynplaine was reading, with intonations that faltered at almost every word, the duchess listened with set look. As Gwynplaine finished it, she snatched the letter from him.

—ANNE, QUEEN, said she, reading the signature, in dreamy tone.

Then she picked up from the ground the parchment, that she had thrown there, and ran her eye over it. It was the declaration made by the lost men on board the *Matutina*, copied upon

an official report, signed by the sheriff of Southwark and by the lord-chancellor.

Having read the report, she read again the queen's communication. Then she said:

— So be it!

And, quite calmly, pointing out with her finger, to Gwynplaine, the door-curtain of the corridor, by which he had entered:

— Go out! said she.

Gwynplaine, petrified, remained motionless.

She went on, icy:

— Since you are my husband, go out!

Gwynplaine, speechless and with eyes cast down like a criminal's, did not move.

She added:

— You have no right to be here.

Gwynplaine was as though transfixed.

— Well, then, she said; it must be I. I retire. Ah! you are my husband! Nothing better; I hate you!

And rising, and waving a lofty gesture of adieu to some one—it is hard to say whom—in empty space, she passed out.

V.

WE RECOGNIZE THOSE WHOM WE DO NOT KNOW.

Gwynplaine remained alone.

The crumbling of his ideas into dust was complete. What he thought had no semblance to thought. It was a diffusion, a dispersion—the agony of being in the incomprehensible. There was in him something like the effort of escaping, in a dream.

Entrance into unknown worlds is not an easy matter.

From the duchess's letter brought by the valet-boy, a series of hours full of surprises had begun for Gwynplaine, growing less and less unintelligible. Up to that moment, he had been in a dream, but he saw clearly in it. Now he was groping there in the dark.

He did not think. He did not even dream any more. He underwent.

Suddenly, amid this gloom, there was a noise of steps. It was a man's step. The step came from the side opposite the corridor, into which the duchess had passed out. It drew near, and might be heard, dull but plainly marked. Notwithstanding his absorption, Gwynplaine listened.

All at once, beyond the silver-gauze curtain that the duchess had left uplifted, behind the bed, the door which it was easy to figure under the painted glass opened wide, and a masculine and joyous voice, singing at full pitch, threw forward into the mirrored chamber this chorus of an old French song:

Trois petits goretz sur leur fumier
Juraient comme des porteurs de chaise.
Three little pigtwigs on their dunghill
Were swearing like sedan-chair bearers.

A man came in.

The man had a sword at his side, and in his hand a feathered hat with loop and cockade. He was dressed in a splendid naval uniform, covered with gold lace.

Gwynplaine rose to his feet, as though a spring had set him up.

He recognized the man; and the man recognized him.

From their two mouths, stupefied, came forth simultaneously the double cry:

— Gwynplaine!

— Tom-Jim-Jack!

The man with the feathered hat advanced upon Gwynplaine, who crossed his arms.

— How come you to be here, Gwynplaine?

— And you, Tom-Jim-Jack, how come you here?

— Ah! I understand. Josiane! A caprice. A mountebank, who is a monster, is too fine a thing to be resisted. You disguised yourself to come here, Gwynplaine.

— And you, too, Tom-Jim-Jack.

— Gwynplaine, what's the meaning of this lord's coat?

— Tom-Jim-Jack, what's the meaning of this officer's coat?

— Gwynplaine, I don't answer questions.

— Nor-I, Tom-Jim-Jack.

— Gwynplaine, I am not named Tom-Jim-Jack.

— Tom-Jim-Jack, I am not named Gwynplaine.

— Gwynplaine, I am at home here.

— I am at home here, Tom-Jim-Jack.

— I forbid you to echo me. You have an ironical touch: but I have my walking-stick. A truce to your parodies, wretched scoundrel!

Gwynplaine turned pale.

— Scoundrel yourself! And you shall satisfy me for this insult.

— In your booth, as much as you please. With fists.

— Here, and with swords.

— Friend Gwynplaine, the sword is the affair of gentlemen. I fight only with men of my own quality. We are equal before the fist—unequal before the sword. At the Tadcaster Inn, Tom-Jim-Jack can box with Gwynplaine. At Windsor, it is different. Learn this: I am a rear-admiral.

— And I, I am a peer of England.

The man, in whom Gwynplaine saw Tom-Jim-Jack, burst out into a laugh.

— Why not king? In fact, you are right. A stage-player is every one of his parts. Tell me that you are Theseus, Duke of Athens.

— I am a peer of England, and we will fight.

— Gwynplaine, this is stretching it out. Don't trifle with a person who can have you whipped. My name is Lord David Dirry-Moir.

— And mine is Lord Olancharlie.

Lord David broke out into a second laugh.

— Well imagined. Gwynplaine is Lord Olancharlie. That is in fact the name a man must have, to get possession of Josiane. Hark. I forgive you. And do you know why? It is because we are the two lovers.

The tapestry over the corridor-door was withdrawn, and a voice said:

— You are the two husbands, my lords!

Both turned round.

— Barkilphedro! exclaimed Lord David.

It was, in truth, Barkilphedro.

He bowed low to the two lords, with a smile.

Behind him, at some paces, a gentleman with respectful and severe countenance was visible. He had a black wand in his hand.

This gentleman advanced, made three reverences to Gwynplaine, and said to him:

— My lord, I am the usher of the black rod. I came to look for your lordship, conformably to her Majesty's orders.

"SPONTANEOUS GENERATION."

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

I.

IT is in most cases unwise to notice adverse criticism. Either they do not admit of answers, or the answers may be left to the penetration of readers. When, however, a critic's allegations touch the fundamental propositions of a book, and especially when they appear in a periodical having the position of the *North American Review*, the case is altered. For these reasons the article on "Philosophical Biology," published in the October number of that periodical, demands from me attention which ordinary criticisms do not.

It is the more needful for me to notice it, because its two leading objections have the one an actual fairness and the other an apparent fairness; and, in the absence of explanations from

me, they will be considered as substantiated even by many, or perhaps most, of those who have read the work itself—much more by those who have not read it. That, to prevent the spread of misapprehensions, I ought to say something, is further shown by the fact that the same two objections have already been made in England—the one by Dr. Child, of Oxford, in his *Essays on Physiological Subjects*, and the other by a writer in the *Westminster Review* for July, 1865.

In the first volume of the "Biology," at page 210, there occurs the following note: "Unfortunately the word *Heterogenesis* has been already used as a synonyme for 'spontaneous generation.' Save by those few who believe in 'spontaneous generation,' however, little objection will be felt to using the word in a sense that seems more appropriate."

In this note I have, as the reviewer says, tacitly repudiated the belief in "spontaneous generation;" and that I have done this in such a way as to leave open the door for the interpretation given by him is true. Indeed, the fact that Dr. Child, whose criticism is a sympathetic one, puts the same construction on this note, proves that your reviewer has but drawn what seems to be a necessary inference. Nevertheless, the inference is one which I did not intend to be drawn.

In explanation, let me at the outset remark that I am placed at a disadvantage in having had to omit that part of the system of philosophy which deals with inorganic evolution. In the original programme will be found a parenthetic reference to this omitted part, which should, as there stated, precede the "Principles of Biology." Two volumes are missing. The closing chapter of the second, were it written, would deal with the evolution of organic matter—the step preceding the evolution of living forms. Habitually carrying with me in thought the contents of this unwritten chapter, I have, in some cases, expressed myself as though the reader had it before him; and have thus rendered some of my statements liable to misconstructions.

Apart from this, however, the explanation of the apparent inconsistency is very simple, if not very obvious. In the first place, I do not believe in the "spontaneous generation" commonly alleged, and referred to in the note; and so little have I associated in thought this alleged "spontaneous generation," which I disbelieve, with the generation by evolution, which I do believe, that the repudiation of the one never occurred to me as liable to be taken for repudiation of the other. That creatures having quite specific structures are evolved in the course of a few hours, without antecedents calculated to determine their specific forms, is to me incredible. Not only the established truths of biology, but the established truths of science in general, negative the supposition that organisms, having structures definite enough to identify them as belonging to known genera and species, can be produced in the absence of forms derived from antecedent organisms of the same genera and species. If there can suddenly be imposed on simple protoplasm the organization which constitutes it a *Paramacium*,* I see no reason why animals of greater complexity, or indeed of any complexity, may not be constituted after the same manner. In brief, I do not accept these alleged facts as exemplifying evolution, because they imply something immensely beyond that which evolution, as I understand it, can achieve.

In the second place, my disbelief extends not only to the alleged cases of "spontaneous generation," but to every case akin to them. The very conception of spontaneity is wholly incongruous with the conception of evolution. For this reason regard as objectionable Mr. Darwin's phrase "spontaneous variation" (as indeed he does himself); and I have sought to show that there are always assignable causes of variation. No form of evolution, inorganic or organic, can be spontaneous; in every instance the antecedent forces must be adequate in their quantities, kinds, and distributions, to work the observed

effects. Neither the alleged cases of "spontaneous generation," nor any imaginable cases in the least allied to them, fulfil this requirement.

If, accepting these alleged cases of "spontaneous generation," I had assumed, as the reviewer seems to do, that the evolution of organic life commenced in an analogous way, then, indeed, I should have left myself open to a fatal criticism. This supposed "spontaneous generation" habitually occurs in menstrua that contain either organic matter, or matter originally derived from organisms; and such organic matter, proceeding in all known cases from organisms of a higher kind, implies the preëxistence of such higher organisms. By what kind of logic, then, is it inferrible that organic life was initiated after a manner like that in which *Infusoria* are said to be now spontaneously generated? Where, before life commenced, were the superior organisms from which these lowest organisms obtained their organic matter? Without doubting that there are those who, as the reviewer says, "can penetrate deeper than Mr. Spencer has done into the idea of universal evolution," and who, as he contends, prove this by accepting the doctrine of "spontaneous generation," I nevertheless think that I can penetrate deep enough to see that a tenable hypothesis respecting the origin of organic life must be reached by some other clew than that furnished by experiments on decoction of hay and extract of beef. Having thus briefly stated what I do not believe in relation to this subject, I will pass in another communication to what I do believe.

ARE WE WOMANIZING?

IT has been said, and apparently not without reason, that the peculiarly dry air of this continent has served to produce some remarkable physical peculiarities in our people. That we are, as a rule, spare, pale, and nervous, while our cousins of England are as generally plump, sanguine, and ruddy, has long been an admitted fact; and on what he has been pleased to consider our gradual desiccation, as indicated by this circumstance, an ingenious Frenchman has not hesitated to state his conviction that we were approaching the monkey type. The fingers, says this pleasant Gaul, of America are lengthening, and assuming such terminal sharpness as to indicate simial tendencies. So well appreciated, indeed, he continues, are these tendencies, that gloves made in Paris for the American trade are constructed upon a system of rules, as to the length of the fingers, that does not prevail in the case of goods made for consumption by any other kid-wearing people. Further than this, he proceeds to consider the coming ape as portended in the jaw of the period; but, as at this rate we would infallibly be gifted with tails, with which, by-the-by, we believe our *savant* does, in *futuro*, endow us, let us come to a theory of our own.

It is this. Are we *womanizing* in mind? Are we losing in strength and gaining in sweetness? Forgetting how to reason, and learning how to feel? Let us see. The distinguishing characteristic of the masculine intellect is continuity; the prominent feature of the woman's mind, intensity. These traits appear strongly in the handwriting of the sexes. The man seldom lifts his pen from the paper, save where the necessities of the occasion impel him; with the woman it is the exception rather than the rule that her strokes connect and letters join. Such a thing as a dash from the end of one word to the beginning of another, without removing the pen from the paper, is, perhaps, almost unknown in feminine chirography. The reason is evident. On that one particular thing which the woman has in hand at a given moment of time, whether the formation of a written letter in a word, or an expression of admiration at a new dress, she throws herself *toto corpore*. It is not a part of her that is there, but the whole of her. She is intense. To the contrary, it is very

* See Museum, page 572.

difficult to touch any one given stop in that instrument called Man, and thereby make the whole organism thrill. He will wait, the man will; he is not so sure about that; he must think it over. This thought that has come blazing in upon him has not taken him by storm, by any means. The entire man is not there to be taken; a great part of the army is always in the rear, and not till this has come up and formed its junction is it decided whether to retreat, surrender, or repulse—evade, assent, or deny. This does not take so long to do as it does to write about, but still it conveys the idea of interval, while the operation of the woman mind is, instantaneity.

And now are we womanizing? Are we gaining speed, like those leggy English racers, at the cost of wind and bottom? There is some reason to think that we are. The texture of our logic is not what it should be, certainly not what it is in England, and most assuredly below that of France. This relaxation of the mental fibre is especially evident in the daily press, though here the fact of thought being, to use a hunting phrase, "in a drive," must be taken into account, since, otherwise, much that is due to haste or carelessness might be ascribed to more serious causes. But in periodical literature and in our books there are not these excuses, and yet here, too, we find an increase of intensity at the cost of continuity. It seems, in short, though in a sense not before dreamed of, an age of "modern instances." Particular cases are generalized into rules with a celerity that speaks much for our brilliancy, but very little indeed for our soundness. To illustrate, we met the other day in a paper the broad head-line "Life in the West." The article immediately following was a telegram from some far Western State, giving an account of a distressing quarrel, in which two men had fought, and one killed the other with a bowie-knife. It was not stated but that in any Eastern city there might have been an affair similar in its incidents, nor was the allegation made that the homicide was other than an exceptional occurrence in the locality indicated in the telegram, as indeed the existence of the telegram itself proved, since an every-day matter would not have been deemed important enough to telegraph. And yet, though this was an exceptional case, and might have occurred anywhere, the title to the intelligence was "Life in the West," leaving the inference, of course, that cutting people open with bowie-knives is quite the ordinary thing in Western society. And that this *was* the idea in the mind of the journalist when preparing a title for his telegram the reader can readily perceive. Murder was evidently the editorial reasoning, murder in the West; hang it, they are *always* killing folks out there, and down went the heading "Life in the West." Now this kind of reasoning is not masculine, but feminine. A thoroughly masculine mind would say, Man killed—sad affair; and down it would go as "A Man killed at —." The difference is noticeable. The masculine mind perceives that it is one man killed at one point, and records it as just what it is, an instance. The womanized mind instantly generalizes the special point into the whole West, and the particular slayer into the general tendency of the entire population. This is precisely the feminine mode of ratiocination. At the mention of a man slashed to death, the blood and gashes intensify themselves before the woman. Where was he killed? Out West. "Ugh!" she cries, "I wouldn't live out West for the world."

With this the reader is in possession of what we mean by the womanizing tendency of American mind, and may form his own estimate as to how far that tendency prevails. For our own part, we are inclined to believe that it exists to a much greater extent than is altogether consistent with a state of general intellectual health. That it makes men more sympathetic is no doubt true, but quite as true, we fancy, that it renders them less just. Woman is more sympathetic than man, and yet a chief justice, bench, bar, and jury, in petticoats, would be apt to make wild work with any ordinary docket, tutor them

as you might in the learning of the law. That rigid continuity of thought which has reflection for its synonyme is not for woman, and yet if man recedes from it while woman does not approach, it is easy to see that the correlation of mental forces becomes impaired.

The practical effect of this derangement is often grievous, for there are not lacking those who, while free from it themselves, do not scruple to use it in others for their own purposes. A remarkable instance of such use we remember in a late debate in Congress, where one of the most sinewy and thoroughly masculine minds in the House, adduced, as the ground of a proposed act of legislation that would have greatly affected at least four million persons, a very remarkable, and, so far as our reading and observation go, altogether unparalleled circumstance of a purely personal nature. To suppose that the fallacy of his generalization was not known to the member in question would be to insult an exceedingly acute intelligence, and that, knowing it to be a fallacy, he yet put it forth as good reason in a singular evidence of his belief in, and disposition to take advantage of, a prevalent deterioration of the American logical tone. To generalize instances, then; to make the exception, not the proof of the rule, but *the* rule, is the peculiarity, we repeat, of the feminine intellect, and the question is, whether the masculine mind is not exhibiting a tendency to the same mode of ratiocination, or, in other words—Are we womanizing?

S. D.

VICTOR HUGO: "L'HOMME QUI RIT."

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ONCE only in my life I have seen the likeness of Victor Hugo's genius. Crossing over when a boy from Ostend, I had the fortune to be caught in mid-channel by a thunder-storm, strong enough to delay the packet some three good hours over the due time. About midnight the thunder-cloud was right overhead, full of incessant sound and fire, lightening and darkening so rapidly that it seemed to have life, and a delight in its life. At the same hour the sky was clear to the west, and all along the sea-line there sprang and sank a straying or restless dance or chase of summer lightnings across the lower sky: a race and riot of lights, beautiful and rapid as a course of shining Oceanides, along the tremulous floor of the sea. Eastward, at the same moment, the space of clear sky was higher and wider, a splendid semicircle of too intense purity to be called blue; it was of no color namable by man; and midway in it, between the storm and the sea, hung the motionless full moon—Artemis, watching with a serene splendor of scorn the battle of Titans and the revel of nymphs, from her stainless and Olympian summit of divine indifferent light. Underneath and about us the sea was paved with flame; the whole water trembled and hissed with phosphoric fire; even through the wind and thunder I could hear the crackling and sputtering of the water-sparks. In the same heaven and in the same hour there shone at once the three contrasted glories, golden and fiery and white, of morn-light, and of the double lightnings, forked and sheet; and under all this miraculous heaven lay a flaming floor of water.

That, in a most close and exact symbol, is the best possible definition I can give of Victor Hugo's genius. And the impression of that hour was upon me the impression of his mind—physical, as it touched the nerves with a more vivid passion of pleasure than music or wine; spiritual, as it exalted the spirit with the senses, and, above them, to the very summit of vision and delight. It is no fantastic similitude, but an accurate likeness of two causes working to the same effect. There is nothing but that delight like the delight given by some of his works. And it is because his recent book has not seldom given it me again that I have any thing here to say of it.

It is a book to be rightly read—not by the lamplight of realism, but by the sunlight of his imagination reflected upon ours. Only so shall we see it as it is, much less understand it. The beauty it has, and the meaning, are ideal; and therefore cannot be impaired by any want of realism. Error, and violation of likelihood, or fact, which would damn a work of Balzac's or of Thackeray's, cannot ever lower or lessen the rank and value of a work like this. To put it away because it has not the great and precious qualities of their school, but

those of a school quite different, is just as wise as it would be, on the other hand, to assault the fame of Bacon on the ground that he has not written in the manner of Shakespeare; or Newton's, because he has not written like Milton. This premised, I shall leave the dissection of names and the anatomy of probabilities to the things of chatter and chuckle, so well and scientifically defined long since by Mr. Charles Reade as "anonymmiculæ who go scribbling about;" there is never any lack of them; and it will not greatly hurt the master poet of an age that they should shriek and titter, cackle and tread inaudibly behind his heels. It is not every demigod who is vulnerable there.

This book has in it, so to say, a certain elemental quality. It is great because it deals greatly with great emotion. It is a play played out not by human characters only—wind and sea, thunder and moonlight, have their parts too to fill. Nor is this all; for it is itself a thing like these things, living, as it were, an elemental life. It pierces and shakes the very roots of passion. It catches and bends the spirit as Pallas caught Achilles and bent him by the hair. Were it not so, this would be no child of the master's; but so, as always, it is. Here, too, the birth-mark of the great race is visible.

It is not, whatever it may seem, a novel or a study, historical or social. What touches on life or manners, we see to be accidental by-play as soon as we see what the book is indeed—the story of the battle of a human spirit, first with Fate, then with the old three subordinate enemies, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. And here I will say where the flaw, as I think, lies; for, like other great things, a great book must have a flaw. The Flesh and the Devil, Josiane and Barkilphedro, are perfect; the World is drawn wrong. And the reason is not far to seek. We all brush daily against the Flesh and the Devil, we must all rub shoulders and shake hands with them, and they are always much the same at root, only stronger and weaker with this man than with that; therefore it needs only the hand of a great poet to paint them greatly, after their true and very likeness. But the World is multiform. To paint one aright of its many faces, you must have come close enough on that side to breathe the breath of its mouth and see by the light of its eyes. No accumulation of fact upon fact, gleaned and laid up never so carefully, will avail you instead. Titian himself cannot paint without colors. Here we have canvas and easel duly made ready, but the colors are not to be had. In other words, there are many curious and accurate details painfully studied and stored up for use; but, alas! it is only for misuse. Here are many social facts rightly retailed and duly laid out side by side, but no likeness of social life. Here are the Mohocks of the day, for example, much as we find them in Swift; here is often visible even a vexatious excess of labor in the research of small things; useless, because the collector of them has never applied his spirit to the spirit of the time in which these small things played, in passing, their small parts. He cannot, because that time has no attraction for him on any one side to temper the repulsion he feels from another side of it. Pure hate and scorn of an age or a people destroy the faculty of observation, much more of description, even in the historic mind; what, then, will they do in the poetic? Doubtless there has been, as doubtless there is now, much that is hateful and contemptible in social matters, English or other; much also, as certainly, that is admirable and trustworthy. Doubtless, too, at one time and another there has been more visible of evil and shameful than of noble and good. But there can never have been a time of unmixed good or evil; and he only who has felt the pulse of an age can tell us how fast or slow its heart really beat toward evil or toward good. A man who writes of a nation, or a time, however bad and base in the main, without any love for it, cannot write of it well. A great English poetess has admirably said that a poet's heart may be large enough to hold two nations. Victor Hugo's, apart from his heroic love of man, a love matchless except by Shelley's, holds two nations especially close, two of the greatest. It has often been said he is French and Spanish; that is, he loves France and Spain, the spirit of them attracts his spirit; but he does not love England. There are great Englishmen whom no man has praised more nobly than he; but the spirit of historic England has no attraction for him. Hence, far more important than any passing errors of grotesque nomenclature or misplaced detail, the spiritual and ingrained error of the book, seen only from its social or historic side. We catch nowhere for a moment the mode of English life in the reign of Anne. Those for whom I write will know, and will see, that I do not write as a special pleader for a country or a class, as one who will

see no spot in England or nobility. But, indeed, it is an abuse of words to say that England is governed or misgoverned by her aristocracy. A republican, studying where to strike, should read better the blazon on his enemy's shield. "England," I have heard it said, "is not 'a despotism tempered by epigrams,' but a plutocracy modified by accidents."

Enough now of the flaws and failures in this work; "enough, with over-measure." We have yet before us the splendor of its depths and heights. Entering the depths first, we come upon the evil spirit of the place. Barkilphedro, who plays here the part of devil, is a bastard offspring of Iago and Madame de Mortmille: having something of both, but diminished and degraded; combining, for instance, the deep demoniac calm of the lifelong patience. He has too much inward heat of discontent, too much fever and fire, to know their perfect peace of spirit, the equable element of their souls, the quiet of mind in which they live and work out their work at leisure. He does not sin at rest: there is somewhat of fume and fret in his wickedness. There is the peace of the devil, which passeth all understanding. He, though like them sinning for sin's sake, and hating for the love of hate, has yet a too distinct and positive quality of definable evil. He is actually ungrateful, envious, false. Of them we cannot say that they are thus or thus; in them there is a purity and simplicity of sin, which has no sensible components; which cannot be resolved by analysis into this evil quality and that. Barkilphedro, as his maker says with profound humor, "has his faults." We fear that a sufficient bribe might even tempt him into virtue for a moment, seduce him to soil, by a passing slip, the virginity of vice. Nevertheless, as the evil spirit of envy rather than the devil absolute, he is a strong spirit and worth study. The few chapters full of fiery eloquence and a passion bitter as blood, in which his evil soul is stripped and submitted to vivisection, contain, if read aright, the best commentary ever written on Iago. We see now at last, what no scholiast on Shakespeare shows us, how the seed may be sown and watered which in season shall bring forth so black a blossom, a poison—so acrid and so sure.

In this poem, as in the old pictures, we see the serpent writhing, not fangless, under the foot of an angel, and in act of bruising, as of old, the heel that bruises his head. Only this time it is hardly an angel of light. Unconscious of her office as another St. Michael, the Angel of the Flesh treads under the unconquerable devil. Seen but once in full, the naked glory of the Titaness irradiates all one side of the poem with excess and superfluity of splendor.

Among the fields and gardens, the mountain heights and hollows, of Victor Hugo's vast poetic kingdom, there are strange superb inmates, bird and beast of various fur and feather, but as yet there was nothing like this. Balzac, working with other means, might have given us, by dint of anxious anatomy, some picture of the virgin harlot. A marvelous study we should have had, one to burn into the brain and brand the memory for ever; but rather a thing to admire than desire. The magnetism of beauty, the effluence of attraction, he would not have given us. But now we have her from the hands of a poet as well as student, new-blown and actual as a gathered flower, in warm bloom of blood and breath, clothed with live color, fair with significant flesh, passionately palpable. This we see first and feel, and after this the spirit. It is a strange beast that hides in this den of roses. Such have been, however, and must be. "We are all a little mad, beginning with Venus." Her maker's definition is complete; "a possible Astarte latent in an actual Diana." She is not morally spotless in body; she is perverse, not unclean. There is nothing of foulness in the mystic rage of her desire. She is indeed "stainless and shameless;" to be unclean is common, and her "divine depravity" will touch nothing common or unclean. She has seven devils in her, and upon her not a fleck of filth. She has no more in common with the lewd low hirelings of the baser school of realism, than a creature of the brothel and the street has in common with the Thénads who rent in sunder the living limbs of Orpheus. We seem to hear about ever the beat and clash of the terrible timbrels—the music that Æschylus set to verse, the music that made mad, the upper notes of the psalm, shrill and strong as a sea-wind, the "bull-voiced" bellowing under-song of these dread choristers from somewhere out of sight, the tempest of tambourines giving back thunder to the thunder, the fury of divine lust that thickened with human blood the hill-streams of Cithæron.

A great poet can perfect his picture with strangely few touches. We see Virgilia as clearly as Imogen; we see Dea as clearly as Esmeralda. Yet Imogen pervades the action of *Cymbeline*, Virgilia

hardly speaks in crossing the stage of *Coriolanus*. It is not easy to write at all about the last chapters of the book; something divine is there, impalpable and indefinable. I must steal the word I want; they are "written as in tears and star-fire." Or, to take Shakespeare's words after Carlyle's, they are "most dearly sweet and bitter." The pathos of *Æschylus* is no more like Dante's, Dante's no more like Shakespeare's, than any of these is like Hugo's. Every master of pathos has a key of his own to unlock the source of tears, or of that passionate and piteous pleasure which lies above and under the region of tears. Some, like Dante, condense the whole agony of a life into one exquisite and bitter drop of distilled pain. Others, like Shakespeare, translate it pang by pang into a complete cadence and symphony of suffering. Between *Lear* and *Ugolino* the balance can never be struck. Charles Lamb, we may remember, spent hours on the debate with a friend who upheld Dante's way of work against Shakespeare's. On which side we are to range the greatest poet of our own age, there can be no moment of question. I am not sure that he has ever touched the keys of sorrow with surer hand or deeper music than here. There is nothing in his work of a more heavenly kind; yet, or it may be because, every word has in it the vibration of earthly emotion; but through it rather than above, there grows and pierces a note of divine tenderness, the very passion of pity that before this has made wise men mad. Even more than the pathos of this close, its purity and exaltation are to be noted; nothing of common is there, nothing of theatrical. And indeed it needed the supreme sweetness of Dea's reappearance, a figure translucent with divine death, a form of flesh that the light of heaven shines through more and more as the bodily veil wears thinner and consumes, to close with music and the luminous vision of a last comfort, a book so full of the sound and shine of storm. With the clamor and horror yet in our ears of that raging eloquence in which the sufferer flings into the faces of prosperous men the very flame and hell-fire of his suffering, it needed no less than this to leave the mind exalted and reconciled. But this dew of heaven is enough to quench or allay the flames of any hell. There are words of a sweetness unsurpassable, as these: "Tout cela s'en va, et il n'y aura plus de charbon." And upon all these dwells the measureless and nameless peace of night upon a still sea. To this quiet we have been led through all the thunder and tumult of things fatal, from the tempestuous overture of storm and whirlwind; from sea again to sea. There is a divine and terrible harmony in this chorus of the play, secretly and strangely sustained, yet so that on a full reading we feel it, though at first sight or hearing it must be missed.

Of the master's unequalled power upon natural things, upon the elements we call inanimate, knowing even less the laws of their life than of ours, there is happily no need, as surely there are no words, to speak. Part of this power we may recognize as due to the subtle and deep admixture of moral emotion and of human sentiment with the mysterious motion and passion of Nature. Thus, in "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*," the wind and the sea gain strength and depth from the human figure set to fight them; from the depth and strength of the incarnate spirit so doing and suffering. Thus in this book there is a new sense and a new sublimity added to the tempest by the remorse of men sinking at once under sin and storm, drowned under a double weight of deeds and waves.

Not even in that other book is the supreme mastery of Nature, the lordship of the forces of things, more admirable and wonderful than throughout the first part of this. He who could think to describe might think to rival it. But of one point I cannot but take note; there is nothing, even at the height of tragic horror, repellant, ugly, hateful. It has been said there is, and will be said again; for how should there not be distorted and envious tongues in the world? Indeed a monster is no pleasant playfellow, the "tree of man's making" bears a fearful fruit; the monstrous maidenhood of Josiane is no sister to the starry virginity of Dea; but how has the great poet handled these things? The mutilation of a child's face is a thing unbearable for thought to rest on, but have we not seen first the face of an heroic soul? Far elsewhere than in the work of our sovereign poet must we look for the horror which art will have none of, which Nature flings back with loathing in the bringer's face. If not, we of this time, who love and serve his art, should indeed be in a bad case. But upon this matter we cannot permit the blind and nameless leaders of the nameless blind to decide for us. Let the serious and candid student look again for himself and see. That "fight of the dead with the dark," that swinging of carrion-birds

with the swing of the gibbeted carrion, might have been so done into words as to beget in us mere loathing; but how is it done here? The mighty manner of Victor Hugo has given to this ghastly matter something even of a horrible charm—a shocking splendor of effect. The rhythmic horror of the thing penetrates us not with loathing, but with a tragic awe and terror as at a real piece of the wind's work, an actual caprice of the night's, a portion of the tempest of things. So it is always; handle what he may, the touch of a great poet will leave upon it a spell to consume and transmute whatever a weaker touch would leave in it of repulsion.

Whether or not we are now speaking of a great poet, of a name imperishable, is not a question which can be gravely deliberated. I have only to record my own poor conviction, based on some study and comparison of the men, that precisely as we now think of those judges who put Fletcher above Shakespeare, Cowley above Milton, the paid poets of Richelieu beside Corneille, and I know not whom beside Molière, will the future think of those judges who would place any poet of his age by the side of Victor Hugo. Nor has his age proved poor—it has rather been singularly rich—in men and in poets really and greatly admirable. But even had another done as well once and again as the master himself, who has done so well as his master? Had he done but half, had he done but a tenth of his actual work, his supremacy, being less incontestable, would no doubt have been less contested. A parsimonious poet calculates well for his own time. Had Victor Hugo granted us but one great play—say "*Marion de Lorme*," but one great lyric work, say "*Les Contemplations*," but one great tragic play, say any one you please—the temptation to decry and denounce him by comparison would have been less; for with the tribe of *Barkilphedro* the strength of this temptation grows with the growth of the benefit conferred. And very patent is that tribe in the world of men and of letters.

As for me, I am not careful to praise or dispraise by comparison at all. I am not curious to inquire what of apparent or of actual truth there may be in any charge brought against the doer of the greatest things done, the giver of the greatest gifts given among men in our time. Goethe found his way of work mechanical and theatrical; Milton also lived to make oblique recantation of his early praise of Shakespeare; we may and should wish this otherwise: yet none the less are they all great men. It may be there is perceptible in Victor Hugo something too much of positive intention, of prepossession, of composition and forethought: what if there were? One question stands forth first and last—Is the work done good work and great, or not? A lesser question is this—these that we find to be faults, are they qualities separable from the man's nature? Could we have his work without them? If not, and if his work be great, what will it profit us to blame them or to regret? First, at all events, let us have the sense to enjoy it, and the grace to give thanks. What, for example, if there be in this book we have spoken of errors of language, errors historical or social? Has it not throughout a mighty hold upon men and things, the godlike strength to grasp which only a great man can have of them? And for quiet power of hand, for scornful sureness of satiric truth, what can exceed his study of the queen of England (*Anne*)? Has it not been steeped in the tears and the fire of live emotion? If the style be overcharged and overshadowing with bright sharp strokes and points, these are no fireworks of any mechanic's fashion: these are the phosphoric flashes of the sea-fire running on the depth of the limitless and living sea. Enough, that the book is great and heroic, tender and strong; full from end to end of divine and passionate love, of holy and ardent pity for men that suffer wrong at the hands of men; full, not less, of lyric loveliness and lyric force; and I for one am content to be simply glad and grateful: content in that simplicity of spirit to accept it as one more benefit at the hands of the supreme singer now living among us the beautiful and lofty life of one loving the race of men he serves, and of them in all time to be beloved.

ON THE SURVIVAL OF SAVAGE THOUGHT IN MODERN CIVILIZATION.

By E. B. TYLOR.

THE present argument is concerned with portions of the vast mass of evidence bearing on the subject of the development of culture, of which some examples were discussed by the speaker two years since in a discourse on the *Early Mental Condition of Man*. It is now

proposed to change the point of view, and, taking for granted an early rude condition of mankind, to explain some phenomena of our present civilization as being traceable survivals from more primitive states of culture.

Among the most important uses of the study of survival in civilization, is the light it throws on superstition. Three times out of four superstition is a case of survival. When the Hindu Brahman, making his sacrifice, has to forget his flint and steel, and go back to the simple wooden fire-drill for making fire by friction, one Brahman pulling the thong backward and forward, and another standing with tinder to catch the sacred spark, he believes that he keeps up this time-honored process in order to obtain pure and holy fire; but we see that it is a rude old primitive art, long discarded in practical life, but retained for ceremonial use: in a word, it is a survival.

Thus it is with superstition. Some old belief or custom belonging to a low level of culture is carried on into the midst of a higher civilization which practically disowns it, and such relics of ancient thought not only survive, but sometimes revive with wonderful vigor. Mediæval witchcraft is a typical instance; it was no new product of mediævalism, but a revival in principle, and mostly even in detail, from the crudest savage sorcery, which had been carried along the course of civilization till, finding in mediæval life a congenial soil, it burst out afresh, and grew apace, like the ill weed it was.

Witchcraft is all but dead among us, but there is going on at this day a great revival of belief and philosophy from the same low stage of culture to which belongs the witchcraft of the New Zealander or of the Puritan of the Commonwealth. Some details of the ethnography of spiritualism will serve to show that it is an example of savage thought surviving in modern civilization.

The world-wide doctrine of spiritual beings has been described before by the general name of Animism. Animism is the doctrine of all men who believe in active spiritual beings; it is essentially the antagonist of materialism, and in some form or other it is the religion of mankind, from the rude savage of the Australian bush or the Brazilian forest, up to the most enlightened Christian. Now, Animism in the lower civilization is not only a religion, but also a philosophy; it has to furnish rational explanations of one phenomenon after another, which we treat as belonging to biology or physics. If a man is alive and moving, the animistic explanation is that his soul, a thin, ethereal, not immaterial being in the man's likeness, is within him animating him, just as one gets inside a coat and moves it. If the man sleeps and dreams, then either the soul has gone out of him to see sights that he will remember when he wakes, or it is lying quiet in his body, receiving visits from the spirits of other people, dead or alive—visits which we call dreams. If the man, when fasting or sick, sees a vision, this is a ghost or some other spirit; if he faints or falls into a fit, his soul has gone out of him for a time, and must be recalled with mystic ceremonies; if it returns, he recovers, but, if it stays away permanently, then the man is dead. If the man takes a fever or goes mad, then it is a spirit which is hovering about the patient, shaking and maltreating him; or it has got inside him, and is driving him, tearing him, speaking and crying by his voice.

These details are only a few out of the great system of savage animism, which accounts for what we call physical cause and effect as produced by the immediate action of spiritual beings; but even these are enough to show that it is far from being nonsense, that in fact it is a highly rational theory for men in a low state of knowledge. It is common to hear the religion of savages spoken of with contempt by those who have never realized its meaning or its place in history, but it is surely unjust to despise a religion which is abreast of the highest intellectual level of the people it prevails among, and which is part and parcel of their most advanced knowledge.

This early animistic doctrine is to a great degree superseded by science, which sees in dreams and visions, not objective spiritual visits, but subjective phenomena of the mind, and regards the afflicted cataleptic now no longer as doctor, but as patient. Yet it survives largely in popular belief, and has even from time to time come up vigorously in revivals. One of these revivals is the great modern Spiritualistic movement, a movement due to many men, but perhaps especially, though indirectly, to the intensely animistic teachings of one man, Emanuel Swedenborg. In comparing savage and barbaric with modern spiritualism, it will be better to give typical cases rather than to multiply details.

As the Australian native sorcerer or the Tartar shaman lies in

lethargy while his soul departs to the land of spirits, so it is usual in modern spiritualistic narratives for persons to be in an insensible state when their apparitions visit distant places, whence they bring back information, and where they communicate with the living. The Greenland *angekok* sees in his visions the souls of the dead; they are pale and soft, and he who tries to seize them feels nothing, for they have no flesh, nor bone, nor sinew. Among the Finns the professional shaman can see the ghosts of the dead, but they are not visible to common men except in dreams. Thus the apparitions of the dead are seen by the modern spiritualist in vision or dream, as the case may be. Swedenborg relates that for twenty-seven years he conversed with the departed spirits of relatives and friends, or kings and princes, and wise men; and he protests that these are not fictions of the imagination, as many will believe, but really seen and heard in a state of complete wakefulness. There may be some here who have visited the house of a great living French novelist, and have seen the arm-chair where the spirits of the dead sit and hold converse with him—there is a chain fastened across the seat to keep out profane visitors.

When the soul is liberated at death, is a suitable moment for it to appear to people in whom it takes an interest; and accordingly the wraith or fetch, the apparition which announces death, occupies in savage psychology the intermediate place between the outgoing soul of the living and the ghost of the dead. The Karens say a man's *la*, or spirit, appearing after death, may thus announce it; the Caribs give the name of *marangigoana* to souls, which by their appearance announce impending death; in Madagascar, the *amibiroa*, or apparition which announces death, appears not only to others but even to the dying man himself. Thence we trace on the belief into the lives of the saints, as where, when St. Ambrose died, newly-baptized children saw the apparition of the holy bishop, and pointed him out to their parents; but their grosser eyes could not behold him. Folk-lore kept up the wraith in Europe as part of the well-known Highland second-sight. Fifty years ago, Macculloch, in his "Description of the Western Islands," declared the old superstition to be dying out; "ceasing to be believed, it has ceased to exist." But, if he had lived now, he would have to finish his sentence, "coming to be believed, again, it has again begun to exist." Stories of wraiths are among the most habitual phenomena of the "night side of Nature." The mass of apparition stories in spiritualistic books are of types so familiar that it is needless to quote examples from them.

Among savage animists it is to be observed that there always arises a class of professional conjurors, who live in special intercourse with the spirits and perform wonders by their aid. One of the old Moravian missionaries, a century ago, gives an account of the way in which the Greenland sorcerers used to go on their spirit journey to the other world. When the *angekok* has drummed and writhed about for a while, he is bound by one of his pupils, his head between his legs, and his hands behind his back. The lamps are put out and the windows darkened, for no one must see him hold intercourse with his spirit; no one must move or even scratch his head, that the spirit may not be interfered with; or rather, as the old missionary says, that no one may catch the sorcerer at his trickery, and there is no going up to heaven in broad daylight. At last, after strange noises have been heard, and a visit received from or paid to the spirit, the magician reappears unbound, but pale and excited, and gives an account of his adventures. The Ojibway conjurors also do this untying trick; and across in Siberia the shamans practice the same coarse juggle. The shaman sits down and is bound hand and foot, the shutters are shut, and he invokes the spirits; all at once there arises a ghostly horror in the dark—voices are heard in different parts, and a rattling and drumming on the dry skin the shaman sits on; bears growl, snakes hiss, squirrels leap about the room. At last it is over, and behold, in walks the shaman free and unbound from outside. No one doubts, says Castren, that it was the spirits who were drumming, growling, and hissing in the yurt, and who released the shaman from his bonds. The unbinding trick is not unknown in English folk-lore, and it is needless to point out the similarity in the exhibition of the Davenport Brothers.

Savage animism flourishes in Central Asia, where the lamas have long been great practitioners in the now familiar art of table-moving. To quote only one instance: John Bell, of Antermony, one hundred and fifty years ago, describes the process of finding a thief who had stolen some damask. The lama got on a four-legged bench, "and soon carried it, or, as was commonly believed, it carried

him to the very tent, when he ordered the damask to be produced. The demand was directly complied with; for it is in vain, in such cases, to offer any excuse."

One of the most celebrated of modern spiritual manifestations is the feat of rising in the air. This, if not savage, has a long and curious ethnographic history. It is familiar to Buddhism, where every saint who has attained to "riddhi," or perfection, is able to rise in the air, as also to overturn the earth and stop the sun. The appearance of the miracle in the Western World belongs, it seems, to classic times; foreign conjurors were exhibiting it to the Greeks in the first century. After a while it became a regular prodigy of Christian miracle. The Lives of the Saints swarm with it. St. Dominic, St. Dunstan, St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius Loyola, are among the list of saints who not only metaphorically "rose above the earth," but were thought, particularly by biographers a long while after they were dead, to have literally hung suspended in the air in life. Thus, when St. Richard, the Chancellor to St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, one day softly opened the chapel door to see why the archbishop did not come to dinner, he saw him raised high in air with knees bent and arms stretched out; falling gently to the ground at sight of the intruder, the prelate complained of being thus hindered of great spiritual delight and comfort. The old archbishop's mantle, or some remnant of it, has now descended on Mr. Home.

As to the means by which disembodied spirits communicate with living men: In the first place, they appear in visions or dreams, and talk with the living; and here the opinion of the modern spiritualist is absolutely identical with that of the savage. But the modern medium may also introduce into spiritual converse arts unknown to savage life—spelling and writing. Rapping spirits are so far savage in principle that, if one told a North-American Indian that mysterious knocks were done by a spirit, he would assent at once, for any mysterious noise is to his mind the action of a spirit. But savages do not seem to have selected a special class of knocking spirits, though this spirit abounds in civilized folk-lore. He is the "knocker" the Welshman hears underground; the "poltergeist" who routs about in German peasants' houses; the "vampire" who tumbles about the furniture in Crete. The spirits had begun to answer questions by knocks, as Dr. A. Bastian has shown, in the middle ages. The device of an alphabet of counted raps—1 for A, 2 for B, etc.—was adopted in America to communicate between disembodied and embodied spirits. Scientific spirits, it is alleged, and especially Franklin's spirit, have contrived to adapt electro-magnetic vital forces to produce the rapping sound. That the messages the spirits send are at the intellectual level of the mediums who receive them, need hardly be said; they are so foolish that intelligent spiritualists habitually apologize for them, and *spiritual* may indeed some day become a word for "silly."

Spirit writing, though, of course, not belonging to unlettered savages, has a curious ethnography. It is well known in China. When a man wishes to consult a god in this way, he places a table before the image, with candles and incense, an offering of tea and sham money, and a large platter filled with sand. A V-shaped wooden handle is provided, with a sharp tooth at its point; two men hold this instrument, each grasping one leg of it, the point resting on the sand. Then the god is invoked, and his spirit descends and guides the pen, which wriggles about in the sand and writes the oracular message. Dr. Bastian, to whom we owe so much valuable information as to the ethnography of spiritualism, adds that, when the sprig of the sacred apricot-tree is broken to make the spirit-pen, the precaution is taken of scratching a suitable apology on the bark of the tree. There are old European accounts of writing with a spirit-guided pen, and there is an instrument, called a "planchette," made and sold in London now, a little tripod with a pencil, which two persons place their hands on, and wait for a disembodied spirit to guide them to write messages.

It appears, however, that spirits can dispense with such material instruments. We remember how, during the Council of Nicæa, two of the bishops, Chrysanthus and Mysonius, happened inconveniently to die; so the acts of the council were solemnly laid on their tombs, and were found in the morning with the dead men's subscription—thus, "Although removed from earth, we have signed the volume with our own hands." This proceeding has been renewed in our own day. For example, the Baron de Guldenstubbé has published a book, "Pneumatologie Positive et Expérimentale," in which he says that the spirits of the departed do hover near their tombs, and haunt

places where they dwell "during their terrestrial incarnation." Louis XV. and Marie Antoinette roam about the Trianon; Francis I. manifests himself at Fontainebleau; and, what is more, if you leave blank pieces of paper in suitable places, they will concentrate an electric current on it by their force of will, and thus impress characters on the paper. The baron publishes fac-similes of the spirit-writings he got thus: Augustus and Julius Cæsar's near their statues in the Louvre, Abelard and Héloïse at their tomb at Père-la-Chaise, with an inscription that they are united and happy. The alphabetic writing of the surviving ancients is, it must be confessed, rather queer sometimes—as when St. Paul writes himself as *ελχιστος των αποστολων*; when Hippokrates wrote his name, which cured an attack of rheumatism in a few minutes, the virtue of the prescription lay perhaps in the great physician's spelling himself with a long *σ* and a short *ε*.

What is now being discussed is not the positive truth or falsity of the alleged spiritual phenomena and doctrines, but their ethnography. There may be remarkable psychological phenomena, "brain-waves," or what not, involved in what is called spiritualism, as there were unquestionably remarkable morbid phenomena involved in what was called mesmerism. But this is not the question here. It is not merely that the alleged spiritualistic facts are believed in by savages and barbarians, and disowned by civilized science. It is much more than this. It is that the spiritualistic interpretation of the alleged visions, and rappings, and writings, the belief that they are produced by disembodied spirits, belongs to the philosophy of savages. Set a Chinese and an English medium to obtain written missives from the respective spirits they believe in, and let a wild Ojibway Indian look on at the performance. So far as the presence of disembodied spirits goes, possessing the performers and guiding the pencils, or manifesting themselves by raps, or voices, or other actions, the savage would understand and admit it at once, for such things are part of his recognized system of nature: the only part of the affair out of his line would be the art of writing, which does belong to a higher grade of civilization than his. In a word, a modern medium is a red Indian or a Tartar shaman in a dress-coat.

Even supposing the alleged spiritualistic facts to be all true, and the spiritualistic interpretation of them sound, this does not alter the argument. It would prove that savages were wise, and that we civilized fools have degenerated from their superior knowledge. But it would remain true that modern spiritualism is a survival and a revival of savage thought, which the general tendency of civilization and science has been to discard. This is the case of spiritualism as seen from an ethnographic point of view.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

ALL who have observed the tendencies of scientific inquiry within the last few years are aware that a sharp controversy has been going on in relation to what is termed "Spontaneous Generation," that is, whether minute living forms come suddenly into existence without parentage. This idea of "spontaneous generation" is old. It was long ago believed that, when dead bodies putrefy, and little grubs appear, these grubs are generated directly from the decaying flesh. It was, however, found, a couple of hundred years ago, that these worms are hatched from the eggs of insects, and so the doctrine of spontaneous generation, in its ancient and grosser form, had to be abandoned.

With the invention of the microscope, however, a new world of life, of amazing minuteness, which had never before been suspected, was discovered to exist. Little creatures, of which millions might exist in a drop of water, were still found to be regular animals—eating, growing, moving, fighting, loving, multiplying, and dying, just like "superior beings." As they make their appearance in infusions of organic matter, they are termed *Infusoria*. They multiply at an enormously rapid rate. One species of infusoria, visible only under a high magnifying power, is calculated to generate one hundred and seventy billions in four days; and these enormous powers of propagation are accompanied by a minuteness so extreme that of some

species one drop of water would contain as many individuals as there are human beings on the earth.

In connection with these marvellous microscopic revelations, the doctrine of spontaneous generation was revived under a new aspect. If an organic infusion, such as may be made by steeping hay, for example, be left to stand for a short time, the water becomes impregnated with an immense number of animalcules. These creatures are certainly insignificant enough to be extemporized on the slightest occasion, and their appearance so quickly and in such multitudes gave plausibility to the idea that they are actually originated. The adherents of the doctrine of spontaneous generation, or *Heterogeny*, as it is termed, believe that they are directly produced by the spontaneous combination of their constituent atoms.

Dr. Hughes Bennett, a leading English exponent of the doctrine, thus states the case: "These infusoria originate in oleo-albuminous molecules which are formed in organic fluids, and there, under the influence of certain conditions, such as temperature, light, chemical exchanges, density, pressure, composition of atmospheric air and of the fluid, etc., the molecules, by their coalescence, produce the lower forms of vegetable and animal life."

Those who hold the opposite doctrine of *Panspermy*, or origin from germs, reply, first, that the minuteness of these creatures affords no ground for inferring their spontaneous origin. In the order of Nature there is no great and no small; nothing is insignificant; the tiniest and the mightiest alike illustrate the unity of the scheme of law. Secondly. The descent of organisms from preëxisting germs is the actual method which we know that Nature employs in all grades, from the top to the bottom of the scale of life, and no other method can be admitted, except upon explicit and incontestable proof. Thirdly. As for the appearance of infusorial organisms in liquids which a few hours before did not contain them, it is to be explained in accordance with the prevailing plan, until some other method is demonstrated. We know that infusorial germs do exist and float about in the atmosphere. So long as infusions are absolutely cut off from the air, animalcules do not appear, and their appearance when the air is admitted is to be considered due to the entrance of germs or spores with it—until the contrary is proved.

The question now became one of atmospheric germs. The French Academy of Sciences has been the scene of battle for the last ten years, M. Pouchet leading the *heterogenists*, and M. Pasteur leading the *panspermists*. The experimental labor has been skilful and untiring, and the controversy sharp, acrimonious, and personal. Both parties claim the victory, and the doctrine of spontaneous generation remains still unaccepted in the world of science.

But the question has recently come up in a new aspect. A powerful school of biologists has appeared within the last few years, who hold to the doctrine of "development," and undertake to account naturally for the "origin of species." Whatever value may be assigned to this hypothesis, its adherents are known as the strenuous defenders of the principle of natural causation. Now, those who have not looked carefully into the question would naturally expect to find this party adopting the view of "spontaneous generation." But this is not so. The leading minds of the evolution school are among the most resolute and vehement opponents of "spontaneous generation." This perplexes many. The editor of a leading English scientific journal says: "It seems to us a little strange that many among the fiercest opponents of spontaneous generation are yet most implicit believers in the law of natural selection (Darwin's law), and, indeed, in the general principle of evolution. Why this is so we cannot understand." But he will understand it the moment he comprehends the law of evolution.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has been engaged for many years in studying the science of organic life, and has published his views in a work entitled "The Principles of Biology," which

is but a part of a comprehensive philosophical system. The basis of this whole system is the doctrine of evolution, and Mr. Spencer has carried the elucidation of it so much further than any other inquirer as to have made the doctrine eminently his own. This is recognized by the first biologists, so that we may safely accept him as the authorized interpreter of the principle. But Mr. Spencer does not admit the hypothesis of "spontaneous generation;" on the contrary, he holds that the law of evolution contradicts and excludes it. A New-England theologian, who believes in "spontaneous generation," writing in the *North American Review*, has attacked Mr. Spencer's system as unphilosophical, because he rejects it. It is curious to note how strangely things sometimes get transposed. A metaphysical preacher turns up as the out-and-out advocate of "spontaneous generation," while the great rabbi of naturalism, Spencer, is shuffled down to the bottom of the pack as a half-and-half thinker, because he does not go far enough with his naturalism. We publish this week a short communication from Mr. Spencer, replying to the strictures of the *North American Review*, in which he draws a broad line between the origin of life by "evolution" and by "spontaneous generation," and points out the total antagonism between the two doctrines. Evolution, in its very nature, implies slowly-acting causes and slowly-produced effects, and allows no place for "spontaneity." There is no problem in modern thought of such import as that of the origin of life, and the views upon this interesting subject of an able thinker, who has given so much attention to it, cannot fail to command the careful attention of all who care to know any thing of the deeper workings of Nature.

TABLE-TALK.

WITHOUT wishing to limit in the slightest degree the number or the scope of the recreations of the people—rather, indeed, would we, if it were in our power, increase and enlarge them—we still are disposed to question the advantage of public holidays. If it were certain that by abolishing them no absolute curtailment of public pleasures would result (possible only, of course, by every one selecting for himself corresponding days for recreation), we should, on what we consider sound philosophical grounds, advocate their general repeal. Reasoning theoretically, it would seem as if a larger proportion of pleasure would be secured where each person selected for himself his own time and occasion for a holiday, rather than, by having a day arbitrarily appointed for him, be compelled, whether congenial or not, in some sort to observe it. There are certain days, like our New York New Years', on which unanimity is necessary—but on many others the very fact of a general observance renders special enjoyment impossible, by the overcrowding of boats, trains, public parks and gardens, theatres, and other places of resort. It is quite true that the spirit of enjoyment catches some of its fervor by the sympathy of example; but it is also true that a perfect selection of means and ways of enjoyment is not possible on public days. One can neither ride, sail, travel, feast, nor undertake any out-door sport, with the same security or success on public holidays that he can on other days, and this fact often renders them to many persons the most tedious and wearisome periods of the year. And then, even with those who accept these occasions with full intent to enjoy, the violent and forced pleasures pertaining to them are rarely beneficent in effect. A holiday is often, especially with the young, looked forward to with feverish impatience, and followed by a melancholy reaction. Its high excitements render the employments that follow distasteful, and breed a host of discontents. Several days are usually required by a high-pressure holiday pleasure-seeker to recover his equanimity, and this reactionary restlessness, it is obvious, must more than balance the brief enjoyment of the holiday. Men and women, if they hope to secure absolutely this evanescent quality called pleasure, must find it in the things that lie about them—in their ordinary avocations, and along their daily paths. Change of scene, no doubt, is often desirable; recreations are in some cases necessary; but, unless after partaking of recreations, we can return to our duties refreshed, contented, and strengthened, they have done us no good. We cannot make a people happier or merrier by multi-

plying their holidays, as is sometimes argued, but solely by inculcating the spirit of happiness—that readiness for enjoyment which finds in a thousand unpremeditated things its means and its resources. Happiness is too coy, uncertain, and elusive to be seized upon by public proclamation. Governments can scarcely elect for us the occasions for our blisses and our contents. The true holidays of our hearts must come in utter independence of set occasions; and even those physical recreations which our health may require will be enjoyed to far greater advantage in the way and at the time our opportunities suggest, than when prescribed for us by custom or law.

— In the very midst of our complainings as to the excess of burlesque in our theatrical entertainments, we suddenly find the town turning from the yellow-haired beauties of Niblo's, and the riotous nonsense at the Olympic, to shed tears over the sufferings of *Enoch Arden* at Booth's, and of *Dora* at Wallack's. It is a matter of surprise, that the poet who is the least dramatic of all contemporary writers should at the same moment supply material for two of the most popular dramas of the season. Whether the popularity of these plays argues either a familiarity or appreciation of the poet, however, may well be questioned. "*Enoch Arden*" is very close in story to the poem; one loses nothing in seeing it but the beauty of the original, which may be a slight loss to those who are content to accept the strong effects of the stage, and let go by the thousand and one finer touches of the poem. The blank verse is retained in the play, and this puts the actors on their stilts, thereby hopelessly excluding every semblance of genuine nature. Mr. Edwin Adams enacts the hero in a very picturesque, but strained, unnatural manner. The success of the play can only be attributed to the fact that nearly every one has read "*Enoch Arden*," and is eager to see how it appears when personated. "*Dora*" is a much better acting play than "*Enoch Arden*," but departs from the original in incident somewhat, and in character very decidedly. Farmer Allen, as manipulated for the footlights by Mr. Charles Reade, is a boisterous, choleric, self-willed simpleton, and something widely different from the obstinate but high-principled and powerful old man of the poem. But, altogether, the idea of dramatizing for the stage these pure and simple domestic idyls should be highly commended; if the taste of a few is offended by palpable diversions from the original, which must nearly always necessarily occur, that of the many is elevated by examples of character, purpose, and story, that are immeasurably superior to those ordinarily found in recent dramatic literature. The Tennysonian drama is certainly a new incident in our theatrical history, and its success is sufficient to show that, while public taste may be capricious, it rarely is entirely corrupt.

— A writer on the "*Academy*" of 1869, in the July *Fortnightly*, thus breaks out on the subject of originality in art: "Beware of theories, or, if you must use them, use as crutches, to throw them away. Beware of schools, for schools in art are but the lifeless relics of bygone giants. Great men leave schools behind them, as Homer, and Æschylus, and Plato, left matter for Alexandrine grammars—mere bricks and mortar for future artists. The great artist is himself and only, or nothing. In art there is but one theory, and that is truth; and, though the roads to truth be infinite, the end is one—Nature. Study Nature, consult Nature, trust Nature, turn a deaf ear to all but Nature. He who gets the nearest to Nature in the end is the greatest artist, be the road what it may. He who is within a school is no artist, but only a scholar, waiting to become an artist. While the scaffolding remains, the temple is not free. What is school? Is it school for mechanism? But, for artistic purposes, mechanical purposes have no value, except as they enable you to get nearer to truth, and in this matter every honest student, who studies for himself, can improve on what is known every day of his life. Is it school for conception? But conception—which has not its root in your own life and your own time is dead! The moment you ask the painters of another age *how* they conceived, you surrender your right to paint at all. You may, indeed, compare your conceptions with theirs, to prove yourself a dwarf, them giants; your age a bastard age, theirs, divine. But, if you wish to rival them, forget them, leave all behind you, and do as they did, take up your staff and follow Nature. As well might you hope to be a Titian by copying Titian, as to be another Newton by lying on his grave."

— A peculiarity of the criminal class is that it exhibits very little versatility, a criminal having once become thoroughly conversant with one branch of crime, or with one mode of committing a particular

crime, rarely attempting any other. Throughout the civilized world the same general classes and the same traits of character are observed to exist, varied only by national peculiarities. French criminals, for instance, even of the lowest grade, have a sort of grim picturesqueness, and many of the well-authenticated exploits of the more noted of them are worthy of figuring in the pages of fiction. M. Du Camp, the writer of a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has given a great amount of attention to the subject, and throws much light upon the peculiar habits of the criminals of Paris, whom he visited in their chosen haunts, and whose confidence he succeeded in gaining. They are classified in grades according to their proficiency, or to the nature of the peculiar form of villainy they adopt as their profession. First of all comes the *escarpe*, who murders systematically as a mode of commencing proceedings; then there are the *faisseurs* or swindlers, who are the most intellectual class of the profession, and after these come a carefully-graded scale of malefactors, ending with the burglars, who are also of various ranks, the highest being the *caroubleurs*, or those who use false keys. After them come the thieving rabble, the *tireurs* or pickpockets, the *rouloteurs*, who steal baggage from carts, the *franca bourgeois* or "sneak thieves," and a hundred other varieties, while above them rank the *sorgueurs* or old style of highwaymen, and the *scionneurs*, or garroters and "footpads."

— The Church of England has a congregation in Florence, the expenses of which are paid by an admission fee of two pauls, demanded of all who enter the church. The receipts from this source being insufficient to provide for the support of the minister and sexton, the vestrymen (all English) had to make it up out of their own purses. One of the vestry resigned, and an American gentleman was requested to take his place. Knowing very well the object of the proposition, the New Yorker determined at least to make the best bargain that he could, and consented to serve on condition that a prayer was said for the President along with that for the Queen. The terms were accepted, the new vestryman was duly installed, the worthy clergyman and vigilant beadle are provided for, and public prayer is constantly made for the President of the United States on the banks of the classic old Arno—all the result of a good Yankee bargain.

— Apropos of the newly-published life of Walter Savage Landor, there is a good story that Lord Byron was once told that it was the intention of Landor to introduce him satirically into a new "*Imaginary Conversation*." "If he does," said Byron, "I'll certainly call him out." When Landor heard this, he replied, "Well, I did not really mean to show up his lordship in a "*conversation*," but now I will. You may tell him that, though he prides himself upon being a good shot, I am a better. Byron's hand trembles; mine is steady. I would undertake to strike off his nose with a pistol-shot without grazing another feature of his face." This is said to have silenced the handsome nobleman and poet, who, though he did not fear death, had a horror of mutilation and deformity.

Brief Notes.

IN the city of Paris, by the quay-wall of the Seine, and at a comparatively quiet spot near the Place de la Concorde, will be found, at any hour of the day, three or four men standing in the open air, by a heap of strong carriage-wheels; it will also be noticed that a double-track railroad commences at this point; presently, either in one direction or the other, an omnibus, drawn by three horses, and nearly as large as an American street-car, will be seen approaching; if this vehicle, which is provided with additional seats for passengers on the roof, is on the line of rails, it is coming from the country, and is brought to a stand-still when it arrives opposite the heap of wheels near the end of the track; if, on the other hand, it is traversing the ordinary road, it is coming from some part of the city, and is run on to the track before being halted. In either case, as soon as a full stop occurs, screw-lifts are placed under the front and hind-wheel framework on one side of the omnibus, and the axles of the two wheels, thus prepared to be lifted, are at the same time unfastened; the vehicle is then tilted over a few inches by means of the screws, the two loosened wheels are slipped off, and two others are at once put on with rims to fit the rails if the conveyance is outward bound, and with ordinary tires if the omnibus is leaving the railroad to pass through the city. The screw-lifts are then removed, and the omnibus is in running order again. The wheels which remain unshifted are not specially adapted to the track, the rails, however, are slightly hollowed. The change is generally made in less than two minutes, and, as soon as it is complete, the order for a new start is given by

the conductor to the driver. The object of the whole arrangement, which seems to work very well, is to avoid encumbering the more crowded business streets with a surface-railroad track.

While, in the United States, the failure of a life assurance company is an almost unheard-of thing, and while our oldest companies are apparently the most stable, the statistics of English companies show a somewhat different state of things. A recent report to the House of Commons states that, in the last twenty-five years, two hundred and seventy-two insurance companies have been formed, of which one hundred and fifty-two have been wound up, or have discontinued business, and forty-four have been absorbed by other companies, leaving only seventy-six still in existence. Eighty-five per cent. of the companies formed before 1862 have broken down, and fifty-three per cent. of those organized since that date have shared a similar fate. In view of these facts, a bill has been brought forward in Parliament which is intended to compel such statements and reports from the officers of insurance companies as will effectually expose and crush all insolvent organizations.

The term "blue-stocking" is now, as every one knows, applied to literary ladies; but originally it was conferred on a society of literary persons of both sexes in England, organized in 1780. The society derived its name from the blue-worsted stockings always worn by Benjamin Stillingfleet, a distinguished writer, who was one of the most active promoters of the association. This term was subsequently conferred on literary ladies, from the fact that the accomplished and fascinating Mrs. Jerningham wore blue stockings at the social and literary entertainments given by the celebrated Lady Mary Montagu.

Many of the streets of Paris are macadamized, and, in rainy weather, the dust and water make a thick fluid, which is known as "macadam milk." An ingenious Frenchman has invented a method of utilizing this, by straining out the solid portion, which he forms into bricks for knife-cleaning, etc., by which he not only relieves the sewers from a nuisance, but also secures for himself a large income.

The English parliamentary committee upon the proposed channel-tunnel between England and France have had an interview with the Emperor of the French, and have obtained a copy of the report of the French special commission appointed to examine into the practicability of the proposed work. The report is favorable, and endorses the plans of the English engineers as feasible.

The explorations which are now being carried on in and about Jerusalem under the direction of Lieutenant Warren, of the English army, are developing the fact that the ruins of the ancient city lie from thirty to ninety feet below the site of the present city, and that it is possible, by a system of mining, to recover, with tolerable completeness, the topography of the city at the time of Our Saviour.

Matters of Science and Art.

OUR Paris correspondent resumes his account of the May Exhibition: "The 'Plague of Rome,' by M. Delaunay, is remarkable for originality of conception, severity of style, and subdued vigor of color, appropriate to the subject, which is drawn from the golden legend of Jacques de Voragine ('Then there appeared a good angel, who ordered an evil angel, armed with a spear, to strike at the houses, and, as often as a house was struck, so often was there a death'). In the street, some fall upon their knees, imploring the clemency of Heaven; Christians at the foot of the cross, and pagans before the statue of Esculapius, powerless to save them. The pale-winged angel has suspended his flight in front of a house, and pointed it out to the exterminating spirit, who, with incredible fury, strikes the door with his spear, every blow opening a tomb. But, to temper the horror depicted, the sign of divine wrath appeased, like a ray of hope, shines upon the capitol, and the plague is about to cease.

"The 'Gallic Sentinel,' by M. Luminais, perched aloft on the druidic oak, looking out for the vanguard of some Roman legion, is a work of great merit, which attracts much attention. This companion-in-arms of Vercingetorix has the firm and manly attitude of those heroic tribes who for ten years struggled against the conquerors of the world. The 'Ariadne abandoned,' of M. Ulmann, is an important composition, which shows the most careful study. The beloved of Theseus, half-reclining on the shore of Naxos, with her arms outstretched behind, is the very picture of despair. Her slave, seated by her side, silently contemplates the sail disappearing in the horizon.

"M. Cazes has exhibited a beautiful figure, which he has called 'Spring.' It is a young girl, standing upright, her head crowned with daisies, nude to the waist, holding flowers in her green drapery, while, from her right hand, she lets fall other flowers, every feature expressing grace and innocence. M. Lecomte-Dunouy has contributed a work

which is very pleasing, both as regards interest of subject and artistic skill of execution. Its title is, 'The Love which passes away, and the Love which remains steadfast.' The scene represents the threshold of an antique house; on the left, a young girl, in the costume of Venus, is being carried off by the Loves, and looks back with indifference on the love-sick youth she has left behind. He, however, has found two friends, who, in the long run, will console him for the fickleness of the inconstant maid, viz., his mother and his dog. He weeps silently on her bosom, and the faithful animal sympathizes with his sadness. The figures are striking, having much truth of expression, with nothing trivial or affected about them. The seat before the house, the pillar surmounted by the tutelary god, the laurel roses in bloom, are full of taste and good judgment, breathing throughout the charms and graces of antiquity.

"The small picture, of M. Viger, entitled 'Leisure Hours at Malmaison,' is remarkable for completeness of finish, correctness of color, and accuracy of details. The Empress Josephine, in her happiest days, is busy embroidering on a frame; ladies of honor are engaged in different kinds of work; a chamberlain is reading aloud the novels, works, or memoirs, which have just been published; Mmes. Deslieux are singing some of the songs which Josephine loved to hear; Queen Hortense, dressed for a ball, like others is sitting near Josephine, and her boy, Louis Napoleon, is playing with toys upon the floor; and the artist Redouté, employed in designing the *flora* of Malmaison, is submitting to Josephine each of his works. M. Patrois has sent in a work of the same elaborate description, admirably finished in the minutest details, representing General Bonaparte making his first visit to Madame de Beauharnais (afterward the Empress Josephine), and permitting her young son to preserve his father's sword.

"M. Müller has this year given a picture in all respects worthy of his reputation, representing Lanjuinais delivering his celebrated speech of the 2d of June, 1793, at the point when he says, 'As long as I can make my voice heard, I shall never, in my person, allow the character of the people's representative to be lowered or degraded. I am accused of calumniating Paris. No! Paris is pure, but oppressed by tyrants who thirst for blood and power.' On these words the fury of the Mountaineers broke loose. Chabot, Drouet, Robespierre, Jr., Taureau, and others, sprang upon Lanjuinais, and wanted to hurl him from the tribune. Legendre points his pistol at his throat. Defermou, Barbaroux, Penière, Lidou, and Pilatre fly to his rescue. He clings with all his might to the tribune, and his voice still thunders above the yells of the *sans-culottes* and the most terrific tumult ever witnessed in the convention. The whole of this drama is delineated with surpassing skill and accuracy. The revolting passions expressed by the features of the *canaïlle*, and the women who frequented these assemblies, being perfectly in keeping with their coarseness and brutality."

The old-fashioned shrapnel shell, which in its day was considered a most effective projectile, does not come up to the murderous requirements of modern warfare; and, since the introduction of rifled ordnance, many substitutes have been proposed for it, the English Government having especially stimulated the efforts of inventors. The desired end seems now to have been attained in a shrapnel shell invented by Colonel Baxter, and which has recently been tested at Dartmoor. In this shell, which is cylindrical, the charge is placed in the back end, and, the head being secured by weak rivets only, is so arranged as to be easily blown off. By this arrangement, the small balls with which it is filled are thrown directly forward with increased velocity, while undue dispersion is avoided, and the great objection to a central bursting charge is overcome.

An artesian well at Ain-Sala, in Algeria, not only throws up an immense volume of fresh water, but also numbers of small fishes, averaging half an inch in length, and furnishing a delicate morsel for the epicure. As the sand extracted from this well is identical with that found in the bed of the Nile, it is conjectured that a subterranean connection must exist with the river.

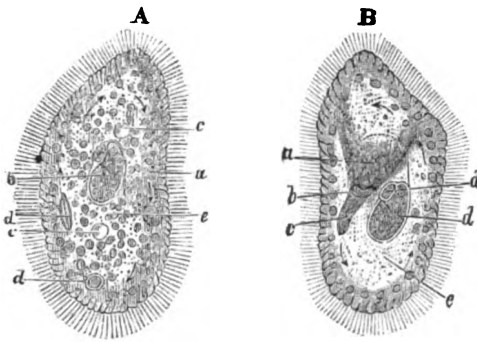
Recent scientific investigations, in France, have resulted in the discovery that the velocity of the electric fluid is many thousand times greater than nervous telegraphy, or the rate at which the nerves convey impressions to the brain—physical sensations being conveyed at the rate of only about one hundred feet per second.

The Museum.

THE changes in the red prominences of the sun's atmosphere have been lately shown to take place with amazing rapidity. So enormously rapid are they, that Mr. Lockyer has observed one of these red solar flames, twenty-seven thousand miles in length, disappear altogether in ten minutes.

The *Infusoria* are little microscopic animalcules which make their appearance in great numbers in infusions of decomposing organic matter. Among these *infusoria* are the different species of the genus *Paramecium*, which are very common among the microscopic inhabitants of our fresh waters, and which swim about by means of the vibratile cilia with which the whole surface of their bodies is covered. The structure of these creatures is represented by the accompanying figures (A B), and is thus described by Professor Huxley:

"Imagine a delicate, slipper-shaped body, enclosed within a structureless membrane, or *cuticula*, which is formed as an excretion upon its outer surface. At one point (B a) the body exhibits a slight depression, leading into a sort of little funnel (b c) coated by a continuation of the same cuticular investment, which stops short at the bottom of the funnel. The whole of the bag formed by the cuticula is lined by a soft layer of gelatinous matter, or 'sarcode,' which is called the 'cortical' layer (A a); while inside that, and passing into it quite gradually, there being no sharp line of demarcation between the two, is a semi-fluid substance, which occupies the whole of the central region of the body. Neither in the cuticle, the cortical layer, nor the central substance, has



Structure of the *Paramecium*.

any anatomist yet discovered a differentiation into cellular layers, nor any trace of that histological composition which we meet with in the tissues of the higher animals; so that here is another case of complex vital phenomena proceeding from a substance which, in a histological sense, is structureless. At two points of the body (A c c) the substance of the cortical layer exhibits a remarkable power of contraction and dilatation. If you watch one of those points, the sarcode suddenly seems to open like a window, and, for a while, a clear space is visible, which then, quite suddenly, shuts again. After a little time the same diastole and systole are repeated. As the systole takes place, it is possible, occasionally, to discern certain radiating canals, which extend from the cavities into the surrounding sarcode, and disappear again before diastole occurs. There is no doubt that the clear space is a chamber filled with fluid in the cortical layer, and, since good observers maintain that there is an aperture of communication, through the cuticula, between the 'contractile chamber' and the exterior, this fluid can be little more than water. Perhaps the whole should be regarded as a respiratory or secretory mechanism: in one shape or another, it is eminently characteristic of the *infusoria*. Besides this singular apparatus, there lies embedded in another part of the cortical layer a solid mass, of an elongated oval shape (A B d), which has been called the 'nucleus,' though it

must be carefully distinguished from the 'nucleus' of a cell. Upon one side of this, and, as it were, stuck on to it, is a little rounded body (B d'), which has received the name of the 'nucleolus.' The animal swims about, driven by the vibration of its cilia, and whatever nutriment may be floating in the water is appropriated by means of the current which is caused to set continually into the short gullet by the cilia which line that tube. But it is a singular circumstance that these animals have an alimentary canal consisting of a mere gullet, open at the bottom, and leading into no stomach or intestine, but opening directly into the soft central mass of sarcode. The nutritious matters passing down the gullet, and then into the central more fluid substance, become surrounded by spheroids of clear liquid (A d), consisting apparently of the water swallowed with them, so that a well-fed *paramecium* exhibits a number of cavities, each containing a little mass of nutritious particles. Hence formerly arose the notion that these animals possess a number of stomachs (*Polygastrica*)."

The remarkable powers of multiplication by subdivision (fission and gemmation), which many of this group exhibit, are well known. "If all its offspring survive, and continue dividing themselves, a single *paramecium* is said to be capable of thus originating two hundred and sixty-eight millions in the course of a month." But it has been shown that these minute creatures are endowed with the true process of sexual multiplication and the corresponding complexities of organization. It is these complexly-endowed beings which are believed by some to be spontaneously generated in a few hours, as Hughes Bennett says, by the coalescence of oleo-albuminous molecules.

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A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
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CHAPTER VI.—THE WORKING OF THE SPELL.

For the next six months Ben Renton lived a strange life—strange at least for him, who, up to this time, had been a young man of fashion—*répandu* in the world—with an interest in all the events, and all the gossip almost as important as events, that circulated in that curious, insincere, most limited sphere. He put his rooms into the hands of Messrs. Robins to be let, and he put his buhl and his pictures into those of the Messrs. Christie to sell—and naturally, as it was September, no good came of either attempt for some months; and he took the ground-floor at No. 10 Guildford Street, Manchester Square. It would be difficult to describe the change which thus fell upon him. He who had gone about the parks, about the highways and thoroughfares of the world, as in a hamlet, knowing everybody—dining, dancing, chattering with every third person he met: now walked about the humdrum streets like a creature dropped out of the sky—a stranger to all, seeing only strange faces around him. He whose life had been minutely regulated and mapped out, not indeed by duty, but by that routine of society which serves the same purpose, wandered aimlessly about all day, or sat in his dingy parlor over a novel, with the strangest sense of idleness and uselessness. He had not been much more industrious in the old days, when he went from the Row to his club, from his club to the Drive, with the weighty duties before him of dressing and dining, strolling down, perhaps, to the lobby of the "House," or going from box to box at an opera. These occupations were not of very profound note among the industries of the day; but they filled up the vacant hours with a certain system and necessity. Now he had nothing of that kind to do. He might go and stroll about the deserted parks; he might sit at home and work his way through one bundle of three volumes after another, and nobody would interfere with him. He had nothing to do. He had never done any thing all his life, and yet he had never found it out before. One event there was still to break each dull day of his monotonous existence. Sometimes it was that he encountered Mrs. Tracy and her daughter as they went out, and was permitted to accompany them; sometimes that he was admitted to the drawing-room up-stairs in the evening. They were very cautious in those first openings of friendship; more cautious than they had been in its earliest beginning. Sometimes it so happened that for an entire day, or even two days, all that Ben heard of his neighbors was the sound of their steps as they crossed the floor overhead, sending vibrations through the house and through his foolish heart. And yet the meeting with them was the event of the day to him—the only one that gave life or color to it. It was the sole gleam of light within his range of vision, and naturally his eye fixed on that gleam. Sometimes it seemed to him that, instead of being the fallen man that he was, he had come there in a voluntary abandonment of luxury and pleasantness for Millicent Tracy's sake. Though the young men of the nineteenth century are not given to romance, such a proceeding is still possible among them. And there were moments in which Ben forgot that he had any other motive for his seclusion. It was a sudden infatuation, and yet there was nothing extraordinary in it. Every thing was so new to him in this changed and strange life, that any powerful new influence suddenly brought into being was sure to take entire possession of the vacant space. As he sat in the gloom and quiet, with all that had hitherto occupied him vanished from his grasp, and this one subtle fascination filling the air, it was scarcely wonderful that he should feel himself a pilgrim of love, giving up every thing for the sake of his divinity—keeping watch at her door, as it were; laying himself down at her feet; separating himself from the world for her service. A certain indescribable sense of her presence filled the house. The ceiling over his head thrilled under her step—the rustle of her dress on the stair, the distant sound of her voice or her name, seemed to echo down to him in the silence. Though he saw her at the most once a day, and not always so often, he felt her perpetually, and his mind was intoxicated by this magical new sense. He lived upon it like a fool—like a man in love, which he was, though he knew nothing of Millicent except that her eyes were heavenly eyes, and her voice as sweet

as poetry. He had not cared much even for poetry hitherto, nor had much time for dreaming, and Nature now took her revenge. His youth, his extraordinary circumstances, his unoccupied life, all conspired with this most potent of influences against him. At first there was not even any intention in his mind except that of seeing her, looking at her, filling his vacancy with the new lovely creature so suddenly placed before him; the place was empty, and she had come in unawares, startling him by her smile. That was all Ben knew about it for the moment. To win her, and marry her, and enter into another and fuller phase of life, had not yet dawned on his thoughts. She had stolen in upon him like a new atmosphere—a delicious air in which he lived and breathed. That was all. He meant nothing by it in the first place. He was not a free agent, voluntarily and consciously approaching a woman whom he wanted to make his wife. On the contrary, he was a man suddenly, without any will or purpose of his own, launched into a new world. He might not have known that such worlds existed, so strange and new was every thing to him; but the unthought-of, unknown influence, possessed itself in a moment of the very fountains of his life.

It is not, however, to be supposed that Ben was petted or made much of by the ladies whose retirement he had thus hastened to share. At first, they even appeared to keep him at arm's-length with a reserve which chilled him much after their first frank reception of dear Mary Westbury's cousin. They retired within the enclosure of their grief when he became their fellow-lodger, passing him with slight salutations, with crape veils over their faces, and all the adjuncts of woe, and receiving his visits, when he screwed up his courage to the point of going up-stairs, with the dignity of sorrow not yet able "to see people"—a mode of treatment which gave Ben a pang, not only of disappointment, but of shame, at his own vain hopes, and the false interpretation he had put on their first little overtures of cordiality. "That I should have dreamed they would care to see me, and their grief still so fresh," he muttered to himself with self-disgust. But the ladies up-stairs, in their retirement, were by no means without thoughts of their new acquaintance. They discussed him fully, though he was so little aware of it, and considered him and his ways in more detail, and with much more understanding, than characterized his brooding over theirs. It was not Mrs. Tracy's fault that he was so coldly received. It was Millicent who had barred the way against him—Millicent herself, whose paleness and sorrowful looks had given the last touch of tender pity and interest to his admiration. They were mutually mistaken in each other, as it happened; for the mother and daughter knew no more of Ben than that he was the heir of Renton, and were so foolish in their dreams as to believe that he had, indeed, given up all the delights of his former life to live in dingy lodgings in order to be near Millicent. He had been struck with "love at first sight," they thought, and despised him a little, and were amused at the fact, though fully determined to take advantage of it. And so strange is human nature, that the mother and daughter would have been as much disgusted and disappointed had they known the complication of motives which sent the young man into their snare, as Ben would have been had he been able to conceive the aspect in which they regarded him. He was a man of the world; and they were of the still sharper class of adventurers living on their wits; and yet they mutually believed in the single-mindedness, each of the other, with the simplicity of the peasant of romance. He thought the beautiful creature who had smiled so softly on him, and her kind mother, were interested really about himself; and they believed that he had thrown away all the daily brightness of existence for Millicent's sweet sake—so much faith had remained at the bottom of natures so sophisticated. It was a curious conjunction of cunning and innocence.

"I am not going to make any pounce upon him," said Millicent to her mother. "I won't. You need not look so surprised. You may say what you like, but I know it is fatal to go too fast. Men don't like that sort of thing. They see through it, though you don't think they do. They are not quite such fools. You must go softly this time, or I shall not go into it at all."

"Millicent!" said her mother, severely, "when you talk in this wild way, how can you expect me to know what you mean?"

"Oh, bother!" said Millicent. The profile, turned half away as she spoke, was so perfect, and the lips that uttered the words so soft and rose-like, that any listener, less accustomed, would have distrusted her ears. Mrs. Tracy only made a little gesture of disapproval. Even

to herself the mother kept up her pretensions; but Millicent was a girl of her century, and made believe only when the eye of the world was upon her. "I mean to take this into my own hands," she said. "You are not so clever as you were, mamma. You are getting rather old. Let me alone to treat a man like Ben Renton. I must not throw myself at his head; he must suppose, at least, that he has had hard work to secure me."

"And I trust it will be so, Millicent," said Mrs. Tracy. "Heaven forbid that a child of mine should throw herself at any gentleman's head! It would break my heart, you know."

"Oh, yes; I know," said the daughter, with a laugh; "though I never can understand what pleasure you have in pretending and keeping up your character to me. We ought to understand each other—if any two people do understand each other in the world," the young woman added, not with much perception of the melancholy mystery she was thus skimming over, but yet vaguely conscious that even the mother, beside her, had secrets, and would take her own way, if occasion served. Each of them shocked the other by turns, though both stood low enough in point of moral appreciation. "You would sell me, as soon as look at me, if you could," Millicent went on. "Don't deny it, for I know it; but Ben Renton is not in your way. It is I who must manage him."

"You will have your own way, I suppose, Millicent," said her mother; "though what you mean by these coarse expressions I don't understand. What I feel is that the poor young fellow is very solitary. And I am a mother," Mrs. Tracy said, with a little grandeur. "I feel it might be of use to him to ask him up here. It keeps a young man respectable, when ladies notice him. It keeps him out of bad hands."

Millicent looked at her mother, with a gleam of laughter in her eyes. "It is beautiful to see you, mamma," she said; "it is as good as a sermon. But I am not so anxious about his morals. You had much better leave it in my hands."

This was how it came about that Ben was so much thrown back on himself, and dismissed from the paradise of a drawing-room, where his lady was, to the close, little, dingy, black-hair-clothed purgatory on the lower floor, to wait his promotion. A word, a look, half an hour's talk now and then, raised him into the seventh heaven; but he was always cast back again; while, at the same time, her presence so near, the constant possibility of a meeting, the excitement of the situation, and the utter havoc of his own life, kept him suspended, he could not tell how, and banished all wholesome thoughts out of his head. The mutual pursuit and defence, the plans to see and to avoid being seen, the art of bestowing and withholding, the perpetual expectation and possibility, engrossed the two completely after a time. It engrossed the witch as much as it did the victim. When men and women have passed the age (if the age is ever passed) of such contests, it is difficult to realize the way in which the lives of those engaged in them become absorbed in one interest. Each meeting between the two, were it only of a minute's duration, occupied their minds as if it had been an event. To watch him out and in, to calculate what she should say to him next time, how soon she might venture the next tightening of her line, filled Millicent's thoughts as she sat over her work, by the window, up-stairs; while the sound of her foot, the faintest movement overhead, the coming or going on the stairs, the rustle of the dress passing his door, occupied Ben like the most exciting drama. It was madness, yet it was nature. The mother, who was looking on with an eye merely to the result, grew impatient, and felt disposed to throw up the matter and turn her attention to other things. Mrs. Tracy was poor, and now that her son had altogether failed her, even in possibility, her daughter, it was essential, should take his place. But Millicent gave no encouragement to the vague plans that fluttered through her mother's mind. She, too, was engrossed, as people are engrossed only by such a strange duel and struggle of two lives. And the six months passed with her, as with Ben, like one long, exciting, feverish day.

"You don't get a step farther on," said Mrs. Tracy; "you are just where you were, shilly-shallying—no better than your brother. My poor Fitzgerald! if he had been spared, he might have been a help to me. Providence is very strange! He lived long enough to be a burden and take every penny we had; and then, when he might have made me some return—And it is just the same thing, over again, with you."

"Don't speak of Fitzgerald, mamma," said Millicent. "I was fond of him, although you may not think it. You worried him till he

could not bear it any longer; but you cannot get rid of me like that. I will never shoot myself. I mean to live in spite of every thing, and take my own time."

"You are an unnatural girl!" cried Mrs. Tracy, with excitement. "Did not I do every thing for that boy? Tutors and books, and I don't know what; and then to break down. A young man has no business to fail when his people have done so much for him. And now there is you—I have spared no expense about you, either. You have had the best masters I could give you, and the prettiest dresses; and now you stand doing nothing. I should like to know what this young Renton means."

"It would be very easy to ask him—and drive him away forever," said Millicent, with a heightened color. "Mamma, I tell you, you are not so clever as you were."

"I believe you are in love with him," said the mother, with an accent of scorn; "nothing else could account for it. That is all that is wanting to make up the story. But I tell you this will not do," she added, with an instant change of tone. "We shall have to run away, if some determination is not come to. I have no money to carry on with, and there is a month's rent owing to this horrid woman; and the tradespeople and all—Millicent, there must be something done. If you are going to marry young Renton, it will be all very well; but if it is to come to nothing, as so many other things have done—"

"What would you have me do?" said Millicent, in a low tone of restrained passion. Perhaps she was angry with herself for playing so poor a rôle; but, at all events, she was disgusted with the mother who had trained her to do it, and thus kept her to the humiliating work. Mrs. Tracy was getting, as her daughter said, rather old. Her ear was not fine enough for the inflections of tone and shades of meaning, which once she could have caught in a moment.

"If you will listen to me," she answered, in perfect good faith, "I will soon tell you what to do. Tell him that we are going abroad. You know how often I have spoken of going abroad. If we could only get a hundred pounds, we might go to Baden, or Homburg, or somewhere. We don't want so many dresses, being in mourning; and, with your complexion, you look very nice in mourning. I should like to start to-morrow, for my part. You might tell him it was for my health—that I was ordered to take the baths. And I am sure it would be quite true. After all the wear and tear I have gone through I must want baths, when you come to think of it. That ought to bring matters to a decision; and the fact is, that, unless something happens, we shall have to make a change. It will be impossible to stay here."

"If it is an explanation you want," said Millicent, "it will not be difficult to bring that about—now;" and the blood rushed to her face, and her heart began to beat. Not because she loved Ben. It was a different feeling that moved her. The object for which she had been trained, the aim of her life, had come so near to her—in a day, in an hour, in a few minutes more, if it came to that, she might be a changed creature, with all that was wretched banished from her, and all that was good made possible. She might be, instead of a poor girl, immersed in all the shameful shifts of dishonest poverty, a rich man's bride, fearing no demand, above all tricks, with honorable plenty in her hands and about her. What a change it would be! The chance of leaping at one step from misery to wealth, from destitution to luxury, has always a more or less demoralizing effect, when held steadily before human eyes, and this chance had always been put foremost in those of Millicent Tracy. Nobody had ever dreamed of work for her, or honest earning. She was to win wildly the prize of wealth out of the very depths of abject poverty. Hers was not the extraordinary nobility of character, which could resist the influences of such training. She was demoralized by it. Ben Renton was to her a prize in the lottery, which she might win and be rich and splendid and exalted forever—or which she might lose in mortification and deepest downfall. It was this which flushed her cheek and made her heart beat. Not because he was a man who loved her. And yet something not mercenary, something like nature, had been in the vague intercourse between the two—the man's advances, the woman's retreat from them, interest in them. Alas! Millicent had been wooed, and had done her best to attract and fascinate before. It was like a trade to her. She lighted up into a gambler's flush of excitement now, when the crisis was so near.

"Then let it come," said Mrs. Tracy; "it is time, after six months of nonsense. I never knew a young man before, who would be kept

off and on so long, living in such a hole, out of those lovely rooms. And, by-the-by, I wonder why he wants to sell those sweet cabinets. Getting rid of his chambers one can understand. Perhaps it is for some racing-debt or something; but he must not be allowed to do it. If the family should make themselves disagreeable, Millicent, I hope I can trust to your good sense. Of course, they must come round in the end."

"You may trust me, mamma," said Millicent, with a smile; and her mother came round to her and kissed her, as she might have kissed her, had she been on her way to draw the fateful ticket at a lottery.

"Now, mind you have your wits about you," Mrs. Tracy said.

It was the afternoon of a spring day, rather cold, but bright, and a remnant of dusty fire, half choked with ashes, was in the grate. Millicent trembled as she sat in her favorite place by the window, chiefly with cold—for she was very susceptible to discomfort—and a little with excitement. When her mother left her, she let her work fall on her lap, and felt as many a woman of truer heart has felt, the very air rustling and whispering in her ears with an excess of stillness, as if a hundred unseen spectators were passing round to look on. He would come, and she would listen to him and lead him on, and the step would be taken—the immense, unspeakable change would be made. A curious medley of thoughts was in the young woman's mind—not all of them bad or unnatural thoughts. She would be grateful to the man who changed her life for her so completely. She would be kind to the poor—those poor, struggling, shifting, miserable creatures upon whom already she felt herself entitled to look with pity. She would be very fine and grand, and deck her beauty with every adornment, and win admiration on every side; and yet she would be good at the same time. She would be good—that she determined upon. And poor Fitz, if he had but been less impatient! if he had but lived to see this day! Thus she sat awaiting her lover. Poor, polluted, and yet unawakened, virgin soul, knowing nothing about love!

The mother, for her part, put on her bonnet—not without a keen momentary observation that the crape began to get rusty—and drew her shawl slowly round her shoulders. She had been a handsome woman in her day, and with her rusty crape still looked more imposing than many a silken fine lady. With a thrill of excitement, too, she took her way down-stairs, with more sordid thoughts than those of her child. She was thinking, also, which would be best for herself—to live with them and share their grandeur, or to secure a certainty for herself from the bridegroom's liberality. There are women ignoble enough to act as Mrs. Tracy was doing, and still with so much divinity in them as to be willing to disappear, or die, or obliterate themselves, when the daughter for whom they labored had won her prize. But Millicent's mother had not even this virtue. She was drawing her ticket by her child's hand—which would be most comfortable, she was thinking; and it was in the very midst of this thought that she contrived to brush past Ben, who was lingering at the door of his room, hoping to see something of his neighbors.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Renton," she said. "I did not see you were there. Not out this lovely afternoon? It is the old people who are active now; you young ones are all alike, dreaming and building castles, I suppose. Millicent stays up-stairs all by herself, instead of coming out with me. But, indeed, she is dull, poor child! An old woman, even when it is her mother, is poor company for a young girl."

"I am sure she does not think so," said Ben, to whom Millicent was half divine.

"No, I am sure she does not think so," said Mrs. Tracy; "she is such a good child. But you may run up and talk to her for half an hour, and cheer her up while I am gone. There are not many gentlemen I would say as much to," she added, playfully. Her playful speeches were not very successful, generally; but Ben was no critic at that moment. His eyes blazed up with sudden fire. He took her hand, and would have kissed it, so much was he touched by this mark of confidence; but Mrs. Tracy knew there were holes in her glove, and drew it back.

"May I?" he said. "How good you are to me!" and had rushed up-stairs before she had time to draw breath. She turned round, looking after him, with a certain grim satisfaction on her handsome worn face.

"That is all safe," she said to herself, with a little sigh of relief;

and went out philosophically to let the crisis enact itself, and buy a little lobster for Millicent's supper, by way of reward to her fortunate child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BESSIE BLACK; OR, THE UNDERTAKER'S COURTSHIP.

MISS BESSIE BLACK was the smallest person I ever knew who passed unquestioned as a full-grown woman. It seems to me that, if she had been a hair's-breadth shorter, she would have been a dwarf, yet, in spite of her diminutiveness, she carried her head high, and with great energy spoke in a contralto voice; she was very active in body, and successful in her limited sphere in business, and, on the whole, impressed you with an idea of largeness, not always accompanying individuals with truly gigantic proportions. There were marks of maturity sometimes about her face, which, as a rule, are only to be seen on ladies of uncertain age; yet Bessie Black was so much like a child in her figure, and in many of her ways—the which contrasting so strangely with the sage remarks and grave truisms displayed in her ordinary conversation—that no one, however shrewd in such matters, could make even a satisfactory guess how old she really was; and she would have been less a woman than even her external appearance indicated, if she satisfactorily decided the question.

For some good reason of her own, Bessie Black always dressed in the deepest mourning; externally sombre, there was also a great degree of solemnity and earnestness in her face, which accorded well with her proclivity to visit very sick people. She was perfectly familiar with the circumstances, and the "last words" of most of the persons who had within the last few years died in her neighborhood. She generally acted as a sort of self-constituted usher at small funerals, and often managed to slip in a chair at the head of the coffin, where she indulged in the pleasant idea that she would be mistaken for the chief mourner.

But Bessie Black, in spite of all this, was far from being a sad or disagreeable person; on the contrary, she was good-natured, ready to do any one a kindness—very hopeful in her disposition, as the struggles she made against adverse circumstances, to keep up respectable appearances, daily testified.

Bessie and her mother lived in a cheap boarding-house, next adjoining my lodgings. They occupied, I understood, a back attic bedroom. The mother seldom was seen; Bessie was engaged out most of the daytime, evidently a dressmaker, but not for the public at large, for she had plenty to do among the friends of her youth, people who had known her "in her better days." In the evening, if not engaged in some office of mercy about the sick, she would venture into the common parlor of her boarding-house, and being too small to take up much room, and naturally too timid before people in good health to be obtrusive, she was in nobody's way—so she was popular without being a favorite.

Just at the time of which we write, twenty-five years ago, Bessie was busily engaged in attending on the "last hours" of Mrs. Bugsby. This lady had been sick a long time of some complaint that "defied the doctor's skill." She was quite rich, and had by will, carefully drawn up and properly signed and witnessed, given all her property to her two relatives, who resided in the house with her. These relatives were, therefore, very solicitous about Mrs. Bugsby's health, and the idea of her dying filled them with feelings that can be "better imagined than described." To the world these disconsolate heirs showed their sympathy by running about and consulting doctors. That they dearly loved Mrs. Bugsby was certain, for they had as many as a dozen disciples of Galen in her room at one and the same time. To be sure, the doctors sometimes wrangled when they got together, and came to high words, but Mrs. Bugsby's heirs would pacify them, lest their personal quarrels should interfere with Mrs. Bugsby's taking medicine, and thereby shorten her valuable life. The poor woman, as a matter of course, succumbed; she stood out against such attention well, but no human constitution can maintain itself against the odds of a dozen doctors—the bereaved relatives mitigated their lacerated feelings, by celebrating a magnificent funeral—the most fashionable undertaking, the most grim and most experienced sexton,

was commissioned to do the details, and Bessie Black, as the recipient of many attentions from Mrs. Bugsby, was complimented with the task of making the shroud.

Her admirable abilities for attending funerals were made appreciable on this momentous occasion. The heirs of Mrs. Bugsby having no female relatives present, Bessie was permitted to assume the most important functions, independent of her professional duties as a needle-woman. Her suit of deep mourning was harmonious with the surroundings, and as she performed the sacred duties of the nearest female friend of the deceased, with a supervision of the household, her dignified bearing was happily mingled with evidences of profound sorrow, and she commanded the admiration of all who saw, especially the admiration of Mr. Hollowshell, who was head man of the fashionable undertaker.

Mr. Hollowshell himself was no common person; he was descended from a long line of undertakers. His great grandfather was subordinate sexton of Trinity Church at the time of the Revolution, and caught cold, from which he died, in his violent efforts to personally dig all the graves that were needed by the unfortunate defeat of our army at the Battle of Long Island. His grandfather was a tombstone cutter, and added to the grace of his business a certain amount of artistic knowledge, for he had the monopoly of sculpturing all the hideous skulls and crossbones which a half century ago were considered so necessary to grace the red sandstone slabs that marked the resting-place of the honored dead.

His father had charge of Potter's-field, and he took such pride in his duties, that he resolutely dug a new grave for each pauper, where his predecessors used one grave for a dozen recipients. When the Potter's-field was finally abandoned as a burying-place, the ancient keeper as a favor was permitted by the city authorities to live in the old house among his tenants, where he quietly and pleasantly passed the latter days of his life. When the city authorities decided, however, to turn Potter's-field into Washington Square, they ordered that the remains of the paupers should be removed. This piece of vandalism the venerable grave-digger resented, and in his vexation—died.

Now, Mr. Hollowshell had contemplated for a long time going into business for himself, and the sudden sickness of his pompous employer gave him an opportunity he long desired, of having entire charge of a first-class funeral. While thus pleasantly engaged, he made the acquaintance of Bessie Black, and it is no more than the truth to say, that he had his first flirtation while talking with her about the excellent quality of the cloth used in making Mrs. Bugsby's shroud. Bessie held it up in many coquettish ways before the eyes of the undertaker, and managed to get in many of her sage remarks, and practice many of her winning ways, and she made an impression on the undertaker which almost amounted to love at first sight.

The undertaker, however much he might have been impressed with Bessie's charms, did not forget his official duties. He asked Bessie to assist him by her suggestions, while he placed the coffin so that the friends of the deceased could fully appreciate the delicate marks on the rosewood, and be deceived into the idea that the plated nail-heads and handles were solid silver. He was also careful to go in and out of the rooms with a sort of mysterious motion that interfered with the ladies' dresses, and caused every now and then groups of serious persons to rise from their places, to sit down again with a marked petulance of manner, produced by the involuntary soliloquy—"why they were interrupted at all." But the undertaker for once had eyes for other things than his business, or possibly he had more eyes than ever for business, for he noticed all the while the becoming manner Bessie acted "on the trying occasion." He was impressed, especially, with the appearance of her fine aquiline nose, the end of which did not grow red under the discipline of the eyes weeping. Her pale face was almost angelic with its black surroundings—and so enthusiastic did he at last become, that, even amid the solemnities of Mrs. Bugsby's funeral—even while the minister was comforting the relatives and the listening congregation with cheerful pictures of the pains of the dying, and of being laid in the cold grave—of having the dark, dank sod clank on the coffin-lid—and of the possibility of waking up in endless punishment—even under such solemn remarks the undertaker determined to win Bessie Black, and wear her as his wife, and that the era of his commencing business on his own account should be celebrated by the further important step of having a

helpmate, who would with him attend funerals, and thus pleasantly and profitably let life pass away.

To commence at once to carry out his intention, as he passed out of the late residence of Mrs. Bugsby, to take his place at the head of the funeral procession, he gracefully removed the long streaming crape from the bell-pull, and handed it to Bessie, with a meaning, pleasant smile, that filled the little woman with the most pleasurable sensations. In this delightful state of mind, she folded the sad emblem of Mrs. Bugsby's death (but to her the joyful token of a new birth of life) to its smallest dimensions, and then, looking at it a moment with eyes beaming with intelligence, she placed it over her heart, and held it there by a broad black satin waist-belt, clasped by a huge jet buckle.

The very evening following these momentous events, Mr. Hollowshell called on Bessie. He wore the same black gloves he obtained at the funeral, and, as he took his seat beside her, he apologized for a few spots of earth on his otherwise perfectly polished boots, which desecrations, he playfully remarked, "were obtained by incautiously treading in the mud, outside the receiving vault of Greenwood Cemetery."

Mr. Hollowshell had been so long accustomed to associating intimately with dead people, that he was very much embarrassed at first in having a deliberate conversation with a real, and to him most interesting, living one; he stammered—assumed his professional funeral face; then hideously smiled—then recovered his self-possession by talking about Mrs. Bugsby's funeral. It was his last pleasurable excitement, and he was quite eloquent on the subject; he was talking about a thing that interested him, and he talked well.

He made many judicious comments upon the character of his business, and, among other things, condemned the anti-American custom of not employing professional mourners at funerals, and of not wearing long strips of crape on the hats of the bereaved male relatives. He dwelt with some indignation upon the fact that, when his father lived and was in the business, it was the custom for a funeral to be followed, not only by a long line of mourners, but also by a substantial dinner. He spoke with the enthusiasm of an artist on the difficulties he often had of getting a good light to show off the coffin; he said he thought it quite likely that many persons at Mrs. Bugsby's funeral went away with the impression that she was encased in veneered instead of the solid wood. He displayed most feeling, however, in his criticisms on most of the officiating clergymen, who, in the offensive prominence they assumed at funerals, did great injustice to the claims of his profession.

Bessie listened as one entranced; she had never before heard such pleasing subjects so interestingly treated, and, in the impulse of her generous feelings, she would have got into a coffin just to make herself more attractive to one whom she instinctively felt viewed her with a lover's eyes—to dream that in some undefined future there was a possibility of being an undertaker's wife—to have the ecstatic pleasure of making grave clothing with her own genius untrammelled. It was almost a too daring proposition, and she, faithful soul—and so subject to disappointments—repressed the full pleasure of the ambitious thought.

Mr. Hollowshell was no common lover; he was terribly smitten, and did not seem indisposed to press his suit to an immediate consummation. He apologized for his earnestness on one occasion by remarking, that some people were fond of burying their feelings under the sod of deception, but he preferred to let them lie in state above ground. And why should he not have liked Bessie, dressed as she was in deep mourning, with black hair, and blue-black eyes—then her glistening jet breastpin and jet bracelets, and a pair of little black kid gloves, and shining black streamers hanging down her back, with her hair in a black silk thread-net, and her feet in black prunella gaiters? and when she told Mr. Hollowshell that all this mourning costume was the result of her taste, and not because she had met with any especial and heart-rending domestic calamity, his enthusiasm was difficult to restrain within reasonable bounds.

Bessie Black's heart, as might be presumed, was now in a state of the most pleasurable excitement. She had been for many years a sort of waif on society—the unhappy victim of cheap boarding-houses, and the occasional recipient of sympathy from rich people, who made her feel, at the same time, she was a seamstress and a dependent. She bore, however, good and evil fortune with equanimity—she had worked hard and earned but little—but her favorite recreation at funerals cost nothing to indulge in, so she managed, with a character above reproach,

and terrible self-denial, to live. She deserved to do well, and fortune seemed propitious—and for once she decided to be extravagant; so, taking a few dimes from her little store of savings, and, to make herself look more attractive in Mr. Hollowshell's eyes, she bought a handkerchief, the black border of which was so wide that the white in the centre scarcely afforded a visible contrast.

"I know he will like this," she soliloquized, pressing it to her little dried-up face; "the store-keeper who sold it to me said it meant 'inconsolable grief'; to me it is the sign of uncontrollable happiness."

A month rolled on, and Mr. Hollowshell found his business increasing, which he ascribed to the fashionable location of his new store, and the constant interference with the health of the city by the newly appointed "sanitary committee." Determined that not even the pleasures of courtship should interfere with his official duties, and yet unwilling to lose the excitement of a daily interview with Bessie, like a careful business-man, as he was, he changed his lodgings to the house nearly adjoining his sweetheart, so that all possible accidental meetings might be enjoyed without any absolute loss of time.

The day following this arrangement the ordinarily quiet and very healthy neighborhood was horrified by the appearance of a common-looking, well-worn hearse stopping at Bessie's door. The vehicle was driven by a half-grown-up boy, and with a levity, too, that would have shaken the nerves of a fish-cart. Pulling up the jaded horse with a jerk that almost brought the poor animal on his haunches, the boy jumped on the pavement, and, giving a sort of double-shuffle movement to his feet, evidently to circulate the blood in his ill-developed limbs, he rushed up the steps of the first house he came to, and, ringing the bell with the greatest vehemence, he astonished the lazy servant who answered his call, with the remark that the servant must be very dead to be so long getting to the door. The neighborhood meanwhile was alive with grotesque-looking faces thrust out of the windows, astonished at the sight of the hearse, and wondering who had so suddenly died. The undertaker's apprentice, after alarming the residents of the locality to his heart's content, both by his manners and by his hearse, finally, by Bessie's directions, found Mr. Hollowshell's contemplated landlady. This accomplished, the boy went back to the hearse, opened the door thereof, and, running his arm full length into the interior, with some difficulty hauled out what, to the horror of all the lookers-on, seemed to be a heavy coffin—it was, however, Mr. Hollowshell's trunk—and, when deposited at its place of destination, the undertaker's apprentice took an apple from his pocket, which he commenced eating as he mounted the box, and, thus comfortably situated, he hit his old horse a tap, and rattled away.

That the course of true love never runs smooth is true as a rule, but the love of the undertaker was an exception. He now had some one to talk to, and his manners grew more genial and pleasant, and he at last signalized himself by telling Bessie a humorous story, the gist of which was, that on one occasion he sent the wrong body of a gentleman who suddenly died in New York, to his friends in Massachusetts, and that said friends received it with tears in their eyes as the "genuine article," and erected a monument of commemorative grief over the "mistake." "You see," said Hollowshell, ending his recital with a sort of professional flourish, "you see my work, after all, is something like a doctor's—our little errors are hidden away, and, once out of sight, they are soon out of mind."

Mr. Hollowshell's coffin warehouse was situated at the head of one of the oldest and most popular streets of the city. When the attempt was made to give some mathematical arrangement to our new thoroughfares, it was left at the corner of an old grave-yard, the owners of which, contrary to precedent, refused to sell for building purposes. The consequence was, that, when he fixed up his establishment, he afforded a magnificent display of his goods, extending over a front of some forty feet. This was very imposing; while in his rear, and on the west side, stretched away the old grave-yard alluded to, and all this in the most thrifty and business part of the metropolis.

Mr. Hollowshell, when he leased the premises on the most favorable terms, was amused at the landlady's remark, that the property was injured by its surroundings; and that people as a rule did not like to live in grave-yards. But that was not Hollowshell's case; he was born within the rude palings of old Potter's-field, and it was often a sort of pleasant chit-chat with him, when in, "softer moods," he talked to Bessie, to relate how when a child he gathered daisies from the old paupers' graves, and with the neglected children of the neighborhood played hide-and-go-seek in the hills and hollows of that to him, in remem-

brance at least, still cherished place. To Mr. Hollowshell is New York obliged for the tastefulness displayed by undertakers' stores—the best of which now are inferior only to druggists' shops in their fascinations. To Mr. Hollowshell is the public indebted for the display of those long lines of coffins that cover the walls of such establishments, and for window shades on which mourners are sitting by the open graves, or, in solemn grandeur, winding their way through long lanes of trees, with prussian-blue leaves and lampblack trunks.

Mr. Hollowshell was a happy man; his name appeared over his store-door on a white ground with black letters. He had tastefully made little signs in jet and gold, announcing that he negotiated for burials in all the cemeteries, and he particularly prided himself on the German-text lettering in various colors, announcing that he kept "ice coffins," and would supply hearses and carriages at the shortest notice. In addition to his other duties, he had the upper part of his store fitted up for the eventual reception of his lady-love, and from the mahogany of an old coffin, with his own hands, he made her a dressing-case. Bessie meanwhile was not idle, for, while her mind was busy with day-dreams of future happiness, her fingers were equally busy in making up little articles used in Mr. Hollowshell's business, and her great triumph of ornamenting an infant's coffin, and ingeniously working together glaring white lute-string ribbon with creamy folds of satin, was a triumph, that met not only the highest indorsement of the old ladies who saw it, but fairly set Mr. Hollowshell in an ecstasy of delight.

In those palmy days of his first triumphs he unexpectedly met Bessie in one of the avenues. He was at the time carrying under each arm a diminutive coffin. Mr. Hollowshell was in remarkably good spirits, and gave Bessie the particulars of how the dear little innocents, for whom they were intended, were twins, and died an hour after their birth; and he further illustrated his technical knowledge of his business, by paraphrasing the epitaph—that, "if the babes were so soon done for, he didn't see what they were begun for"—and cheerily laughing at his own wit, and remarking that he didn't know any poetry except what was cut on gravestones, he gave Bessie a meaning smile, and pursued his way.

The day set for his wedding was rapidly approaching. Mr. Hollowshell, in addition to the usual wedding-ring, purchased some little "charms" for his watch, which consisted of a little coffin and a skull and cross-bones in gold. He gave Bessie a beautiful picture of a white monument standing in an open field, with two tall figures leaning on it, as if in deep sorrow; he also gave her a massive necklace composed of ebony-wood and anthracite coal, with a heavy cross attached.

The excitement in Bessie's mind, as the eventful period of her marriage approached the culminating point, was of a mixed character, but her greatest anxiety was about the color of her wedding-dress. She could not reconcile herself to appear in a guise that was, to her mind ghostly and most unattractive, and after a great deal of hesitation she opened her heart to Mr. Hollowshell on the subject. As an instance of true sympathy, they discovered that each had had the same serious speculations. Mr. Hollowshell, in his arguments against white as a wedding-dress, very significantly observed that gentlemen wore black when they were married, and if the color was necessarily penitential or of funeral association, then it was an insult to the bride, who alone by her white dress gave superficial evidence of pleasure at the ceremonial; and he further insisted that, if there was any thing in color, then the bride and bridegroom should be dressed in the same hue, and thus show that they were equally interested, and a wedding he thought would certainly look like a funeral, if he made his appearance at the altar in white linen or even delicate merino. Bessie in return urged that black was her favorite color; that she first saw Mr. Hollowshell in her black dress, and now the style of it was doubly dear to her mind, and, with these and other similar sensible arguments and expressions, they determined to be married in what the world is pleased to designate as full mourning suits.

Mr. Hollowshell's genius for his business developed with the demand made upon its resources. He noticed the effect of attractive displays of one's goods by walking among the fashionable marts of Broadway, as he lined "his store" with "show-cases," behind which he tastefully displayed highly-polished coffins, some of which he said were superior in finish to any case of the best grand pianos. And then there were tall coffins and short coffins contrasted, and narrow coffins and very wide coffins of different colored woods; and, here and there, he had little shelves put against the walls, but, instead of using them for

busts and charming little statuettes, he made them resting-places for little coffins. In the window he had one of these miniature shells, lined inside with white satin, and ornamented outside with silver-lace and more white satin; it was doubly attractive to Mr. Hollowshell, for Bessie had made it up in the evenings, when Mr. Hollowshell was indulging with her in the little tittle-tattle of a rapidly consummating courtship.

And Mr. Hollowshell's business increased. The "sanitary committee" had been goaded by the newspapers for their "inefficiency," and, "smarting under these well-merited reproofs," they cleaned up several streets in the "lower wards," and pumped out two inundated cellars "across town," and the effect was to spread a sort of contagious disease through several neighborhoods "occupied by tenement people," and funerals became plenty. About this time he made the acquaintance of a city coroner, and was honored by the presence of that distinguished official sitting in his store-door. Mr. Hollowshell felt that he was becoming known among the "ruling classes." In fact, he felt more than this; he had been approached on the subject of making coffins for one of the pauper establishments under the charge of the administrators of the "public charities."

But his triumphs did not end here. By a curious custom, only prevailing in New York, that class of its population whose importance is of quick growth, as if unconsciously foreshadowing how soon most of them will die out, feel it necessary to have a sexton to preside over their social gatherings. They are Egyptians in always being reminded of death, by having it symbolized at their feasts, not by the embalmed bodies of their deceased ancestors, for they have not the slightest idea of ancestors, but by the presence of a man who digs graves, and does up funerals. So Mr. Hollowshell was inducted in a small way into this seemingly inconsistent branch of his public duties; he went from the house of mourning to the house of laughter. He hired hacks for a funeral, and big fiddles for private dancing-parties. He assisted the florist while making bouquets for revelling beauties and wreaths for the silent dead, and the very japonica that contrasted and yet harmonized so wonderfully with the pale face that spoke of eternal sleep, he rescued from its intended oblivion of the tomb, and, mounted in a button-hole of his coat, where it shed its dim lustre over the boisterous wine-bibbing entertainment that signalized the "coming out" of Miss Ephemeral, and completed its multitudinous uses by presenting it to his affianced, Bessie.

But the details of Mr. Hollowshell's business are private affairs; his affections alone belong to the world.

If Mr. Hollowshell had been an eider-duck, we should say that, with the constantly increasing down that began to line his purse, he was more profuse in the preparations he made for the nest of his intended mate. The two little rooms over his coffin store were nicely fitted up. The one on the rear was prepared for a bedroom; and it afforded him exquisite pleasure to sit at the only window that lighted up the apartment, and contemplate the mysterious minglings of white, gray, and black, that seemed to make up the visible things in the old graveyard, that stretched out in its neglected surface before him. It was a strange yet pardonable weakness, growing out of our unconquerable love of offspring, that Mr. Hollowshell, on more than one occasion, even fancied he saw his own little ones playing among the old slabs, and hiding away in the tumbled-in graves, just as he had done in his boyhood days, in old Potter's-field—thus it is that domestic history repeats itself.

Bessie, meanwhile, was not idle. She had learned, among other simple accomplishments, in her younger days, to make wax flowers, and, in the success of her manipulations, she conceived the idea of applying her knowledge to the preservation and embalment of funeral wreaths. Bessie was proud of them, and Mr. Hollowshell and the aristocratic coroner pronounced them "handsomer than the real things," and the undertaker made two frames of pine-wood, and painted them to look like ebony, inclosing French plate-glass, cut from the remnants of a large pane, that had formerly made up one of the sides of his best hearse.

And these mummified flowers were hung up in a conspicuous place in the undertaker's shop. They were horribly attractive and fascinating, as a rattlesnake is fascinating. It seemed as if these charming heaven-favored gifts of bounteous Nature had been frozen by a sudden breeze of wind from the wing of Death, which had left left them shrivelled, shrunken, ghastly corpses of what were once flow-

ers—their heaven-scented fragrance departed, and now smelling only of the earth from which they were born.

The momentous wedding-day at last arrived. The church selected, by a happy coincidence, on account of the recent decease of a "beloved pastor," was draped in mourning, and the hour for the ceremony was interfered with by the departure from the church of a belated funeral. It so happened, therefore, much to Bessie's delight, and Hollowshell's professional pride, that, while the end of the funeral cortège was passing out of one door, the wedding throng entered another. It was also natural that the coachmen, seeing the undertaker, supposed he was attending to his professional duties, instead of being a groom, on the eve of marriage, and funeral coaches and wedding coaches got irretrievably mixed up, and at least one of his vehicles followed the unhappy hearse to Greenwood. This confusion annoyed Mr. Hollowshell exceedingly, and it was with difficulty he could be restrained by Bessie from rushing into the street, wedding-clothes and all, to restore order.

When Bessie and her affianced stood before the altar, it was a queer sight. Although Mr. Hollowshell was dressed in the most approved manner, and could not have been told, with his black suit and huge white cravat, from a clergyman "with a loud call"—a gentleman manager at a subscription ball—or a favorite waiter at a Fifth Avenue restaurant—yet, from the fact that Bessie was dressed in black, it made him look even more like a personified funeral than Bessie herself.

Bessie maintained her favorite costume. Her face looked paler than usual, which gave more brilliancy to her fine black eyes. She had relaxed her discipline in dress in one particular—she carried in her hand an entirely white handkerchief, which Mr. Hollowshell some years previously found in Trinity church-yard. At Mr. Hollowshell's earnest solicitation, she wore on her head what was intended as a May-day or bridal wreath, but, from the compactness of the flowers, it seemed at a distance as if it were composed of immortelles, and, therefore, had a very ghastly look.

The Episcopal clergyman in attendance was only "an assistant." The crape on the walls and the altar spoke eloquently of the recently departed rector—and being only an assistant he was only a deacon, and consequently his black silk surplice was unrelieved by white. He was a near-sighted man, and very nervous, because he had little experience in the performance of his duties. Looking dimly at the dark objects before him, and having just completed reading the funeral service, in his want of presence of mind he opened the prayer-book, and, lifting up his eyes, solemnly uttered:

"Man born of woman."

Now, Mr. Hollowshell, as we have hinted, had a sort of rivalry with the clergy. He was convinced that, on public occasions, they absorbed too much attention from the undertaker, and he had his presence of mind about him, and was rather gratified that he had an opportunity of correcting the clergyman's mistake, which he did, by suggesting that he came to be married, and not to make the material part of his professional calling.

Bessie herself was too much excited to know what the clergyman said. All she knew was, that, at the end of certain to her indistinct sounds, the answering mechanically of set questions, and the reception of a ring, she would be Mrs. Hollowshell, the undertaker's wife, and that her wildest dream of ambition and human success would be more than realized.

When Bessie left her humble lodgings, so dear to her from sufferings, mortifications, and triumphs, and rode away in Mr. Hollowshell's favorite funeral hack, she could not fully realize that she would forever turn her back upon the little room in the third story, and be transferred the mistress of the undertaker's establishment. As far as maiden modesty permitted, she had interested herself about the furnishing of the house, and taken part in the preliminary arrangements to follow the marriage ceremony.

Mr. Hollowshell was no small-minded man, so far as his hospitality was concerned. He had determined upon a good wedding-supper for his friends, and, at the coroner's suggestion, he had cleared the floor of his coffin wareroom, to be used as an extemporized parlor; the coffins for the time being were piled up in the rear, covered over with pure white linen, used by the undertaker in the manufacture of shrouds, while coffins and linen served as a commodious table for the supper, and was as trim and nice for the purpose as could be conceived.

We feel that the interest of our story grows dull, for the natural depravity of human nature makes the illustration of perfect human happiness distasteful, and we reluctantly draw our truthful narrative to a close.

There were fine times at the undertaker's wedding-supper. The coroner presided, supported by two fashionable undertakers. There was a young doctor present, who was assistant at a city charity hospital—he was the wit of the occasion. His description, given to the young ladies, of the pauper's coffin, the top of which opened on hinges, was a perfect bit of humor.

The undertakers conversed about the most costly coffin they had ever known, and the most expensive funeral they had ever attended. Without an exception, they all seemed jealous of the clergymen, and friendly with the doctors—especially the younger members of the profession. The coroner's story was rather prosy about the four inquests over the same body, with the full legal pay from the county for each, but he was forgiven on account of the magnitude of his social position.

The time for dancing came at last—three musicians, mounted on the trestle-work used to sustain heavy coffins, made the air eloquent with music. Bessie led off, supported by the coroner; she had promised to do this with the young hospital surgeon, but Mr. Hollowshell objected. The contagion of music and graceful motion is electrical and perfect, and there was never such a whirl as took place that night at the undertaker's wedding.

The steady beating of time, of twenty athletic dancers, in that comparatively small room, and imperfectly built house, shook the edifice to the centre, and, in the midst of it, the coffins that lined the glass cases, and stood endwise against the walls, literally joined in the dance. They actually pirouetted and galloped; and in the "Irish jig," which was performed in compliment to the coroner, the foot end of the coffins kept perfect time with the feet end of the undertaker and his friends.

It was long past midnight, a stormy misty night, when Bessie and her husband looked from their bridal-chamber upon the dreamy outer world. The gaslights struggled for notice in the streets, and afforded such illumination as decayed fish do, that phosphoresce in their corruption. Down at their feet, all was suspicious darkness, but there seemed to be dimly floating in it white slabs that evidently indicated the graves and mouldering bones beneath. The dim outward light, as the mists swayed to and fro in the swelling breeze, penetrated the bridal-chamber, and the white drawn curtains of the bridal-bed appeared a huge tomb.

The dream of Bessie was realized. It is seldom in this world that such congenial spirits with such appropriate surroundings meet—but such, indeed, was the happy consummation of the undertaker's courtship.

GRECIAN WIVES.

THE wives of the Greeks lived in almost absolute seclusion. They were usually married when very young. Their occupations were to weave, to spin, to embroider, to superintend the household, to care for their sick slaves. They lived in a special and retired part of the house. The more wealthy seldom went abroad, and never except when accompanied by a female slave; never attended the public spectacles; received no male visitors except in the presence of their husbands, and had not even a seat at their own tables when male guests were there. Their preëminent virtue was fidelity, and it is probable that this was very strictly and very generally observed. Their remarkable freedom from temptations, the public opinion which strongly discouraged any attempt to seduce them, and the ample sphere for illicit pleasures that was accorded to the other sex, all contributed to protect it. On the other hand, living, as they did, almost exclusively among their female slaves, deprived of all the educating influence of male society, and having no place at those public spectacles which were the chief means of Athenian culture, their minds must necessarily have been exceedingly contracted. Thucydides doubtless expressed the prevailing sentiment of his countrymen when he said that the highest merit of woman is not to be spoken of either for good or for evil, and Phidias illustrated the same feeling when he represented the heavenly Aphrodite standing on a tortoise, typifying thereby the secluded life of a virtuous woman.

In their own restricted sphere their lives were probably not unhappy. Education and custom rendered the purely domestic life that was assigned to them a second nature, and it must, in most instances, have reconciled them to the extra-matrimonial connections in which their husbands too frequently indulged. The prevailing manners were very gentle. Domestic oppression is scarcely ever spoken of; the husband lived chiefly in the public place; causes of jealousy and of dissension could seldom occur, and a feeling of warm affection, though not a feeling of equality, must doubtless have, in most cases, spontaneously arisen. In the writings of Xenophon we have a charming picture of a husband who had received into his arms his young wife of fifteen, absolutely ignorant of the world and of its ways. He speaks to her with extreme kindness, but in the language that would be used to a little child. Her task, he tells her, is to be like a queen-bee, dwelling continually at home and superintending the work of her slaves. She must distribute to each their tasks, must economize the family income, and must take especial care that the house is strictly orderly—the shoes, the pots, and the clothes, always in their places. It is also, he tells her, a part of her duty to tend her sick slaves; but here his wife interrupted him, exclaiming, "Nay, but that will indeed be the most agreeable of my offices, if such as I treat with kindness are likely to be grateful, and to love me more than before." With a very tender and delicate care to avoid every thing resembling a reproach, the husband persuades his wife to give up the habits of wearing high-heeled boots, in order to appear tall, and of coloring her face with vermilion and white-lead. He promises her that, if she faithfully performs her duties, he will himself be the first and most devoted of her slaves. He assured Socrates that, when any domestic dispute arose, he could extricate himself admirably, if he was in the right; but that, whenever he was in the wrong, he found it impossible to convince his wife that it was otherwise.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS ; *

OR,

BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK VIII.—THE CAPITAL AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

I.

DISSECTION OF THINGS MAJESTICAL.

THAT fearful exaltation which had, already for some hours, diversified its dazzling effects for Gwynplaine, and which had carried him to Windsor, carried him back to London.

Waking visions followed each other before him, in unbroken series.

There was no shaking them off. As one left him, another laid hold of him.

He had not time to breathe.

Whoever has seen a juggler has seen the sport of fortune. His balls in the air, falling, tossed up, and falling again, are men in the hands of destiny.

Things thrown up, and playthings.

On the evening of that same day, Gwynplaine was in a remarkable place.

He was seated on a bench ornamented with the fleur-de-lys. He had on, over his silk clothes, a robe of scarlet velvet turned down with white taffeta, with an ermine hood, and on his shoulders two bands of ermine edged with gold.

He had around him men of all ages, young and old, seated like himself on the fleur-de-lys, and like himself dressed in ermine and purple.

Before him, he saw other men on their knees. These men wore gowns of black silk. Some of these kneeling men were writing.

Opposite him, at some distance, he saw steps, a platform, a canopy, a broad sparkling escutcheon between a lion and a

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

unicorn, and under this canopy, on this platform, at the top of the steps, set with its back against the escutcheon, a gilt chair surmounted with a crown. This was a throne.

The throne of Great Britain.

Gwynplaine was a peer himself, in the Chamber of the Peers of England.

After what manner had this introduction of Gwynplaine into the House of Lords taken place? Let us recount.

The entire day, from morning till evening, from Windsor to London, from Corleone Lodge to Westminster Hall, had been like rising step by step on a ladder. At each step, a new surprise.

He had been conveyed from Windsor in one of the queen's carriages, with the escort due to a peer. The guard given in honor resembles very much the guard for safe-keeping.

That day, the people living on the road from Windsor to London, saw, galloping along, a cavalcade of gentlemen-pensioners of her Majesty accompanying two travelling-carriages driven at great speed with the royal post-horses. In the first was seated the usher of the black rod, his wand in his hand. In the second might be seen a large hat with white plumes, overshadowing a countenance that was not visible. Who was this that passed along? Was it a prince? Was it a prisoner?

It was Gwynplaine.

He looked like somebody they were taking to the Tower of London, unless it was somebody they were taking to the House of Lords.

The queen had managed matters in the best style. As it concerned the future husband of her sister, she had given an escort of her own household.

The deputy of the usher of the black rod was on horseback at the head of the train.

The usher of the black rod had in his carriage, on a low stool, a cushion of silver cloth. On this cushion was laid a black portfolio stamped with a royal crown.

At Brentford, the last stage before reaching London, the two travelling-carriages and their escort came to a halt.

A carriage with panels in tortoise-shell, drawn by four horses, was in waiting, with four footmen behind and two postilions in front, and a coachman in a wig. Wheels, foot-board, main-braces, pole, the whole caparison of the carriage was gilt. The horses were harnessed in silver.

This gala-coach was of a stately and striking pattern, and would have cut a magnificent figure among the fifty-one celebrated carriages of which Roubo has left us pictures.

The usher of the black rod alighted; as did also his deputy.

The deputy of the usher withdrew from the low stool in the travelling-carriage the cushion of silver cloth, upon which lay the portfolio stamped with the crown, held it upon his two hands, and stood up behind the usher.

The usher of the black rod opened the door of the coach, which was empty, then the door of the travelling-carriage in which Gwynplaine was, and, casting his eyes downward, obsequiously invited Gwynplaine to take his seat in the coach.

Gwynplaine descended from the travelling-carriage, and got into the state-coach.

The usher bearing the rod, and the deputy bearing the cushion, entered after him, and occupied the lower seat provided for pages in the old state-coaches.

The interior was lined with white satin trimmed with *Binche* muslin, with fringes and tassels of silver. The top displayed a coat-of-arms.

The postilions of the two travelling-carriages, which had just been quitted, were dressed in the royal livery. The coachman, the postilions, and the lackeys of the carriage which they entered, wore a different livery, of great splendor.

Gwynplaine, athwart the haze of sleep-walking in which he was apparently overwhelmed, observed this gorgeous train of attendants, and asked the usher of the black rod:

— What is this livery?

The usher of the black rod replied:

— Yours, my lord.

At that day, the House of Lords must needs sit in the evening. *Curia erat serena*, say the old forms. In England, parliamentary life is willingly enough made a night life. We know that it once happened to Sheridan to begin a speech at midnight, and finish it at sunrise.

The two travelling-carriages went back empty to Windsor; the coach, in which Gwynplaine was, went in the direction of London.

The tortoise-shell carriage with four horses proceeded at a walk from Brentford to London. The dignity of the coachman's wig required it.

The ceremonial made its impression on Gwynplaine, under the form of this pompous coachman.

These delays were, besides, to all appearance intentional. The probable reason for them will be seen a little further on.

It was not yet night, but it wanted little of it, when the tortoise-shell carriage stopped before the King's Gate, a heavy low-arched portal, between two turrets, which led from Whitehall to Westminster.

The cavalcade of gentlemen-pensioners grouped themselves around the carriage.

One of the footmen from behind jumped down upon the pavement, and opened the door.

The usher of the black rod, followed by his deputy bearing the cushion, got out of the carriage and said to Gwynplaine:

— My lord, be pleased to alight. Your lordship will keep your hat on your head.

Gwynplaine was dressed, under his travelling-cloak, in a suit of silk which he had not taken off since the previous evening. He did not wear a sword.

He left his cloak in the carriage.

Under the vaulted carriage-way of the King's Gate there was a small side-door, at an elevation of a few steps.

In matters of ceremony, it is a mark of respect to walk first.

The usher of the black rod, having behind him his deputy marched in front.

Gwynplaine followed.

They mounted the stair, and entered through the side-door.

Some moments after, they were in a large round chamber, with a pillar in the centre, at the bottom of a turret, a ground-floor room, lighted by narrow ogive windows like the lancets of an apse, which must have been dark even at high-noon. Lack of light often contributes to solemnity. Gloom is majestic.

In this apartment, thirteen men were standing. Three in front, six in the second row, and four behind.

One of the first three wore a coat of pink velvet; and the other two likewise pink coats, but of satin. All three had the arms of England embroidered on the shoulder.

The six of the second row were dressed in dalmatic vestments of black watered silk, each one with a different blazon on his breast.

The last four, all in black watered silk, were distinguished one from the other, the first by a blue cape, the second by a scarlet St. George on his breast, the third by crimson crosses on his breast and on his back, the fourth by a collar of black fur called *sable's skin*. All were in wigs, were bare-headed, and wore swords.

Their faces were scarcely distinguishable in the dim light. They could not see Gwynplaine's face.

The usher of the black rod raised his wand, and said:

— My Lord Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, I, usher of the black rod, first officer of the presence-chamber, commit your lordship to Garter King-at-arms of England.

The personage in the velvet coat, leaving the others behind him, bowed down low before Gwynplaine, and said:

— My Lord Fermain Clancharlie, I am Garter, first King-at-arms of England. I am the officer appointed and crowned by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary earl-marshal. I have sworn obedience to the king, to the peers, and to the knights of the garter. On the day of my coronation, when the Earl-Marshal of England poured a goblet of wine on my head, I solemnly promised to be serviceable to the nobility, to shun the company of people of bad repute, to excuse rather than censure people of quality, and to befriend widows and virgins. I am charged with the regulation of the ceremonies at the obsequies of peers, and I have the care and custody of their armorial bearings. I place myself at your lordship's orders.

The first of the two others in satin coats made an obeisance, and said :

— My lord, I am Clarencieux, second King-at-arms of England. I am the officer who regulates the obsequies of nobles below the rank of peers. I place myself at your lordship's orders.

The other man in the satin coat bowed, and said :

— My lord, I am Norroy, third King-at-arms of England. I place myself at your lordship's orders.

The six of the second row, statue-like, and without bowing, advanced a step.

The first, on Gwynplaine's right, said :

— My lord, we are the six Dukes-at-arms of England. I am York.

Then each one of the heralds or dukes-at-arms took the word in turn, and announced himself :

— I am Lancaster.

— I am Richmond.

— I am Chester.

— I am Somerset.

— I am Windsor.

The blazons which they had on the breast were those of the counties and towns, of which they bore the names.

The four, who were dressed in black, behind the heralds, kept silence.

Garter King-at-arms pointed them out to Gwynplaine, and said :

— My lord, these are the four pursuivants-at-arms.—Blue Mantle.

The man in the blue cape bowed his head.

— Red Dragon.

The man of the St. George bowed.

— Red Cross.

The man with the crimson crosses bowed.

— Portcullis.

The man with the sable furs bowed.

At a signal from King-at-arms, the first of the pursuivants, Blue Mantle, came forward and took, from the hands of the deputy of the usher, the cushion of silver cloth and the portfolio stamped with a crown.

And King-at-arms said to the usher of the black rod :

— So be it. I commit to your honor the reception of his lordship.

These details of etiquette, and others which followed, were the ancient ceremonial prior to Henry VIII., which Anne endeavored, for a time, to revive. Nothing of the kind is in vogue to-day. For all that, the House of Lords thinks itself immutable; and, if the immemorial exists anywhere, it is there.

It changes nevertheless; *E pur si muove*.

What has become, for instance, of the May-pole, that mast of May, which the city of London set up on the passage of the peers going to Parliament? The last one that made a figure was planted in 1713. The May-pole has since disappeared. Disuse.

Appearance is immobility; reality is change. Thus, take this title, Albemarle. It seems eternal. Under this title have passed six families, Odo, Mandeville, Bethune, Plantagenet, Beauchamp, Monck. Under the title of Leicester, there have

succeeded each other five different names, Beaumont, Brewose, Dudley, Sydney, Coke. Under Lincoln, six; under Pembroke, seven, etc. Families change, under titles that do not vary. The superficial historian believes in immutability; at root, nothing endures. Man can be only the wave. The billow is humanity.

That is a pride with aristocracies, which with women is a humiliation—the growing old; but women and aristocracies nourish the same delusion, that they may preserve themselves.

It is probable that the House of Lords will not recognize itself in what you have just read and in what you are going to read, any more than a pretty woman of other days, who desires not to have wrinkles. The mirror is an old offender, and has made up its mind about it.

To draw a likeness is the whole duty of the historian.

King-at-arms addressed himself to Gwynplaine.

— Will you follow me, my lord?

He added :

— They will salute you. Your lordship will only raise the brim of your hat.

And they moved in procession toward the door at the lower end of the circular apartment.

The usher of the black rod led the way.

Then Blue Mantle, bearing the cushion; then king-at-arms; behind king-at-arms was Gwynplaine, his hat on his head.

The others, kings-at-arms, heralds, pursuivants, remained in the circular apartment.

Gwynplaine, preceded by the usher of the black rod, and under conduct of king-at-arms, pursued from hall to hall an itinerary that it would be impossible to retrace to-day, the old abode of the Parliament of England having been destroyed.

Among others he crossed the Gothic state apartment, where had occurred that fatal meeting between James II. and Monmouth, and which had witnessed the unavailing prostration of the cowardly nephew before the ferocious uncle. Around the chamber were hung upon the wall in chronological order, with their names and coats-of-arms, nine full-length portraits of ancient peers: Lord Nauladron, 1305; Lord Baliol, 1306; Lord Benestede, 1314; Lord Cantilupe, 1356; Lord Montbegen, 1357; Lord Tibotot, 1372; Lord Zouch of Codner, 1615; Lord Belle-Aqua, without date; Lord Hawen and Surrey, Count of Blois, without date.

Night having come on, there were lamps at intervals in the galleries. Copper chandeliers containing wax-candles were lighted in the halls, dimly illuminated like the side aisles of a church.

None but officials were encountered there.

In a chamber, crossed by the procession, stood, with head respectfully inclined, the four clerks of the signet, and the clerk of state papers.

In another was the honorable Philip Sydenham, knight banneret, Lord of Brympton in Somerset. The knight banneret is a knight created in battle, under the royal standard displayed.

In another, was the oldest baronet of England, Sir Edmund Bacon of Suffolk, heir of Sir Nicholas, and constituted *primus baronorum Angliæ*. Sir Edmund had behind him his armor bearing his arquebuse, and his equerry bearing the arms of Ulster, the baronets being the born defenders of the county of Ulster in Ireland.

In another was the chancellor of the exchequer, attended by his four accountants, and two deputies of the lord-chamberlain charged with assessing the land-tax. In addition there was the master of the mint, having in his open hand a pound sterling struck, as was the custom for the pounds, in a mill. These eight personages made obeisance to the new lord.

On entering a corridor, lined with matting, which was the means of communication from the Lower House to the Upper House, Gwynplaine was saluted by Sir Thomas Mansel Margam, controller of the queen's household and member of Parliament for Glamorgan; and, on leaving it, by a deputat

of "one out of two" of the barons of the Cinque Ports, drawn up on the right and on the left, four and four, the Cinque Ports being not five but eight. William Ashburnham saluted him for Hastings, Matthew Aylmer for Dover, Josias Burchett for Sandwich, Sir Philip Boteler for Hythe, John Brewer for New Romney, Edward Southwell for the town of Rye, James Hayes for the town of Winchelsea, and George Nailor for the town of Seaford.

King-at-arms, when Gwynplaine came to return the salutation, reminded him of the proper ceremonial in a low tone:

— Only the brim of the hat, my lord.

Gwynplaine did as had been pointed out to him.

He arrived at the Painted Chamber where there are no paintings, except some figures of saints, among others St. Edward, under the arches of the long ogive windows, cut in two by the floor, whereof Westminster Hall had the lower portion and the Painted Chamber the upper.

On the hither side of the wooden barrier, which ran from one end to the other of the Painted Chamber, were standing the three secretaries of state, men of importance. The first of these officers had under his charge the south of England, Ireland, and the colonies, besides France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey. The second governed the north of England, with the superintendence of the Low Countries, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and Muscovy. The third, a Scotchman, had Scotland. The first two were Englishmen. One of them was the Honorable Robert Harley, member of Parliament for the town of New Radnor. A Scotch deputy, Mungo Graham, Esquire, a relative of the Duke of Montrose, was present. All bowed to Gwynplaine in silence.

Gwynplaine touched the brim of his hat.

The custodian of the barrier raised on its hinge the wooden arm which gave admission to the lower end of the Painted Chamber, where there was the long table covered with green cloth reserved for the lords only.

There was on this table a branched candlestick lighted.

Gwynplaine, preceded by the usher of the black rod, Blue Mantle, and Garter, entered this privileged compartment.

The custodian of the barrier closed the entrance behind Gwynplaine.

King-at-arms, as soon as they had crossed the barrier, stopped.

The Painted Chamber was spacious.

At the lower end might be seen, standing beneath the royal escutcheon which was between the two windows, two old men dressed in robes of red velvet, with two bands of ermine edged with gold lace over the shoulder, and hats with white plumes upon their wigs. Through the openings in their robes, you caught sight of their silken coats and the hilts of their swords.

Behind them, there stood motionless a man dressed in black watered silk, bearing aloft a great gold mace surmounted by a crowned lion.

This was the mace-bearer of the peers of England.

The lion was their insignia. *Et les lions ce sont les Barons de Per* says the manuscript chronicle of Bertrand Du Guesclin.

King-at-arms pointed out these two personages in velvet robes to Gwynplaine, and whispered to him:

— My lord, these are your equals. You will return their salutation exactly as it is made to you. These two lordships here present are two barons, and your sponsors designated by the lord-chancellor. They are very old and nearly blind. They are to introduce you in the Chamber of Peers. The first is Charles Mildmay, Lord Fitzwalter, sixth lord of the bench of barons; the second is Augustus Arundel, Lord Arundel of Trerice, thirty-eighth lord of the bench of barons.

King-at-arms, advancing a step toward the two old men, raised his voice:

— Fermaîn Cl'ancharlie, Baron Cl'ancharlie, Baron Hunker-ille, Marquis de Corleone in Sicily, salutes your lordships.

The two lords raised their hats above their heads at arm's length, and then recovered.

Gwynplaine saluted them in the same manner.

The usher of the black rod advanced, then Blue Mantle, then Garter.

The mace-bearer placed himself in front of Gwynplaine, and the two lords on either side, Lord Fitzwalter on his right and Lord Arundel of Trerice on his left. Lord Arundel was much broken, and the more aged of the two. He died the following year, leaving to his grandson John, a minor, his title, which, it may be added, became extinct in 1768.

The procession emerged from the Painted Chamber and entered a pilastered gallery, where were stationed as sentinels, alternately from pilaster to pilaster, the English pikemen and the Scotch halberdiers.

The Scotch halberdiers were that magnificent corps, with bare legs, worthy of confronting, later, at Fontenoy, the French cavalry and the cuirassiers of the king, to whom their colonel said, "Gentlemen my masters, take care of your hats, we are about to have the honor of charging."

The captain of the pikemen and the captain of the halberdiers made a salute to Gwynplaine, and the two lords sponsors, with the sword. The soldiers saluted—the one company with the pike and the other with the halberd.

At the foot of the gallery blazed a grand portal, so magnificent that the two folding-doors seemed plates of gold. Two men stood like statues, one on either side of the portal. They might be recognized by their livery as the door-keepers.

At a short distance before it reached this doorway, the gallery spread itself out, and there was a circular recess with glazed windows.

In this recess was seated in an arm-chair, immeasurably high-backed, a personage rendered august by the amplitude of his robe and of his wig. This was William Cowper, Lord-chancellor of England.

It is an advantage to be more infirm than the king. William Cowper was short-sighted, Anne was also; but in less degree. This purblindness of William Cowper was pleasing to the short-sightedness of her Majesty, and caused him to be chosen by the queen as chancellor and keeper of the royal conscience.

William Cowper had a thin upper-lip and a thick under-lip, a sign of quasi-amiability.

The recess was lighted by a lamp from the ceiling.

The lord-chancellor, sitting solemn in his high-backed arm-chair, had on his right a table at which was seated the clerk of the crown, and on his left a table at which was seated the clerk of Parliament.

Each of these two clerks had before him an open record and an inkstand.

Behind the arm-chair of the lord-chancellor stood the mace-bearer, holding up the crowned mace. Also the train-bearer and the purse-bearer, in big wigs. All these offices still exist.

Upon a side-table near the arm-chair there was a sword with a hilt of gold, a scabbard, and a belt of flame-colored velvet.

Behind the clerk of the crown, stood an officer holding out extended, in both hands, a robe, which was the coronation-robe.

Behind the clerk of Parliament, another officer displayed another robe, which was the state Parliament-robe.

These robes, both of crimson velvet turned down with white taffeta, with two bands of ermine braided with gold on the shoulder, were alike, except that the coronation-robe had a broader ermine hood.

A third officer, who was the librarian, carried, on a cushion of Flemish leather, the red-book, a small volume bound in red morocco, containing a list of the peers and the commons, besides some blank pages and a pencil, which it was the custom to present to each new member entering Parliament.

The march in procession, which closed with Gwynplaine be-

tween the two peers his sponsors, stopped before the arm-chair of the lord-chancellor.

The two lords sponsors took off their hats. Gwynplaine did the same.

King-at-arms received from the hands of Blue Mantle the cushion of silver cloth, fell on his knees, and presented the black portfolio on the cushion to the lord-chancellor.

The lord-chancellor took the portfolio and gave it to the clerk of Parliament. The clerk received it ceremoniously, and then sat down again.

The clerk of Parliament opened the portfolio and rose.

The portfolio contained the two customary messages; the royal patent addressed to the House of Lords, and the writ of summons addressed to the new peer.

The clerk, standing, read aloud the two messages with decorous deliberation.

The writ of summons, addressed to Lord Fermain Clancharlie, concluded with the usual formula: "We strictly enjoin you, under the faith and allegiance you owe us, to take your place in person among the prelates and peers sitting in our Parliament at Westminster, to the end that you give us your advice, in all honor and conscience, upon the affairs of the kingdom and the church."

The reading of these messages over, the lord-chancellor raised his voice:

— Act certified to the crown. Lord Fermain Clancharlie, your lordship renounces transubstantiation, the worship of saints, and the mass?

Gwynplaine bowed his head.

— Act certified, said the lord-chancellor, and the clerk of Parliament replied:

— His lordship has taken the test-oath.

The lord-chancellor added:

— My Lord Fermain Clancharlie, you can take your seat among us.

— So be it, said the two sponsors.

King-at-arms rose, took the sword from the side-table, and buckled the belt around Gwynplaine's waist.

"This done," say the old Norman charters, "the peer takes his sword, ascends the high seats, and is present at the session."

Gwynplaine heard some one behind him, who said to him:

— I invest your lordship with the Parliament-robe.

And at the same time the officer who spoke to him, and who carried this robe, put it over him, and tied around his neck the black ribbon of the ermine hood.

Gwynplaine, at this moment—the purple robe on his back and the gold-mounted sword at his side—looked just like the two lords, whom he had on his right and on his left.

The librarian presented him the red-book, and put it for him in his vest-pocket.

King-at-arms whispered to him:

— My lord, on entering, you will salute the royal chair.

The royal chair is the throne.

Meanwhile the two clerks were writing, each at his table, the one in the registry of the crown, the other in the registry of Parliament.

Both, the one after the other, the clerk of the crown first, carried their books to the lord-chancellor, who signed them.

After having signed the two registries, the lord-chancellor rose:

— Lord Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie, Baron Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Italy, welcome among your peers, the lords spiritual and temporal of Great Britain!

The two sponsors of Gwynplaine touched him on the shoulder. He turned round.

And the great gilded portal at the end of the gallery opened its folding-doors.

It was the portal of the Chamber of Peers of England.

But, thirty-six hours had elapsed since Gwynplaine, sur-

rounded by a different escort, had seen opening before him the iron gate of Southwark jail!

Terrifying rapidity of all the clouds above his head; clouds that were events, rapidity that was a carrying by storm.

II.

IMPARTIALITY.

THE creation of a power equal to that of a king, and called the peerage, was a useful fiction in a barbarous age. This rudimentary political expedient produced different results in France and in England. In France, the peer was a sham king; in England, he was a real prince. Not so grand as in France, but more substantial. It might be said: less, but worse.

The peerage originated in France. The epoch of its birth is uncertain; under Charlemagne according to legend, under Robert the Wise according to history. History is no more sure of its assertions than legend is. Favin writes: "The King of France wished to attract to him the *grandees* of his dominions by this magnificent title of peers, as if they were his equals."

The peerage soon branched off, and passed from France into England.

The English peerage was a great fact, almost a great thing. It had the Saxon *wittenagemot* for a precedent. The Danish *thane* and the Norman *varasseur* united in the baron. Baron is the same word as *vir*, translated into Spanish by *caron*, and signifying preëminently Man. As early as 1075, the barons made the king sensible of their existence. Such a king too! It was William the Conqueror. In 1086, they laid the foundation of the feudal system; this foundation was the Domesday Book. Under John Lackland, a conflict arose; the French nobility assumed a superiority over Great Britain, and the French peerage summoned the King of England before its bar. The English barons were indignant. At the consecration of Philip Augustus, the King of England, as Duke of Normandy, carried the first square banner, and the Duke of Guyenne the second. Against this king, vassal of the foreigner, "the lords' war" breaks out. The barons impose on poor King John the Great Charter, whence springs the House of Lords. The Pope takes the king's side, and excommunicates the lords. This is in 1215, and the Pope is Innocent III., who wrote the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and sent to John Lackland the four cardinal virtues under the form of four golden rings. The lords hold out. The combat is long, destined to last several generations. Pembroke struggles. 1248 is the year of the "Provisions of Oxford." Twenty-four barons put limits on the king, discuss him, and call in a knight from each county to take part in the enlarged quarrel. This was the dawn of the Commons. Later, the lords joined to themselves two citizens from each town and two burgesses from each borough. This was why, till Elizabeth's time, the peers were judges of the validity of elections to the Commons. From their jurisdiction sprang the adage: "The deputies should be chosen without the three P's, *sine Prece, sine Pretio, sine Poculo*." Which did not prevent rotten boroughs. In 1293 the French court of peers still considered the English king subject to its jurisdiction; and Philip the Fair cited Edward I. to appear before him. Edward I. was the king who ordered his son to boil his body after death, and carry his bones to the war. Under the pressure of royal caprices, the lords felt the need of strengthening the Parliament; they divided it into two Chambers. The Upper and the Lower. The lords arrogantly maintained their supremacy. "Should it happen that any one of the Commons is so hardy as to speak disparagingly of the Lords, he is called to the bar to be reprimanded and sometimes he is sent to the Tower."* The same distinction in voting. In the House of Lords the vote is taken separately, commencing with the last baron, who is called *le puîné*. Each peer when called replies *content*, or *not content*. The Commons vote all together, in a mass, by yes or no. The

* Chamberlayne, "Present State of England," vol. II., part II., chap. IV., 1688.

Commons accuse; the Peers judge. The Peers, through contempt for figures, leave to the Commons (destined to make good use of it) the guardianship of the exchequer, so called, according to some, from the table-cloth which represented a checker-board, according to others from the drawers of the old cupboard in which the treasure of the kings of England was kept behind an iron grating. From the end of the thirteenth century dates the annual register, the "Year Book." In the War of the two Roses, the weight of the Lords is felt, sometimes on the side of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, sometimes on that of Edmund, Duke of York. English feudalism gave a fulcrum, openly or secretly, to Wat Tyler, the Lollards, Warwick the king-maker, all that mother-anarchy from which emancipation was to spring. The Lords are wisely jealous of the throne; to be jealous is to watch; they circumscribe the royal initiative, limit the cases of high-treason, raise up false Richards against Henry IV., make themselves umpires, determine the question of the three crowns between the Duke of York and Margaret of Anjou, raise armies at need and have their own battles, Shrewsbury, Tewkesbury, Saint Albans, now lost, now won. Already, in the thirteenth century, they had gained the victory of Lewes, and had driven out of the kingdom the king's four brothers, bastard sons of Isabella and Earl March, all four usurers who plundered Christians by means of Jews; princes on one side, swindlers on the other, a species which has since reappeared, but was in small repute at that time. Till the fifteenth century, traces of the Norman duke are visible in the King of England, and the acts of Parliament are written in French. From Henry VII.'s time they are written in English, by the will of the Lords. England—Breton under Uther Pendragon, Roman under Cæsar, Saxon under the heptarchy, Danish under Harold, Norman after William—becomes, thanks to the Lords, English. Then she becomes Anglican. It is a great source of strength to have your religion at home. A foreign pope draws out the national life. A Mecca is a gigantic sucking-fish. In 1534, London dismisses Rome; the peerage adopts the Reformation, and the Lords accept Luther. This answer to the excommunication of 1215 suited Henry VIII.; but in other respects the Lords impeded him. The House of Lords, before Henry VIII., was like a bulldog before a bear. When Wolsey steals Whitehall from the nation, when Henry VIII. steals Whitehall from Wolsey, who growl? Four lords—Darcy of Chichester, Saint-John of Bletso, and (two Norman names) Mountjoye and Mounteagle. The king usurps. The peerage encroaches. Hereditary power has an element of incorruptibility; hence the insubordination of the Lords. The barons make a disturbance before Elizabeth herself. The executions of Durham are the result. The gown of the tyrant is stained with blood. Elizabeth was a headsmen's block under a farthingale. Elizabeth calls a Parliament as seldom as she can, and reduces the House of Lords to sixty-five members, among whom was only one marquis (Westminster), and not a single duke. Meanwhile, the Kings of France felt the same jealousy, and were effecting the same elimination. Under Henri III. there were but eight real dukedoms left, and the king was very much displeased that the Baron of Mantes, the Baron of Coucy, the Baron of Coulommiers, the Baron of Châteauneuf-en-Thimerais, the Baron of La Fère-en-Lardenois, the Baron of Mortagne, and a few more, maintained themselves barons and peers of France. In England, the crown gladly let peerages die out; in Anne's time, to take only one example, the extinctions since the twelfth century had come to make a total of five hundred and sixty-five peerages abolished. The War of the Roses had commenced that extermination of dukes, which Mary Tudor completed with the axe. It was decapitating the nobility. Cutting off its dukes was cutting off its head. Good policy, doubtless; but bribing is better than killing. James I. understood this. He made a duke of his favorite Villiers, who had made him a pig.* Transformation

of the feudal duke into the courtier duke. We shall have a swarm of the new brood. Charles II. will make duchesses of two of his mistresses, Barbara of Southampton and Louisa de Querouel. Under Anne, twenty-five dukes, three of whom foreigners, Cumberland, Cambridge, and Schonberg. Are these courtly proceedings, invented by James I., successful? No. The House of Lords feels itself managed by intrigue, and is irritated. It is angry with James I.; it is angry with Charles I., who, let us say incidentally, may have helped to kill his father, as Mary de' Medici may have helped to kill her husband. There is a break between Charles I. and the peerage. The Lords, who, under James I., had summoned to their bar speculation in the person of Bacon, under Charles I. tried treason in the person of Strafford. They had condemned Bacon; they condemn Strafford. One had lost his honor, the other lost his life. Strafford's execution was a preliminary decapitation of Charles I. The Lords assisted the Commons. The king holds a Parliament at Oxford; the revolution holds one in London; forty-three peers go with the king, twenty-two with the republic. From this acknowledgment of the people by the lords springs the *bill of rights*, an outline of our *rights of man*, a dim shadow thrown from the depths of the future, by the French Revolution, upon the English.

Such were the services of the peerage. Involuntary, it is true. And dearly paid, for this peerage is a terrible parasite. Still, considerable. The despotic work of Louis XI., Richelieu, Louis XIV., the construction of a Sultan, general abasement taken for equality, the bastinado administered by the sceptre, the masses levelled in subjugation—all this Oriental structure, raised in France, was prevented in England by the peers. They made of their aristocracy a wall, hemming in the king on one side, sheltering the people on the other. They atone for their arrogance to the people, by their insolence to the king. Simon, Earl of Leicester, said to Henry III., "King, you lie!" The peers impose servitudes on the crown; they touch the king in his sensitive point, hunting. Every nobleman who passes through a royal park has the right to kill a deer in it. The nobleman is at home in the king's palace. It is owing to the nobility, that the king was provided for in the Tower of London at the same rate as a peer, twelve pounds sterling a week. Nay, more. It is owing to the nobles, that the king could be uncrowned. The Lords turned out John Lackland, degraded Edward II., deposed Richard II., shattered Henry VI., and made Cromwell possible. What a possible Louis XIV. in Charles I.! Thanks to Cromwell, it remained latent. Besides, let us say here, Cromwell himself aspired to the peerage, a fact which no historian has noticed; this was why he married Elizabeth Bourchier, descendant and heiress of a certain Cromwell, Lord Bourchier, whose peerage had become extinct in 1471, and of a Bourchier, Lord Robesart, another peerage extinct in 1429. Growing with the formidable growth of events, he found it shorter to rule by suppressing the king, than by reclaiming the peerage. The forms of the peers, sometimes threatening, included the king. The two sword-bearers of the Tower, standing, axe on shoulder, at the right and left of the accused peer who appeared at the bar, were as much for the king as for any other lord. During five centuries, the old House of Lords had a plan, and followed it steadily. We may note its days of negligence and weakness, as, for instance, that singular occasion when it allowed itself to be seduced by the shipload of cheeses, hams, and Greek wines, which Julius II. sent it. The English aristocracy was restless, haughty, ungovernable, always on the watch, patriotically defiant. At the end of the seventeenth century, by the tenth act of the year 1694, it took from the borough of Stockbridge, in Southampton, the right of representation, and forced the Commons to annul the election in that borough, because it was contaminated by papist fraud. It had imposed the test-oath on James, Duke of York; and, on his refusal, excluded him from the throne. Nevertheless, he reigned; but the Lords finally caught him again and

* Villiers used to call James I. *your pigship*.

drove him out. During its long existence, this aristocracy has had some instinct of progress. A certain amount of appreciable light has always emanated from it, except near its end, which is now approaching. Under James II., it maintained in the Lower House the proportion of three hundred and forty-six burgesses to ninety-two knights; the sixteen barons of courtesy of the Cinque Ports were more than counterbalanced by the fifty citizens of the twenty-five towns. Although a great source of corruption and very selfish, the aristocracy were singularly impartial in certain cases. It has been hardly judged. History has kept its best treatment for the Commons. The justice of the proceeding may be questioned. We consider that the Lords played a grand part. Oligarchy is independence in the stage of barbarism; but it is independence. Look at Poland, nominally a kingdom, really a republic. The peers of England suspected the throne, and kept it in ward. On many occasions the Lords knew how to resist, better than the Commons. They gave check to the king. Thus in the remarkable year 1694, triennial Parliaments, rejected by the Commons, because William III. did not like them, were voted by the Peers. William III., in a rage, took from the Earl of Bath the castle of Pendennis, and deprived Viscount Mordaunt of all his offices. The House of Lords was the republic of Venice, at the heart of English royalty. To reduce the king to a doge—such was its aim, and it added to the nation all that it took from the king.

The crown understood this, and hated the peerage. Both sides strove to diminish each other's power. These mutual diminutions were an increase and a benefit to the people. The two blind powers, monarchy and oligarchy, did not perceive that they were working for a third, democracy. What happiness it was for the court, in the last century, to be able to hang a peer, Lord Ferrers!

To be sure, he was hanged in a silken cord, out of deference.

A peer of France would not have been hanged. Such was the lofty remark of the Duke of Richelieu. No doubt. He would have been beheaded, which is still more deferential. Montmorency Tancarville used to sign himself *Peer of France and of England*, thus throwing back the English peerage to the second place. The peers of France were more lofty and less powerful, holding to rank more than authority, and to precedence rather than sway. Between them and the lords was the shade of difference, which there is between vanity and pride. For the French peers, to take rank of foreign princes, to have the precedence of Spanish grandees, to go before patricians of Venice, to make the French marshals, the Constable and the Admiral of France (were he even Count of Toulouse and son of Louis XIV.) sit on the lower benches of the Parliament, to distinguish between male and female duchies, to maintain the interval between a simple earldom like Armagnac or Albret, and a peerage-earldom like Evreux, to have the right of wearing, in certain cases, the blue ribbon or the golden fleece at the age of twenty-five, to counterbalance the Duc de la Trémoille, the oldest peer of the palace, by the Duc d'Uzès, the oldest peer in Parliament, to claim as many pages and horses for their coach as an elector, to be called *Monseigneur* by the first president, to discuss whether the Duc de Maine had peer's rank as Comte d'Eu, after 1458 to cross the great chamber diagonally or along the sides—that was their great business. The great business of the lords was the act of navigation, the test act, the dominion of the seas, the expulsion of the Stuarts, the war with France. Here, etiquette before all; there, empire before all. The peers of England had the booty, the peers of France the shadow.

In short, the English House of Lords was a starting-point. This is an immense step in civilization. It had the honor of beginning the national life. It was the first incarnation of popular unity. English resistance, that vague but omnipotent force, had its birth in the House of Lords. The barons, by a series of assaults on the prince, sketched out his final dethronement. The House of Lords nowadays is a little surprised and

sad at what it has done unwillingly and unwittingly. All the more, because it is irrevocable. What are concessions? Restitutions. And the nations know it. "I grant," says the king. "I get back my own," say the people. The House of Lords thought it was creating privileges for peers; it produced rights for citizens. The vulture of aristocracy hatched the eagle's egg of liberty.

The egg is now broken; the eagle flies aloft, the vulture is expiring.

England grows in greatness, while her aristocracy is in its last agony.

But let us be just to the aristocracy. It was a balance and a barrier; a counterpoise to royalty, an obstacle to despotism.

Let us bury it with all the honors.

III.

THE OLD HALL.

NEAR Westminster Abbey was an old Norman palace, which had been burnt in Henry VIII.'s time. Two wings of it remained. Edward VI. placed the Chamber of Lords in one, and the Chamber of the Commons in the other.

Neither the two wings, nor the two chambers, now exist. It has all been rebuilt.

We have said it and must emphasize it, there is no resemblance between the present and the former House of Lords. In demolishing the old palace, the old usages were somewhat demolished. Every stroke of the pickaxe in a monument makes a corresponding stroke in customs and charters. An old stone cannot fall, without bringing down an old law with it. Place a square-halled senate in a round hall, it will be something different. Changing the shell changes the shape of the shell-fish.

If you want to preserve any thing old, profane or sacred, code or dogma, patriciate or priesthood, don't renew any thing, not even the outside. Patch it, at most. For instance, Jesuitism is a patch let into Catholicism. Treat buildings as you treat institutions.

Shades must dwell in ruins. Decrepit powers are uncomfortable in newly-decorated dwellings. Ragged institutions require dilapidated palaces.

To show the interior of the House of Lords, of days gone by, is to show something unknown. History is night. There is no background to it. Every thing is consigned to insignificance and darkness, so soon as it ceases to be before the footlights. A scene, once shifted, is effaced and forgotten. The unknown is a synonyme of the past.

The peers of England used to sit, as a court of justice, in the great hall of Westminster, and, as the upper legislative chamber, in a particular hall, called *the House of the Lords*.

Besides the court of English peers which only assembles when summoned by the crown, the two great English tribunals, inferior to the court of peers, but superior to every other jurisdiction, sat in the great hall of Westminster. At the upper end of this hall, they occupied two rooms which communicated. The first tribunal was the Court of King's Bench, at which the king was supposed to preside; the second was the Court of Chancery, over which the lord-chancellor presided. One was a court of justice, the other a court of mercy. It was the chancellor who advised the king to pardon—occasionally. These two courts, which still exist, interpreted the laws, and slightly remodelled them; the judge's art consists in tinkering the code. Equity gets out of this business as it best can. The laws were made and applied in that grave place, the great hall of Westminster. This hall had a vaulted roof of chestnut, to which spiders could not attach their webs; there were enough of them in the laws.

To sit as a court, and to sit as a chamber of legislation, are two things. This duality constitutes supreme power. The Long Parliament, which began November 3, 1640, felt the radical necessity of this double sword. Therefore it declared itself

MR. PEABODY'S GIFT TO THE POOR OF LONDON.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the *Times*, and elsewhere, attention has been drawn to the fact that the trustees of the Peabody Fund have not advanced so rapidly in providing dwellings, as certain companies that have been formed in London for a like purpose. Sir Sidney Waterlow's Company for improving the dwellings of the working-classes had, at the close of 1865, provided tenements for 600 persons only; it was now housing, or about to house, nearly 4,000, or more than six times as many. At that same period Mr. Peabody's trustees had erected lodgings for nearly 900 persons, which number has now increased to about 2,000. That is, the original fund has somewhat more than doubled the extent of its operations in three years' time. "It thus appears," says the *Times*, of a recent date, "that Sir Sidney Waterlow's Company, though working on commercial principles, has actually advanced more rapidly up to this moment, than Mr. Peabody's Trust, representing a pure benefaction." This is easily to be explained by the nature of the operations pursued in the two cases. The Waterlow Company erects buildings with its funds, obtains loans from Government on the security of those buildings, and, with the money so borrowed, erects other buildings. The Peabody Trust, on the other hand, though especially ordered by its founder to be "reproductive and perpetual," extends itself only out of its own profits, and these profits, though sure, are of moderate extent. For instance, the returns of the original £150,000 trust, have been up to this time only £23,000, whereas the Waterlow Company are proposing at present to borrow more than double that sum on the security of property representing a capital of £100,000.

The Peabody Trust not being a commercial transaction, the trustees were not exposed to the temptation of seeking to obtain high rents and pay good dividends, without regard to what the tenants could afford to pay. Yet they took care that the dwellings should not be let rent-free. For, even supposing that Mr. Peabody had not expressed a wish that the Fund should be so applied as to render it reproductive, it was essential to the ultimate success of the scheme that a moderate or low rent should be charged for the accommodation provided; otherwise the benefaction would have been open to the objection that, while aiming to ameliorate the physical condition of the laboring poor, and to develop among them better moral sentiments and habits, it destroyed the vital principle itself of human advancement. When the feeling of independence gets extinguished within a man, little else is left worth preserving; and nothing tends more to bring about this result than the continual receipt of *alms* and pauper doles. Mr. Peabody's trustees, much to the dissatisfaction of a number of people, have avoided such a catastrophe by demanding fair payment for the accommodation they have provided.

In fixing the amount of rent, the trustees were influenced by two considerations besides the fundamental one just adverted to. In the first place, they felt it incumbent on them "to charge for each room such a moderate percentage on the actual cost of the houses, as would bring in a reasonable annual income to the general Fund. In the second place, they were desirous, without coming into undue competition with the owners of house-property less favorably circumstanced, to demonstrate to its proprietors the practicability of rendering the dwellings of the laboring poor healthful, cheerful, and attractive; and at the same time securing to the landlords a fair return for their investments."

From the Report for 1865, it appears that, on an average, the weekly charge in London for a single room is from 2s. 6d. to 8s.; for two rooms (perhaps low, damp kitchens), 5s. to 5s. 6d.; and for three rooms, 6s. 6d. to 7s. In the Peabody Buildings, the rent per week for one room is 2s. 6d.; for two rooms, 4s.; and for three rooms, 5s. But, as the secretary truly says, the test of rent affords no adequate standard by which to contrast the squalor and discomfort of a tenement in one of the fetid alleys of the metropolis, with the light, airy, and agreeable apartments of the Peabody Buildings.

Undue interference with the tenants, so commonly complained of in organizations of this kind, is carefully avoided by the managers of the Peabody Trust. Much wisdom is, however, needed on the part of the secretary, in his inquiries whether candidates possess the sole

qualification mentioned by Mr. Peabody—"an ascertained condition of life, such as brings the individual within the description of the poor of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society." When this point has been satisfactorily ascertained, and the individual is established in his new home, he finds himself as free from interference as in his former dwelling. "It has been the study of the trustees to impose no restriction on the entire freedom of action of any tenant, so far as is consistent with the comfort and convenience of all; there are no rules which interfere in the slightest degree with their privacy or independence; all have uninterrupted ingress and egress at all hours; are as fully masters of their houses, and can live in as much seclusion and retirement, as if dwelling in any other building in the adjacent streets." The truth of all this is amply verified by the expressed satisfaction of the tenants themselves, and by the fact that they show no disposition to change their abodes.

With reference to the question specially disputed in England—the class of persons by whom the advantages are enjoyed—something has already been said. As is well known, the buildings were claimed as almshouses for the destitute, and the trustees were accused of letting them, in opposition to the intentions of the donor, to people who were neither helpless nor necessitous. One is curious to learn how such accusers came to know, better than his trustees, the intentions of Mr. Peabody; and what ground they have for supposing that Mr. Peabody meant to pauperize the population of London, by supplying them with gratuitous lodgings. The earlier statements of the trustees sufficiently show that the benefits of the donation are not reaped by a more well-to-do class than was intended. But, if any doubt on this point still lingers in the minds of some, it will surely be dispelled by the recently-published Report for last year.

"The total population," says the Report, "of all the buildings now completed by the trustees, is 1,971. These compose the families of working-men, the nature of whose employments is as follows:—"

Bakers	7	Machinist	1
Beadle of a market	1	Mariners	19
Belt-maker	1	Masons	3
Boller-makers	3	Messengers	11
Blacksmiths	22	Milk-carrier	1
Brewer	1	Millwright	1
Brewer's Draymen	2	Painters	7
Bricklayers	3	Park-keepers	3
Brush-makers	2	Plumber	1
Cab-drivers	3	Police-men	17
Candle-maker	1	Porters	62
Carmen	15	Recruiting-sergeants	2
Carpenters	7	Riggers	3
Charwomen	22	Rope-makers	4
Commissionnaires	2	Sail-makers	2
Compositors	6	Ship-keepers	2
Cook	1	Ship-scraper	1
Coopers	5	Shipwrights	6
Cork-cutters	3	Shoemakers	21
Draymen	3	Shopmen	4
Dressmakers and Needlewomen	18	Staymaker	1
Engine-drivers	2	Stevedores	3
Engine-turners	3	Tailors	9
French Polisher	1	Tide-waiters	3
Gas-meter-maker	1	Timekeepers	2
Glass-cutters	2	Tinplate-worker	1
Harness-maker	1	Umbrella-maker	1
Joiners	2	Upholsterer	1
Laborers	132	Watchmakers	7
Laundresses	2	Watchmen	3
Lightermen	3	Window-blind-maker	1
Letter-carriers	10		

The average wages earned by these working-men are rather under twenty-one shillings a week. A few earn something more, and many less, according to the nature and permanence of their employment. And it is worthy of note that 132 heads of families are set down as actual laborers.

Perhaps it is yet too early to expect to see many beneficial effects of Mr. Peabody's gift, at least in any degree commensurate with the outlay. Airy dwellings, even though furnished with every comfort conducive to health, can hardly be expected, in the course of a year or two, to remove the mischievous effects of many years spent in some malarious slum: and moral sentiments and habits, checked in the bud, blunted, or perverted, by contact during a lifetime with squalor, wretchedness, and vice of every sort, will not grow up in all their completeness and beauty immediately on people's removal to more favored habitations. But those who do not look for almost instan-

taneous changes in physical well-being and moral sentiments and conduct, will be highly gratified with such improvement as is already manifested.

Respecting the salubrity of the dwellings the successive Reports speak very encouragingly. Coming to the Report for 1866, when the number of tenants, and the duration of their occupancy, had reached a stage at which conclusions of some value could be drawn, we read: "The sanitary condition of the buildings continues highly satisfactory. During the recent unhealthy season, when cholera and other prevalent diseases infested the vicinity of the buildings, both at Spitalfields and Islington, one case of cholera in the former only occurred, and its contraction and fatal determination were mainly ascribable to imprudence and neglect on the part of the patient. Including this case, the whole number of adult deaths has been but seven in a population of nearly nine hundred. Of these, three died of consumption, and two from old age and general infirmity. The mortality among children has unfortunately been greater, amounting to twenty-three; but nearly all these deaths occurred among families newly admitted, and most of which had previously resided in crowded and unhealthy localities." Subsequent annual statements are equally gratifying. There is "an entire exemption from endemic diseases, and from those complaints incident to low and crowded localities."

No less pleasing is the account given of the contentment, moral conduct, and orderly habits of the tenants. Speaking in December, 1865—nearly two years after the first of the buildings had been opened—the secretary says: "Habitual drunkenness is unknown, and intoxication infrequent, and where the latter does occur to the annoyance of others it is judiciously dealt with, by giving notice to the offender that, in the event of its recurrence, he must prepare to leave. There has been but one person removed for quarrelling and disturbing the peace; and one expelled for non-payment of rent. These exceptions, out of a community consisting of 880 persons, speak strongly for the self-respect and moral principles by which they are influenced." Again, in the report published two years later, we read that, "independently of the direct economic advantages derivable from the application of Mr. Peabody's bounty, satisfactory evidence of its social effects becomes every day more apparent—in the peaceful deportment of the tenants, the improved order within their apartments, and the disappearance of excess of all kinds. The healthy aspect of the children, the neatness and tidiness of their dress, and their inoffensive happiness of play in the ample and secluded grounds, secure from evil street-intercourse, abundantly justify the belief that a beneficial influence is being exerted over the future of the working-classes by the signal improvement thus introduced into their dwellings and domestic habits." "The great privileges they now enjoy," says the Secretary, in his latest statement, "have already produced a salutary effect, not only amongst the young, but perceptibly in the increased tidiness and cleanliness of the old."

Facts like these speak for themselves, and require no comment. They must be pleasing to every one who has the interests of the working-classes at heart, while to Mr. Peabody himself they cannot fail to afford peculiar gratification. They open up the prospect of a condition in the not distant future of the industrious poor of London, which legislators and social-science reformers have long seen to be eminently desirable, but which they have hitherto failed to devise the means of reaching. And possessing as the scheme does the essential conditions, not only of permanency, but of continual expansion, it is impossible to see the end of the physical and moral improvement so auspiciously begun.

We have now traced the progress of Mr. Peabody's munificent gift of £150,000, from its announcement in 1862 down to the present time; and, in doing so, we have avoided any reference to his subsequent donations for the same benevolent purposes. Our reason for this reticence is, that we wish it to be clearly understood that all the results up to this time achieved by the trustees, and which it has been the aim of the foregoing pages to communicate, have been effected *solely* by means of the first donation of £150,000.

As is well known, Mr. Peabody has given the world fresh cause for admiration and surprise by two additional benefactions of £100,000 each; the one announced in January, 1866; the other, in December, 1868; and both together forming what is called the "Second Trust."

The following is the letter in which the donor made known to his trustees his intentions regarding the first instalment of this Second Trust:

LONDON, January 29, 1864.

GENTLEMEN: When I made a donation of £150,000 for the benefit of the poor of London, in March, 1863, it was my intention, if my life was spared until my retirement from business, and Providence continued me in prosperity, to place in your hands, as trustees of the charity, a further gift for the same object. That time has now arrived; but, before entering upon the subject of the second donation, allow me to say a few words relative to the course you have pursued with regard to the first. Your duties and responsibilities have been great, and the performance of the work undertaken, you must have been aware, would occasionally and inconveniently tax your valuable time; but, from high motives of benevolence and duty, you cheerfully accepted the trust, and I cannot but express my grateful thanks for your constant attendance at the meetings of the Board, and my gratification at the great success that has attended your labors.

With regard to this my second gift, it is my desire that in the appointment of future trustees the same rules may be continued as adopted for the first; and that the United States minister at the court of St. James for the time being shall always be one of them.

I now propose that, as soon as a deed can be prepared by your solicitor to fully and legally meet the views and directions which I shall state herein, to transfer into your names 5,000 fully paid-up shares of stock in the Hudson's Bay Company, of £20 each, amounting to £100,000, and representing one-twentieth part of that vast territory. It is my desire that all dividends, as they fall due and are collected, shall be at once invested in shares of the Company, until the market value of the capital and invested accrued dividends reaches the sum of £120,000, which, it is my impression, may be within two or three years; but should I be mistaken in this anticipation, and should the market value of the entire shares, including those acquired by the reinvestment of dividends, be less than £100,000 at the expiration of two years from this date, I will at that time either make up the deficiency or take the shares and pay for them £100,000 in cash, as the trustees may think best for the interest of the fund; and in the event of my death before that time, my executors will be duly authorized and directed to fulfil this engagement.

Should the shares be taken by me for £100,000, or sold to others at the limit stated above, I desire that the proceeds shall be invested in safe securities, including interest accruing on the same up to the 1st of July, 1869, when you or your successors will consider all restrictions regarding sales at an end.

The delay thus caused in appropriating this gift to the charity will, I think, act beneficially, by enabling you, first, to expend the £75,000 now remaining on hand of the former donation, thereby testing by further experience the wisdom of the course you have hitherto pursued. Taking the joint capital of the two gifts at a minimum of £250,000, it will form a fund the operation of which is intended to be progressive in its usefulness, as applied to the relief of the poor of London (so correctly defined in your recent report), without exclusion in consequence of religious belief or political bias. It will therefore act more powerfully in future generations than in the present; it is intended to endure forever. A century in the history of London is but a brief period comparatively with the life of man, and should your successors continue the management of the charity as you have begun it, it is my ardent hope and trust that within that period the annual receipts from rents for buildings of this improved class may present such a return that there may not be a poor workman of blameless character in London who could not obtain comfortable and healthful lodgings for himself and his family at a cost within his means.

As your course with regard to the former gift of £150,000 is already defined in your trust-deed, I can only express my own views and wishes regarding the appropriation of the principal and income of this second donation, and leave to yourselves and your successors to manage it accordingly.

You are fully authorized to use any portion of the fund in building lodging-houses for the laboring poor, as expressed in my former letter; but, as before many years it is to be apprehended that desirable sites for such buildings may be difficult to obtain at moderate prices within the limits of the metropolis, in that event, it is my desire that my trustees for the time being may seek out and secure, at such rates as the state of the fund may warrant, such freehold sites, within ten miles of the present Royal Exchange, as may appear eligible, both on account of salubrity of position and proximity to the great centres of labor and railroad accommodation, due regard being had to the probable burden of taxation. It may also be desirable to obtain from railroad companies the most economical arrangements procurable for the conveyance of working-people at stated hours to and from London at such moderate fares as will come within their means.

Comfortable and convenient houses are to be erected upon those sites for the exclusive accommodation of the honest and industrious poor of London, under such regulations and on such terms and conditions as my trustees may direct, subject only to the guiding principles laid down in respect to my former donation.

As dwellings in such sites may in some instances be remote from schools and other facilities for instruction, the trustees shall be at liberty in such cases, should they consider it needful, to set apart space, adjacent to the building and suitable for school-houses for the children of the families holding tenements. But such schools must be so organized as carefully to exclude sectarian influences, and so conducted as to avoid denominational jealousy. With this view it is my desire that the course of education shall be exclusively of an elementary and literary character.

I would also suggest to my trustees that, for the mental improvement of the inmates, the school-rooms might, if they think desirable, be open some hours during the evening; and that books, periodicals, and newspapers, be provided for those who choose to attend, and that at certain seasons popular and scientific lectures might be introduced at a charge, if any, merely sufficient to defray necessary expenses.

As some of these dwellings will probably be at inconvenient distances from good markets, I would also suggest to my trustees to consider the propriety, in localities where it may seem to be required, of providing within the build-

ings, or near to them, apartments in which the tenants may organize coöperative stores for supplying themselves with coal and other necessary articles for their own consumption, subject to such regulations as, in the judgment of my trustees, may be needful.

I also beg to suggest and recommend to you and to your successors in the management of this trust, that in the month of February in every year after 1866, a report of the progress in buildings (if any should be commenced), with an account of receipts and expenditures, with the various items attending the management of the fund, be prepared and published in the London newspapers. I would add my wish that in like manner, as trustees of my former gift, you should continue once in every year to lay a similar report before the public.

It having occurred to me that for good reasons my trustees may wish, at a comparatively early period, to change some part or parts of the deed which is to be prepared for the management of this fund, I therefore hereby authorize them to do so at any time during my life, conformably to a resolution passed unanimously by their Board and approved by me.

In conclusion, looking to the object of this donation and to the large development in coming years of an arrangement designed to promote the physical, moral, and social welfare of the deserving poor of the metropolis, I entertain a strong and earnest hope that the project will so commend itself to the sympathies and judgment of the inhabitants of London, as to insure on their part that interest and coöperation which will secure to future generations of the poor those comforts which, with the blessing of Providence, it is my object to bestow upon them.

With great respect and regard, I am,

Your humble servant,

GEORGE PEABODY.

To His Excellency CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS,

United States Minister.

"The Right Honorable LORD STANLEY, M. P.,
"SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT,
"CURTIS M. LAMPSON, Esq.,
"JULIUS S. MORGAN, Esq.,

Trustees of the Peabody
Donation Fund.

Toward the close of last year Mr. Peabody intimated to his trustees his intention of increasing this second Trust by an additional £100,000:

LONDON, December 5, 1868.

MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN: I beg to acquaint you who have so kindly undertaken the management of the fund set apart under my second deed of gift of the 19th of April, 1866, for the benefit of the poor of London and its vicinity, that, in pursuance of an intention which I have entertained since the creation of that fund, I am desirous now of adding to it a further sum of one hundred thousand pounds.

In contemplation of this, I purchased, about a year ago, a tract of freehold building-land of about fifteen acres in extent, at Brixton, near the City of London School, easily accessible, and within a few minutes' walk of frequent trains to and from London. This land has increased in value, and can now let on building leases of eighty years, at rents producing about eight per cent. per annum on the cost, which is £16,285, 17s. 3d. This land I propose to convey to you with the same powers as are conferred by the deed over the her property of this Trust, and with discretion to you either to deal with it as a source of income, by letting it, or any portion of it, on lease, or, should it seem expedient, to retain it in your own hands as sites for dwellings to be erected by the Trust.

Pursuant to my letter of the 29th of January, 1866, I transferred to you, subject to a contingency therein explained, 5,000 shares in the Hindson's Bay Company, which accordingly stand in your names, together with 612 additional shares purchased by the reinvestment of the accruing income of the previous year. These 5,612 shares I have since redeemed, conformably to the deed of the 19th of April, 1866, by the payment of £100,000 on the first of February last. I now to acquaint you that it is my intention, so soon as the necessary deeds can be prepared, to hand the shares over to you, to be retained or dealt with according to your best judgment and discretion. The price of these shares shall be fixed on the 17th inst. by the stock exchange sales on that day, and I will hand to you a check for the balance, to make the gift a cash value of £100,000.

This amount will increase my former donation of the second Trust to £100,000, and, including my gift under the first Trust in March, 1862, of £150,000, total of £250,000.

I trust you will see manifested in this further donation, an expression of entire satisfaction with the manner in which you have conducted the affairs of the Trust.

I am, with great respect,

Your humble servant,

GEORGE PEABODY.

The Right Honorable LORD STANLEY, M. P., Chairman.
His Excellency REVERDY JOHNSON, United States Minister.
SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, Bart.
SIR CURTIS M. LAMPSON, Bart.
J. S. MORGAN, Esquire.

As already stated, up to the end of last year, nothing had yet been done with the £200,000 constituting the Second Trust. The purposes of the donor are sufficiently indicated in his letters, and need no further mention. What has been already said will be deemed enough to enlist the sympathies and intelligent admiration of all who, Mr. Peabody, have the well-being of their fellow-men at heart.

SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

By HENRY W. BELLOWES.

V.

May 6th.

MR. POWERS was led to-day to speak of his religious views. He began with the question of fatalism, which he had found some practical illustrations of in his earlier life.

There was an old man, he said, with whom I was acquainted, who used to maintain the irresistibility of circumstances, and the irresponsibility of human character. His son, a youth of seventeen, was the doorkeeper at our museum, and, after he had been with us a while, we had reason to suspect him of appropriating some portion of the receipts to his own use. By a system of close watching, we detected his thievery, and charged him with it so circumstantially that he made a full confession. But he added: "I could not help it, and father says some people can't resist such temptations."—"Well, then," I said, "I must go and tell your father that he has a son who can't help stealing." He fell on his knees in terror, and pleaded that his father should not be told of his crime. "He'll certainly kill me," he said, "if he hears of it." We had compassion on the lad, and, after a serious schooling, dismissed him from our service, but without exposing him. I suppose his father, who was as sharp as he was wrongheaded, would have beaten his son for what he would have owned he could not help, and then excused himself by saying that he could not help beating him. Ah! every man knows in himself better than this. The sense of accountableness and the feeling of a free, responsible will are too deeply rooted in our consciousness to be really much affected by metaphysical reasonings. Sir William Herschel and old Abernethy used to argue together about the existence of a soul independently of the body, Abernethy maintaining stoutly that he had diligently searched for such a thing in his surgical operations, but never could get his knife upon it. Herschel at last, convinced of the uselessness of arguing with the eccentric materialist, told him, "Well, doctor, perhaps it may be that you haven't got a soul—I've often doubted it—but I know, at the least, that I have one."

I used to be much troubled by the responsibility of giving advice; but, since I learned to seek the divine direction, I try to feel that the Holy Spirit is with me in my humbler hours. I give it, not at all sure that it is divinely guided, but hoping that it is, and at least with a greatly-relieved sense of personal anxiety. We must not, however, throw our errors of judgment, or careless thinkings, or poor experience, off upon the Holy One, as if He were responsible for our weaknesses and ignorance. There is a great deal too much of this in the so-called religious world. Under the name of humility, people often lay sins on their Saviour, which God will not fail to hold them personally accountable for. Whatever is matter of wilful sin we shall surely answer for, and no theological hocus-pocus can so sophisticate the human conscience that at the bottom it does not know and feel that it is so. Yet theological errors, no doubt, help to blind human souls to their responsibility.

I had no religious education when I was a boy. My father was an upright and honest man, and taught us to do right. My mother was a Universalist, a woman of strength and excellence, and able to defend her views, and somewhat disposed to do it; but my father never talked on the subject. For some reason, my mother did not inculcate any special religious opinions or duties upon me. When I first got out into the world, and heard the current preaching, it seemed almost an insult to my intelligence. I resented it as an offence to reason and conscience. It produced such an effect upon me, that, although always morally alive, I thought I had no religion, and certainly felt as if I did not desire to have any of the kind that was most popular. I recollect that the Trinity, in its scholastic form,

and as the orthodox creeds taught it, seemed to me wholly incredible, contradictory, and absurd. It was not till I came across Swedenborg's writings, that my mind opened to the truth and claims of Christianity. There I found the Trinity set forth in a reasonable and credible way, as the several manifestations of the divine wisdom, goodness, and power.

The universe seems full of illustrations of spiritual truth, and the sun, the greatest and most mysterious of all material objects, seems the most worthy and natural likeness or symbol of God. Are not its functions, considered separately and unitedly, a perfect illustration of the constitution and several operations of the Godhead, so far as we can hope, with our limited faculties, to understand it?

Heat and light, considered in their separate offices, represent—the first, power; and the second, organization, or wisdom; while in their joint operation they produce effects and bear fruits which represent *love*. Heat is power. It is the source of all motion, clearly enough proved by the stillness and rest which even the partial withdrawal of the sun's heat produces in winter. Light seems to organize and guide, or to light, matter to its place. The potatoes in my father's cellar used to sprout as soon as the spring heat came; but they came out white as snow, and put forth no leaf, until they had groped their way to the only window; but, the moment the light fell on them, they burst into leaf and greenness. But neither light alone, nor heat alone, is adequate to any perfect vegetable growth, or animal, either. And it is not a united effect, but a combined one—not a mechanical, but a chemical, union—that is needed. Light and heat, and the actinic force of their united qualities, which is a third element, produce vegetable nature. Heat represents the paternal, light the filial element in the Deity, and their union the Holy Spirit.

• The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, are eternal distinctions in the Deity, as, indeed, all things—past, present, and future—are eternal in Him, the future and the past being both alike with God. It is only because things *happen to us in time* that we are confused, ascribing to the eternal God our human limitations. Jesus Christ, considered *in time*, is God condescending to us in a human form and nature; the eternal fact is, that from all eternity this condescension existed in the divine purpose and character, so that Christ is the eternal Son. God's condescension to our humanity, which had wandered so far from its innocency as to have lost the power of retracing its steps and discovering anew its lost Father, was manifested in coming to us in a form level to our nature, and intelligible even to ignorant and sinful beings. I sometimes try to image a pigmy race, invisibly to the eye inhabiting the hollow of my thumb-nail, and to whom the rim of my thumb-nail is their whole horizon. By the highest microscopic power, suppose that I can discern these little creatures, and perceive a dim intelligence and some moral qualities and aptitudes for goodness in them; but I see that they are running against and injuring each other, and have a thousand bad and discouraging ways, and that they are making no progress, but rather going backward. I wish to communicate with them, but fear to speak, lest my voice should shake them out of existence. I cannot lay a finger upon them, from dread of crushing them. At length, I think if I could only send them a pigmy in their own shape, but with my own ideas and feelings, to communicate with them in their own tongue, and with reference to their customs and habits, I might open relations with them, and be able to impart invaluable light and truth and knowledge of their benefactor.

In some such relation human souls stood to God when He sent His Son to make Himself known.

Does Jesus Christ supersede the Heavenly Father, I asked, in your system of theology?

Certainly not, said Mr. Powers. We recognize the unknown and unfathomable in God—that part of Him which cannot be revealed, but which is the fountain-head of life, and altogether

adorable. But we worship Christ as the *revealed* God. Jesus said, "Come unto *Me*, and I will give you rest." He did not direct us to overlook or pass by Him, and carry our petitions farther, and so we offer them to God in His Son Jesus Christ, who is the Divine Man.

Our conversation, as I wished no controversy, and could not here agree with Mr. Powers, then shifted to other subjects.

Have you seen Rauch's works? I asked.

Several, he said, at the quarries, sent to be put into marble; and lovely and beautiful things they were. He could not, with his gentle nature, make any thing stern or heroic. His "Victory" even was as mild as a dove, but so graceful and lovely! Rauch came to see me when he was about eighty years old, perhaps the finest-looking old man I ever met. He introduced himself with great simplicity, and looked about with kind eyes. We artists do not praise each other in very strong terms. It hardly seems in good taste, and too often excites the suspicion of the *quid pro quo*. I praise your dog, that you may praise my cat. But I gave him to understand that I *liked* his "Victory," and whatever few things of his I had seen. He finally, with some evident reluctance, inquired if I had any objections to show him a new tool I had invented, of which he had heard great things. "Certainly not," I said. It had always been open to the inspection of my professional friends, and I had given many away. He took one of my new files in his hand, and, picking up a piece of plaster, commenced cutting. He soon paused, and, with a melancholy yet pleased look, said: "Ah! I'm thinking how many hours of hard work and precious time would have been saved me, if I could have known of this thirty years ago."

The expansion of moulds, said Mr. Powers, is very unequal, and leaves a great many defects in the best castings, which must be reduced and corrected by scraping and filing. But plaster is a very intractable material; it is almost impossible, by any of the old methods, to get back the soft surface of the original clay. The file fills and clogs, and the labor is wearisome and disappointing. In my punctured and open file, where, with perfect regularity of holes, there is an edge, or bite, on one side of each hole, so that it cuts only one way, the plaster passes easily through the holes, and leaves the instrument clear. It is capable of being made of any degree of coarseness or fineness, and is applicable to the metals, specially copper, as well as to plaster. The saving of labor is immense. I patented it, but have never used the patent-right. I think it would be a fortune, properly pushed; but I have had no time to utilize it, except in the way of my art.

To return to Rauch, he had the devotion and true spirit of an artist. He thirsted for perfection, and gave all the time necessary to make his individual works the best in his power. He would have scorned putting his models into foreign hands to be worked into marble away from his own direction and oversight. Think of Phidias sending over for a ship-load of stone-cutters from Alexandria, to work out the frieze of the Parthenon! Lord Elgin would never have thought it worth his while to steal it. When they were contracting for the decorations of the Capitol at Washington, they asked me to put in my proposals and designs for one end of the new building. But I declined. I had no time to make designs which might be rejected by incompetent judges. If I had reputation enough to be employed, in reliance on my taste and skill, very well; if not, I preferred to wait till I had. Another serious objection was, that it was proposed to receive the models and execute them at Washington. This I could never consent to. True, it was not made a condition; but it was suggested that it would be cheaper. Now, I had no notion of having a hand, for whose anatomy I was responsible, shaped to accommodate a stone-cutter's convenience, or to cover up his unlucky slips. If he broke off a finger, I was not prepared to have him steal

a new one out of the palm, and make me responsible for the anatomy.

Have you seen Schwanthaler's works? I inquired.

No; and I don't want to. It is enough for me to learn that it was boasted of him that "in twenty years he had made three hundred statues and innumerable busts." This is pure manufacturing. There could possibly be no real excellence in such mechanical productiveness. I never heard of any work of his attaining general or critical reputation. Can you name one? The statue of Bavaria is, of course, celebrated—for its size; but have you seen any thing from his chisel that you remember?

I had noticed a certain shelf in his outer room, containing a few busts over which the word "Delinquents" was chalked. This is the pillory into which Mr. Powers puts those who, being able to pay, fail, after due and patient applications and warnings, to settle their accounts with him for his hardly-earned labor and painfully-acquired skill. He said he caught the idea from a story related to him by "the custodian of gems," of a certain artist, long ago, who, having made a faithful bust of a sitter, found his work declined on account of its ugliness, the subject refusing to believe it was a good likeness. "Very well," said the artist; "you deny the likeness and refuse to take the bust, and I accept your excuse." He, accordingly, set up the bust in his studio, surrounded by a small card-paper prison, gloomily painted over, on which was inscribed, "For debt." The portrait was so unmistakable that everybody in town recognized it, and flocked to the artist's studio to enjoy his ingenious revenge. Soon the subject came, passionately complaining of the ridicule to which he had been subjected. "You, sir?" said the sculptor. "Who knows this ugly bust to be yours? There is no name upon it, and you have utterly denied its resemblance. It is my work, and I have a right to do as I will with it."—"Oh! but I will pay you the price, and take it away."—"But it has become so valuable to me by attracting the public, that I cannot part with it for less than twice my original charge."—"Well, I will take it at that price." And so the sculptor's debtor got himself out of prison at last.

Mr. Powers observed that he was obliged to make his busts in the clay look much harder than was natural, for fear of their appearing too soft in the marble. In the clay, the shadows are all solid; in the marble, semitransparent, as they are in the flesh.

Good statuary marble is dear and scarce, even in places where the mountains abound in excellent building marble. It is only now and then that a vein is found of the purity and uniformity of color required; and of every three blocks, equally promising in appearance, the purchaser must expect to lose one by the discovery of some flaw, as his work advances—fortunate if it appears before a great amount of labor has been expended on it. He had, only a short time since, in finishing a highly-wrought bust, come upon an air-cell, not bigger than a small pin-head, but directly under the nose, which compelled the abandonment of the head. It would have given the effect of a dirty nose, to mend it ever so nicely. That very morning, a blow of a little too much percussive force, from a workman usually very careful, had broken the neck of a bust directly off. Fortunately, it was only blocked out, and the loss was not above fifty dollars.

Mr. Powers has two ideal busts of Faith and Hope, and he asked me whether I thought the apostle had named the Christian graces in the direct or inverse order of their importance. He had clearly put Charity last, and declared it greatest. But did he mean to put Hope after Faith, as being greater than Faith, and nearer to Charity? He thought not. To him, Hope was a less-assured state than Faith, as Faith was less complete than Love. They were evidently own sisters, and an inseparable triad. But, if precedence must be arranged, he should venture to change the apostolic order—Faith, Hope, Charity—

and put Hope, Faith, Charity. Hope was the bud, Faith the flower, Charity the fruit; and so he had tried to make his heads—Hope, cheerfully expectant, but not in possession; Faith, calmly assured, more rapt and exalted, having attained; Charity should be the diffusion of what Faith has acquired, and her figure would be still different.

Here, said Mr. Powers, is a study for a head that nobody can make; and he pointed to a highly-finished and exquisite head of the Christ, just from his hands.

I asked him if the Greek Slave had not been the most successful of his statues. Yes, the most successful with the public, but not the most successful as an artistic or scientific work. I made it twenty-one years ago, and I have made six copies of it, with slight changes in the chain, since. He remarked of his *Penseroso*, just before us, that Milton evidently fancied that his idea would take form in marble, and he quoted the lines—

"With looks commercing with the skies,
Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes,
She seemed as into marble turned."

His Eve appears to be a favorite with him. He has now a statue which he calls *The Last of the Tribes*—a young squaw in flight—imaging the swift disappearance of the Indian race. Although the lower limbs are yet wholly unfinished, there is a beauty in the head and a motion in the upper part of the body of this figure, which, if the legs keep up fully, will make it perhaps the best and most attractive of Mr. Powers's works. I suppose we shall have to wait a couple of years for it, as I find a year about the length of time it takes to get a statue, after the model is complete, out of the marble.

"SPONTANEOUS GENERATION."

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

II.

IN my former communication I stated what I do not believe, in respect to so-called "Spontaneous Generation;" let me now pass to what I do believe. Granting that the formation of organic matter, and the evolution of life in its lowest forms, may go on under existing cosmical conditions; but believing it more likely that the formation of such matter and such forms took place at a time when the heat of the earth's surface was falling through those ranges of temperature at which the higher organic compounds are unstable; I conceive that the moulding of such organic matter into the simplest types must have commenced with portions of protoplasm more minute, more indefinite, and more inconstant in their characters, than the lowest Rhizopods—less distinguishable from a mere fragment of albumen than even the *Protogenes* of Professor Haeckel. The evolution of specific shapes must, like all other organic evolution, have resulted from the actions and reactions between such incipient types and their environments, and the continued survival of those which happened to have specialties best fitted to the specialties of their environments. To reach by this process the comparatively well-specialized forms of ordinary *Infusoria* must, I conceive, have taken an enormous period of time.

To prevent, as far as may be, future misapprehension, let me elaborate this conception so as to meet the particular objections raised. The *North American* reviewer takes for granted that a "first organism" must be assumed by me, as it is by himself. But the conception of a "first organism," in any thing like the current sense of the words, is wholly at variance with conception of evolution; and scarcely less at variance with the facts revealed by the microscope. The lowest living things are not, properly speaking, organisms at all; for they have no distinctions of parts—no traces of organization. It is almost a misuse of language to call them "forms" of life: not only are

their outlines, when distinguishable, too unspecific for description, but they change from moment to moment, and are never twice alike, either in two individuals or in the same individual.

Even the word "type" is applicable in but a loose way; for there is little constancy in their generic characters: according as the surrounding conditions determine, they undergo transformations now of one kind and now of another. And the vagueness, the inconstancy, the want of appreciable structure, displayed by the simplest of living things as we now see them, are characters (or absences of characters) which, on the hypothesis of Evolution, must have been still more decided when, as at first, no "forms," no "types," no "specific shapes," had been moulded. That "absolute commencement of organic life on the globe," which, the reviewer says, I "cannot evade the admission of," I distinctly deny. The affirmation of universal evolution is in itself the negation of an "absolute commencement" of any thing. Construed in terms of evolution, every kind of being is conceived as a product of modifications wrought by insensible gradations on a pre-existing kind of being; and this holds as fully of the supposed "commencement of organic life" as of all subsequent developments of organic life. It is no more needful to suppose an "absolute commencement of organic life," or a "first organism," than it is needful to suppose an absolute commencement of social life and a first social organism. The assumption of such a necessity in this last case, made by early speculators, with their theories of "social contracts" and the like, is disproved by the facts; and the facts, so far as they are ascertained, disprove the assumption of such a necessity in the first case.

That organic matter was not produced all at once, but was reached through steps, we are well warranted in believing by the experiences of chemists. Organic matters are produced in the laboratory by what we may literally call *artificial evolution*. Chemists find themselves unable to form these complex combinations directly from their elements; but they succeed in forming them indirectly, by successive modifications of simpler combinations. In some binary compound, one element of which is present in several equivalents, a change is made by substituting for one of these equivalents an equivalent of some other element; so producing a ternary compound. Then another of the equivalents is replaced, and so on. For instance, beginning with ammonia, NH_3 , a higher form is obtained by replacing one of the atoms of hydrogen by an atom of methyl, so producing methyl-amine, $N(CH_3)_2$; and then, under the further action of methyl, ending in a further substitution, there is reached the still more compound substance dimethyl-amine, $N(CH_3)_3$. And in this manner highly complex substances are eventually built up.

The progress toward higher types of organic molecules is effected by modifications upon modifications; as throughout Evolution in general. Each of these modifications is a change of the molecule into equilibrium with its environment—an adaptation, as it were, to new surrounding conditions to which it is subjected; as throughout Evolution in general. Larger, or more integrated, aggregates (for compound molecules are such) are successively generated; as throughout Evolution in general. More complex or heterogeneous aggregates are so made to arise, one out of another; as throughout Evolution in general. A geometrically-increasing multitude of these larger and more complex aggregates so produced, at the same time results; as throughout Evolution in general. And it is by the action of the successively higher forms on one another, joined with the action of environing conditions, that the highest forms are reached; as throughout Evolution in general.

When we thus see the identity of method at the two extremes—when we see that the general laws of evolution, as they are exemplified in known organisms, have been unconsciously conformed to by chemists in the artificial evolution of organic matter; we can scarcely doubt that these laws were conformed to in the natural evolution of organic matter, and

afterward in the evolution of the simplest organic forms. In the early world, as in the modern laboratory, inferior types of organic substances, by their mutual actions under fit conditions, evolved the superior types of organic substances, ending in organizable protoplasm. And it can hardly be doubted that the shaping of organizable protoplasm, which is a substance modifiable in multitudinous ways with extreme facility, went on after the same manner.

As I learn from one of our first chemists, Prof. Frankland, *protein* is capable of existing under probably a thousand isomeric forms; and, as may be shown, it is capable of forming, with itself and other elements, substances yet more intricate in composition, that are practically infinite in their varieties of kind. Exposed to those innumerable modifications of conditions which the earth's surface afforded, here in amount of light, there in amount of heat, and elsewhere in the mineral quality of its aqueous medium, this extremely changeable substance must have undergone now one, now another, of its countless metamorphoses. And to the mutual influences of its metamorphic forms under favoring conditions, we may ascribe the production of the still more composite, still more sensitive, still more variously-changeable portions of organic matter, which, in masses more minute and simpler than existing *Protozoa*, displayed actions verging little by little into those called vital—actions which protein itself exhibits in a certain degree, and which the lowest known living things exhibit only in a greater degree. Thus, setting out with inductions from the experiences of organic chemists at the one extreme, and with inductions from the observations of biologists at the other extreme, we are enabled deductively to bridge the interval—are enabled to conceive how organic compounds were evolved, and how, by a continuance of the process, the nascent life displayed in these became gradually more pronounced. And this it is which has to be explained, and which the alleged cases of "spontaneous generation" would not, were they substantiated, help us in the least to explain.

It is thus manifest, I think, that I have not fallen into the inconsistency alleged by the reviewer. Nevertheless, I admit that he was justified in inferring this inconsistency; and I take blame to myself for not having seen that the statement, as I have left it, is open to misconstruction.

ON THE SURVIVAL OF SAVAGE THOUGHT IN MODERN CIVILIZATION.

By E. B. TYLOR.

To turn now to another topic bearing on survival in culture: Modern games are often survivals of weightier matters, just as one of man's most important implements of war and livelihood survives as a toy in the tiny bows and arrows that children play with in the streets. There is one interesting group of sports, which there is some ground for treating as survivals; these are games of chance. We all know that, when halfpence are tossed or dice cast, no special physical action takes place more than when a stone is thrown to the ground. We know that betting on the turn-up of the coin or die is an appeal to chance, that is, to our own ignorance; not that the process of turning up is extraordinary, but that it is so difficult to follow that we cannot foresee its result. But we also know that this scientific view of chance is not that of early civilization. It was not thus that the South-Sea Islander looked on his divination by lots, that the African fetish-priest shuffled his bits of leather for omens, that the crowd prayed the gods with uplifted hands while the champions cast lots in Agamemnon's helm to learn who should go forth to do battle with Hector and help the well-greaved Greeks. The uncivilized man fancies that lots or dice are being adjusted in their fall with reference to the meaning he chooses to attach to it; and, especially, he imagines spiritual beings standing over the diviner or the gambler, shuffling the lots or turning up the dice to make them give certain answers. This view held on strongly into the middle ages, and one of the most remarkable movements of the seventeenth century was when Thomas

Gataker, the Puritan minister, attacked the supernatural theory of lots and games of chance in a treatise in small quarto.

The supernatural theory of lots is dying but not dead, for fortune-telling with cards, turning up texts for omens, and so forth, still survive largely in civilized Europe. How directly supernatural interpretation is connected with gambling in the popular mind, we may judge from the people of Southern Europe, who expect their patron saints to help them to lucky numbers, or from the Lusitan peasant, who slyly hides his lottery-ticket under the cloth of the communion-table, that it may receive the blessing with the sacrament, and stand a better chance of a prize. Arts of divination and games of chance are identical in principle and in great measure in detail. The dice with which the Greek oracle and the African sorcerer give omens are not to be distinguished from gamblers' dice. Lots serve both purposes. The Chinese gambles by drawing lots, and also his market-places are crowded by professional diviners who draw lots for omens. The Chinese, however, with all their love for old customs, dislike being practically inconvenienced by them; so, when a Chinese makes up his mind what to do, he goes to a lot-drawer and takes an omen; but, if the omen is not what he wants, he will try again and again; at last, when he gets the omen he required, that he will act on. Again, playing-cards are used alike for games and for cartomancy, fortune-tellers preferring the very old-fashioned ones known as tarots, which are much more complicated than ours, and lend themselves to a greater variety of omens.

Now, the question is, Are games of chance in general survivals from serious divination? It is hard to settle a precedence between them on distinct evidence; but there are two cases where it is known which use came first. There is a well-known South-Sea Island art of divination by spinning a cocoa-nut; the persons interested sat in a circle, and the cocoa-nut was spun in the middle; the oracular answer was according to the person or place toward which the monkey-face of the fruit was directed when it stopped. Now, though the Samoan Islanders in Mr. Turner's time had left this off as a means of divination for discovering thieves, etc., they still kept it up as a game of forfeits. Again, there was a Greek art of divination, called *kottabos*, which consisted in flinging wine out of a cup into a metal basin some way off without spilling any, the thrower saying or thinking his mistress's name, and judging from the clear or dull splash of the wine what his fortune in love would be; but in time the magic passed out of the sport, and it became a mere game played for a prize. Now, the question is whether these two cases are typical. If so, we may consider games of chance as survivals from the corresponding processes of divination—that they are divination in sport made gambling in earnest. And it is so much a rule of survival that the sportive use of an art is derived from its serious use, that this hypothesis of the general origin of games of chance seems a plausible one.

Again, as to the superstitious practices which belong to peasant folk-lore, and which are really survivals from a low philosophy of religion, let us take one example. It is one of the principles of the lower animism that diseases are caused by spirits possessing or attacking the patient. It is another principle that spirits may embody themselves for a time in any material object; this is the main theory of fetiches and fetish-worship.* Thus the disease-spirits may be persuaded to come out of the patient, and get into some object prepared for them. To take an instance from the Siberian tribes whose table-moving I have mentioned: when a man is possessed with a demon, or, as we should say, when he is ill, it becomes the business of the priest to charm the spirit out into a doll, and so the patient gets well. Or the disease-spirits may be got into rags, or locks of hair, etc., and hung on trees. African sacred trees are hung all over with such objects, and such trees, with offerings for diseases, exist to this day within the limits of Great Britain. There are, probably, some here who can remember their nurses charming little diseases out of them into nails or knots, and so getting rid of them.

But to suppose the principles and rites of the religion of the lower

races to be only represented in that of the higher races by little surviving superstitions, would be an utterly one-sided view. Many most important thoughts and rites of religion—worship, prayer, sacrifice, penance, fasting—may be traced upward from the lower races more or less far into the faiths of the higher nations, modified and adapted in their course to fit more advanced culture and loftier creeds. This is too large a subject to be entered on now; but let us glance at an example or two from the ethnography of religious ceremony.

Ceremony is part of the gesture-language of mankind, and acts dramatically the ideas it signifies. For example, among the religious ideas of men, few lie deeper in history than the association of bodily cleansing with ceremonial or moral purity. By obvious metaphor, such words as clean or pure are applied to purification from guilt, ceremonial contamination, or moral sin. And what we thus express in words, the men of the lower culture began early to act in ceremony, purifying objects or persons by various imitative rites, especially by passing them through fire, or dipping them in, or sprinkling them with, water. If we look at the distribution of these rites of lustration among the races of the world, we shall find that their diversity of detail and purpose, to say nothing of other reasons, seems to forbid our considering them as all adopted from any single common source. Such ceremonies are either practical cleansings done ceremonially, or they are pure ceremonies; they have little to do with cleanly habits, and do not in the least prove that the people who practise them hold cleanliness to be next to godliness. Genghis Khan's Tartars, who had a conscientious objection to taking off their clothes, considered themselves sufficiently purified by passing through the fire, and the modern Persian is a striking example of the way in which ceremony may override reality. He will wash his eyes when they have been polluted by seeing an infidel; he will carry about a water-pot with a long spout for his ablutions; but he neglects the simplest sanitary rules, and obtains ceremonial purification by dipping in a disgusting little tank of water where a hundred people may have been before him.

The same thought seems to run through all the ceremonies of lustration; but the details differ extremely, and seem to have been in great measure developed independently, as a few typical examples will show. The Kafirs, who are not in the habit of washing on ordinary occasions, perform a ceremonial ablution after a funeral, as do the modern Hindoos. The Romans, returning from a funeral, were purified both by being passed over fire and being sprinkled with water, and the same double rite was observed in the annual lustration of the flocks at the Palilia. Among the aborigines of India and South-east Asia, when a child is born, the mother undergoes a ceremonial lustration, and it is then that among the Kols of Chota Nagpur the child is named. The New-Zealand ceremony of washing young children is highly remarkable. The baby is taken to the stream, and dipped or sprinkled by a native priest; the priest chants a list of names of its ancestors, and the one at which the child sneezes or cries is the name it is considered to choose for itself. The object of this ceremony seems to be the removal of the original *tapu* under which the child is born, which *tapu* may also be removed by another ceremony, a pretence of eating the child. The Lapps also named their children with a ceremonial washing in early times, and long kept up this native rite in private after their conversion to Christianity. And, again, the Jakuns of the Malay peninsula and the Aztecs of Mexico were remarkable for lustrating infants both with fire and water.

Another motive for ceremonial lustration is to drive out demons, as was done in classic and mediæval times, and as the Zend Avesta describes the driving out of the Drukhs Naçus by sprinkling with holy water, which drives it from limb to limb, till it escapes at the toes. It is needless to enter here into the ceremonial lustrations of the Jews, and their baptism of proselytes. The rite, which appears over so great a geographical range, and can be traced through so many stages of culture, appears within the limits of Christendom in the comparatively insignificant practice of aspersion with holy water, but especially holds its place almost throughout Christianity in the baptismal ceremony.

To take one last example from religious ceremony: we have but to think of sunrise and sunset to understand how early must have been the association in men's minds of the East with the source of light and warmth—life and happiness and glory; of the West with darkness and chill—death and decay. Where the sun goes to his daily

* It is well known that the Portuguese gave the name of *feticço*, "charm," to the bits of stone, bone, and other rubbish, worshipped by the negroes as receptacles of supernatural beings, and we adopted the word as *fetich*. But the word had really been English ages before in a different sense. Latin *fasciculus* became Portuguese *feticço* in the sense of magic art, but was also adopted from Norman-French into English as *fetse*, "well made," "neat." It occurs in the best-known quotation from Chaucer:

"And Frenchmen speke ful fete and fetely," etc.

death at sunset, thitherward the soul departs to the other world. As the spirit of the dead Australian hovers for a while on earth, and goes at last toward the setting sun; as Fijian souls start for the judgment-seat from the Western Cape; as the Ojibway's shade follows a wide and beaten path westward, and, crossing the deep and rapid river, comes to the land abounding in game, and joins his rejoicing kindred in their lodge—so the Egyptian dead went West to the death-land of Amenti, and, among our Aryan forefathers, in Max Müller's words, "As the East was to the early thinkers the source of life, the West was to them Nirriti, the Exodus, the land of death."

Nothing could bring out more clearly the full significance of the West as the region of death than the details of the consecration of the pickaxe by the murderous Thugs of India, worshippers of Kali, the death-goddess. In her honor it is that the victims are murdered; to her is dedicated the pickaxe with which the graves of the slain are dug. On that dreadful implement no shadow of any living thing must fall; its consecrator sits facing the West to perform the fourfold washing and the sevenfold passing through the fire, and then, duly consecrated, it is placed on the ground, and the bystanders worship it with faces turned to the West.

On the other hand, the thought of the deities, as in the region of sunrise, is familiar to the savage mind in South America, as when the Jumanas turn the faces of their dead to the East, where dwell the two great deities, the Good and Bad Spirit; and so the Guarayos turn their corpses to the East, to go to the happy country of Tamoi, the grandfather, the ancestor of heaven. In countries where sun-worship prevails, there prevails with it the rite of adjusting the temple, and turning the worshippers, to the East. One of the great ceremonial rites of the Apalaches was performed at sunrise, when the priest stood at the door of the temple-hut and adored the Eastern sun; the cave-temples of the Floridians opened eastward to receive the first rays of the luminary; in Mexico men turned to the East in prayer, and the kindred Nicaraguans declared the gods to be in the region of sunrise; in Peruvian sun-temples the doors looked east, so that at dawn the sun's rays fell on the golden disk, and the people saw and greeted their national deity. This is the rite which the prophet Ezekiel describes as he sees it in horror-stricken vision: "At the door of the temple of the Lord about five-and-twenty men, with their backs toward the temple of the Lord, and their faces toward the East, and they worshipped the sun toward the East." Predominant as sun-worship was in Aryan thought, what is more natural than that the Brahman should turn to the East, and that Vitruvius should give directions so elaborate for adjusting the temples and altars of the immortal gods by the same rule of East and West followed by church-builders now?

In speaking of the solar symbolism of east and west within Christianity, I do not mean such exceptional cases as that Christian sect which Leo I. describes in the fifth century, as stopping on a hill and bowing to the rising sun before entering the Basilica of St. Peter, which the pope says "comes partly from ignorance and partly from the spirit of paganism, and afflicts us extremely." I mean rather such ceremonies as the baptismal rite about the fourth century, which contrasts East and West with the utmost fulness of symbolism. Cyril of Jerusalem thus describes the scene: "Ye were first brought into the anteroom of the baptistery, and placed standing toward the west (the sunset), and then commanded to renounce Satan by stretching out your hands against him as if he were present . . . And why did ye stand toward the west? It was needful, for the sunset is the type of darkness, and he is darkness, and has his strength in darkness; therefore, symbolically looking to the west, ye renounce that dark and gloomy ruler." Then, turning round to the east, the catechumen took up his allegiance to his master, Christ. Thus, Jerome says: "In the mysteries we first renounce him who is in the west, and dies to us with our sins, and so, turning to the east, we make a compact with the Sun of Righteousness, and promise to be His servants." This perfect double rite of east and west is retained in the Eastern Church, and may be seen in Russia to this day. The partial ceremony of orientation of churches, and the practice of turning toward the east in worship, which quite naturally caused early Christians to be accused of being sun-worshippers, are common to both churches.

But it is quite curious to see how far the solar origin and meaning of this practice have been forgotten in modern times. If you ask the meaning you will often be told it has to do with turning toward Jerusalem, as if the church-builders in Normandy and England did not now east from southeast. The absurdity of the notion is shown by

the fact that the churches in Asia, on the other side of Jerusalem, turn east as religiously as they do in Europe. But how can any one expect to know the origin and meaning of ceremonies, or of any thing else, without knowing the ethnographic facts which show the history of their development. Those who would understand such things must do as the Patriarch of Constantinople himself recommended not long ago, they must have recourse to the "historical method."

In the beginning of his "Positive Philosophy," Auguste Comte incidentally lays down a maxim which all ethnographers may adopt as a standing rule. It is simply this remark, that "no conception whatever can be understood except through, its history." The more we study civilization, the more clearly we shall see that the civilization of any age is not a new creation to meet the wants of that age, but that it is a result of past times, modified to meet new conditions of life and knowledge, yet showing in its cases of survival clear vestiges of the course of its development.

The attempt to understand advanced stages of knowledge, belief, art, or custom, without understanding their earlier stages, is not only ineffectual but misleading. To a certain extent people acknowledge this: that our forefathers, and the forefathers of the French and Germans, and those of the classic Greeks and Romans, were once barbaric tribes, is matter of mere commonplace, and it is not questioned that an acquaintance with their early condition is needed to see the meaning of the higher culture into which they rose. But we must go further than this. If, as it seems, the savage stands in somewhat the same relation to the barbarian that the barbarian does to the civilized man, it is needful that the student should gain the most thorough comprehension not only of barbarian, but also of savage life, in order that he may be able to trace up, from as primitive a state as possible, the phenomena of civilization, whether they have become greater and stronger in their after-development, or have lingered as obscure survivals. The moment such an attempt is made, its value becomes evident. To mention only English students, no one could read Mr. McLennan's researches in early law, Sir John Lubbock's comparisons of historic with pre-historic savages, Colonel Lane Fox's lectures on the development of weapons, and deny this.

Savages display thoughts and practices whose origin is comparatively intelligible; far more intelligible than in the modified state in which we have them as survivals at higher grades of culture. The notion of transferring a disease-spirit to a bit of stick is part and parcel of consistent savage philosophy, but, when it lingers among civilized men, it is an absurd superstition; the savage, in childlike good faith, turns toward the rising sun as toward a great and good living lord, whereas the rite is continued in barbaric religions with a less materialistic sense of worship, and passes at last into a new symbolism.

No apology is offered for the incongruous selection of topics which have been considered in the present discussion. Time made it so impossible to trace out the course of survival as a general whole, that examples were intentionally taken almost at random to show how, on point after point, through the vast range of modern thought, the savage has something to say, and even something of consequence. It is a very familiar thought that it may be a duty of civilized life, and certainly is its effect, to put an end to savagery in the world. The settler and the trader are hard at work, more or less humanely, in abolishing savagery. The missionary, in his noble efforts to civilize and Christianize the unhappy lingering savage races, tries to help them as best he may across the huge gulf that separates savage from civilized life. But perhaps it is not quite so familiar a thought that knowledge of savage life has actually gained in the course of its destruction. How ridiculously little the classic world knew or cared about savages, though they abounded in its outskirts! Our main knowledge of them is mediæval and modern, collected in the process of improving them off the face of the earth.

What savagery had to teach has been written, as it were, on Sibley-line books, little cared for while they were plentifully offered, but which, now that there are but a few left, we are willing to buy for a price, and read with eager eyes. Much as we have lost of the details of the life of these modern representatives of pre-historic man, we are not quite too late. Through the vast range of human thought and art, the savage can give hints full of interest and value as to the origin and development and meaning of our own life; and the civilized man who goes to teach may, in many things, remain to learn.

SONNET.

HAST thou beheld a landscape dull and bare,
 On which at times a sullen gleam was shed
 From some shy sunbeam shifting overhead,
 That made the scene for one brief moment fair?
 Such is the light, so transient, flickering, rare,
 Which, from Fate's sullen heavens above me spread,
 Hath flushed the path my weary footsteps tread,
 And lent to darkness glimpses of sweet cheer:
 Alas! alas! that I, whose soul doth burn
 With such deep passion for a steadfast bliss,
 Must bend forever o'er Hope's burial-urn,
 And greet even Love with a half-mournful kiss!
 In sooth, what stern, malignant doom is this?
 Joy! gentle Ariel, ah, return! return!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

"EMIGRANTS CROSSING THE PLAINS."

IN ancient times, the original foundations of a city were esteemed too enormous for uninspired human labor; the work was therefore credited, by the poets of the times, to the gods. If a traveller in the "Homeric age" stopped his classic cart in some prosperous town of the period—one containing score or more of rudely-thatched huts, very much out of repair, and a stone building of moderately-huge proportions, dominated a temple—and inquired, "Who built this place?" an individual dressed in a long morning gown, with "a regulation sword" at his side, wearing on his head a Parisian laurel-wreath (we get our details of this classic costume from the Italian opera of "Medea")—this individual, so dressed, would walk into the middle of the road, and dramatically reply:

"Jupiter Olympus, great, majestic Jove, laid the foundations, and Mars and Vulcan fought for the honor of erecting temples."

Matters of this sort have, in this age of practicality, changed, and we find that our modern founders of great cities are very commonplace persons, superficially viewed, who, abandoning the traditional points of settled communities, gather up their worldly goods, and, trusting in the strong arm of self-reliance, start for broad plains of the great West, "squatting" on some wild spot of land, with their unaided hands erecting a home, without the slightest suspicion of the great work they are engaged in, lay the foundation, not of cities only, but of states and empires.

Poetry has never reached, in its sublimest flights, the simplicity of our country's material progress; for the dream, that civilization shall be born in a day, has been, with us, almost literally realized.

The wild wastes, that for untold centuries have been left to decay, or have been only awakened from their silence by the howl of the wolf or the roar of the bison, are suddenly invaded. The wheels of the Western Emigrant's wagon break lines into the virgin sward. His axe fells the mighty monarch of the forest, and from their remains he builds a shelter for his wife and children. The aboriginal resents the intrusion of what he supposes to be a domain given him by the "Great Spirit." The wild beasts intrude upon his chosen boundaries, he, the pioneer, in the necessity of defending himself, rises to the grand character of a toiler of the soil and a heroic defender of his home; and then culminate, in the results of his work, the anciently supposed rewards only of the laboring man.

How unconscious an agent of providence, in pushing the "empire" on its onward way, rapidly as he may ad-

vance, he is overtaken by modern agencies of civilization that still envelop him in their ameliorating influences. His rude hut is scarcely completed, his garden-patch just begins to yield something to reward his patient toil, his wife and children are finding some little repose in the tiresome round of the severe domestic duties, when they turn a longing eye toward the distant horizon, which, like an impending doom, settles upon their distant homes and friends.

No mail-route has been thought of, no roads are yet built—and the realization of this fills them with despondency, as with, mariners cast on some rock in a wide ocean.

Suddenly, there appear a busy throng, armed with axes, shovels, and picks, and accompanied by a train of well-arranged wagons. They are not emigrants, and not of the military—but they are the erectors of the telegraph. A few days only elapse, and the emigrant who has crossed the plains sends instantaneous word back to his distant friends, and communes with them with the facilities of neighborhood chat.

His surprise is scarcely abated, when his home is invaded by the builders of railways. An encampment, that springs up in a night, is found in the morning to be an established community, and the emigrant's potato-patch is magically turned into town lots, and the foundation of his stable is needed for the corner of the new court-house. Where he expected solitude, he finds bustle; where he thought only of lonely and desolate struggles, he has a crowd of sympathisers, a multitude of cheerful co-workers.

A few years pass away, and some old Indian agent of the Government stops at the Western Emigrant's home. He has not come on a jaded horse, now, wearied by miles of hard and dangerous travelling; he had the best room in "the silver palace night-cars." Looking around on what he sees with the profoundest astonishment, he turns to some idler near by and says—

This is strange, indeed! In the branch of yonder stream, I have witnessed a bloody fight with the savages. I have hunted buffalo in that plain, and built camp-fires, just where that church with the tall steeple stands, to keep off wolves and other varmints. "Who built this place?"

An individual, with a swarthy skin, dressed in homespun clothing, his head adorned with a slouched hat, stands on the gallery of the principal hotel, and, with a nasal twang of decided sound, and an impudent stare, as positive as the front of the hotel, says:

"I guess it was Peletah Doolittle, stranger."

"The Emigrants crossing the Plains" (so happily illustrated by the pencil of Darley, in the steel engraving accompanying this number of the JOURNAL), of a few years ago, are now the successful founders of cities and empires. The power of Jupiter, in the telegraph, of Vulcan, in "the iron horse," and of Mars, in the heroic defence of their new settlements, have been invoked; but the personators of these gods are American citizens, whose heaven-born intelligence sprang from the spirit of our free institutions.

TABLE-TALK.

WE are so often reminded that "the world moves," that we have come to regard it as a matter of course, and should be profoundly astonished if it stopped; but that an old university, bedded in the traditions of a thousand years, and bolted to the lowest rock of conservatism, is capable also of taking on motion, is a surprising as well as a refreshing fact. Those who are watching the various signs of movement will be glad to know that a sensible and significant thing, in the direction of progressive culture, has been done at Oxford. The "First Principles," and the "Principles of Biology," by Herbert Spencer, have been introduced as text-books into that university, and questions for examination-papers taken from them. We congratulate the able heads of the biological department of that institution on their sagacity and good sense in this proceeding. We

have long been of opinion that, for the highest educational uses, these works are unrivalled. They present a thoroughly-digested body of scientific truth, in accordance with a more perfect method than has ever before been realized. Organizing, as they do, the principles of the higher sciences in a logically-unified plan, and representing the latest phases of scientific thought, they bring the student into closer relation with the order of Nature than any other works yet produced. They have besides, for educational purposes, a superadded claim of great weight in the extraordinary clearness, precision, and force of the style in which they are written. They exemplify alike caution and boldness, accuracy of detail, and breadth of view. "I am of opinion," said the late Judge Arrington, of Chicago—one of the ablest and most scholarly men of his profession—"that Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles' is one of the greatest pieces of thinking that the ages have produced. Spencer is the Aristotle of modern thought." If, then, the object of education be really to bring out and discipline the mental powers, so as firmly to grasp and steadily to contemplate the large relations of things, why should not the solid masterpieces of the human intellect be employed for the purpose, instead of the thin, debilitated manuals got up by the professed digesters of popular science? Well, the English have got ahead of us in recognizing the educational value of these works, and they are entitled to the credit of it; but which of our American universities has got the wisdom to take the lead in this country.

— We find, no doubt, the keenest of our summer pleasures upon the water. Bathing, boating, and sailing, through all the wide reaches of our water-courses, along our superb rivers, upon our silvery lakes, in the bays and indentations of our shores, make up a scene of ceaseless and picturesque activity. And in these pleasures youth and beauty play a supreme part. Everywhere, in the "gay and golden weather," young lovers are "sailing the way the rivers run," and making tender songs together. In little, narrow, shaded streams we see them floating in the sunlight and in the shadow; under white sails, on broad lakes, they skim the laughing waves; and, either in the gentle ripple of the brook, in the flow and swell of the current, or restless beat and throb of the sea, the waters lull or delight with their tireless music—waters, indeed, that seem like pleasure itself; that glance, that flash, that leap, that play; that follow, that recede; that seem full of joy and glitter and beauty; that mirror sun and sky and stars; that hold and express an ineffable charm, which fascinates the fancy of men and the hearts of women. These are the waters in their charm; these the fascinations poets have sung of and personified in their sea-nymphs. But, side by side with this picture of beauty, is one of horror. Death ceaselessly conspires beneath these outward attractions; these charms are sirens which every year are the means of luring hundreds to destruction. The ceaseless succession of calamities that befall pleasure-seekers on our bays and rivers are indeed startling. They often fill whole towns with lamentation and grief; they cast a gloom upon our vacations; they render what otherwise is the most delightful and wholesome of our summer recreations, a shuddering terror. Daily somewhere do the bright waters prove treacherous, and engulf in their shining bosom the young, the beautiful, the hopeful, the happy. Every morning the journals have their records of these calamities. Often the victims are shining marks, and a throb of horror and of sympathy pulsates through the land. Only a few weeks ago we read of the death, by drowning, of a daughter of the famous Henry Giles. Last summer, among three drowned children of a New-England village, was the daughter of the Rev. Charles Beecher. These calamities, of course, are not greater than others; but we feel those more keenly that are associated with familiar names. Can nothing be done to avert these yearly calamities? If boating and sailing are to continue popular summer pastimes, then let our youth be instructed in the management of these craft, and let pleasure-boats be built upon safer models. We believe it is not difficult so to construct small boats that they shall be almost secure against overturning. There is something frightful in the thought of young men and women crowded in a frail vessel, which a puff of wind or careless inattention may swamp, with little or no knowledge of its management—reckless and careless in that supreme confidence which youth, in its ignorance and its presumption, always possesses—the lives of all at the mercy of chance, or preserved solely by the fortunate conditions of wind and weather. The immense extent and range of our American waters ought to render the art of navigation a necessary part of general education. How to manage a horse and sail

a boat should be understood almost universally, not only by our young men, but by our young women too. If this were the case, we should not every summer find the columns of the newspapers teeming with accounts of accidents, most of which arise from either ignorance or heedlessness.

— Mr. G. Stahl Patterson discusses, with many excellent suggestions, the "Paradox of Spiritualism," in the last *Radical*. His view is, that it is ignorance of the laws of psychology that leads to the false inferences which make up the spiritualistic hypotheses. The spiritual method of interpreting mental operations places the error in a region of obscurity, where it cannot readily be corrected, and, once entered upon, there is no logical stopping-place. If it is possible for one idea to be spirit-suggested, why not all? and how discriminate? The testimony of unusual, out-of-the-way states of consciousness is absolutely worthless. No consciousness so vehemently asserts its claims to infallibility as that of the insane mind, none so sure as the madman that he is not in error. Abnormal states of consciousness cannot be reasoned with. Even if the person be aware of the existence of abnormal states, yet, if they do exist, they cannot be changed by reasoning. The abnormal conditions of mediumship are apt to be connected with bodily derangements more or less marked. They may be due to accident, or may be purposely brought on by excessive fasting. Some mediums have had to crucify themselves a little to reach the necessary condition of ecstasy. These unnatural conditions may go on getting worse, or they may be held in check by a healthier course of life. But, when the motive of the possibility that an idea may be due to spiritual intrusion is once admitted, there is no logical stopping-place, and hence, with a great many spiritualists, including some of the most intelligent, the human being in the flesh is little or nothing more than a passive instrument upon which spirits constantly play.

— We understand that the project so long talked of, and so long delayed, of an underground railroad, is not abandoned, but that measures have been taken to obtain a careful survey and full estimates preparatory to entering upon the accomplishment of the project. Why there has been so much hesitation about this plan, which at once cuts the knot of our difficulties in regard to city travel, we are at a loss to understand. The patience of our long-suffering citizens with our horse railroad and hack miseries is something astonishing. A movement has been started to introduce cabs, which will be hailed with devout thankfulness if they ever come, but they will be only at the best a mitigation of our evils. We want an underground railroad, running trains by steam from the Battery to Westchester, cheap, swift, frequent, and regular. We have been putting with an elevated railroad, and all sorts of untried projects have been broached; but the underground road is no experiment. It has been tried in London with perfect success in all respects. Trains running at high speed every two minutes from end to end of the town are adequate to the public wants, while the enterprise is a profitable investment, and its patronage, always large, is steadily increasing. There are none of the discomforts of crowding, which, in our city cars, amounts to actual torture, and the transit is quick, pleasant, and the charge lower. All these benefits would not fail to be experienced in a still higher degree by an underground railroad in New York, because the great pressure of travel is mainly in one direction. There may be special and formidable difficulties in the way of the construction in Manhattan Island, but they are not insurmountable to engineering enterprise, while the advantages to the city will be vast and permanent.

— In Powers's recollections of Andrew Jackson, so graphically related by Dr. Bellows, we are informed that Calhoun declared Old Hickory to be a good deal of an actor, and that his storms of rage were often assumed for effect. Mr. Verplanck relates an incident told him by Louis McLean which confirms Calhoun's hypothesis about the old general's bellowing fits. At a cabinet meeting on one occasion, when the policy of removing the public deposits from the United States Bank was under consideration, the general had worked himself up to the roaring point, and, standing in the middle of the floor, was bullying General Cass, who showed unmistakable symptoms of being scared. The tactics were so obvious to McLean, that he could not forbear a smile. This Jackson happened to see reflected in a mirror, and it so disconcerted him that he could not go on with his demonstration, and suddenly resumed a cool and more rational manner.

Literary Notes.

THE deep interest which all readers of French history have felt in the character of Madame Louise de France, daughter of Louis XV., gives to any authentic memoir of "*La bonne Princesse*" peculiar value, and a small volume recently published in England, condensed from a more extended work by a Carmelite nun, will find many deeply-interested readers, not only among the disciples of the Church of Rome, but also among Protestants of all sects. This biography is principally confined to the spiritual life of the princess, sketching her history with great brevity during her early years, and with only sufficient detail to show the influences which induced her to renounce the world for the seclusion of a cloister. From the time, however, that she entered the Carmelite convent of St. Denis to the moment when, as its prioress, under the name of Mother Térèse de St. Augustine, she peacefully went to her reward, the narrative is an exposition of a holy, happy life; one which no one can contemplate without feelings of the deepest reverence. It is a picture of the most complete renunciation of the world and of self-abasement; a record of gentleness, truth, and piety; and a lasting testimony to the possibility and propriety of the coexistence of religious devotion and fervor with warm and unrepressed natural affection. Her letters, her prayers, and all the autographic indices to her thoughts and feelings, are overflowing with humility and holy aspirations, and, in every line, attest her title to the love and veneration with which she was regarded. She lived the life her devout spirit craved, and, in her happy death, her constant prayers were granted.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's new book, "*He Knew He Was Right*," has received an unusually full notice in the *Spectator*, in which the writer evidently intends to observe the strictest impartiality. The book is characterized as being upon a more than usually painful subject, worked out with less than the author's usual evenness of hand, yet containing many strokes of great power. The best and the worst points in the work are cited against each other, and the result summed up as follows: "On the whole, we should say that, while '*He Knew He Was Right*' contains some of Mr. Trollope's most powerful writing—passing beyond the sphere in which he usually excels—the latter part of the story drags on quite beneath the level of his ordinary execution, while the moral of it is distorted as we have rarely known any moral of Mr. Trollope's to be distorted before."

"Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers" is the title of a small volume by Jane Jay Fuller, recently published by M. W. Dodd. Under the guise of a story for juveniles, much elementary botanical information is given in a pleasing style, and in such a shape as to impress itself upon the minds of the young people for whom it is designed. Mr. Dodd has also issued "*Philip Brantley's Life-work*," a book eminently calculated for any Sunday-school library, and "*Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets*," by E. Paxton Hood, under which quaint title is given a readable volume upon preachers and preaching. Besides these new books, he has issued the thirty-sixth edition of "*A Scripture Manual*," by Charles Simmons, and a new edition of "*The Gospel Treasury*."

"Stretton," a novel by Mr. Henry Kingsley, recently published in London and New York, is the subject of a scathing article in the *Saturday Review*. The following paragraph will convey an idea of the estimation in which the writer holds the book: "The story is confused; the style is jerky, illusive, and difficult to follow; the characters are phantasmagoric, and run into each other; and, though plentifully described, so far as words go, remain to the last in a nebulous condition, hazy and indistinct."

Matters of Science and Art.

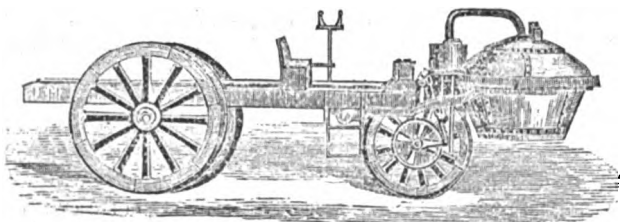
ADMIRAL PARIS, Superintendent of the Hydrographic Office, at the last meeting of the Academy of Science, exhibited the model and plan of a new class of iron-clads he has invented. The iron-clads, at present in active service, roll so badly that their cannons cannot be used in moderate stress of weather, and also, at every roll, expose their unprotected bottoms to the risk of being pierced by the enemy's shot, both of which defects would place the crew in a state of continual jeopardy during a time of war. On the other hand, it is a well-established fact that monitors have very little of a roll, although they have other defects that make them ill adapted for sailing on the high seas. Admiral Paris has endeavored to discover the reason of this favorable feature in the monitor, so as to bestow similar advantages upon vessels constructed for foreign service. The problem he desires solved is this: How to render monitors as good sea-going vessels as other classes of iron-clads, and how to make them comfortable homes for the crews, without being obliged to change them frequently. He has succeeded in constructing a model of a class of flat ships, low and broad, like a

monitor, upon which he has built a straight ship as high out the water as those of ordinary construction. By placing their turrets above, their cannons have the same wide range over every point of the horizon as those of the monitors. These new ships, according to him, would have eight times the stability of former types. "For these vessels," says Admiral Paris, "I proposed they should be constructed in iron, it alone being sufficiently strong to resist a strong impulsion, and presenting the necessary conditions of duration and safety against projectiles. I have come to this conclusion after carefully studying and examining the experiments made in Great Britain with wooden vessels internally sheathed with iron plates. I have adopted the double screw, it alone being suitable for the small water-draught of the vessels proposed, and offering the advantage of passing through straits and entering ports forbidden to vessels requiring a draught of nine or ten yards. The tripod masts of Captain Coles are also preferable, as they disengage the horizon better than the six main-shroud bracings, and, in the event of being cut down, they do not expose the blades of the screw to become entangled with cordage. Finally, artillery in turrets is preferable to artillery in battery, or broadside, inasmuch as it turns in every direction, exposes the port-holes only when in the act of firing, and enables a vessel to place itself obliquely to increase the strength of its armor by reason of the sinus of the angle of the projectile's shock, while the broadside-ship cannot use its cannons without receiving on its armor the full and direct strength of the bullets, and without presenting the maximum of its port-holes. It is said that no armor-plates are secure within range of actual bullets; this is true as far as the experiments have gone, but, in practice, it is probable that it will at least be as formerly, when engagements were of long duration, although the experimental bullets pierced more than one and a half yards of oak wood, while the strongest thickness of the vessels was less than a yard, the upper batteries being only one foot thick. There remains to be explained why we construct such large vessels for so few cannons; principally because the armor-plating is the heaviest weight to carry, increasing always with the size of the vessel, which, being heavier to propel, requires a stronger engine, burning much more coal. All these causes, reacting on each other, have brought about the construction of vessels one hundred yards long, weighing ten thousand tons, costing certainly two millions of dollars, and carrying only a broadside-battery of four cannons, as in the *Hercules*, or the same number in turrets, as in the *Monarch*, with neither decks nor helm in the slightest degree protected, like the monitors and the new class of vessels which I have now the pleasure of submitting to your inspection."

Mr. Becquerel, in a late report on the influence of forests on elements, says: there is one action which all vegetation, of whatever character it be, exerts, and that is the protection of the soil on which it grows from forcible removal by floods. The roots traverse the earth in all directions, and bind it together, while the branches break the force of the rain as it falls. As soon as a hill-side is cleared of forests, the rivulet-beds are scored deeper and deeper, and the soil is gradually washed down, leaving the rocks bare. The roots of trees have, in addition, a tendency to facilitate the percolation of water to the sub-soil, and thus to prevent its accumulation on the surface, and the consequent production of swamps, such as have been formed in parts of France within historic times. There is another beneficial effect produced by trees, that of impeding the motion of the air, and thus affording shelter from wind. This action is, of course, limited, depending on the height of the trees and the direction of motion of the wind. If this direction be horizontal the shelter afforded is very considerable, as it has been noticed in Provence that a hedge two metres in height shelters a space twenty-two metres in width from the effects of the "mistral." Lastly, trees have a decided influence on health, in protecting a district from unwholesome exhalations. It is found along the edge of the Pontine marshes that the existence of a belt of wood is sufficient to insure immunity from malaria to the peasants who live behind it. These, then, are the most obvious beneficial effects on climate of the presence of forests in a country. As regards the direct influence of vegetation on the temperature and the climate generally, the author gives the notes of some experiments which he has made on growing trees, in order to determine their temperature and that of the surrounding air at different times of the day. The results seem to show that trees behave as if they were dead or inorganic bodies, receiving heat from external sources and radiating it to surrounding objects. The heat developed in the process of growth was found to be quite inappreciable by means of the instruments employed, while the cooling influence usually assigned to foliage, owing to the constant evaporation going on from its surface, was shown to be utterly unfounded. However, this part of the paper is quite incomplete, as M. Becquerel reserves the exact account of his inquiry for a future essay. He distinctly denies the truth of the change of climate alleged to have taken place in various countries, and attributed to the clearing of the land, without, as it seems to us, investigating the question thoroughly.

The Museum.

ONE of the earliest efforts in the way of steam locomotion was the engine of Cugnot, of France, designed to run on common roads. His first carriage was constructed in 1769; it ran on three wheels, and was put in motion by the impulsion of two single-acting cylinders, the pistons of which acted alternately on the single front wheel. It travelled about two or three miles an hour, and would carry four persons; but, from the smallness of the boiler, it would not continue to work more than twelve or fifteen minutes without stopping to get up steam. Cugnot's locomotive presented a simple and ingenious form of a high-pressure engine, and, though of rude construction, was a creditable piece of work, considering the time. He made a second engine, with



Cugnot's Locomotive, 1769.

which several successful trials were made in the streets of Paris, which excited much interest. An accident, however, put an end to his experiments. Turning the corner of the street near the Madeleine, one day, when the machine was running at a speed of about three miles an hour, it upset with a crash, and, being considered dangerous, was locked up in the arsenal. Cugnot's locomotive is still to be seen in the museum of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, at Paris, and is a most interesting relic of early locomotion. Cugnot was born in 1729, and died in 1804.

In the Himalayan region, the short backward spring and summer of the Arctic zone are overtaken by an early and forward seed-time and winter. So far as regards the effect of mean temperature, the warmer station is, in autumn, more backward than the colder. This is everywhere obvious in the prevalent plants of each, and is especially recognizable in the rhododendrons, as the following table shows:

10,000 to 17,000 feet, <i>R. nivale</i>	flowers in July; fruits in Sept. = 2 months.
13,000 to 14,000 feet, <i>R. anthopogon</i>	" June; " Oct. = 4 "
11,000 to 12,000 feet, <i>R. campanulatum</i>	" May; " Nov. = 6 "
8,000 to 9,000 feet, <i>R. argenteum</i>	" April; " Dec. = 8 "

From May till August the vegetation at each elevation is (in ascending order) a month behind that below it, four thousand feet being about equal to a month of summer weather in one sense. After August, however, the reverse holds good; then the vegetation is as forward at sixteen thousand feet as at eight thousand feet. By the end of September most of the natural orders and genera have ripened their fruit in the upper zone, though they have flowered as late as July; whereas October is the fruiting month at twelve thousand feet, and November below ten thousand feet. These anomalies, which are an apparent inversion of

the order of Nature, have puzzled naturalists. They may be accounted for partly by the more sunny climate of the loftier elevations, and partly by the stimulus of cold, which must act by checking the vegetative organs and hastening maturation.—*J. D. Hooker.*

Comparing the different spheres of intellectual activity, says Dr. George M. Beard, we find that philosophers and men of science live longer than poets, or those who are endowed with rich gifts of fancy. Observe the following comparative list:

Philosophers and Men of Science.		Poets and Romancers.	
Galileo.....	78	Virgil.....	52
Franklin.....	84	Dante.....	56
Herschel.....	84	Petrarch.....	70
Newton.....	85	Fénelon.....	63
Halley.....	86	Pope.....	56
Locke.....	78	Molière.....	53
Roger Bacon.....	78	Horace.....	57
Buffon.....	81	Racine.....	59
Harvey.....	81	Milton.....	66
Galen.....	70	Young.....	80
Jenner.....	75	Cornille.....	78
Haller.....	70	Voltaire.....	83
Galvani.....	61	Wieland.....	80
Francis Bacon.....	78		

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OLIVE RAYMOND'S STORY.

WHEN my sister Lily was between fifteen and sixteen, she grew pale and thin, and our father, whose pet and darling she had always been, insisted, in spite of Lily's alternate pouting and coaxing, on seeking medical advice for her. The advice proved not very disagreeable.

"There is nothing seriously amiss with your daughter, Mr. Raymond," said the kind physician to my anxious father; "she has outgrown her strength a little, and perhaps has been overtaken a little at school. Give her a holiday—here we are in the middle of February, the skies looking like December, and the streets all snow and ice—take her down to Georgia or Florida, where the birds and flowers are making it summer, whatever the calendar may say of the season. Let her run about all day in the open air, and you will bring her back in May, less of a lily, and more of a rose, than she is now."

This was said in Lily's presence, and the pleased look she gave my father would have determined him to accept the doctor's plan, even had it been very difficult to accomplish. Difficult it was not to him, for, though he had begun life as a poor blacksmith, he was now a rich iron-master, able to command both money and leisure. He had even won some political influence by inducing the men he employed to vote with him in closely-contested elections, where the votes of a hundred men did much toward determining the question. That he had achieved all this by his honest industry was a subject of legitimate pride to my father; but he had another source of pride, less understood by the world around him, and less compatible, seemingly, with his life's history, yet felt no less deeply, and influencing him no less powerfully. This was pride of blood. Often have I heard him say, "Men think much of blood in their horses and their cattle; it tells no less in man. I never forgot that, poor as my father was, he was an educated gentleman; and I often said to myself, when I was working for my daily bread, I am neither squire nor belted knight, as some of my forefathers were, but I will do my work with as brave a heart, and as trusty an arm, as the best of them could boast."

My mother had been a poor teacher of music. My father was already a thriving mechanic, with money in the bank, when she came as a boarder to the decent but cheap house which had been his home for two years. She was pretty, delicate, and overworked. He first pitied, and then loved her. She died young, leaving only Lily and myself of all her children. I was her first, Lily her last; the others died in infancy. I have little to say of myself, except that I was eight years older than Lily, and that, from the time of my mother's death, my father had taught me that she was my care, and I really think I lived more truly in Lily than in myself, and so I was as ready as my father to do what the doctor advised for her. Thus it happened that, when she was nearly sixteen, and I was twenty-four, we made that visit to the South of which I am about to tell you, and which you will find to have been the fruitful source of both joy and sorrow.

It was all joy in the beginning. Never did poet's dream present a lovelier landscape in fairy-land than we found awaiting us under those Southern skies. And yet there were no mountains and valleys diversifying the scene—no rapid, rushing cataracts, no tranquil lakes, sleeping in pictured beauty under the noon-day beam. What, then, was the charm, you may ask. It was the soft sky, the gentle breezes which just swayed the green woodland, and the flowers which sprang everywhere under our feet, and hung in clustered beauty from tree-top and spreading branch, till we seemed to walk under a canopy as well as over a carpet of flowers. Think of passing, in three or four days, from the snows of winter into verdure and flowers, and the songs of birds, and the soft, perfumed air of summer! What could the fairies do for you more than this?

Our destination had been Savannah; but a letter from one of my father's political friends had procured for us an urgent invitation to make a visit to a family residing in the country.

Our hospitable entertainer, Mr. Forrester, resided on a plantation which had belonged to his family for more than a hundred years, during which successive generations had added to the extent, convenience, and elegance of the home endeared by many tender and hallowed memories. It was a rambling mansion, that always suggested the idea of having grown up to the requirements of its owners, rather than having been built in accordance with the design of an architect. But I must not pause upon the outer aspect of this lovely and happy

home. Lovely as this was, its chief charm was within—in the cultivation of mind, the grace of manner, and the warm, generous, loving hearts of its inhabitants. How many bright pictures memory recalls of those happy weeks—of rambles through the woods in search of some rare specimen of the Southern Flora for my herbarium; of boatings along the river-banks, when the sunlight flickered down on us through the dancing leaves of overarching limes and oaks, or when, dropping low in the west, it made the woods seem all on fire with its glow; or, best of all, of chill evenings spent in Mr. Forrester's library, when the blaze of the resinous pine-wood played over the well-filled book-shelves, or flashed on the faces of the portraits that hung above the mantel-shelf, startling the gazer with a momentary appearance of life and motion! There was a quietude, a seeming steadfastness, about this place and the life associated with it, which charmed me greatly, and which, perhaps, impressed me all the more from its contrast with the ceaseless activity and ever-changeable kaleidoscope of our New-York life.

My father lacked the stately ease of Mr. Forrester, and the cultivation which a life of leisure had enabled him to attain; but, possessing a shrewd, intelligent mind, he had gathered much of interesting incident and character from his stirring life, and so could contribute his quota to the entertainment of our little circle. Gentle, lovely Mrs. Forrester, whatever might be the subject of conversation, gave it new interest by her quick intelligence, her playful wit, and womanly grace; and "the boys," as she called them, though one was eighteen and the other twenty-three, threw somewhat of the hopeful brightness and fearless confidence of their own untried natures over the graver and more cautious conclusions of their elders. For me, I observed and enjoyed, sunning myself in this atmosphere of summer warmth and quiet. I forgot that from such an atmosphere the storms are born. And Lily—she seemed to drink in new and fuller and healthier life at every pore. Her slender form acquired more womanly proportion, a richer carmine glowed on her cheeks and lips, and in her brown eyes there lurked a tenderer shadow. The child's careless, confiding look was softened and beautified by maidenly consciousness.

We had originally intended returning home the last week in April; but, by some means, Mrs. Forrester had learned that the twenty-eighth of April would be Lily's birthday, and she urged us most affectionately to give them the pleasure of celebrating it with us. My father consented, in consequence, to stay till the first of May.

All who were within visiting distance of the Forresters—and that meant all within ten miles—were invited to the birthday *fête*. Our amusements were to be archery and croquet parties, which began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and, in the evening, a dance. A collation was provided, of which the guests were to be invited to partake as they arrived; and the whole was to conclude with a magnificent supper. There were many consultations on the twenty-seventh, and I was scarcely surprised when, entering the library in the evening, in search of Philip Forrester, who was to help me to fasten around the pictures some wreaths I had been making, I found his elder brother, Elliot, in close conversation with his father. There was something, however, in the looks of the younger man, as well as the sudden silence on my entrance, which made me step back quickly.

"Pray, come back, Miss Raymond," cried Mr. Forrester, adding, with a smiling glance at his son as I returned, "Here is Elliot sadly in want of a confidante for a love-tale."

I thought that Elliot Forrester looked flushed and nervous; but, bowing slightly to me, he said quickly, "I will not offer Miss Raymond an apology for leaving her with you;" then, pausing for a moment at the door—"Can you tell me where your father is, Miss Raymond?"

Before I could answer, Philip entered, hammer in hand. Elliot immediately disappeared, and Mr. Forrester began to speak of the wreaths I held, in a manner that prevented any recurrence to what had just passed. Yet I did not forget it, and I found myself glancing with curious interest at Elliot Forrester when we gathered around the tea-table. He caught the glance, and replied to it with a frank smile—frank, and yet with something in it that seemed to say, "I shall not tell you my secret yet." My father, too, seemed to be more than usually excited. Indeed, nobody appeared to me quite natural. I even fancied that Lily was a little more constrained, a little more shy, than usual. When we went to our rooms, she was silent and sleepy, and, when I awoke the next morning, she was gone. As she did not generally rise so early, or make her toilet so quickly, my vague feeling

of something unusual being about to occur increased; and, stimulated by it, I, too, dressed rapidly, and descended to the lower story. All there was still and undisturbed, except by servants and dusters. To be rid of these, I wandered into the grounds. At first, my steps were aimless; but, after a while, I remembered a white rose-tree growing not far away, and, thinking how pretty its snowy buds would be among Lily's dark curls, I turned down the path that led to it. I had not gone far when I saw that others were before me—there stood Elliot Forrester, speaking earnestly; and, though his face was averted from me, I could read every fervid word he uttered in the agitated face of Lily. What a lovely picture she made, standing there among the roses! I drew near enough to see the quivering of the lashes that veiled eyes that I was sure were swimming in tears, and the smiles that trembled on her lips—smiles that might as well have been tears; then I turned, and went quietly and slowly back to the house and to my room, there to strive to familiarize myself with the thought that my Lily, my flower, my nursing, was to be mine no more, was to gladden another heart, and to make another home beautiful.

I should like to tell you how my Lily, the child-woman, the sixteen-years old maiden, met me next—of the consciousness that was half shame and half pride. But Coleridge has described it far better than I can:

"She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed into my face.

"'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart."

But I must hasten on, for my space is limited, and I have much yet to tell.

My father, in permitting Lily's engagement, had declared that nothing would make him consent to her marriage till after her eighteenth birthday. All the Forresters remonstrated against this,—all, except Elliot, who seemed afraid to trust himself to speak; so, at least, I interpreted the flush that rose to his brow, the compression of his lips, and the almost stern fixedness of the gaze he turned to my father, who met the mingled reproaches and entreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Forrester with a decision none the less firm because it was playfully expressed. During this little scene, Lily had stood near the table in the centre of the library, with downcast face, and fingers nervously engaged in picking the petals, one by one, from a lovely rose which she had snatched from a vase before her. Suddenly, Elliot placed himself beside her, and, taking her hand, said, "You hear, Lily, two years must pass before your father will give you into my keeping; but you are none the less mine—you have given yourself to me, and that with your father's consent. Is it not so, Mr. Raymond?"

"Just so, Lily is yours with her own consent and mine—but you must leave her to Olive and me for another two years."

"Yes, Mr. Raymond, leave her; but leave her as my treasure—my promised wife—nay, my true wife in the sight of Heaven; you consent to this, Lily? Speak, dear one, if you are mine, say it!"

He spoke passionately. Lily lifted her eyes till they looked into his, and speaking slowly, distinctly, and with an emphasis which seemed to put a heart-beat in every word, said, "Yours, Elliot, now and forever in spirit, and to be yours wholly, on the day my father has himself appointed—my eighteenth birthday."

What new power had dawned in the child! My father and I looked at each other with surprise—Mrs. Forrester smiled on Lily through gleaming tears—and the passionate flush faded from Elliot's brow as he looked into the calm eyes of his betrothed. He touched her forehead with his lips, gently, almost reverently, and led her to the carriage which was waiting for us.

"Remember, Elliot," said my father, as he shook young Forrester's hand at parting, "I forbid neither correspondence nor visits. I shall be glad to see you all."

"You shall see me in the fall, sir, if I live."

And so we parted. Again we were in New York, in its whirl of busy life. The past three or four months might have seemed a dream, but for the letters which made so large a part of our Lily's life, and for an air of dreamy happiness which sometimes stole over her as she sat with book or work lying neglected on her lap, where it had fallen from unconscious fingers, while her eyes looked straight before her, as

if she saw there pictures of the future, lengthening out in blissful perspective.

Elliot Forrester paid his promised visit in the autumn. He and my father talked much of public affairs. They belonged to the same political party, and were both at that time much interested for the success of Breckinridge; yet, I fancied I could occasionally detect a tone in their conversation which, if prolonged, would have terminated in a discord. Ere another spring dawned, the discord had come indeed, affrighting with its jarring notes not a single family, but a nation. My humble efforts are confined, however, to depicting its effects on two hearts and lives. It has been said that the bitterest enmity is ever found between those separated by the narrowest lines. My father, who had been the readiest to concede all her demands to the South before the fall of Sumter, would not hear of compromise after that event.

"Do you think Elliot Forrester can be in the Southern army?" I asked one day, when weeks had passed without any intelligence of him reaching us.

"I cannot tell; but, if he is, I hope he will never again darken my threshold. Nothing shall tempt me to take a rebel by the hand. I am glad you are there to hear me, Lily."

Lily had entered while he was speaking, and stood still to listen. She turned very pale as he spoke to her, but I saw her look steadily on the sapphire with its sparkling diamond circlet which Elliot Forrester had placed on her finger, as she said softly, "I shall be sorry, father, to have you and Elliot at variance."

The words seemed so simple, so childlike, that my father smiled and walked away, thinking, doubtless, that there would be little difficulty in separating those united by no legal tie. I did not so read my Lily, and my heart sank with the apprehension of coming sorrow.

The weary weeks and months rolled on till a year had passed, and Lily's eighteenth birthday had arrived. My father had wished to celebrate it by a ball, but Lily had protested against this so urgently that it had been sullenly relinquished—I say sullenly—for my father was evidently beginning to feel that there was antagonism between Lily and him, and, having been disappointed in his proposed birthday *fête*, he seemed utterly to ignore the day, making no allusion to it even in his good-morning to Lily when it arrived. My heart was sore for her as I saw her linger beside him till tears rose to her eyes, and her lip quivered, then turn silently away. Remembering what that day was to have been to Lily, I felt a yearning tenderness to her that would not permit me to leave her. My father left us as usual after breakfast, and Lily and I were sitting together in our own little room, to which only a few intimate friends had the *entrée*, when the door was opened cautiously and a gentleman entered, who closed it carefully before he turned his face toward us. Even then, the bronzed face and heavy beard so disguised him, that until I heard his tenderly spoken "Lily," and saw my sister spring into his extended arms, I did not recognize Elliot Forrester. I must not linger on the scene that followed; I cannot spare time even for recounting the ingenious devices and hair-breadth escapes through which Elliot Forrester had made his way to New York under an assumed name. He had been compelled to make a long detour to the West, and had met with so many vexatious delays, that he was a week later in arriving than he had expected to be.

"But I am in time, my darling; this, you know, is our wedding-day—you have not forgotten it, Lily," he exclaimed, as he saw her look of surprise.

"Forgotten! no, indeed, Elliot; but why remember what cannot now be."

"And why not?"

"Because my father will never consent, Elliot, at least, never while this war continues."

"But he has consented, Lily, I have waited his own time—your eighteenth birthday is here—and, by his own words spoken in the presence of witnesses, you are mine."

Lily looked wistfully at me, as she said, "If only it could be."

"But how can it be?" I rather answered to the look than question.

"How?" exclaimed Elliot, impatiently. "Where is the difficulty? Do you think I have no friends in this city, do you think there are none here who see the justice of our cause, and believe in our success? One of these I saw last night. He has undertaken every thing, for he knows where to find the right magistrate and

the right clergyman; I am expecting him every moment, to tell me that the license has been obtained, and the hour appointed. When all this is done, will you fail me, Lily? Shall I have risked life—"

"I will never fail you, Elliot. I am yours now and ever—"

"But, Lily," I began, "my father—"

"Olive, my father gave me to Elliot two years ago, and Elliot has done nothing to forfeit his confidence or my love."

"My darling! God helping me, you shall never repent this hour. And Olive will be our friend," he added, holding out his hand to me. "Only hear my plan," he continued, as he saw me about to speak. "I would not for more than my life expose our darling to one moment's peril. I have come only to fulfil the promise made two years ago—to make Lily my wife—and then to leave her in the safe shelter of her home—"

A cry from Lily interrupted him.

"To leave me, Elliot!" she exclaimed; "is not a wife's place at her husband's side?"

"Not when her presence would unnerve him, Lily, and make his duties harder."

"And would my presence do this for you, Elliot?"

"It would, my own, while I am in the midst of all that makes war frightful; but soon peace will come—we ask only justice, and the people here are becoming more sober—justice will be done—we shall all be friends soon, and your father will not like me the less for having run some risk to secure my treasure."

"But in the mean time, you—Oh! Elliot! how can I live here and know that you—it is impossible—oh, take me with you!"

To do this was clearly impossible, and even our petted Lily must yield to the inevitable. All was arranged as Elliot Forrester desired. At one o'clock that 28th of April, Lily and I went to the house of the clergyman whose services had been engaged. There Elliot and his friend met us, and, before the clock struck two, all had been done that man could do to bind together two lives which only that morning I had feared were severed forever.

The next few hours seemed then, and have seemed ever since, like a dream. Elliot Forrester accompanied us home. He was to leave us at four o'clock, and, when the clock chimed the half-hour after three, I saw Lily turn pale, and look wistfully at her young husband, who rose and moved restlessly about the room. I felt my presence must be a restraint on their last words, and went into the adjoining room, through which Elliot must pass in leaving the house. I watched the slow-moving hands, determined to insist, if necessary, on his departure at four, anxious above all things that my father should not find him there. But, punctually as the little bell chimed four, the door opened, and Elliot Forrester and Lily entered. The arm he had thrown around her was necessary for her support, as was evident from her trembling, and from the ghastly whiteness of her face, yet she tried to smile as she met the eyes which seemed as if they could not turn away from her; but the smile was more painful than tears would have been, and something like a sob burst from him as he clasped her close and kissed her passionately once and again; then putting her into my arms, he said, hurriedly, "Take care of her, Olive; and God bless you." The next moment the street-door slammed behind him. He was gone.

Oh! the weary months that followed, and the weary questionings with myself which came to no conclusion. "Was I right? Was I wrong? How could I have resisted them? How could I have deceived my father? And what was I to do now?" Such was the round of thought, travelling in a circle, which wasted my life away. Had I alone been concerned, I should have fallen at my father's feet and confessed all, the first time he smiled on me. Sometimes I hoped that Lily would speak; but no thought of having done wrong seemed ever to enter her mind; she had only fulfilled a compact made with her father's sanction, and now she was obeying her husband, in keeping their marriage secret for a time. She had enough to suffer, poor child! without the pangs of conscience. One letter she received by a returned prisoner, to whom Elliot had shown kindness, informing her of his safe arrival within the Confederate lines, and then followed that dead silence in which Imagination is left undisturbed, to weave her own torturing visions. The slow days grew into weeks, and months, and years, and Lily watched and waited, but no tidings came. So wan and wistful grew her looks as time passed on, that my father, whom dissatisfaction with her refusal of several very eligible offers had rendered stern and hard, softened to her, and one evening, as he

bade her good-night, he drew her to him and kissed her with all his old tenderness. Lily dropped her head on his shoulder and wept, overcome by the unexpected caress, then, looking up suddenly, she said in pleading tones, "Dear papa, your poor Lily is so weary of waiting—do find out for me where he is—only that," she continued, clinging to him as he would have moved impatiently away—"just to know where he is."

My father grew hard again; I saw it in the cold, steely glitter of his eye, before he spoke. When he did it was to say, "Be silent, girl! I will not hear you dishonor yourself by naming one who is a rebel to his country and a traitor to you. Why did he not claim you on your eighteenth birthday, if he cared for you? A true-hearted, honorable, brave man would have let nothing stand in his way; but he—"

I had seen Lily's cheek flushing and her eye brightening, nor was I surprised when, drawing herself up proudly, she said, "You are right, it was the act of a true-hearted, honorable, and brave man, and he did it. I am his wife; his, ever since my eighteenth birthday. If you do not believe me," she added, "ask Olive."

My father turned to me with a reproachful glance, which made me cover my face with my hands.

"Olive, is this true?" he asked, after a silence which was to me more terrible than words.

"Oh, papa! How could I help it?"

"Go!" he said, waving us from him as he spoke, and turning to ascend the stairs to his own room; "I have no children."

Lily stood still, she had not forgiven the insult to Elliot Forrester of my father's words—but I sprang after him, pleading for forgiveness. I clung to him, following him to his room, and, before we parted, he knew all, all my doubtings and questionings, as well as all my fault, and I wrung from him the cold "I forgive you, Olive;" but, when I would have pleaded for Lily, he silenced me with, "She is no daughter of mine—let her go to the rebel whom she calls husband."

Lily's room was within mine. I tried the door, but found it fastened within. I called, and was answered with "Good-night, Olive; I am sleepy."

Before I had left my room the next morning, her door opened, and Lily came out wearing her hat and cloak, and said hurriedly, as she passed through my room, "I shall not be back to breakfast, Olive;" then, as I would have detained her, "I cannot stop to talk, I am in haste."

My father did not ask for her, but ate his breakfast in almost unbroken silence, and hurried away. When Lily returned, it was still early. I was watching for her, and opened the door before she could ring. "Come in, darling," I cried, "and get your breakfast, I have kept it hot for you."

I was so glad to do something for the poor child, who looked fevered and excited. She followed me without a word into the breakfast-room, and, when I had placed the breakfast before her, drank the cup of coffee; then she looked suddenly up, and said abruptly, "Olive, I am going."

"Going, Lily, where?"

"To Elliot—to my husband—it is no use to oppose me, Olive, I know all the difficulties; but I heard what my father said last night, and I know what Elliot would wish me to do."

"But, dear Lily, be reasonable; you do not even know where Elliot is."

"I will know soon, do not think I act without advice. Elliot left with me money for any emergency, and the names of friends here and elsewhere, who would take care of me and give me what help I needed."

"And where are you going first, Lily?"

"I would rather not tell you, Olive, it would make you unhappy to keep a secret from my father—I will never ask you to do it again—and, although he thought, last night, that I had better go to my rebel husband, he may change his mind."

"Oh! Lily, you will not leave me so! you cannot—think of it—shall I never hear from you again?—are we to be dead to each other?—will you kill me, Lily?"

I stood before her, and held her hands in a firm clasp, from which she strove in vain to free herself.

"Olive, I must go, do not try to keep me."

With a strong effort she broke away, and hastened to the door, but, looking back and seeing me standing with outstretched, en-

treating arms, too faint to follow her, she sprang back, clasped me close, kissed me again and again, called me her "good Olive—her sister—her mother—the dearest thing on earth, except Elliot"—and promised to write me soon and often. In a half-hour from this time she was gone, taking with her only a small trunk of clothing. All my father's expensive presents of jewelry were left behind, but a little locket and a fine gold chain, which had been Christmas presents from me, were taken. I sent a note to my father as soon as Lily was gone, but he was absent from his place of business, and did not hear of her going till we met in the evening. He turned pale, and leaned on the table beside him, as if needing support, on first understanding that she was actually gone; but this was only for a moment. Voice and face were both firm, as he answered, "She has made her bed, and she must lie in it." From this time he asked no questions. Had he done so, there is little I could have told him of Lily. One letter, without post-mark or date, I received about a week after she left, telling me she was safe with friends, and in correspondence with her husband; that I must love her, and believe all was well with her till I heard again. Then weeks passed. Afraid of losing a letter from her, I encouraged my father's wish to remain in the city late that summer, and we were still there when news came of the battle of Gettysburg. The city was jubilant, and my heart was full, almost to bursting, with dread. Elliot Forrester, where was he? and where was she who lived now only for him? I questioned, but, alas! no answer came. But the darkness passed, and light dawned at last!

Peace was declared, and soon after I received a few lines from Lily, dated from a small town in Virginia. She told me little of herself, except that she had been ever since our separation with a lady, a relative of the Forresters, who lived near Baltimore, and that she had joined her husband at the place from which she wrote on the cessation of war. What was to be their next step seemed yet undecided. Mr. Forrester's place in Georgia had been on the line of Sherman's march, and, though the house had not been destroyed, it was in so dilapidated a condition that no one could live in it, except Philip Forrester and a few workmen, who were endeavoring to make it habitable for his father and mother. In this letter was enclosed one from Lily to my father. He did not show me its contents, but his mouth assumed a rigidity as he read it, from which I augured ill. A few days after, he handed me a check for five hundred dollars, saying, "You may enclose that to Elliot Forrester's wife, and say, at the same time, that, when she left my house, she ceased to have any claim on me, but that, as I would not have her mother's child starve, I will send her that sum yearly. Her gentleman husband will have to sink his gentility and do the rest. Let him show his good blood now by working, rather than depend on another."

I declined conveying such a message, and my father wrote himself. A week after, he received the check, and with it, in Elliot Forrester's hand, these words: "Your daughter shall not starve while I live, and, while I live, my wife cannot receive alms even from her father. She asked for your affection, not for your money, which she requests me to say is valueless without love."

Enclosed in this was a short but loving note of farewell from Lily to me. My father tried to be scornful over this note from Elliot Forrester; but I saw that it touched him, and that, even while it made him angry, he was better pleased with it than he would have been with a more submissive communication. Still he thought and said: "He can talk bravely, let us see what he will do when he comes to act."

It was not easy for us to see, for a cloud, through which came neither sight nor sound, seemed from this time to envelop Elliot Forrester and his wife. I think my father saw at last how, with my Lily, my life had gone out. I went with him wherever he desired; to Saratoga or Newport in summer, to city gayeties in winter; but I knew, by the expression I sometimes caught in his eyes as they rested on me, that the sad heart looked out through the cheerful mask I tried to wear. He grew very gentle to me. One day, however, I made him angry, by refusing an offer of marriage from John Melville, an acquaintance of my girlhood, whom I had missed very much when he went to China about twelve years before. He had now returned a rich man, and told me that he had loved me always, and that his hours of toil had been brightened by the hope that he might find me still Olive Raymond, and persuade me to become Olive Melville. He was a good man, and I had always liked him,

as I told my father, but I could not wake my heart to a new life, or carry the saddened old one into a good man's home.

"I see I lost both my children when Lily deserted me," said my father, and from that time an impalpable something interposed itself between him and me, and our home grew yet colder and sadder.

It must not be thought that I had not made any effort to hear from Lily. I had written to Elliot Forrester's mother, and had received from her a kind letter assuring me that Lily was well and happy, but that she was not with her. She added that both Elliot and Lily were averse to any communication of their present home and circumstances even to me. "When they become such," she wrote, "that Mr. Raymond cannot suspect them of desiring to excite his pity through your agency, they will write. Till they do so, it would be better for Lily, I think, that you should not know her address. Your writing to her would only awaken a contest between her duty to her husband and her tenderness to you." After that I was of course silent; and then my health gave way—not that I was ill, but I grew feebler, and, if possible, stiller. I think John Melville, who had continued to visit me, as a friend, he said, first called my father's attention to this. When once it had been so called, no one could be more anxious, more attentive than my father was. He brought our good old doctor to see me, who recommended change in my case as he had done in Lily's.

"Where would you like best to go?" he asked me.

My cheeks burned with the consciousness of a little want of candor as I said, "To the Virginia Springs; I am so weary of Saratoga and Newport."

I do not know why I thought of Lily as in Virginia, except that her last letter had been sent from that State. My father, if he suspected my motive, did not betray his suspicion. "That will suit me well," he said, "I should like to look at some of the iron-mills in Western Virginia. I will leave you at the Springs, and take a light wagon across the country."

"Do not leave me; it is not the Springs I want, but travel, change—let me go with you."

And so it was arranged. We set off the last week in May. I shall say nothing of our journey; but only ask the reader to come with me on a June evening, when the western sun was reddening the forest, as in a light Rockaway, driven by a black boy whom my father had hired in Baltimore, because of his professed knowledge of the country, we were proceeding toward the village of K—, in West Virginia. We had occasionally caught glimpses of a column of black smoke rising above the wood at some point where it appeared less dense, and, just as a great bell clanged out from its iron throat a call to the hands to rest from their labors, we came in sight of one of those iron-mills which the neighborhood of coal-mines makes so frequent in this region of country.

Forth came the hands, looking, with their begrimed faces, like so many of Pluto's dusky ministers. My father had hoped to arrive in time to see the mill in operation this evening.

"The agent must be here, I suppose, and I can see him," he said, speaking more to himself than to me. "Drive slowly, boy."

It was well this order had been given, for at that moment our attention was attracted to a beautiful boy of about three years old, who, with shouts of pretended fear, but real delight, was running hither and thither, chased by one of the hands who was threatening to make an iron-worker of him, by rubbing his sooty hands over the pretty white kilt and jacket in which he was dressed. Intent only on escaping from this Cyclops, the boy, the moment after we saw him, ran directly under our horses' heads. In an instant, my father had pulled the horses back with irresistible force, and, with scarcely a breathing-interval of time, had sprung from the carriage, and raised the child in his arms, unhurt, though a little frightened, as we saw by the trembling lip and the little sob which the manly boy would not suffer to become a cry.

"What is your name, my little man?" asked my father, while I was brushing the dust from the white dress and golden curls.

"'Amon' Fo'ester," was the answer, in a sweet, childish treble. My heart swelled, and with an irresistible impulse I caught the boy in my arms, and kissed him again and again.

"What does he say?" asked my father of the man who had been chasing him, and who had run up as my father raised him from the ground, but had not offered to touch him.

"Raymond Forrester, sir; he is the son of our manager."

"Papa, mamma!" shouted the boy, leaping from my arms at the risk of another fall, as a lady and gentleman emerged from the agent's office. The lady was dressed in a pretty light calico, fitting neatly to a tall, well-moulded form; whose graceful, easy movements gave her an air of refinement which jewels and brocade cannot always confer. The gentleman was habited with equal simplicity in light summer clothing, which contrasted strangely with his black curling beard and darkly-bronzed face. But for the child's revelation, we might for a moment have doubted who he was, so had the youthful proportions of Elliot Forrester expanded in this tall, broad-chested, powerful-looking man.

The reader will suppose, perhaps, that I rushed into Lily's arms; but not so—my whole being was absorbed in watching my father and Elliot Forrester, for I well knew that on their meeting now depended the future for us all. I saw Elliot Forrester's face flush, as he recognized us. Lily's eyes were on her child, and she never saw us till her father and her husband stood with clasped hands. Who moved first, none of us ever knew. It seemed simultaneously that the hands were outstretched, and that one exclaimed, "Let us forget all that is painful in the past," and the other, "Forgive me, Mr. Raymond; I have long felt that I wronged you in taking my promised wife from you by stealth. I should not have distrusted you; it was a cowardly act, I fear."

"And I was not generous, Elliot; but we will forgive each other. We have all been a little mad, perhaps; but we are sane now."

"And now," sobbed Lily, as she clasped one arm around my father's neck, and drew me close to her with the other, "there is peace at last; it was useless to talk of peace while there was war in so many hearts; but this is the true peace, and we will never, never, quarrel any more—will we, darling Olive?"

"Olive never quarrelled with anybody," said my father; "indeed, she made all who lived with her ashamed of quarrelling."

"Olive never did a wrong thing," exclaimed Lily, who, between laughing and crying, scarcely knew what she said.

"Oh, Lily, Lily, you forget that I, too, kept a secret from papa!"

"Which I made you do."

"I was the older, Lily, and should not have been led by you."

"Just as if you could help it—you were too good to say no to me."

"That was not goodness, Lily; it was weakness."

"I will not hear you abuse yourself. Elliot, take my side."

"I cannot, Lily," said Elliot, with a smile.

My father, who stood by, caressing his grandson, added, "Olive is right; we have all done wrong, and we will not stop to inquire who has done the most wrong, but forgive and forget, or remember the past only to make the future redeem it."

"Oh, if the whole country would do so!" cried Lily.

But the boy was growing impatient. "Are you my Aunt Olive?" he asked.

"Yes, darling."

"Then come and see my sister Olive; she's a beautiful sister, with black curls, just like papa's. Come."

"Olive, you look pale; I am afraid the walk will be long for you—it is about a mile."

"Then you had better drive," said my father, "and take Lily and the boy with you. I will walk with you"—to Elliot Forrester.

And so we went to a lovely cottage among the hills, in whose furnishing the most simple materials were arranged into forms of elegance, more charming to the eye than would have been the most gorgeous display of wealth without taste. Chintz-covered furniture, muslin curtains, and fresh flowers, made every room beautiful.

"We have worked hard for it," said Lily, looking with pardonable pride around her. "Elliot made couches and divans and ottomans from old boxes, and cut barrels into lounging-chairs, and a few cushions, for which our poultry-yard supplied the feathers, and the pretty chintzes, have done the rest."

The pretty cottage of the agent has become the charming mansion of the owner of the mill. To all Elliot Forrester's remonstrances against this, my father answered, "All I have will be yours and Olive's when I die; let me have the pleasure of seeing you enjoy it while I live." To me, he added, "He has himself to thank for it; I would never have given a dollar to him, if he had not shown his good blood by his good work."

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know that I now write

my name "Olive Melville." Mr. Melville and I spend our winters in New York, with my father; but we have a summer home near Lily and Elliot, and, having no children of our own, we are permitted to have their little Olive often with us, though Lily says I am spoiling her, as I did her mother.

WILL SHE VOTE?

TO peaceful altars of our homes

In scorn she points at last,
As lawless, now, she fiercely roams—
Change, the Iconoclast!

Through startled towns her banner floats,
Her vassals, oddly human,
Shrieking from amazonian throats:
"The Equal Rights of Woman!"

They hear affrighted, unto whom,
As high its volume swells,
Their Lares' and Penates' doom
That shriek triumphant tells.

For many an eager spirit yearns
To join the growing legions,
In purlieus of the pots and churns,
No less than loftier regions.

And will she vote? is met no more
With jest and scoff and sneer;
That which was fantasy before
Takes outlines firm and clear.
A weightier question stirs the time,
A gloomier thought perplexes,
While sorrier discords drown the chime
And harmony of sexes.

To some the future years unfold
Chaotic visions dire—
Sweet customs, beautiful and old,
Consumed in error's fire!
To others, the millennial plan
Reveals its dawning feature—
A woman for the Coming Man,
And man the lesser creature!

But wise are they who yet keep pure
What factious tongues disclaim—
Belief that God's just laws endure
Immutably the same;
That this wild creed shall surely pass,
Whoever its propounder,
And woman still continue as
Old Father Adam found her!

Walking amid no troublous fears
That throng the paths of men,
Wielding no editorial shears,
No keen polemic pen,
Daring no intellectual heights,
And neither sage nor preacher,
True womanhood has yet the "rights"
Fanatics cannot teach her.

What mission lovelier than to be
Home's angel, blithe and fair,
O thou in whose calm looks we see
A mother's holy care?

What grander purpose than to fill
Thy sacred sphere of duty,
And mould, with reverential skill,
Its ruggedness to beauty?

Chairwoman of thy romping pets,
What prouder rule than thine,
Whereon a heavenly sanction sets
Authority divine?
Thy cherub-congress well content
To recognize their Speaker,
What privilege of enfranchisement
More precious to the seeker?

O wrangling zealots, lift no hand
To harm these duteous lives—
True daughters of our native land,
Fond mothers, faithful wives!
Pass to our polls—and councils, too,
Of their sweet eyes unnoted,
And drop your votes, while only you,
Not Woman, shall have voted!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ROYALTY IN MINIATURE.

"*Quel bon petit roi c'était là.
La ! la !*"

BÉRANGER.

A WITTY French author informs us that when the few scattering inhabitants of the microscopic "principality of Monaco" rebelled against their prince in 1789, commissioners were sent by them to Paris, to propose an alliance with the French revolutionists, whereupon a treaty was effected, which treaty consisted of the two following articles:

"ART. I. There shall be peace and alliance between the French republic and the republic of Monaco.

"ART. II. The French republic is delighted to make the acquaintance of the republic of Monaco."

The perpetration of this "excellent jest" no doubt contributed greatly to the good-humor of the *revolutionnaires*; but, if they had looked a little nearer home, they might have seen another "separate sovereignty," in comparison with which the principality of Monaco, so much laughed at, would have appeared gigantic. This was the "kingdom of Yvetot," which for more than thirteen hundred years remained a marvel to everybody. There never was any thing like it before, and there has never been any thing like it since. It was a curiosity, a sort of ball within a ball, like a Chinese puzzle. Strange as the statement may appear, there existed in the heart of France, from the middle of the sixth century nearly to the end of the eighteenth, a regularly-organized kingdom, ruled by a king, whom France, England, and all the great powers recognized and respected—in one sense at least—which high and mighty kingdom, presided over by its suzerain, with his privy council, high-chamberlain, master of the hounds, master of ceremonies, and other dignitaries, consisted of an ordinary chateau, and what would be called in this country "a good farm."

This farm was called, as we have said, the "kingdom of Yvetot," and was situated near the present town of the same name in Normandy, between Havre-de-Grace and Rouen. The chateau, built, according to all accounts, some time in the sixth century, may still be standing. What is certain is, that here lived and reigned a long line of monarchs, whose will was supreme within the boundaries of the little domain; who paid no taxes of any description to the neighboring and surrounding kingdom of France, or to any other; who took part or did not take part in the various wars carried on by France, just as they fancied; and who were treated with, "as between crowned heads," by royalty elsewhere. It is not singular that this anomalous condition of things should have originated a number of jests at the expense of his majesty the King of Yvetot in every generation. Accord-

ingly, we have all manner of caricatures, lampoons, pasquinades, and good-humored "flings," at their majesties in French prose and verse—the most noted and best known, doubtless, being Béranger's *Roi d'Yvetot*. In all these friendly—they are not unfriendly—caricatures, you see the same personage, a fat little royal personage, mounted on an ass, and followed by a dog, as fat and good-humored as himself, going from door to door on his domain, chatting familiarly with his peasant-subjects, chucking the muddens under their chins, patting the babies on the head, asking the news—who was married, or born, or dead—and never refusing the good glass of wine, proffered to this merry little king by his subjects. Then on his return the four stalwart members of his "body-guard," who have been working in the royal garden, drop their hoes, hastily don their uniforms, and salute this jolly monarch as he arrives upon his donkey; the four seamstresses or housemaids, daughters of his tenants, and ladies of the bedchamber, usher him to his queen; he dines *en famille*, waited on by the one footman who is lord high-chamberlain; and at night he puts on, instead of a crown, an excellent and comfortable—nightcap!

Such is the picture, half traditional, half historic, of the King of Yvetot. It is altogether comic, as the reader will perceive; but under the humorous caricature there appears to have been a solid substratum of fact. This seems to have amounted to what follows:

The first Seigneur of Yvetot was Vauthier, chamberlain to King Clotaire I. of France, son of Clovis and Clotilda. The chamberlain is represented to have been a man of great courage, intelligence, and devotion—qualities which made him a favorite with Clotaire; and the result was, that he stood in high favor with his majesty. Thence many heart-burnings on the part of the other courtiers; much jealousy of Lord Vauthier, as of one growing too powerful; eventually a conspiracy to ruin him with Clotaire the Long-haired. This conspiracy, long ripening, came at last to a head—Clotaire's mind was artfully poisoned—Vauthier no longer found favor in the eyes of his lord the king—and finally the conspirators succeeded in filling Clotaire with enormous rage against him—on what grounds the authorities do not say. These were not important, however. Vauthier was absent, and the conspirators had it all their own way. They clearly demonstrated that the chamberlain was a traitor; and as, in those days, kings were often their own "justicers," Clotaire publicly announced his intention to slay the Sieur d'Yvetot on sight. His majesty had put his own nephews to death, as personages interfering with his views; was known to be a man who stuck at nothing; and when a friend at court sent a messenger in haste to Vauthier at his chateau, informing him of the reception which awaited him from Clotaire, on his return, Vauthier wisely made up his mind not to expose his throat to the knife, or his brains to the royal axe, and hastened to put the Rhine and other broad streams between himself and King Clotaire.

For ten years, then, the Seigneur d'Yvetot remained abroad, hewing away with his sword at the barbarous Thuringians, enemies of the true faith. As Clotaire upheld the latter, Vauthier hoped that his "record" in these long years would restore him to favor with the king; so, pining no doubt for *la patrie*, and sick of exile, he determined to venture back, and throw himself upon the mercy of his sovereign. He did so, but not without taking excellent precautions. Clotaire was known to be a personage of most uncertain temper—fighting bravely against his enemies the Thuringians might or might not be sufficient to secure pardon for the culprit; therefore the prudent Vauthier first proceeded to Rome, where he made a friend of "Pope Agapet," and induced the pontiff to intrust him, in the character of envoy, with letters to King Clotaire, who would thus, under any circumstances, it was hoped, be entirely disarmed. Unfortunately, Vauthier did not estimate with sufficient correctness the highly "excitable" character of his sovereign. He travelled from Rome to Soissons, where Clotaire held his court; reached the city on Good Friday, at the moment when Clotaire was at the high altar of the great cathedral celebrating mass, in front of a veiled crucifix; threw himself upon his knees; presented the pope's letters; implored pardon in the name of Christ—and Clotaire, for reply, drew his sword, and severed the head of the unfortunate Sieur d'Yvetot from his body. Gripping, ghastly, and streaming with blood, the head rolled on the very steps of the altar.

Such was the unlucky result of Vauthier's return. Unlucky no less for Clotaire. He had committed a crime, and, when he cooled

the full enormity of his guilt flashed upon him. The pope's letters, now read for the first time, did not lessen his remorse. They attested the entire innocence of our well-beloved son Vauthier, and around the unhappy Clotaire rose a chorus of clergy:

"Sacrilège! sacrilège! Your majesty has committed sacrilege!"

Thereat Clotaire grew pale, and his knees shook. What to do? Send an envoy to his holiness, suggested the clergy, and beg absolution; and Clotaire caught ardently at the suggestion. The envoy was dispatched; came to Rome; heard that the pope was dying, and hastened to his bedside, where Clotaire's prayer was set forth for the pope's action. The affair was embarrassing—the pope was dying. He did what men often do in a difficult matter; he compromised. "Clotaire," he said faintly, "could expect to receive pardon—only—" (here Pope Agapet began to cough painfully, and gasp for breath)—"only—when—he had given—the highest possible—satisfaction to the—heirs—of—" (here the coughing returned, became more violent, a convulsion shook the pontiff, and before he could finish the sentence he expired).

With the ambiguous dying words of Pope Agapet, the envoy returned to Clotaire; and for a long time the king pondered, with knit brows and troubled mind, on that phrase, "the highest possible satisfaction to the heirs of"—Vauthier. What was the "highest possible satisfaction?" At last he came to a decision upon the knotty point presented. There was, according to the opinion of people in the sixth century, no higher earthly satisfaction than that of being a royal personage; and the impetuous Clotaire, lashed by remorse, determined to make the Vauthiers royal. As the king ordered, so it was done. On a huge sheet of whitest parchment, decorated with seals and flourishes, and attested by the royal "mark," it was written that thenceforth, to the end of time, the seigniorship of Yvetot should be a kingdom, and the seigneurs thereof *kings*—owing allegiance to no one, coining their own money, levying their own taxes, issuing their sovereign decrees, making or not making war, as seemed to them best—in every acceptance of the word, and without reservation, *kings*.

Hence the Kings of Yvetot. The account we have given may appear romantic, but, whatever be the measure of faith attached to it, the existence of the "kingdom" is a matter of record.

Proof of this statement:

I. A decree of the Court of Exchequer of Normandy, of date 1392, mentions the King of Yvetot, and recognizes his royalty.

II. Letters patent granted by various Kings of France, in 1404, 1450, and 1464, acknowledge and confirm the sovereignty of the King of Yvetot.

III. In the same century, when Normandy was under English sway, Henry VI. claimed certain taxes and feudal duties from the King of Yvetot; the question was solemnly adjudged; and the decision given against the King of England, in favor of the King of Yvetot.

IV. A letter of Francis I., addressed to the Queen of Yvetot, is still in the French archives.

V. At the coronation of Marie de Medici, Henry IV. publicly rebuked his grand-chamberlain, for not assigning to the King of Yvetot a position suitable to his royal dignity.

"If we lose France," said the same jovial monarch, Henry IV., when he was retreating once, during the wars of the League, "we must take possession of the fair kingdom of Yvetot!"

Thus jest and earnest, fiction (doubtless) and fact, history and romance, mingle and are fused with each other here. The reader will regard the whole subject in the light which pleases him best—seriously, in the light of the charters, decrees, and letters patent referred to; or romantically, in the light of the Clotaire tradition; or humorously, in the light of the donkey, the fat dog, and the nightcap, of Béranger's *chanson*. The latter made the *bon roi d'Yvetot* popular forever, by hitting from behind him at other royal personages:

"Il n'agrandit point ses États
Fut un voisin commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que le peuple qui l'enterra
Pleurait.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,
La! la!"

This was written in 1813, and there were a large number of per-

sons, especially the French mothers, who had lost their boys by Napoleon's merciless conscriptions, who saw in the first lines a hit at the great emperor. With these political matters, however, we have nothing to do. Looking across the years to the small chateau d'Yvetot, what we see is a picture of "royalty in miniature," and an extremely fat and respectable line of monarchs, who appear to have had an amount of good sense not often found beneath kingly crowns. In fact, these rustic sovereigns appear to have been the most sensible men of history. They never declared war on anybody, never interfered or quarrelled with their neighbors, indulged in no heart-burnings, were rendered unhappy by no undue aspirations;—they simply lived at the old country-house of Yvetot, with their tenants around them, ate good dinners, drank good wine, rode out on successive generations of fat little donkeys, followed by fat little dogs, chatted with their subjects, slept in peace, with comfortable nightcaps drawn over their royal old ears, and were buried in the royal cemetery attached to the royal residence, examples to all kings in all time to come.

There never were any "parties" of any description in Yvetot, we are informed—no court intrigues, conspiracies, or intestine dissensions. The king kept his own seals, and his own royal purse in his own pantaloons pocket; and therefrom with his own hands disbursed to his civil list. The court is thus described: There were one bishop, one dean, and four canons—all parish *curés*; a senate and privy council composed of four judges—all notaries; besides which there were ladies of the bedchamber—tenants' daughters; four body-guards—gardeners; one chamberlain and herald—the footman; a master of the horse—the groom; a keeper of the woods and forests—bailiff; others have been mentioned. We shall only add that the King of Yvetot could bring into the field, at twenty-four hours' notice, an army of one hundred and twenty royal troops, over whom the King of France had no more authority than he had over the army of the King of England, or the Emperor of Austria. These were never, however, called into the field. Their old matchlocks were quite rusty, and their uniforms moth-eaten. Nobody ever declared war on the good little Kings of Yvetot. They ate, drank, slept, rode out on their donkeys, smiled on the maidens, patted the heads of the babies, and went to their long homes, models of potentates, from the sixth century to the latter part of the eighteenth, when the last monarch of their ancient line ignominiously assumed no higher title at the court of Louis XVI. than *prince*—whereupon the Revolution followed, and, just when the "republic of Monaco" was born, swept him and his kingdom away; just punishment for thus abdicating his sacred royalty, which had "been in the family" for the respectable period of about thirteen centuries.

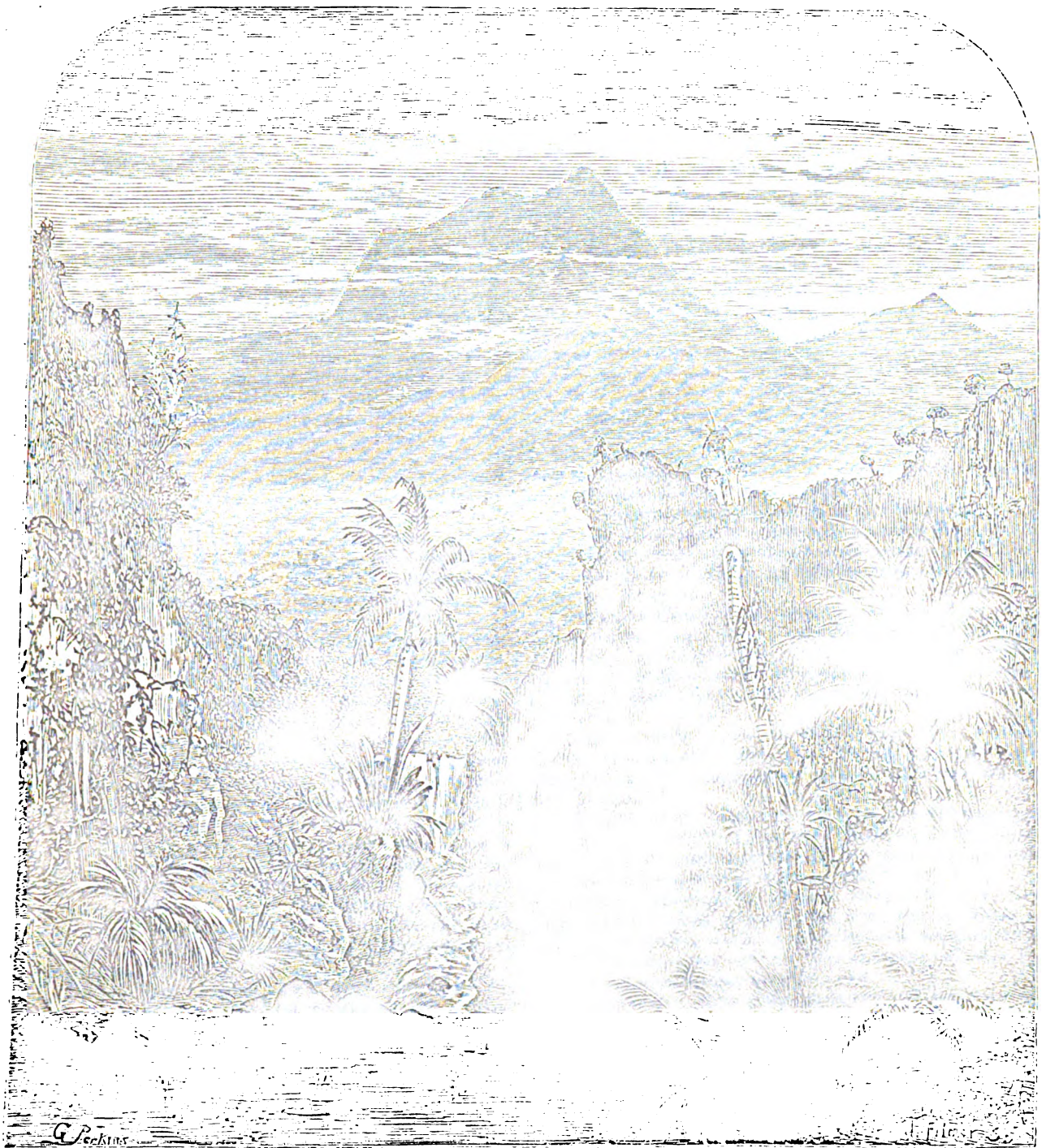
So it passed, this jolly little kingdom and its line of kings—small of stature, but the "real article," and respected accordingly. To-day, you look upon the whole matter as a jest, historic fact as it is. The railway from Havre to Rouen, through the department of Seine-Inférieure, traverses the town of Yvetot; the cars rattle, the smoke floats, the whistle screams; if the *bon petit roi*, on his little donkey, followed by his little dog, could witness that phenomenon, it is probable that king and donkey and dog would all roll in the nearest ditch, overcome with fright! But the fates spared them such a profanation of their royal authority—these worthy little kings of Pigmalynd. They are no more there, and never now move any more beneath the glimpses of the moon! The birds sing, the streams laugh, the clouds float over the ruins of the old chateau, as in other years. But the kings and kingdom of Yvetot have passed away like a dream!

SOMETHING ABOUT CUBA, ITS HISTORY, ITS CLIMATE, ITS PEOPLE.

I.

THE Island of Cuba in size is nearly equal to England proper (without the principality of Wales), being seven hundred and eighty miles in length, and about fifty-two miles in medial breadth, containing a superficial area of forty-three thousand five hundred square miles, being nearly equal in extent to all the other West India Islands united. Columbus supposed Cuba (at the time he visited the Isle of Pines, associated with Cuba) to be a continent, and it was so regarded until circumnavigated by Ocampo, in the year 1508.

In the early times of the settlement of the West India Islands, San Domingo was the most known, and received the largest share of at-



View in the Sierra del Cobre, Cuba.

tention. Cuba attracted but little notice in Europe, until Cortez made it a base of operations, in his contemplated and consummated attack on Mexico. It will be perceived its first appreciation was for its military command of the surrounding coasts. Subsequently, in necessary imitation of Cortez, the Prince de Joinville concentrated his fleet at Havana, preparatory to his attack on Vera Cruz, and to Havana he returned after capturing San Juan de Ulloa.

The importance of Cuba does not therefore arise solely from its great productive wealth, nor from the demand its inhabitants make upon the productions of other peoples, but it is largely founded upon its admirable position in commanding the entrance to the Mexican Gulf, Havana being situated exactly where the carriers of commercial enterprises must cross each other's paths in their intercourse with Mexico and the Southern United States. It is a wonderful instance of the sagacity and statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson, that he should have written, nearly fifty years ago: "I candidly confess that I have ever

looked upon Cuba as the most interesting addition that can be made to our system of States, the possession of which (with Florida Point) would give us control over the Gulf of Mexico, and the countries and isthmus bordering it, and would fill up the measure of our political well-being."

Its importance, as the "key to the Gulf," will be still more perfectly understood, when we recollect that Cuba is ninety-five miles from the nearest point of Jamaica; fifty miles from Hayti; one hundred and twenty miles from the coast of Tobasco and Yucatan, in Mexico; and one hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Florida.

The Gulf of Mexico, almost an exact circle, has a shore line of nearly six thousand miles, and the outlet of this vast field of commerce is through a narrow passage running along the southern shore of Cuba, and within a few miles of her best harbors and fortifications. It is, therefore, certain, that whatever people hold Cuba, if they have at command the resources natural to the island, and the desire to do so

they could make the commerce of the western world pay tribute, and embarrass our legitimate rule in the Gulf by treaties and assistance from European nations. And this has already been done, for, when the fleet of Sir Edward Packenham operated against New Orleans, and was compelled in a crippled state to retreat from the coast of Louisiana, it fled to Havana for succor, and, but for this place of refuge, never would have reached Jamaica, its original port of embarkation.

But we do not propose in our slight sketch to treat of the military and political characteristics of Cuba, we allude to them only incidentally, and pass on to such description of its scenery, agricultural resources, and the social life of its inhabitants, as the best authorities at our command and our personal observations will supply.

The past of Cuba is history, and, under any and all circumstances, soon a new and varied future must open upon her; and we have no doubt that the results will be advantageous to her best interests and true development. Up to this time, one of the most favored spots on the globe, abounding with great mineral, agricultural, and maritime resources, has been cramped in its natural growth as much as if it were the foot of a Chinese belle, yet, in spite of the bandages of every possible restriction, Cuba has surpassed any given portion of the world in what it has done, and in what it promises as the reward of labor—for, in accordance with her population, and in spite of her misgovernment, Cuba, to-day, presents a wonderful example of material prosperity. If these things be, with a parent government heartless and oppressive, and subjected to the consequent evils flowing therefrom, what will the "Queen of the Antilles" be, when her mountains, her valleys, and her beautiful and commodious harbors, are in the possession of even a comparatively free and untrammelled population, who will develop her vast natural wealth, and make it contribute to the happiness of the producer, instead of the pride and squanderings of an unsympathizing aristocracy?

The climate of Cuba, especially in the suburbs of Havana, is considered the most salubrious of any of the West India Islands, with the possible exception of Porto Rico. At Ubajay, fifteen miles from Havana, the thermometer in fair weather has gone down to zero. It is impossible to realize the fragrant delightfulness of early dawn, or the exquisitely-soft coolness of the evening, in this wonderful island of the tropical seas. After the intense heat of the day, the sea-breeze seems to refresh and strengthen the very spirit of life, the pulse beats fuller and clearer, producing sensations to be enjoyed, but never described. In the interior of the island there is a variety of temperatures, for the mountains favorably modify any intense heat. Thus Nature in many ways overcomes difficulties for the happiness of man, and thus it is, however hot the day may be in those southern latitudes, in the evening and the morning there prevail refreshing winds; while in the mountainous regions the deposition of dew is so plentiful at nightfall that it takes the place of copious showers in modifying the heat and preserving vegetation.

That out-door labor for every class of people is not impossible in Cuba, we know; for two-thirds of the population, including slaves and coolies, work the livelong day in the unqualified rays of the sun, and do this under its most trying circumstances. What would be the effect of labor in Cuba, supplied with proper clothing, wholesome food, a reasonable number of hours for work, and a comfortable lodging at night, is still to be tried.

In approaching Havana from the sea, a chain of undulating mountains runs from east to west, until lost in either horizon. On each hand, as you approach the harbor, the land is gently elevated, and covered with grassy, luxuriant vegetation. The signal-tower and light-house combined, which overtops the high walls of the defences, which immediately lie at the mouth of the harbor, is an object of great interest to the novice in sea trips, for, with the desire to get to land, is added the intense curiosity to see the sights of Havana. On the first occasion of our beholding the red-and-gold-slashed flag of Spain, the sun was rapidly sinking into the waves of the great Mexican Gulf, and we watched the flag and the sun with painful solicitude, for we knew that they would sink out of sight together, and we also knew that, if they did this before we reached the harbor, we should be obliged to remain at sea all night.

In our anxiety and impatience to make headway, it seemed to us as if the huge engine of the steamer had lost its propelling power. Passengers, in nervous crowds, stood upon the deck, and wished and hoped; but, alas! all our aspirations were bound to be disappointed, for sud-

denly, a light cloud of smoke ascended upon the clear atmosphere, the low but suggestive sound of a heavy, but distant piece of artillery echoed along the Cuban shore, and sun and flag disappeared together as simultaneously as if both were under the military discipline of the now dethroned Isabella.

At the same instant the engineer's bell of the steamer's engine gave a significant tap, and the huge machinery stopped its rapid motions as if exhausted, and the "skipper" announced that "we had to ride in the open sea until morning dawned."

The same rules that were established two centuries or more ago by the jealous Spaniard, to guard against the sudden invasion of freebooters, have continued in force against the peaceably-disposed passenger-ships of these modern times.

The atmosphere of Cuba, as everywhere within the tropics, is so unpolluted, so thin, so elastic, so serene, and, save by experience, so inconceivably transparent, that every star and planet in the heavens seemed to be boldly defined; you can see around and behind them; they actually stand out in the clear blue, while the heavenly constellations are more brilliant than in the temperate latitudes. In this night-watch we saw the north-star and the great polar bear skirting along the horizon. And there were constellations unknown to northern skies, with the myriads of stars forming the milky-way, making not a dim, just-perceived light, but absolutely flaming through eternal space. All this was some comfort to our disappointed feelings, and lessened somewhat the indignation we felt at the workings of the miserable policy and old fogysm of the Spanish authorities.

"Couldn't our Government make a treaty that would break up this absurd rule, which might have been well enough for Drake and his myrmidons, but should not be enforced to the keeping of a peaceable merchant on the sea all night, in sight of a comfortable harbor?" said we at last to the captain.

"Don't think a treaty could be made," he replied, emphatically.

"Do you mean to say that the powerful United States, which could send a single iron-clad into that closed harbor of Havana yonder that would knock Morro Castle into flinders in a few moments, that such a Union, if it insisted upon it, could not have such abominable laws repealed?"

The ground swell, or some other kind of swell, was now making us sick, and consequently ill-natured, and this, too, in spite of the fine atmosphere, the starry constellations of the altar, the cross, and the River Eridanus.

"We mean to say," returned the captain, speaking with the authority of the quarter-deck, "we mean to say, that Spain will not alter her laws regarding the entrance and exit of her harbors, or in any other matter, unless forced to do so by the argument of war!"

Just at this moment, at the very spot where we knew was Morro Castle, we saw a column of smoke, which, in the clear atmosphere we have so much admired, rose like a signal from some savage chieftain's camp. This column grew taller and taller, and nearer and nearer, and finally began to stretch away toward the west.

"What's that?" said we to the captain, very much surprised at this evidence of life exhibited in what should have been, by Spanish orders, "a dead place."

"Why," said the captain promptly, "that smoke is from Liverpool coal, and, if you could see the fire it comes from, you'd find the boilers of a confederate blockade-runner that plies between a Texas port and Havana."

And, while we were looking and speculating, we saw, far away on our right, what might have been other signal smokes; long, straggling lines that crept and curled along the horizon, and then up into the midnight sky, like wounded serpents, and these were from other blockade-runners that were coming from the mouth of the Rio Grande, laden with cotton—then more valuable than gold—all of which contraband vessels, at night or by day, passed unchallenged into the harbor of Havana.

"I declare," said the captain, with some affected surprise, "the Cuban Spanish officials have been bribed to do this; but it won't pay to buy our way in; so, in sunshine or storm, breeze or hurricane, we must stay out here all night."

But morning came at last, bright, cheering, and early. It was hard to say when the stars melted away, or how the heavens were brighter because the sun was turning every thing into yellow and gold. Another booming sound officially informed the Cubans of the break of day, and the red flag again trembled over Morro Castle, and our

gallant steamer, as if refreshed from repose, now proudly and swiftly moved toward the entrance of the harbor.

In a few moments we were between the long lines of fortifications, introducing us to rock-bound shores, that for nearly three-quarters of a mile arc not four hundred yards apart. No engineer could have arranged them more perfectly for defence or safety, and the natural effect could not be more picturesque.

On one side, the fortifications, hewn out of the dark-gray rock, were surmounted by parapets that bristled with artillery, and animated by the appearance of soldiers and sentinels in light uniforms, who were constantly moving about. On the opposite side and along the shore there spread out the city of Havana, not sombre, like London, nor white, like Paris, but party-colored, like Damascus, and equally flaming and brilliant in the hot sun, the fronts of the houses, owing to some peculiar taste of the inhabitants, being frescoed with the brightest yellows, pinks, and azure blue, with the roofs red with tiles—the whole made more noticeable by contrasts with the deep coppery green of the overtowering palms, and other luxuriant tropical vegetation; in the harbor were innumerable gayly-colored gondolas; the ships were anchored in the middle of the stream, being only allowed to communicate with the shore through the lighters and small sail-boats that everywhere meet your gaze—the whole effect giving a peculiar character, and a romantic life, unlike any other city in Europe or America.

Our vessel, under the guidance of the Spanish pilot, finally reached her berth in the middle of the harbor, and, before the heavy anchor was fairly embedded in the earth, the sail-boats came circling round us from the shore like so many huge albatrosses bent on prey.

A few years ago, passengers could not go ashore at Havana without passports, which, when fairly settled for, cost some five dollars in gold. But this is not so now, though occasionally an unlucky traveller hands this amount over to some one of the numerous officials—always in sight—just as a countrymen, it is said, will sometimes, in New York City, give a "sharper" twenty-five cents for going into the City Hall Park. But you go ashore, of course, and possibly have a sail of a mile or more before you reach the common landing, which is opposite the principal gate of the river-front of the city. You look up, and see a coat-of-arms over the grand entrance, once familiar, when we used Spanish silver coin, prominent upon which were the pillars of Hercules. The first impression made upon an American is, that there is an enormous number of semi-military policemen. The ship was spotted with them the instant it arrived in the harbor, and in the city you find every alley, lane, street, wharf, and stair, guarded by them, many armed with a light musket, and all set off with a saffron-colored visage, contrasting strangely with a thin white linen coat, held together at the shoulders by immense yellow worsted epaulettes. But these guardians of the peace and safety of Havana, such as they are, are respectful to well-disposed strangers; their business is to look most exclusively after the native population.

The streets inside the walls, as a rule, run at right angles, and are very narrow; the best are badly paved, and undrained. The houses suggest that they have all at one time or another been used as fortifications, they have such an appearance of unnecessary strength, and are so covered over with heavy iron gratings. They are seldom more than two stories high, and, in the most populous streets, have awnings suspended across the highway, from ropes fastened to the heavy parapets that surmount every building; which arrangement is grateful, in securing you somewhat from the effects of the noonday sun.

Every thing, to an American and a stranger, is intensely odd and very interesting. If you are in the principal street, you find the stores small, and a casual display of goods apparently a secondary matter. You look up and down, and are surprised in not seeing a lady in sight—you catch the bright eyes of what you suppose to be one, peeping from behind some *jalousie*, but it is a suggestion, not a positive fact. The men you meet, if not of the military, are all dressed in white pantaloons, grass cloth jackets, and panama hats—they know you are a barbarian and a "fillibuster" (synonymes for a citizen of the United States), from your thick clothing and self-conceited stare.

A woman at last—a stout one—dressed in black silk, queer-looking flat hat, no hoops on, great sash around the waist, and surprisingly large feet. You think you have always heard the Spanish women have small pedestals. You look again, and it is a portly priest; and as you see a great many of them afterward, you make no second mistake as to their sex or business.

Gradually growing self-possessed, you reach a street occupied wholly by private residences. You observe that the houses have no easies to their windows, but, instead, heavy iron bars and gratings. Delicate lace curtains inside, and rich, heavy furniture, satisfy you they are not prisons. But their Moorish, oriental expression, gives them an intensely dull exterior. You think better of them when you discover a group of señoritas busily engaged in gossiping and smoking cigarettes. They let you stare at them without displaying the least annoyance—they rather like it, or they don't know it—you will never be able to tell which.

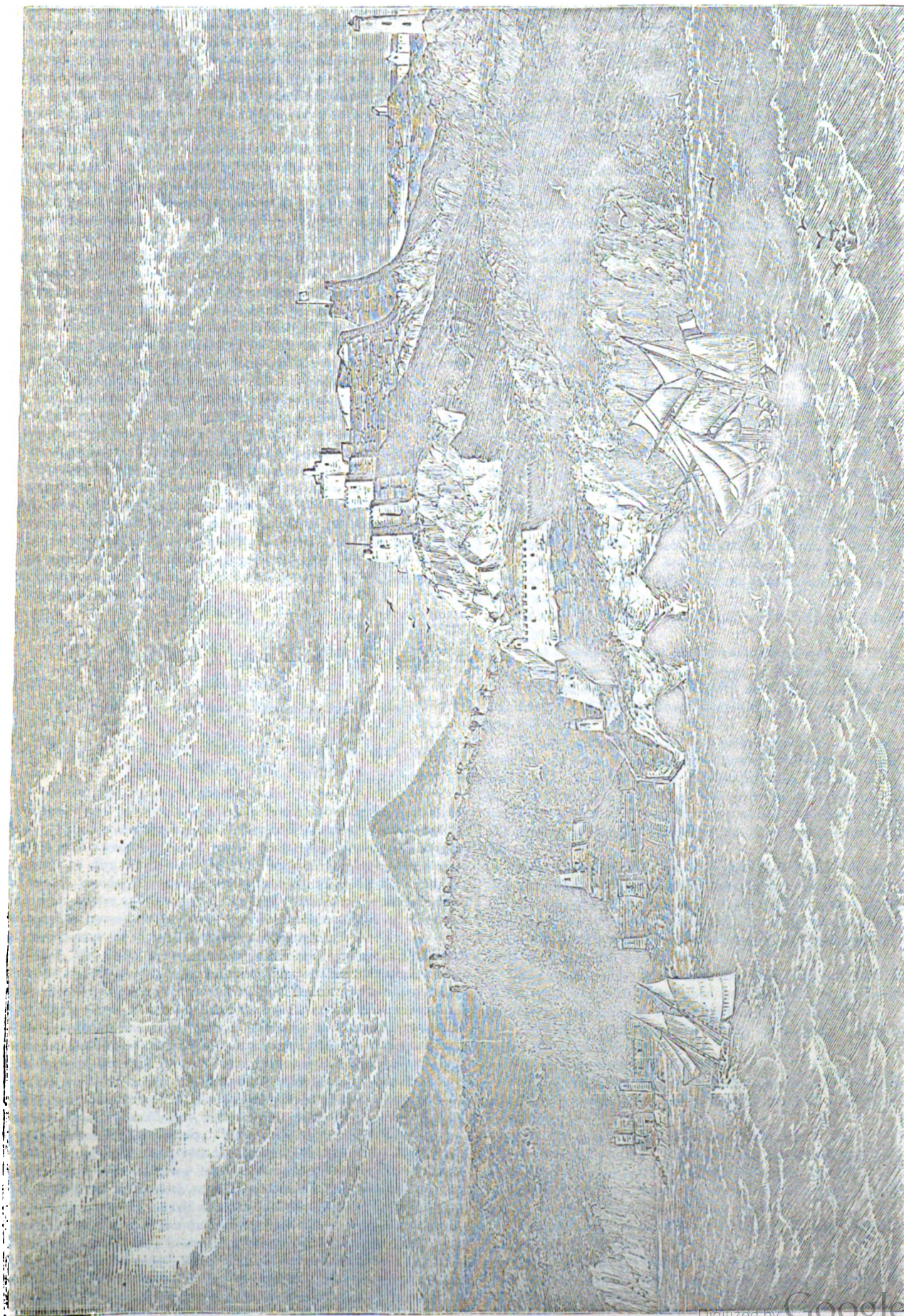
We have said the streets are very narrow, and here comes a cabriolet, or bullock cart, in common use in the country. It is the rudest wheeled vehicle you ever saw, and the animals drawing it have a wild, shaggy look, that is perfectly demoniac. The fellow driving is a first-class African slave, mounted upon a lot of old garden "truck" he has for sale. The African's dress consists of a pair of pantaloons, with a scarcity of cloth that would please an opera-dancer; his shirt is included in a well-worn suspender, else he has none. No covering for head or feet; but, slave as he is, he's a Spanish slave, or rather, according to his race, he insensibly imitates the manners of his superiors; and, mounted upon his moving throne, he puffs out the smoke of his cigarette with an air that no one but a grandee of Castile can surpass.

But, ho! the vehicle approaches, the wheels spread so wide that they travel in the gutters each side of the street, and the huge hub projects over the twenty-inch-in-width side-walk, more than half-way; we flatten ourselves against the dead wall, and just escape being brushed from the narrow walk into the street.

Until within a few years, to use an equivocal phrase, the hackney-coaches of Cuba were *volantes*. They are the most grotesque, illy-constructed vehicle, their uses considered, that can be imagined; where the fashion came from we have not learned. Their shape and appearance can only be fully realized by personal inspection. The wheels are about six feet in diameter, the shafts vary from fifteen to twenty feet in length. The sedan-chair for the passenger is placed on the shafts, a few feet in front of the wheels, and then a very small horse or mule is fastened to the shafts opposite. The propelling power is mounted by a negro, *à la postillon*. These fantastic vehicles are often of costly construction, mounted with silver, and adorned with every possible ornament to make them attractive. But within a few years the open carriage, common to New York and London, have become quite familiar in the streets of Havana, and are gradually, at least for strangers' use, displacing the old, queer, characteristic volante, which no doubt came into fashion by some law that prevented common people from riding in four-wheeled vehicles, this being a luxury only to be indulged in by the grandees and royal personages of Spain.

After due study of Cuban architecture, and after an examination of the best old residences, you find they are all built upon one unvarying plan, that of a hollow quadrangle; flat roofs are universal. A lofty portal opens to the entrance hall, which hall serves for a coach-house for the volante, and a store-room for things not immediately needed in the house. The interior court is surrounded by galleries, attached to which are the sitting, public, dining, and bed rooms, with the general staircase leading to the landings. The servants' rooms and kitchens occupy the first story, and frequently shops of the meanest appearance are seen opening on the street, above which are magnificent suites of apartments. The style suggests a dull grandeur, an antique and almost vandal character, which deeply impresses the stranger; but with all this barbaric magnificence which one sees occasionally exhibited, there is, apparently, a great deficiency of comfort and convenience. And any regularity of style seems never to be thought of, for, close beside an elegant arcade, with frescoed walls, stands a ruined, deserted old building, the very representative of hopeless desolation.

If you are permitted to visit the interior of these imposing dwellings, you will find that the principal apartments are barely, though sometimes richly, furnished. Among those less wealthy than the privileged orders, old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, covered with leather, and gilt nails, are great favorites; a table or two of the same style, with a hammock intersecting the room diagonally, and nearly touching the floor, complete the ordinary outfit. Bed-rooms seem to be located without much regard to privacy, and, in many, beds are never seen; their place is supplied by stretchers, or cots, and hammocks, which, when desirable, are folded up and put away during the day.



Morro Castle, at the entrance to Havana.

The Cubans, unaffected by foreign ideas, live upon a few very simple dishes, and are satisfied with two meals a day. A great variety of food cannot be obtained. The celebrated "olla podrida," composed of fowls imported from the United States, with some beef, pork, onions, saffron, pepper, and garlic, is very wholesome, and suited to the climate and resources of the people, who esteem it a national dish.

Havana, especially in house-rent, boarding, clothing, indeed every necessary for the support of life, and to promote comfort, is the most expensive place in the world.

Here it is perhaps necessary to say, that the saddest chapters of suffering that could be written would be the histories of confirmed invalids coming from the Northern States, seeking health in "the balmy air of these tropical climes." Accustomed to the careful housekeeping and domestic arrangements of their northern home, and sustained by an invigorating climate, they find themselves suddenly in Havana, deprived of even a comfortable retiring room, and without the necessary convenience of even a bed to lie upon. Every dish, except otherwise ordered, is reeking with red pepper, onions, or garlic; the language and habits of the common people are strange and repulsive; and, mean time, the climate, enervating and exhausting to the most vigorous constitutions, completes the disaster; and the poor, disappointed seeker of health learns, when it is too late, the sad mistake that has been made by the consumptive searching a warm latitude for health.

We saw one of these wretched people hoisted by the aid of a mattress upon the deck of our departing steamer. There was apparent death in the eye, and in the emaciated frame. It was a desperate effort to reach home and die among friends and kindred. Presently the steamer moved out of the harbor, that was literally as hot as an oven. The cool sea-breeze fanned the brow of the sinking one; the pure, fresh air acted as an elixir; the eye brightened, the voice returned, the hand had the power to give an affectionate return for the friendly grasp. The cool night air set in, and the invalid, like one escaping from an exhausted receiver, wept and sighed over the suffering endured in the sad climate and surroundings for invalids, common to all Cuban resorts.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XVIII.—A CIVIC FEAST IN A COTTAGE. MRS. ROWLEY TAKES SOME STRONG MEASURES.

We left Mrs. Rowley at the Meadows.

Mrs. Cosie, a comely, cordial, motherly, sedulous, upright, down-right, plain-spoken woman, in the advanced autumn of life, when the leaf is still a goodly red, or a warm, comfortable brown, was a great favorite of Mrs. Rowley's. She had a bevy of daughters, and a troop of maids besides, always at hand to do every thing for her; but she was that active and housewifely sort of person who preferred doing things for herself, so her maids were not much overworked, which was all the better for their pretty faces and figures.

Had Mr. Cosie brought a couple of actual goddesses home with him, he could scarcely have astounded his wife and daughters more than he did when he appeared with Mrs. Rowley and her step-daughter. Mrs. Cosie was at her door, the porch of which was overhung with woodbine and roses, already beginning to bloom in that mild climate, thanks—at least such was the notion in those days—to the influence of the Gulf Stream. She was engaged at the moment shaking the crumbs out of the table-cloth after luncheon, for the linnets and robins to pick up; while the parlor-maid, having nothing else to do, was standing smiling by, watching the pretty birds as they profited by her mistress's daily charity. The birds were fluttered the first; they all flew away in a cloud, with as much noise as their tiny wings could make; then the fluttering reached the maid, who almost screamed, and pulled the table-cloth out of Mrs. Cosie's hands; but the fluttering of the good woman herself exceeded the fluttering of birds and maid together; she was all in a flutter from head to foot, outside and inside; her cap tumbled down behind, her kerchief fell from her neck; every thing that could escape from tie or pin or hook took the opportunity of starting, in the excess of her trepidation. Her voice was too soft and mellow for screaming, or she would have screamed; but she did

her best to make up for it by running to and fro, with a thousand "dear me's," and panting invocations of her daughters Dorothy and Margery, and all the damsels of the farm. In a few minutes, there was such a concourse that, when the carriage swept round the open space before the cottage, and drew up before the porch, Mrs. Rowley stepped out in the middle of a small mob of rosy-faced girls—one with a pet lamb at her heels, one with a broom in her hands, another with a churn-dash, another with a red petticoat on her arm, which she happened to be making or mending. In the background appeared some electrified workmen, who, perhaps, imagined that the queen had taken it into her head to come and see Mrs. Cosie—a visit which would certainly have made her majesty acquainted with one of the worthiest women of her class in England.

At last the ferment subsided, the shaking of hands was over, and the Rowleys, amidst a galaxy of happy faces, entered the snug abode of their humble friends.

The Meadows was so far from being "a cottage of gentility," that it had not even one proper coach-house; but it was large enough to afford a couple of spare bedrooms; and while they were getting ready for their reception, Mrs. Rowley and her daughter reposed in Mrs. Cosie's room until dinner-time.

If there was a fault in Mrs. Cosie's household, it was that there was rather too much eating, so much that it seemed hardly worth while to remove the cloth at all; but perhaps it was done for the sake of the robins and finches. This over-eating was the result of the old civic habits of the family, Mr. Cosie having once been an alderman of London, and having even served the office of sheriff. Indeed, he had been once within a few votes of the highest honor of the City, and there was no story which his wife told so often, or so amusingly, as how she had narrowly escaped being lady mayoress.

The dinner was as superabundant as usual, the table groaning under roast beef and boiled mutton, chickens and ducks, pigeons and wild-duck, pies and puddings. But with all this, it was not as ponderous as many a grand London entertainment, good-humor and good-nature did so much to lighten it.

"It was a lucky thing for us, at all events," said the good woman at the head of the table.

"And a lucky flood that carried away the bridge," said Mrs. Rowley; "for I think we have our full share of the good fortune."

With chat like this, and a hundred recollections of the last time the Rowleys had honored the country with a visit, the rustic meal began and ended.

The post came in late at that period, and soon after tea, which trod on the heels of dinner, Mrs. Rowley retired to her room with her letters. She never read a letter from her husband in the presence of strangers, sometimes not even in the presence of her daughters—whether it was that they caused her more rapture than she cared to let any one witness, or for other reasons best known to herself.

Susan Rowley sat with the Cosie girls until it was bedtime, listening, not always with unaffected interest, to their accounts of parochial matters, and talking of poor Carry, whom the Cosies were all fond of, but latterly hardly ever saw, Mrs. Upjohn having for some time back behaved superciliously to the farmer's family, and broken off all social communication with the Meadows.

They chatted and chatted until Mrs. Cosie, who had been dozing in her chair ever since dinner—her daily habit for years—now began to wake up, which she no sooner did than she exclaimed:

"Now, girls, don't keep Miss Rowley up talking. I dare say she would like to go to bed."

"Well, truly I should," said Susan.

"When would Mrs. Rowley like to have breakfast in the morning?" said Dorothy and Margery, almost together, for both must show Susan to her room.

"By all means at your usual hour," said Miss Rowley. "We are as early birds as you are. Mamma writes her letters, and reads her newspaper, and does half her business before she leaves her room of a morning; and if she has no letters to write she goes on with her novel. She is as great a novel-reader as ever."

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Dorothy; "I don't believe there is a novel in the house."

"Yes, but there is," said the brusque Margery, giving her sister a little push—a way she had; "there's the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'Sanford and Merton.'"

"I should like to see you offering Mrs. Rowley 'Sanford and Merton' to read," said Dorothy, returning the little push.

"Oh, never mind the novels," said Susan; "mamma has a whole box of them with her which she brought down from London."

It was a long time before Miss Rowley was left to herself, for the Cosie girls were never satisfied that there were half as many things in her bower as they were certain she would want; but at last they accepted her repeated assurances that every thing was perfect, and pushed one another out of the room. Looking-glasses abounded, at all events, for there were three, and Mrs. Rowley had even more; in fact, all the movable looking-glasses in the house had been put into the two rooms, except a small one in which Mr. Cosie shaved.

Before they assembled at breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Rowley had a discussion with her host on the state of affairs, and what she proposed to do while she remained in England. The arrangement suggested by Mr. Alexander, by which Mr. Cosie was to manage the little peninsula under the advice of Spring Gardens, had already been approved of, and Mrs. Rowley was very happy to hear that her brother-in-law was prepared to hand every thing over to his successor without a shade of angry feeling on his mind. She was not long without further assurance on that head; for she was just deliberating at breakfast how to get over to Foxden in the course of the morning, and parrying the earnest endeavors of the Cosies to keep her, when a horse was heard trotting up the avenue, and there was scarce time to wonder who so early a visitor could be, when in limped Mr. Upjohn himself, looking much more like a man who had just been appointed to a good thing than a man who had lost one. He came in with the heartiest laugh, kissed and shook hands with both his sister-in-law and niece, and swore, like Falstaff, that he knew them the day before, as well as Him that made them.

"No, no, uncle, you did not know a bit of us; there is no use in your pretending it."

"Well, Susan, truth is truth; I did not know you; but," he added, turning to Mrs. Rowley, "I ought to have known *you*, Fatima, at all events, by one remark you made. When I said I did not understand why the bridge went, you said you supposed it was because the flood was the stronger: so very like you—so quaint and so sharp—so like you."

"Well, we were not on it, uncle," said Susan, "like the Brian O'Lynn family; that was a great point."

Upjohn sat down, and there was not a pleasanter member of the party.

"We were going over to Foxden after breakfast," said Mrs. Rowley.

"You are much better where you are," he said. "I am all alone, as you probably know, except Carry. I am going up to town to-morrow or next day."

The Cosies immediately declared, with one accord, that Carry must come and stay with them; and it was arranged that Mrs. Rowley would take her up to town when she went.

Mr. Upjohn's handsome and generous conduct mightily pleased Mrs. Rowley, and raised him in everybody's opinion. She pressed him to consider Foxden still his own; it was not only her wish, but her husband's; but he shook his head, and convinced her in a few words that it was impossible for him to accept the offer. They parted as affectionately as they met. Mr. Upjohn said he would write to his brother and let him know that he was perfectly satisfied with every thing that had been done; but, as usual, he neglected to do so, and it was not from him that Mr. Rowley had the first account of the way in which the new arrangements were received.

Mrs. Rowley lost no time, but went about her inspections at once. The weather being showery, she put on a long waterproof jacket she had, something like a sailor's, and, with her petticoats sufficiently tucked up, a sort of wide-awake on her head, and a good stout umbrella in her hand, she set out with Mr. Cosie on her perambulations. To people who saw her from a distance she looked more like a farmer than what she was; but, when they approached, her beautiful hair, coming out under the hat, revealed her sex quickly enough, as her countenance and bearing did the gentlewoman. As to get little Carry transferred to the meadows depended upon getting her across the river, which was still swollen, the first thing was to see what progress had been made with the temporary foot-bridge, which was only to consist of a few planks put roughly together. This she found nearly done in a sort of a way, and Mr. Mallet was on the spot

himself at the moment. He was not long discovering in whose presence he stood, and, pulling his hat off in a great hurry and trepidation, came toward Mrs. Rowley to make his obeisance. Mr. Cosie told her in a short aside who he was, and all about him.

"You will be wanting a new bridge, madam," said the carpenter insinuatingly.

"Yes; and a new carpenter, I think also, Mr. Mallet," said Mrs. Rowley, nodding to him, and passing on, leaving the village jobber chopfallen, and fumbling with his watch-chain, to admire the last construction of his genius on the Rowley property.

But, in dismissing a jobber, she made an enemy, of course, and she made another before she proceeded many yards farther.

Mr. Cosie next conducted her to one of the schools of the estate; it was the nearest to Foxden, and was called Mrs. Upjohn's school, for greater distinction.

Mrs. Rowley saw Mrs. Upjohn in it very clearly; the outside was as pretty and captivating as possible; nothing could be neater; it was quite a picture, with the roses climbing about the doors and windows, but, with the outward show, the beauties of the school ended. The school-room was dirty, the scholars a riotous mob of little sluts and slovens, the mistress the model of a slattern. Mrs. Rowley entered behind Mr. Cosie, and maintained her incognito long enough to take in the whole interior with a rapid, keen, comprehensive glance. The moment she was known, the effect was electric. The astonished mistress jumped up in consternation, and tried, at one and the same moment, to bring her untidy cap straight over her uncombed hair, and get rid of a foul apron, which covered a gown which was not much cleaner.

"Don't give yourself any trouble about your dress; pray don't derange it, and keep your seat," said Mrs. Rowley.

Oh, dear, dear, if the mistress had only expected—had only known—and so forth—she would have made herself decent and tidy.

"Then I am to understand," returned Mrs. Rowley, "that you only think it necessary to be decent and tidy once in every four or five years, when I come to visit you; and the children, too, don't you think they would do their sums quite as well if their faces and hands were clean?"

"Oh, if your ladyship but knew how hard it is to make children come always to school with clean hands and faces."

"Example might do something," said Mrs. Rowley, her formidable eye covering, as she spoke, every bit of the mistress's person which was visible.

She then desired to see the children's copy-books, asked some of the eldest a few questions in the multiplication-table. In a row of six she only found one arithmetician who could tell her what three times three made. She was a smart little girl, the only child in the school who was tolerably clean and neat, and Mrs. Rowley inquired her name, and took a note of it.

She then thought she had seen enough; and, with a nod to the abashed and silenced mistress, she walked away.

In a moment she turned to Mr. Cosie, and said:

"That nice young woman must follow Mr. Mallet into retirement, and with the least possible delay. How did she ever get the situation?"

"She had a great many strong certificates," said Mr. Cosie; "and she'll be coming up to the Meadows to ask another from you."

"Oh, and she shall have it!" said Mrs. Rowley, laughing. They had now made a little round, and were at the Meadows again, where they found Carry arrived in her palanquin; and there were great kissing and rejoicing.

After luncheon the same day, Mrs. Rowley changed her costume, and drove to the village with her daughter and Mr. Cosie, to show herself to the people.

As they drove into Oakham, the shopkeepers ran to their doors, bowing and courtesying, and the idle boys ran after the carriage, shouting. The place was all in a ferment. Some few of the decenter people had cleaned their windows and washed their faces, thinking such a visit possible. Some ran to make their ablutions as soon as the carriage entered the principal street. In general, the little place was as squalid and neglected as any village could be.

"I was never in Ireland," said Mrs. Rowley; "but really this sort of thing must be very like it, and the reason is just the same. What nonsense it is to say that a non-resident proprietary is no evil to a

country; but, *que voulez-vous*," she added, with a little sigh, "we can't do what we like in this world."

CHAPTER XIX.—IN WHICH MRS. COSIE TELLS A STORY, MRS. ROWLEY TAKES HOLY ORDERS, AND THE SKY LOWERS BOTH IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Now, don't let the reader be uneasy—this is not going to be a blue-book; he is not going to be bored with the details of how Mrs. Rowley managed her rural affairs, or with her views of husbandry, or even how she kept her accounts. We have the less reason to trouble ourselves about her business, as it was not her business that troubled herself in truth; her days at the Meadows, busy as they were, passed as pleasantly and smoothly as possible, as long as her letters from Paris continued to be agreeable.

As often as she could, she shook off her serious concerns, and rambled over the hills and along the cliffs with Susan, and sometimes one of the Cosies. Then you saw her other disk, or the poetical side of the planet. Her spirits rose with the hills, and rioted in the bracken. Then, though she had reached her meridian, you almost saw "the wild freshness of morning" in her glad eye and elastic step, though I don't mean to say that the harebells raised their heads very soon after her tread, for she was rather too portly now for that.

One bright, breezy day, after climbing to the top of some high rocks which commanded a wide survey of land and ocean, she threw herself down on the heather to rest, almost at full length, with her hands supporting her head.

"Oh," cried her daughter, in the same posture, "is not this a thousand thousand times more charming, more enjoyable than any thing in London, or even Paris?"

"Yes, yes, yes, it is, it is, it is indeed," responded Mrs. Rowley; and then, after a long pause, she added, "how true it is, what my father used often to say, that we have all two selves—I have certainly—I'm half-civilized, and half-wild. My reason goes for cultivation and improvement; my tastes are decidedly savage. I can't help speeding the plough and the harrow, and yet they destroy what gives me the most exquisite pleasure. Beautiful, glorious as this view is, it is not near so beautiful as it was once. That hill-side, a few years ago, was perfect, all gorse and heather and masses of gray rock; we have blasted half the rock and ploughed up the gorse, and now look at the parallelograms of oats and triangles of barley we have got in exchange. Corn is in itself a beautiful thing, but it seems a law of agriculture that it must always be grown in mathematical figures. It's very sad, indeed, but I'm glad Mr. Cosie is not here to hear me say so."

"I wish we could send progress back a little," said Susan.

"Then wealth, my dear, would go back with it, and all mankind would cry out *fi* against that. I don't believe there is a beautiful thing left in the world which men, and, alas, even Christians, wouldn't root out of it without mercy, for the sake of a little profit. I don't suppose even the owner of a farm on the Lake of Galilee would consider the lilies' much. But we have no right to abuse our species; it is just what we are doing ourselves."

"Well, mamma, the beauty is not all gone yet; and there's another comfort—I defy Mr. Cosie to spoil the sea, as he is certainly spoiling the mountain."

"No, no, there is plenty of beauty still, and we must only try and make a wise use of what we gain by the parallelograms."

Questions of money would turn up, whether Mrs. Rowley liked it or not; every proprietor who only visits his estate at long intervals knows what it is to be bombarded with applications for money for all sorts of objects. There was a pink-thorn just beginning to bloom in front of the Meadows, with a table and seats under it, and Mrs. Rowley often sat there for a morning, and had interviews with a great many people, who wanted her advice, or her help, or who wanted to impose on her, which was not easily done, as Mr. Smith knew by the affair of the house.

One day she was nearly killed with applications, though she resolutely refused to see the applicants.

"I protest," she said, flinging aside a petition more than usually unconscionable, "there are people who think we are made of money—if I took snuff, they would fancy it was gold-dust."

"Perhaps," said her daughter, "as we have just come from France, they think we have got that nice little dog in the French tale, who

scattered jewels and gold-pieces round the room whenever he shook himself."

"If that dog was mine, Susan, I should lock him well up, and take care not to let him run about the country. Pleasant as it is to open one's purse-strings, we must hold them tight for charity's sake. Wealth has twenty annoyances which poor people will never understand, and one of the worst of them is to be so often obliged to refuse when it is so much more agreeable to give."

"Well, mamma, here comes an applicant whom I hope you won't reject; poor Margery! I know what she wants, for she told me at breakfast."

Margery Cosie had only a few days before returned from Torquay, where she had spent a month with one of her friends; she had taken the money matters upon her, which now she bitterly regretted, for her accounts were in a mess, and, for the life of her, she could not find what was wrong, though she almost cried over the figures. She had quite the air of a poor petitioner in distress as she approached the pink-thorn with a little paper-book in her hand.

"Well, my poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Rowley, dear, if you would only take pity on me."

Then she told her sad tale, and Mrs. Rowley took the book and glanced her eye over the columns. She smiled, and Margery groaned, for she knew she had done something ridiculous. What amused Mrs. Rowley was the following extract:

Three yards of ribbon for my bonnet	s. d.
Mending parasol (Ellen's)	4 3
A dory	1 9
Gloves and stockings	2 0
	5 4

"Margery, my dear, when your mother buys a fish, where does she put it?"

"In the larder, ma'am, of course," said the trembling accountant.

"She doesn't put it in her wardrobe by any chance?"

"No, ma'am, of course she doesn't."

"But I presume you would, Margery, for here I find a dory in the middle of your ribbons and silks; and, as I suppose you and your friend enjoyed him between you, perhaps it's the dory that has been giving you all this trouble."

"How much was the dory?" exclaimed Margery, eagerly.

"Two shillings—I suppose it was a fine big one."

"Oh, that's it, that's it exactly—I was just wrong a shilling; it was the dory, I ought to have charged Ellen with half of it—what a stupid thing I was! and I do think, Mrs. Rowley, you are just the cleverest lady in all the world."

This was the last application for the day; and, amidst such incidents, employments, and conversations, the time glided on. One day, Mr. Blackadder was invited to dine, but he did not come. There was a good reason for it; for another storm and flood, which rose suddenly, and as quickly subsided, swept away the second and slighter bridge which had just been erected. At dinner, Mr. Cosie produced a bottle of his oldest and most particular Madeira, *apropos* of which his good wife related a story which amused Mrs. Rowley much less for its intrinsic merits than the odd, roundabout way in which it was told.

Mrs. Rowley had just been helped to a glass of that wondrous wine, which was twenty years old twenty years ago, when Mr. Cosie was Sheriff of London.

"It happened, ma'am, when we lived at Twickenham, near neighbors of the Marjorams. We were not happier there than we are here; but we were happy there, too, for God was good to us, and the children were good, too, though I say it, who oughtn't to say it. I dare say Mrs. Rowley has heard speak of Miss Mary Marjoram; but perhaps she has not, for she can't be expected to know everybody—and how good she is always to the poor—I mean Mary, ma'am, though her sister, Miss Primula—Prim, we call her—is a good woman, too—"

"Remember the Madeira, mother," said Dorothy, whose office it was always to keep Mrs. Cosie to the point, which was no easy matter.

"Oh, I'm coming to that, Dorry;—well, ma'am, if Mary Marjoram was good to the poor, so was somebody else, too, and I mean my own good man, for there's no use in mincing matters; and he and Miss Mary were always finding each other out, or half the kind things they did, in this quarter and that quarter, and the other, would never have been heard of. Well, ma'am, at that time, though the time—"



THE PICNIC EXCURSION. By Winslow Homer.

doesn't much signify, there was a bad fever among the poor in Twickenham, and there was one lane in particular where the fever was very bad indeed. Do you know Twickenham, ma'am? Well, if you don't, it doesn't signify either, though it's a pretty place, is Twickenham."

"The Madeira, mother," said Dorothy again.

"Never fear, Dorry, I'm coming to that;—well, Mr. Marjoram, ma'am, had a great dread of infection, and would never hear of his sisters going near that particular lane; and I told Mr. Cosie, too, I should be very angry if he went into it either; and he ought to have minded what I said, for he was always a bad subject for fever—you have only to look at him, ma'am, to see that. Well, there was a poor woman in the lane, who used to do needle-work for us, and she took the fever; and, when he heard of it, what does he do—my good man, I mean—but the very thing he oughtn't; he goes straight to see if the poor thing had every thing that was good for her; but he was not in the house five minutes before the close air or the bad smells were too much for him, and he was near falling in a faint on the stairs, and I don't believe he would ever have come home to me alive, if another poor woman, who was just recovering, had not come out of her room, which was opposite, and given him a glass of wine to set him up. The moment he tasted it, ill as he was, he knew his own wine, the very same Madeira, ma'am, you have got at this moment in your glass; he knew it at once, and where it came from, too, for only a short time before he had made Mr. Marjoram a present of some of it. So Mary Marjoram was found out, and her brother was very angry, not because she gave the Madeira to the poor woman—oh, no, ma'am; it wasn't for that—but she might have caught the fever; and Mr. Cosie would probably have caught it too, if it had not been for his own wine."

They used to pass those evenings at the Meadows playing round games of cards for some small stake, or making Mr. Cosie a knight of the whistle, or some game of forfeits, chiefly for the sake of seeing the wonderful number of things Mrs. Cosie used to produce from her pockets; but on this evening there was nothing of the kind. The post came in later than usual, owing to the weather. Mrs. Rowley took hers to her own room, and did not reappear; and the Cosies, who were regular in their public devotions, had to consider what was to be done the next day, which was Sunday, as they were entirely cut off from the church—not their own family merely, but the laborers and cottagers hard by, altogether a congregation of some thirty or forty. The natural thing was for Mr. Cosie to read the service in the dining-room or the barn; but his voice was weak and husky, so that was not to be thought of. Miss Rowley then said that she would see if her mother would do the duty, and, the notion being highly approved, she went at once to propose it to Mrs. Rowley.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PICNIC EXCURSIONS.

IT is a cardinal belief with every man, woman, and child, that a picnic includes pretty nearly the most perfect form of human enjoyment. One's experiences may not have fully confirmed this article of faith; one may, indeed, recall a host of picnics that were any thing but delightful—picnics which were rendered unfortunate by some conditions of the weather, or ruined by the want of congeniality in the party, or disturbed by the bad temper or insufferable silliness of a few of the company, or which proved hopeless failures in consequence of some calamity or misfortune, either in the upsetting of a boat, a collision on the train, a drenching in a shower, or other equally distressing incident. But, notwithstanding these experiences, the theory of the picnic is so admirable, that everybody, almost, is willing to believe that it only needs a union of fortunate circumstances to render it, in fact, all it is in expectation, or fancy. The theory of the picnic, moreover, is really based on actual experience; it is drawn from those occasions, even if only brief interludes in the ordinary picnic, in which sky, air, sun, shadow, trees, blossoms, and the company, all unite in supplying conditions of perfect enjoyment. What the full requirements of a picnic may be admits of some range of opinion, but the great charm of this social device is undoubtedly the freedom it affords. It is to eat, to chat, to lie, to sit, to talk, to walk, with some-

thing of the unconstraint of primitive life. We find a fascination in carrying back our civilization to the wilderness. To eat cold chicken, and drink iced claret under trees, amid the grass and the flowers; to have the sunlight dancing down through the branches, and sparkling in our wine, while we inhale a bouquet from the aromatic forest, and beflowered earth, more fragrant and delicious than that of the ripest Falernian; to gather from the fresh and exhilarating air zest and appetite; to enjoy all these things in delightful company (there must be both youth and beauty, in the latter, to give the picnic the proper seasoning) affords a charm that is subtly enjoyable, and which defies our clumsy analysis. The eagerness with which we enter upon picnics, the keenness with which we relish them, are proofs of the supremacy of out-of-doors. Nature is still dear to us, notwithstanding all the veneering of civilization; and it is pleasant to reflect how, at this moment, on the sides of innumerable hills, on mountain tops, in wooded valleys, by many a lake and rivulet, on little wooded islands, in the far-off prairies, in southern savannas, are countless picnic parties, all of which, let us hope, are finding full realization of the true ideal of a picnic.

POPULAR FALLACIES CONCERNING HYGIENE.

BY GEORGE M. BEARD, M. D.

II.

FALLACIES RELATING TO HEREDITARY GENIUS.

MR. BUCKLE, in his "History of Civilization," states that we are completely "in the dark as to the circumstances which regulate the hereditary transmission of character and other personal peculiarities." In a foot-note to this passage, he uses this surprising and emphatic language: "We often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will find that we have no proof of their existence. The way in which they are commonly proved is in the highest degree illogical, the usual course being for writers to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in a parent and his child, and then to infer that the mental peculiarity was bequeathed."

These assertions of Mr. Buckle probably represent the views of the great majority of the thinking minds of our day, except the very few who have given this subject special attention.

The popular ideas concerning hereditary ability are derived mainly from political or social prejudice, and are just now beginning to be revised by scientific research. The ruling classes in aristocratic communities are educated in the belief that birth alone makes the man; while, under democratic institutions, popular prejudice makes it almost a crime to have distinguished parentage.

On this subject, as on so many others, the theory and practice of society are often in direct contrast. The existence of castes, though theoretically denied, on moral and other grounds, is yet practically admitted, not only among aristocrats, but even among the middle and lower orders of society, and in republics as well as in monarchies. There are many who deny *in toto* the theory of hereditary transmission, who assert and intellectually believe that one man is just as good as another, and, with the same opportunities, may attain equal success, and that all men everywhere are born free and equal, not alone in civil rights, but in intellectual capacity. There are those who go still farther, and assert that talented and distinguished parents are *less* likely to have talented and distinguished offspring than are parents of inferior or merely average ability. If I mistake not, this is the prevailing sentiment to-day, not only of the ignorant and unthinking, but of the leading minds of our American society.

Men who would rather commit a theft than recognize their subordinate workmen on the public street, who would rather

bury their daughters than have them marry their coachmen or gardeners, who would see their children grow up in ignorance rather than allow them to attend the same school with the "common people"—men whose every-day lives continually attest the instinctive nature of caste, yet theoretically proclaim that a belief in the doctrine of hereditary transmission of intellectual qualities is only fit for monarchs and aristocrats.

In this country especially there is a deeply-rooted and almost universal prejudice against the theory of hereditary ability, although the *practical* belief in its power is every day getting a firmer hold on society.

Now, prejudice, except by a blunder, rarely leads to truth. Its almost inevitable tendency is to error. The real truth, on difficult questions of this kind, is only to be ascertained through unbiassed reasoning, patient observation, and elaborate statistical facts.

I have long held that the prevailing views concerning hereditary talent are destined to be entirely revolutionized by the accumulating evidence of modern investigation.

If every quality of organic existence tends to be hereditary—if the color of the skin and hair, the contour of the features, the expression of the eye, and all the countless maladies from which we suffer, are transmitted from parents to offspring, and from generation to generation—is it not rational to infer that the quality and quantity of the brain are just as decidedly and permanently hereditary? This question is answered in general by the history of nations. Among all races, and in every climate, we find that children inherit both the quantity and quality of the brains of their immediate or remote ancestors. The brain of the negro is lighter than that of the European, and his mental and moral character is proportionately inferior, just as was true of his ancestors centuries ago. The Chinese, the Hindoos, the North-American Indians, the Bushmen, all partake of the mental and moral characteristics of their respective ancestors—are, indeed, simply repetitions of the generations who have preceded them. While it is true that tribes and nations may slowly improve or degenerate in the average quantity and quality of their brain, yet these changes can only be brought about by crossing, interbreeding, or selection, and after a long lapse of time. Therefore, the best developed or most degenerate races attain their position only by inheritance. Both the Europeans and the Africans are the types of their ancestors, and represent the accumulated virtues or vices of all who have preceded them. If, now, the mental and moral character is so directly and permanently transmissible that races and nationalities maintain their peculiarities as well as their general mental character, from century to century, it must necessarily follow that distinct *branches and families* may likewise preserve their individuality, and perpetuate the leading features of the mind. This logical deduction is justified by statistics.

Now, in order that statistics on this subject may be of real value, these three conditions are essential:

1. They should represent a large number of names and a variety of talent. In science, isolated cases prove but little. Other conditions being the same, the value of statistics bearing on this will be in proportion to their extent. Every one is familiar with separate instances that go to prove either the affirmative or the negative of this question; but the few cases that happen to fall under the observation of any single individual are not sufficient to establish any principle.

2. They should be extended over a long period of time. To those who are familiar with the law of "reversion," the importance of the element of time in our statistics will be fully apparent.

Intellectual qualities, like all other characteristics, are liable to skip one or more generations. The talent of parents may skip their own immediate offspring, and reappear in their grandchildren. Diseases and physical peculiarities of all kinds are subject to the same law of reversion.

3. They should include chiefly the names of the dead rather

than of the living. This condition is a necessary inference from the last. It is impossible to establish any principle from merely studying the celebrities that are now living, for we know not what the character of their remote descendants will be. It is therefore necessary to go back at least one or two centuries, and, the farther back we can trace any family, the more valuable will be our statistics.

Against all the statistics that may be presented, it will be argued that the heirs of illustrious parentage have peculiar opportunities of education and social influence to develop their latent powers, and raise them to high positions; and that, especially in an aristocratic country, the statistics must give a false impression of the inherent capacity of families. To this objection, it need only be replied that, while education and social influence refine and cultivate, they cannot *create* an original mind, nor make a great man out of a small one.

But, in order to make the truth on this subject still more apparent, and to settle the question beyond dispute, let us examine into the history of the United States, where all are created free and equal, and where all, without regard to birth or social standing, have the right and the opportunity to develop to the utmost the capacity that is in them—where, indeed, education and family even are oftentimes a hinderance, more than an aid, to advancement.

One year since, I took the pains to go over the volumes of the "American Cyclopædia," and to put down indiscriminately the names and lineage of three hundred Americans, distinguished within the past of our country's history, with the object of ascertaining what proportion were connected with talented and distinguished families, as compared with those who sprang from humble origin, and were in no way related to any who were likewise distinguished.

The results of this statistical examination were most surprising to me, and must be equally so to all who have not directed their attention to this subject, and pursued a similar method of investigation.

Out of this list of three hundred Americans who have made their names illustrious in war, statesmanship, science, literature, art, oratory, invention, business, and financiering, over two hundred—*more than two-thirds*—had distinguished relatives. Over one hundred were fathers and sons, or grandfathers and grandsons; nearly fifty were brothers and sisters. There are several families (some of whose members are living), each of which has been honored by a number of distinguished names. The Lees and Masons in Virginia, the Alexanders in New Jersey, the Astors in New York, the Winthrops, the Lowells, the Prescotts, the Adamses, and the Danas in Massachusetts, together with the families of Beecher and Booth, have already given *nearly fifty* illustrious names to our national history. An average of *four* talented and distinguished members in these eleven families, within the short period of our history, would seem to prove to the satisfaction of every one that intellectual qualities are, at least, capable of being transmitted.

The suggestiveness of these statistics is more apparent when we consider the youth of our country, as compared with the Old World, and the fact that our population is continually being replenished and modified by immigration. In this list of three hundred names were included a number of living notabilities, whose children or grandchildren may hereafter rival their ancestors in distinction. It should also be considered that many of these individuals probably number among their near relatives many who, though unknown to fame, were yet possessed of superior talents, that, under different circumstances, might have brought them into notice, and secured their immortality.

Any one, who will undertake the labor of studying the biography of American genius in the manner and by the rules I have here indicated, must, I think, become convinced that the popular impression on this subject of hereditary ability is entirely erroneous. Any one who will investigate and reason on

the subject philosophically, in the light of what is now known of the variation of animals and plants, of the history of animated Nature, and of the different races and classes of men, must also become theoretically convinced that talent of all kinds is hereditary, that, in the very nature of things, it could not be otherwise, and will wonder that a contrary opinion could ever have been entertained by rational or thinking minds.

Special aptitudes for music, for mathematics, for business, for mechanics, and for literature, are also markedly hereditary.

That literary talent may run in families is proved by the history of the Coleridges, the Sheridans, the Kembles, the Brontës, the Hallams, the Kingsleys, the Disraelies in England, and by the Beechers and the Adamsons in our own country. There are very few who have not known families who have perpetuated a genius for drawing, music, mechanics, or medicine. The Hutchinson family illustrate very strikingly the transmissibility of the singing power; but there are numberless households throughout the land in whom the gift of song is just as decidedly an hereditary quality, though perhaps in a much less degree.* Sobriety and stability are often markedly hereditary. A medical friend informs me that, of fifty thousand American members of the family whose name he bears, five thousand were deacons. The silly superstition in regard to the "seventh son of the seventh son" was undoubtedly based on the observed transmission of the genius for healing. Really, if we look closely enough into this matter, we shall find that there are very few families or branches of families which do not possess, at least in a slight degree, some intellectual heirloom. The common impression, that a son is more likely to inherit the intellectual qualities of his mother than of his father, probably has a basis of truth. It is very certain that the sons of great men who marry inferior wives frequently exhibit only ordinary ability, while, on the other hand, it is undeniably true, that very many great men have had superior mothers.

Mr. Galton,† whose researches were mentioned in one of the earlier numbers of this JOURNAL, states that, of thirty-nine Chancellors of England, sixteen had eminent kinsmen. The entire list he collected embraced over sixteen hundred names of illustrious and original characters. Of these, one out of six were near male relationships. Out of every one hundred distinguished fathers, eight had sons who were equally distinguished. Out of every one hundred eminent men, five had famous brothers. The most important and telling fact derived from these statistics is, that *one-twelfth* of distinguished fathers had distinguished sons.

This fact seems all the more significant when we consider that very many of the great men of English history were bachelors, and that, of those who married, not more than one in three had children who survived them.

In collecting statistics on this subject, there is great danger of error by assuming that men who hold prominent official positions are necessarily men of talent and genius. We know very well that in this country very few of our really gifted men engage in politics at all, and only in exceptional cases are they rewarded by high positions under the Government. In collecting my own statistics, I endeavored, so far as possible, to avoid this error, by including only the names of those who were acknowledged to be persons of superior abilities.

I fear lest the value of Mr. Galton's excellent statistics may be diminished by this error.

Mr. Galton, furthermore, states that, out of six hundred and five notabilities who flourished between 1456 and 1853, there were *one hundred and two relationships*. Of eighty-five illustrious living names, twenty-five are relatives, twelve are brothers, and eleven are fathers and sons. In Bryan's "Dic-

tionary of Painters," there are three hundred and ninety-one names. Of these, sixty-five are near relatives, thirty-three are fathers and sons, and thirty are brothers.

From these last figures it would appear that, not only intellectuality in general, but also special aptitudes were markedly hereditary. Out of fifty-four distinguished musicians, there were also a number of relatives.

My friend, Mr. J. Markinfield Addey, is now engaged in the preparation of a work on "Eminent Living Americans," which will contain two thousand names. As soon as the work is in print, I shall endeavor to go through the list, with a view to the still further elucidation of this question of hereditary genius; but, for the reasons above given, any list of living celebrities, however large, must be vastly inferior, for this special statistical purpose, to a much smaller list that covers a number of generations.

The question now arises whether this rule will work both ways. Is stupidity, as well as genius, subject to the law of inheritance? Does foolishness, like talent, "run in families?" To this question, I think, there can be but one answer. Even those who doubt the hereditability of genius must concede that inferiority and indolence are certainly transmitted from generation to generation, and are retained, not only in nations and in classes, but in tribes and families.

It is true that many distinguished men and women have descended from parents who were more or less obscure; but obscurity is not necessarily inferiority. Those who study biography closely and patiently will find that the number of really superior minds who have descended from inferior stock is surprisingly small.

How often do the Irish peasantry or the "white trash" of the South give to the world a really superior genius in any important department? How many of our leaders in literature, in art, in science, in statesmanship, or even in war, have arisen from these lower orders of society? The depressing influences of circumstances are not alone sufficient to account for the universal inferiority of the offspring of the Five Points and the peat-bogs of Ireland; for, even when the children born in these places are educated and sent to the country, they rarely attain any thing more than average respectability. On the other hand, many of our ablest men were the sons of farmers, because our farms are often tilled by the best intellects of the land.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

I HOPE you will consider that the arguments I have now stated, even if there were no better ones, constitute a sufficient apology for urging the introduction of science into schools. The next question to which I have to address myself is, What sciences ought to be thus taught? And this is one of the most important of questions, because my side (I am afraid I am a terribly candid friend) sometimes spoils its cause by going in for too much. There are other forms of culture besides physical science, and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a tendency to starve or cripple literary or æsthetic culture for the sake of science.

Such a narrow view of education has nothing to do with my firm conviction that a complete and thorough scientific culture ought to be introduced into all schools. By this, however, I do not mean that every school-boy should be taught every thing in science. That would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a very mischievous thing to attempt. What I mean is, that no boy nor girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all sciences; so that, when turned into the world to make their own way, they shall be prepared to face scientific discussions and scientific problems, not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem, or by being able at once to solve it, but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and being able to apply the methods of

* Mr. G. H. Lewes ("Physiology of Common Life," vol. II., p. 336) mentions the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of a musical genius which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs, the children of very various mothers.

† Macmillan's Magazine, for July and August, 1863.

science in the proper way, when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem.

That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education, it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school existence to physical science; in fact, no one would lament so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay, more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner.

I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows: To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is "physical geography." The Germans have a better, *Erdkunde* ("earth-knowledge," or "geology," in its etymological sense), that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in it, and about it.

If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that, so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under this head of *Erdkunde*. The child asks, "What is the moon, and why does it shine?" "What is this water, and where does it run?" "What is the wind?" "What makes the waves in the sea?" "Where does this animal live, and what is the use of that plant?" And, if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child, nor any bound to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking faculty in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge, and not mere book-learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics—he should pass on to what is, in the more strict sense, physical science. Now, there are two kinds of physical science: the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, these two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advan-

tage which training in physical science can give is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented, for the present, if they, added to our *Erdkunde*, furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools. Indeed, I conceive it would be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred upon England, if henceforward every child in the country were instructed in the general knowledge of the things about it—in the elements of physics and of botany. But I should be still better pleased if there could be added somewhat of chemistry, and an elementary acquaintance with human physiology.

So far as school education is concerned, I want to go no further just now; and I believe that such instruction would make an excellent introduction to that preparatory scientific training which, as I

have indicated, is so essential for the successful pursuit of our most important professions. But this modicum of instruction must be so given as to insure real knowledge and practical discipline. If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere book-work, it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin grammar, which makes no pretence to be any thing but book-work.

If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such training should be real, that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so, and no otherwise. The great peculiarity of scientific training, that in virtue of which it cannot be replaced by any other discipline whatsoever, is this bringing of the mind directly into contact with fact, and practising the intellect in the completest form of induction; that is to say, in drawing con-

clusions from particular facts made known by immediate observation of nature.

The other studies which enter into ordinary education do not discipline the mind in this way. Mathematical training is almost purely deductive. The mathematician starts with a few simple propositions, the proof of which is so obvious that they are called self-evident, and the rest of his work consists of subtle deductions from them. The teaching of languages, at any rate as ordinarily practised, is of the same general nature—authority and tradition furnish the data, and the mental operations of the scholar are deductive.

Again, if history be the subject of study, the facts are still taken upon the evidence of tradition and authority. You cannot make a boy see the battle of Thermopylæ for himself, or know of his own knowledge that Cromwell once ruled England. There is no getting



Thomas Henry Muxley, F. R. S., LL. D.

into direct contact with natural fact by this road; there is no dispensing with authority, but rather a resting upon it.

In all these respects, science differs from other educational discipline, and prepares the scholar for common life. What have we to do in every-day life? Most of the business which demands our attention is matter of fact, which needs, in the first place, to be accurately observed or apprehended; in the second, to be interpreted by inductive and deductive reasonings, which are altogether similar in their nature to those employed in science. In the one case, as in the other, whatever is taken for granted is so taken at one's own peril; fact and reason are the ultimate arbiters, and patience and honesty are the great helpers out of difficulty.

But, if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons; in teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled, by the absolute authority of nature, to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.

One is constantly asked, When should this scientific education be commenced? I should say, with the dawn of intelligence. As I have already said, a child seeks for information about matters of physical science as soon as it begins to talk. The first teaching it wants is an object-lesson of one sort or another; and, as soon as it is fit for systematic instruction of any kind, it is fit for a modicum of science.

People talk of the difficulty of teaching young children such matters, and in the same breath insist upon their learning their Catechism, which contains propositions far harder to comprehend than any thing in the educational course I have proposed. Again, I am incessantly told that we who advocate the introduction of science into schools make no allowance for the stupidity of the average boy or girl; but, in my belief, that stupidity, in nine cases out of ten, "*fit, non nascitur*," and is developed by a long process of parental and pedagogic repression of the natural intellectual appetites, accompanied by a persistent attempt to create artificial ones for food which is not only tasteless, but essentially indigestible.

Those who urge the difficulty of instructing young people in science are apt to forget another very important condition of success—important in all kinds of teaching, but most essential, I am disposed to think, when the scholars are very young. This condition is, that the teacher should himself really and practically know his subject. If he does, he will be able to speak of it in the easy language, and with the completeness of conviction, with which he talks of any ordinary every-day matter. If he does not, he will be afraid to wander beyond the limits of the technical phraseology which he has got up; and a dead dogmatism, which oppresses or raises opposition, will take the place of the lively confidence, born of personal conviction, which cheers and encourages the eminently sympathetic mind of childhood.

I have already hinted that such scientific training as we seek for may be given without making any extravagant claim upon the time now devoted to education. We ask only for "a most favored nation" clause in our treaty with the schoolmaster; we demand no more than that science shall have as much time given to it as any other single subject—say four hours a week in each class of an ordinary school.

For the present, I think men of science would be well content with such an arrangement as this; but, speaking for myself, I do not pretend to believe that such an arrangement can be, or will be, permanent. In these times the educational tree seems to me to have its roots in the air, its leaves and flowers in the ground; and I confess I should very much like to turn it upside down, so that its roots might be solidly imbedded among the facts of nature, and draw thence a sound nutriment for the foliage and fruit of literature and of art. No

educational system can have a claim to permanence unless it recognizes the truth that education has two great ends to which every thing else must be subordinated. The one of these is to increase knowledge; the other is to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong.

With wisdom and uprightness a nation can make its way worthily, and beauty will follow in the footsteps of the two, even if she be not specially invited; while there is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and more revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of every thing but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres.

At present, education is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression and of the sense of literary beauty. The matter of having any thing to say beyond a hash of other people's opinions, or of possessing any criterion of beauty, so that we may distinguish between the godlike and the devilish, is left aside as of no moment. I think I do not err in saying that if science were made the foundation of education, instead of being, at most, stuck on as a cornice to the edifice, this state of things could not exist.

In advocating the introduction of physical science as a leading element in education, I by no means refer only to the higher schools. On the contrary, I believe that such a change is even more imperatively called for in those primary schools in which the children of the poor are expected to turn to the best account the little time they can devote to the acquisition of knowledge. A great step in this direction has already been made by the establishment of science-classes under the department of science and art—a measure which came into existence unnoticed, but which will, I believe, turn out to be of more importance to the welfare of the people than many political changes, over which the noise of battle has rent the air.

Under the regulations to which I refer, a schoolmaster can set up a class in one or more branches of science; his pupils will be examined, and the State will pay him, at a certain rate, for all who succeed in passing. I have acted as an examiner under this system from the beginning of its establishment, and this year I expect to have not fewer than a couple of thousand sets of answers to questions in Physiology, mainly from young people of the artisan class, who have been taught in the schools which are now scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland. Some of my colleagues, who have to deal with subjects such as Geometry, for which the present teaching power is better organized, I understand, are likely to have three or four times as many papers. So far as my own subjects are concerned, I can undertake to say that a great deal of the teaching, the results of which are before me in three examinations, is very sound and good, and I think it is in the power of the examiners, not only to keep up the present standard, but to cause an almost unlimited improvement.

Now what does this mean? It means that by holding out a very moderate inducement, the masters of primary schools in many parts of the country have been led to convert them into little foci of scientific instruction, and that they and their pupils have contrived to find or to make time enough to carry out this object with a very considerable degree of efficiency. That efficiency will, I doubt not, be very much increased as the system becomes known and perfected, even with the very limited leisure left to masters and teachers on week-days. And this leads me to ask, Why should scientific teaching be limited to week-days?

Ecclesiastically minded persons are in the habit of calling things they do not like by very hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I am about to make as blasphemous and worse. But, not minding this, I venture to ask, Would there really be any thing wrong in using part of Sunday for the purpose of instructing those who have no other leisure, in a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of man's relation to nature?

I should like to see a scientific Sunday-school in every parish, not for the purpose of superseding any existing means of teaching the people the things that are for their good, but side by side with them. I cannot but think there is room for all of us to work in helping to bridge over the great abyss of ignorance which lies at our feet.

And if any of the ecclesiastical persons to whom I have referred, object that they find it derogatory to the honor of the God whom they worship to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim His, and to teach them

those laws which must need be His laws, and therefore, of all things needful for man to know, I can only recommend them to let blood and be put on low diet. There must be something very wrong going on in the instrument of logic if it turns out such conclusions from such premises.

MARBLER.

THAT famous old man, Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, in his great anxiety to have his son, Martinus, use only the very best of books, toys, and games, advised the employment of "some few modern playthings, such as might prove of use to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences."

He found, for example, that "*marbles taught him percussion and the laws of motion* ; nutcrackers, the use of the lever ; swinging on the ends of a board, the balance ; bottle-screws, the vice ; whirligigs, the axis and the peritrochia ; birdcages, the pulley ; and tops, the centrifugal motion."

Regarding the first use of marbles as a game, there is but little known ; it is doubtless a long time since they were originally introduced to the youth's collection of sports, and I think they really proceeded from Egypt, that great country of mystery and mysteries, but have little on which to found the opinion ; one fact, however, may perhaps give some clue.

In England, and in some places in the United States, a marble which is almost wholly used to knuckle with, and which is quite often an "alley," is called a "taw." It is thought these two words may have been derived from alabaster, thereby showing that the marbles, or globes, were originally made of that substance, and, as in Egypt, alabaster was manipulated so much, and for so long a series of years back, therefore, or accordingly, our little globes had their origin in the land of the Sphinx.

Brande, in his valuable volumes of "Popular Antiquities," says that "marbles had, no doubt, their origin in bowls, and received their name from the substance of which the bowls were formerly made ;" but I think there is doubt of that, and for the reason given above.

He goes on to say : "*Taw* is the common name of this play in England."

He is in error, however, in this last statement, I feel confident, for a *taw* is "restricted to the marble employed to knuckle with," says a correspondent to the first series of the famous "Notes and Queries ;" and, of my own knowledge, I can state that all the boys here of English descent who use the term (and I have known many) apply it according to the extract given from "Notes and Queries."

Marbles are made of either baked clay (which is most used), agate, or other stony substance, and are produced in immense quantities in Saxony for the United States, India, and China, they being the largest consumers of the toys.

At Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse is carefully turned to good paying account, by being made into the small balls employed by experts to knuckle with, and are mostly sent to the American market.

The substance used in Saxony is a hard, calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are then thrown by the one hundred or two hundred into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of concentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the same diametric size, is placed over the small stones, and partly resting upon them. This block or log is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned to spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called "marbles." One establishment, containing only three of these rude mills, will turn out fully sixty thousand marbles in each week.

Agates are made into marbles at Oberstein by first chipping the pieces nearly round with a hammer handled by a skilled workman, and then wearing down the edges upon the surface of a large grindstone.

Although, as every one knows, agate is very hard, yet these little stones, so small as to be difficult to hold fast at one's fingers' ends, are managed with very great dexterity by the workmen, "who, in a few minutes, bring them into the shape of perfect spheres."

Some of the terms used in the game are very odd :

To be "mucked" is to have lost all one's marbles.

A "mivvie" is a marble.

A "bullock" is a cheat, and "to bullock" is to cheat at the game.

To "bell a mivvie" is to run away with it, but is hardly understood as denoting actual theft.

"Konno" is the penalty which the vanquished have to suffer, and consists in the victors shooting at his closed knuckles with his taw. The name is supposed to be derived from the sound produced by the striking of the marble against the closed hand, and caused by the hollow in the palm of the hand while it is in that position.

"Bunhole" is a diminutive form of the game of golf, but played with marbles.

"Fen-punchings" is used as a warning not to place the marble-hand any nearer to the object aimed at, than a designated line or spot.

"Knuckle-down" is employed to force the one about to shoot his marble to place his knuckles close to the ground, as otherwise the shooter has an unfair advantage.

I have given only a few of the commonest and a few of those least known, because quite a little dictionary might be formed of terms used in this game alone.

In Mr. Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory" marbles are mentioned in this manner :

"On yon gray stone that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet, now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring."

Henry Kirke White, in his famous poem, "Childhood" (which apparently was written when he was between fourteen and fifteen years old), says :

"What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scattering o'er the green ;
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race."

There is little doubt in my mind but that the game of billiards arose from marbles in the far past ; but, happening to catch the eyes and thoughts of some intelligent loungers, it sprang into a science, and left its poor deserted ancestor to the kicks and cuffs of the youths of the land.

Pebbles rounded by a storm,
Marbles from a far-off shore,
Polished globes of perfect form,
Roll before him on the floor.

Baby with his dimpled hand,
Joyous in the sunny sheen,
Rolls the marbles o'er the land
Of carpet, as upon the green.

HENRI TAINÉ'S ART-CRITICISM.*

BY DR. T. M. COAN.

NATURE, art, criticism of art, this is the threefold order in which man studies the beauty of the external world. The amount and the intensity of the pleasure which he derives from contemplating this beauty, rank, according to those themes, in the order that I have named. The rose of dawn, the "Alp-glühen," certain expressions of the human face, the splendor of cataracts, the gloom of forests, all have ineffable significances to fine and tender natures ; they convey thoughts and emotions that, in Wordsworth's phrase, "often lie too deep for tears." No art can quite reproduce their effect, at once electric, pure, and penetrant ; nor can criticism bring us face to face with the aspects of Nature. In the introduction to "Rome and Naples," Taine frankly admits that, "according to my own experience, the soul derives greater pleasure from natural objects than from works of art ; nothing seems to it to equal mountains, forests, seas, and streams. It has always shown the same disposition in other things, in poetry as in music, in architecture as in painting. That which most deeply impresses us is the natural

* "The Ideal in Art," "Italy (Rome and Naples)." By Henri Taine. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 1890.

spontaneous outflow of human forces, whatever these may be, and under whatever form they present themselves. Provided the artist is stirred by a profound and passionate sentiment, and desires only to express this completely, without hesitation, feebleness, or reserve, the end is served; if sincere, and sufficiently master of his processes to translate accurately and completely his impressions, his work, whether ancient or modern, Gothic or classic, is beautiful. It is then also a brief abstract of public sentiment, of the dominant passion of the hour and of the country in which it was born; it is itself a *natural work*, the result of the mighty forces that guide or stimulate the conflict of human activities."

This profound observation is an effective statement of the function of criticism. The really interesting thing in art is not so much the mere literal correctness of its portraiture as the fact that the portraits express the force, the sympathy, the sentiment at once of the artist and of the artist's era. The highest and most perfect expressions of art are never quite literal transcripts of a landscape, an attitude, a dialogue, a countenance. Art idealizes phenomena; it imparts to them the tints, colors, passions, of the human soul. "The aim of a work of art," says Taine ("Ideal in Art," p. 12), "is to make known some leading and important character more clearly than the object itself reveals it." Thus seen through the eyes of man, the interest of human sympathy, of fellowship, is at once superadded to that of the original theme. We tolerate the most trivial, the most ordinary objects in the representations of art, when we find them expressing interesting qualities in the artist himself—his technical skill, his sentiment, his devotion to an ideal, his sympathies, or even his efforts to give the mere truth of detail, as is often illustrated in the paintings of the realistic school. "It is not the beauty of a sheep, of a haystack, of Paul Potter's famous bull, that attracts us to the canvas upon which these objects are represented; it is the fact that a fellow-man has painted the cattle and the haystack."

Taine's criticism is not technical. It is a beautiful, eloquent, and thoughtful study of human developments. He bases art-criticism upon science, and blends accurate thought with poetic feeling. One contrasts him constantly, in reading these delightful volumes, with the equally delightful yet widely different criticism of Ruskin. Ruskin is the most glowing and ardent nature that ever entered into the championship of art. He coruscates, he sparkles, he is an incandescent jet of energy, enthusiasm, conviction; more than this, he abounds in definite knowledge; he has earned a certain right to be dogmatic. No critic of art has ever given such devoted study, or a more laborious enthusiasm, to the subjects upon which he has written so eloquently. His studies have been wider than Taine's; he has never confined himself to the examination of works of art, but has constantly appealed to Nature herself. Few painters have ever studied the fields, the sky, rivers, mountains, the forests, geologic strata, the contours of landscape, the intricacies of reflections and mirage, the mysteries of lights, shadows, distances, and aerial perspectives, so long and so zealously as John Ruskin. His knowledge of the artistic detail of external Nature is enormous, accurate, and wonderful; he has given more study to clouds and ripples than many men give to a profession. Yet, with all this fund of knowledge, Ruskin lacks the even frame of mind. One feels that his eloquent criticism is not quite impartial; that it is not many-sided; that it deals too frequently with the ecstasies of eulogy and of contempt. One records with hesitation any words of dispraise against this really great critic and ardent soul, whose voice has been by far the most fresh, sincere, and vital of any utterance in art that English literature has ever made. Yet his power is so great, his merits so numerous, that we can forgive him certain deficiencies which spring from a temperament too passionate, mediæval in its tendencies, superstitiously religious, antagonistic to the scientific spirit. Ruskin is a born aristocrat, an imperialist, a religionist; but we have no right to complain of him, since

he represents so ardently and truly the truth that there is in these phases of human tendency; and it is too much to expect that any but the most grand and *integral* nature should be able to justly hold and state each of the opposite truths concerning questions so great as these. Ruskin gives *one side* of all the great questions; and he expresses it so well, that we will not blame him for failing to tell us the other.

Taine, on the other hand, brings a deliberate, broad, and generous method into criticism. He seems to have been born as the complement and counterpart of Ruskin. If Ruskin's genius is sometimes cometary and eccentric, Taine is a serene planet that pursues a definite line of beauty through the ether. Taine finds art to be a definite illustration of human progress. With him it is an expression of the same forces that have caused the development of philosophies, civilizations, and religions. Taine's criticism of Greek and Roman art is one of the most interesting estimates of Greek and Roman character that exists in literature. The human animal, as he existed two thousand years ago, with his love of the physical, his body not yet tyrannized over by the brain, many of his finer sentiments as yet unrecognizable, merely germinating seeds—so great is the difference between the human nature of to-day and the human nature of the past—all this is described with a picturesqueness and a power that makes the "Rome and Naples" as valuable for its historical interest as for its critical estimates. The contrasted spirits of the antique and of the mediæval and of the modern worlds—this is the fitting title for Taine's "Italy." It is one of the most interesting studies in history and in art that the French mind has produced.

The "Ideal in Art" should be read after "Italy." It discusses the sources of greatness in art, referring them to a triple cause: first, the importance of the character described in the work of art, as more or less enduring and deeply related to humanity; second, the degree of intrinsic beauty, value, and beneficence of the character; and, third, the treatment of the character in style, action, and, in what the author calls, the "converging degree of effects," or artistic unity of the whole. No book more thoughtful and valuable has appeared for many years upon the philosophy of art. Taine's critics accuse him of dogmatism, of too much definiteness and sharp outline in his thoughts—as if a haze were the proper atmosphere for criticism. They write, however, from the point of view of the old unsystematic and romantic criticism, of the sentimental enthusiasm, and the "*melancholy utinam*." The merit of Taine is that he has based criticism upon science. Unlike nearly all other Frenchmen, Taine is a thorough student of English and German thought, especially of Herbert Spencer's; and the traces of that great mind are evident in his writings, which are a new proof of the tendency of all thought toward *unification*. The art-critic will hardly venture to write in future merely from the data of the picture-gallery. He will see in art but a single jet of that complex and ever-pulsating force which we call Life and Nature, and which it is the never-ceasing effort of science to understand.

I have omitted to speak of the *beauty* of Taine's writings. One opens at random upon countless passages as exquisite as this:

"At length you reach the Basilica of Constantine and its huge arcades, with their head-dress of pendant vines. The eye follows their majestic sweep, and then, suddenly, between the openings above, rests on the pale blue, the peculiar azure of night, like a panel of crystal encrusted with sparks. Advancing a few steps, the divine cupola of the sky, the serene, transparent ether, with its myriads of flashing brilliants, discloses itself above the lonely Forum. You pass by the side of prostrate columns, their monstrous shafts apparently magnified. Leaning against one of these, you contemplate the Colosseum. The side-wall, still remaining entire, rises black and colossal, at a single bound; it seems to incline over, to be about to fall. The moonlight, so bright on the ruined portion, allows you to dis-

tinguish the reddish hue of the stones. The roundness of the amphitheatre grows upon you; it seems a sort of complete and formidable being. In this wonderful stillness it might be said to exist alone—that man, plants, and all this fleeting world, are but a show. I have often experienced the same sensation among mountains. They also seem to be the veritable inhabitants of the earth; in their company the human hive is forgotten, and under the sky, which is their tent, one imagines himself listening to the speechless communion of the old monsters, the world's immutable possessors and eternal rulers."

Of the two works I have named, the translations, by J. Durand, are excellent. Lovers of thoughtful art-criticism will welcome these works, which are the most interesting volumes of the sort that have appeared since "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice."

THE TRENTON EDUCATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

"ON all great subjects," says Mr. Mill, "much yet remains to be said;" and perhaps there is no subject upon which so much still waits for utterance as that of education. Although it is the oldest of all the topics of human thought, it is still the freshest and the richest. Twenty-five centuries of discussion, so far from exhausting it, have but fairly introduced us to its real significance, and, in the depth, range, vital moment, and broad applicability of its inquiries, the subject opens before us to-day with all the attractiveness of novelty. This, indeed, is the one common and permanent question of humanity, which remains the same under all guises of nationality, race, or civil evolution. Governments may pass away, religions may change, legislative policies may rise and decline, social institutions may fluctuate, but amidst all these mutations, the question of the development of the human being remains central and constant—the one unchanging problem which is forced anew on every generation is, the training of its rising successor. The problem remains the same, but, as its solution depends upon knowledge, and as this is constantly advancing, each age encounters it with a better preparation, and in the light of a larger experience.

But, if much yet remains to be said on the subject of education, the provision is ample for securing the end. That tendency to organization, for the comparison of views and the promotion of ideas, which is so strong in this country, is conspicuously manifested among those who consecrate themselves to the educational profession, in the formation of state and national associations, devoted to the various departments of the subject. Three conventions, The National Superintendents' Association, The American Normal School Association, and The National Teachers' Association, will assemble at Trenton, New Jersey, on Monday, the 16th of August, and occupy the week with their deliberations. It is expected that the occasion will call together the leading educators of the country, and the programme announces that the most important topics in the whole educational field will come under consideration. That we are at present in a state of profound transition in reference to this great subject, no observing person can doubt. That which may be regarded as settled bears but a very small comparison to that which is still undetermined. In glancing over the prospectus of proceedings for these conventions, we observe that the fundamental questions are still open, and further light upon them is demanded. The relations of the State, both to the higher education and to primary schools, the extent to which instruction should be free, the religious bearings of the subject, the relations of culture to labor, the mental care and development of the colored race, and numerous practical inquiries respecting the best methods of teaching,—these are all to become matters of public and searching discussion.

Such is the scope of the work that is still before the educa-

tional profession. While there has been great progress in the art of teaching, in methods of imparting knowledge, and in school facilities, and a clearer recognition of the importance and dignity of the tutorial vocation, there is still much to be done before the profession can be established upon a basis of clearly established and universally recognized principles. No agency works toward this end so effectually as these concourses of thinking and practical men and women, who bring the results of their experience into comparison, disclose deficiencies, register progress, and indicate the directions of future improvement.

The marked tendency of education in our time, as of all other modes of human activity, is, that it is becoming less and less a mere empirical art, and more and more a rational science. It is becoming increasingly evident, and is now widely admitted, that the teacher has to do with the laws of phenomena just as much as the metallurgist or the farmer. All science has two elements—the observation of facts, and the reasoning upon facts. The observation of facts is eminently a personal or individual matter. The observer may do this work alone, and it is only required that he shall do it accurately, faithfully, and conscientiously. But, how to interpret the facts, and educe principles from them, is more a matter of the joint action of many minds. To generalize requires the marshalling of various data which are to be reduced to unity and brought under a common explanation.

Now, the school-room is the place where the foundations of educational science are laid in the personal observation of the teacher. Sir John Herschel discriminated between passive observation and active observation, or experiment; but the classroom is the field for both. The teacher not only notes what is before him, but he participates in it; he directs it, he works to ends—in truth, he is constantly arranging the conditions of experiments, is constantly performing experiments in the development of mind and character, and has before him perpetually the results of his operations. But, to arrive at general principles, these results must be compared, qualified, and interpreted by other observations and other results. Hence the importance and indispensableness of these gatherings of educators for the mental elaboration of the materials of experience which it is the duty of each to contribute. Such conventions are, therefore, essential instrumentalities in the progress of the profession, and they should be attended by all interested in the subject.

We say designedly, *by all interested in the subject*, and we mean to state that these concourses have a far stronger claim upon the attention of other classes than has yet been allowed. For, as we have said before, this is a subject that concerns all alike. Its claim to consideration is coextensive with parenthood, and as broad as the interests and destiny of society which it immediately involves. All the cultivated classes of the community should hence be represented in these teachers' assemblies, both to contribute to their deliberations and to lend the sanction and encouragement of their presence to this important means of educational improvement. There is one profession, especially, which should coöperate in this relation with the work of educational development more fully and earnestly than it has hitherto done, and that is the medical profession. The physician is the only regular student of the science of human nature, and his special studies have a vital bearing on the teacher's work. The old notion, that the teacher is required to understand only a few branches of study, is exploded; and the equally-erroneous notion, that, if he goes still further, he only requires to understand something about mental philosophy, is also exploded. The work of education is nothing less than the building up of character by the cultivation and training of the pupil's whole nature—physical, emotional, and intellectual. In all that pertains to this, the intelligent physician is naturally more at home than any one else, and is, therefore, qualified to take an influential part in educational discussions.

We are glad to recognize the growing appreciation of the work of these associations by the public, and the liberal hospitality extended to them by the citizens where such gatherings take place. The arrangements at Trenton for the entertainment and convenience of strangers are very complete, and give promise that the reunion will be pleasant as well as profitable.

TABLE-TALK.

WE publish this week an abstract of Professor Huxley's recent able address on Scientific Education, accompanied by a spirited and excellent likeness of this Eminent Naturalist. Professor Huxley was born about the year 1820. The cyclopædias and the magazines, which have fixed his birth at the beginning of the century, have evidently *inferred* his age from the amount of work he has done; but this an unsafe proceeding; Professor Huxley is still in the prime of manhood, and has a great deal of vigorous work in him yet. After graduating in medicine, he devoted his life to the study of natural history, and succeeded Dr. Edward Forbes in the chair of Paleontology in the Government School of Mines. He has been Hunterian professor of anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, and also Fullerton professor of physiology in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Professor Huxley's position in the world of science is that of a philosophical biologist, and as such he ranks among the very first in England or in the world. He is a man of wide culture and enlarged sympathies. He has a keen enjoyment of literary excellence, and "keeps up" with poetry, fiction, and criticism, notwithstanding his indefatigable scientific investigations. Although an independent thinker, Professor Huxley is thoroughly imbued with the cautious inductive spirit of modern research. As a controversialist, he has the reputation of being pugnacious, if not acrimonious, and the current notion has this foundation; that he is a man of high and strong feelings, and the appearance of any thing like meanness or duplicity, among those whose professed aim is the pursuit of truth, stirs him to indignant utterance. We have said that Professor Huxley is a man of enlarged sympathies, and, in this respect, he contrasts markedly with many scientific men who are swallowed up in their specialties, and never give a thought to any thing beyond them. He has been long and earnestly devoted, as the public is quite aware, to the subject of general education and its scientific improvement, and has a high reputation as a popular teacher. The School of Mines, with which he is connected, besides its elaborate course of lectures to students, provides also special courses of evening-lectures for workmen. Those delivered by Professor Huxley to these audiences are models of what such discourses should be—clear, simple, and attractive, yet carefully accurate and strictly scientific. They are attended by crowds of intelligent working-men. As a public speaker, Mr. Huxley is quiet, deliberate, fluent, and we might almost say colloquial. To these traits it may be added that, socially, he is genial, racy, and brilliant. It is very well known that Professor Huxley is a leading exponent of the views of Mr. Darwin. An incident relating to his early championship of these doctrines, though often related, is characteristic, and will bear repeating. Just after the "Origin of Species" was first published, the subject came up at the Oxford meeting of the British Association, in which Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, participated. The bishop is a man of elegant, oleaginous manners, who has acquired the *sobriquet* of "Soapy Sam," which he wears very good-naturedly. A lady once asked him how he came by this curious title, to which he neatly replied that "it must be because I so often get into hot water, and always come out with clean hands." The bishop closed a sarcastic speech against the Darwinians, by turning to Professor Huxley, their leading representative, and blandly asking, in the presence of the large audience, "Is the learned gentleman really willing to have it go forth to the world that he believes himself to be descended from a monkey?" Professor Huxley rose and replied, in his quiet manner, "It seems to me that the learned bishop hardly appreciates our position and duty as men of science. We are not here to inquire what we would prefer, but what is true. The progress of science from the beginning has been a conflict with old prejudices. The true origin of man is not a question of likes or dislikes, to be settled by consulting the feelings, but it is a question of evidence, to be settled by strict scientific investigation. But, as the learned bishop is curious to know my state of feeling upon the sub-

ject, I have no hesitation in saying that, were it a matter of choice with me (which clearly it is not) whether I should be descended from a respectable monkey, or from a bishop of the English Church who can put his brains to no better use than to ridicule science and misrepresent its cultivators, *I would certainly choose the monkey!*" The storm of applause which followed showed that the hit was appreciated, and Huxley was afterward known as "the man who had extinguished 'Soapy Sam.'"

— The Rev. William R. Alger has enforced the lesson of the Peace Jubilee in an eloquent and earnest discourse at Music Hall, Boston. His observations on the philosophy of recreation are fresh and truthful. He says: "An important lesson is to be learned by observing the unthinking manner in which most of the crowd spend their holiday in the pursuit of idle amusement, without the least attempt to improve the opportunity for gaining any permanent profit. The more unreflective, plodding, and stolid any one's manner of life is, the greater is his need of breaking up its stagnation by change and surprise, something to startle and move him. But the greater the intrinsic variety, freshness, and interest of our daily avocation, so much the less need we have of an alternative. Is not the instruction obvious? The dull level of every laborious life ought to be relieved with a rich embossment of beauty, liberty, and progress. We ought to lessen our occasion for external change and spasmodic amusement, by putting more satisfaction and dignity into our daily task and hope, lending more ideal interest and freedom to our ordinary work. Some element of recreating inspiration and delight, mixed with the business of every hour, is the desideratum, not days of dissipation thrust into months of drudgery. Not one excess balanced by an opposite excess, but a healthy harmony, is what we want. . . . The true end of life is perfection of life; to carry our experience to the greatest pitch of fineness, richness, and extension. For this, concentration and patience are necessary. We must have an aim, and devotedness to that aim. Instead of this, there is, in most cases, an utter absence of deep and pertinacious character; there is a scattering dissipation of mind, every indulgence of which leaves a man just where it finds him, or else weaker and lower. The days are wasted in the chase of empty amusement. Life thus becomes a poor whirl of fancy and frivolity; all eye and ear, no thought and will. Experience is made a routine, without advance; a repetition, without increment. When I see thousands on thousands of people drifting hither and thither at the beck of every odd invitation, and reflect how few of them will ever lift themselves out of mediocrity, and achieve any thing noteworthy, either within or without, I see plainly what is wanted. It is less subjection to fickle impulses and chance lures, more sensibility to great prizes, with a girded resolution to toil heroically for them in that solitude of the soul where the Father of spirits seeth in secret without mistake, and rewardeth openly without fail. So much for the mere holiday." Mr. Alger describes very graphically the effects upon the feelings of contemplating a vast multitude of human beings, and the profound emotional reaction called forth by the presence of a noble personality: "There is something ennobling in the contemplation of a vast assemblage of men. The sight strikes the deep elemental chords of our being. It gives us more than one of those mental touches of nature which make the whole world kin. It ravishes the individual out of his egotistic self, and baptizes him in the universal principles and interests of his kind. He loses what is merely personal, local, and evanescent, and enters into the public, the sublime, and enduring. The grandeur of the spectacle stimulates imagination, and forces its suggestions expansively into the moral sentiments. You cannot profoundly impress and move a mighty crowd of men with any thing mean or petty. You cannot stir a strong passion in any individual there by an appeal to what is merely momentary, and personal to himself. But every suggestion of any thing universally human, any thing enduringly beautiful and good, vibrates back into the private soul from the collective sounding-board of the multitude with unprecedented intensity and volume. For example: it did one good the other day to sit amidst those congregated thousands when George Peabody came in, and to feel the surge of moral emotion, the thrill of reverence for exalted worth, that ran round the house as he passed. 'That,' we said to ourselves, 'is the royal merchant who has done more to keep love and peace between England and America—mother and child in the sacred family of the nations—than a hundred demagogues have done to interrupt and destroy them. That,' we felt, 'is the able and upright man whose living munificence, yet to be crowned

by the unparalleled benignity and magnificence of his closing bequests, has brought honor on his country, and will carry his name in undimmed lustre to ages far remote in the future.' To join in the spontaneous tribute to this patriotic and cosmopolitan philanthropist was a high, purifying luxury of the heart, in full unison with the character of the occasion."

— The unusual number of attractive resorts, suitable for brief summer excursions, that lie close around the city of New York, has been frequently commented upon, but even our own citizens become forgetful of these advantages without a little reiteration. Probably no city in the world is surrounded by such noble water-courses. The North and East Rivers, the upper and lower bays, the Sound, and Newark Bay and Kills, make up an expanse of wide inland seas that are unparalleled for beauty, variety, and extent. It is somewhat singular, in view of these notable features, that yachting is not a more favorite recreation. Within twenty years it has gained greatly in favor, but it has not the hold upon popular appreciation one would expect, in observing the splendid field afforded for its exercise. These numerous waters are the means, however, of opening to us many sea-side and inland resorts, and every year this fact is more generally recognized. Three of the finest beaches on this continent—Long Branch, Coney Island, and Rockaway—lie each within a two-hours' reach, and hence a day on the shore, with a good lusty tumble in the surf, is always conveniently practicable. Numerous vessels sail daily along the shores of Long-Island Sound, rendering its wooded promontories, its picturesque villages, its beautiful bays, accessible to the excursionist. Other vessels ascend the Hudson, so that one may picnic upon the old walls of Fort Putnam in the Highlands—the most picturesque place for a picnic conceivable—or visit the West-Point encampments, or clamber up old Cro' Nest, or take a look at the great iron foundry, which Weir studied for his famous "Forging the Shaft," or wander around Peekskill Bay, or visit the vineyards at Croton Point, or make an incursion beyond Hook Mountain to Rockland Lake, or take a look at the prisons at Sing Sing, or ride over beyond this village to the Croton Water-works, or, if a nearer ground is desirable, land at Fort Lee, and, ascending to the top of the Palisades, get a superb view of the river, the city, and the bay. If one visits Rockaway or Fire Island, on the Long-Island shore, he may troll for blue-fish; if he ascends the East River, he may cast his line for sea-bass amid the little islands that cluster around the opening of the Sound. A trip to Red Bank, on the Jersey shore, will also give fine facilities for fishing; and so will several points on Staten Island. There are steamers also that go down daily to the fishing grounds in the lower bay. Then one may run up the Erie road to the Passaic Falls, at Paterson, or to the Ramapo; or, taking the Essex road, extend his journey to Green Pond, where there is fine piscatorial sport. In addition to all these, there are Harlem River, with its rugged, picturesque shores, and High Bridge and Weehawken Heights, and a trip down to Bayside, on Long Island, where clams may be eaten cooked in primitive Indian fashion, and a sail through the Staten-Island Kills—in fact, one may spend a summer visiting the environs of New York, and find his entertainments lacking neither in number nor variety.

— Matters pertaining to the stage seem now to be favorite subjects of discussion among the magazines. The *Atlantic* has analyzed the Hamlets of the stage; *Putnam's*, to which we have previously referred, has criticised the lack of Nature in theatrical art; *Lippincott's* discusses the comedian Jefferson, and, lastly, the *Galaxy* takes up the question of the burlesques. In the *Galaxy's* article the writer (Mr. Richard Grant White) commends the almost perfect manner in which the much-abused ladies at Niblo's speak English, noticing particularly Miss Lydia Thompson and Miss Pauline Markham. This just criticism recalls our own comments a few weeks since, in reference to the injustice which continually condemns the mannerisms of the stage, without perceiving those of other forms of public speech. That the stage manner is often bad, is admitted, but the comment of Mr. White in the *Galaxy* reminds us that the stage alone has ever given us specimens of beautifully-spoken English. If one has never heard English uttered excepting in society, in the pulpit, or on the platform, then he is utterly ignorant of what it can be made when delivered with the perfect art of an accomplished actor—or, let us rather say, actress—for what Mr. White designates as "vocal velvet" is perfectly attained by the feminine organ only. Those of our readers who remember Mrs. Charles Kean, not as she last appeared here, but when in her prime

twenty years ago, will recall the almost matchless pleasure with which they listened to her reading of many Shakespearian passages—a reading in which purity of enunciation, with exquisite management of tone, inflection, and emphasis, made up an effect which the human voice has never produced anywhere else than on the stage. There are sometimes, no doubt, good talkers in society, and there are women especially who have admirable utterance, but absolute artistic delivery, we venture to say, is almost unknown excepting among actors. How much both the matter and the manner of social discourse might be improved has been indicated in our columns by Mr. Eugene Benson in his article on "Fatal French." There is no greater charm, we think, than good English well spoken or well read; and it is certainly highly desirable that our seminaries should include this accomplishment in their curriculum. But, in order to make good readers, class-reading in schools must be abolished altogether. Pupils, by this method, get into very strained and inelegant habits; they learn all they should not learn, and attain a manner utterly foreign to the true art of reading, and which is very difficult to unlearn. What the true art of speech is, will have to be learned from the stage, notwithstanding the fashionable contempt for the theatre—for it is not understood, and has no examples elsewhere. The stage itself needs no little disciplining in this particular; it has bad traditions as well as good ones, and wrong methods more frequently than right ones; but, by the side of the best expression in dramatic art, the best expression in every other is poor and paltry enough.

— A few months ago, the most radical of reformers and the most hopeful of progressionists would have acknowledged the stability of our trousers. Men might come and men would go, but, if there was one well-settled confidence in the public mind, it was in the probable permanent duration of those casings of the lower limbs, sometimes called trousers and sometimes known as pantaloons. A belief in trousers was a conservatism that nobody attacked. There was no organization looking to the demolition or overthrow of trousers. Nobody had proposed any sort of change or reform in that direction. Trousers seemed about as safe as the Bank of England and as permanent as the national debt. They were essentially democratic, in rendering legs of all kinds and shapes equal before the law and on the promenade, and hence there existed no reasonable motive for a revolution. Gentlemen with big knees, with twisted calves, with thin calves, with no calves, went about calm, confident, and secure. They foresaw no danger, but, employing the best tailors, confidently believed that their infirmities were hidden forever from the gaze of man or woman. But, all at once, trousers are threatened, are attacked, are denounced, are even doomed. The onslaught has begun in England, and a set of ruthless destroyers have determined on revolutionizing this respectable article of apparel. We need not say that the revolt comes from the handsome-legged men, and is aided and abetted by certain radical young women, who admire grace and shapeliness in the beaux of the period. The design of this organization is actually to restore breeches and silk stockings for evening dress, and to introduce the style known as knickerbockers for ordinary wear. That the latter is very suitable for the display of a handsome calf must be admitted—but, alas! how few of us have handsome calves! The women's-rights women have more than once sneered at their would-be lords and masters for their deficiency in this peculiar mark of a high civilization, and possibly regretted the dress that prevented their own endowments from ever becoming known. That the calf is a stamp of race and civilization is no doubt true, the African, and, we believe, all inferior races, being remarkably deficient in this nether line of grace. Some one, we recollect, once attempted to prove that the calf always distinguished the patrician from the plebeian, and traced the difference to the fact that, while the former always rode, the latter walked. These things being true, it is no wonder that certain well-made coxcombs should desire to show their points in public. The grief of an Adonis, compelled to hide his shapely limbs in baggy and ungraceful trousers for all his life, is certainly painful to contemplate—so let us welcome the knickerbockers, and console ourselves with the thought that art has power to step in and ameliorate our misfortunes. We can pad.

— The public can scarcely keep pace with the liberal gifts of Mr. George Peabody to various institutions. The recent additions of something over a million of money to the Southern Educational Fund is as gratifying as it is surprising, and gratifying especially in view of the admitted success of the scheme. Our extended account, pub-

lished in the two preceding numbers of the JOURNAL, of Mr. Peabody's munificent appropriations in behalf of the industrious poor of London, has been read, no doubt, with interest. We had intended to print in the present number a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Peabody, but it has been forced over to our next issue. The history of donations like those of Mr. Peabody is of interest, especially at the moment when Mr. Stewart and other capitalists are considering suitable means for employing their surplus capital to the advantage of the public. Mr. Peabody, we regret to learn, has not been in good health since his return to this country, and that the sea air at Newport, whither he went for recuperation, had proved unfavorable to his condition. Mr. Peabody is now at his native town, Danvers, Massachusetts, where, it may be earnestly hoped, he will recover his tone of health. On the 16th of July, the Peabody Institute, at that place, was formally dedicated, Robert C. Winthrop making the address on the occasion, and Oliver Wendell Holmes reading the following verses :

Bankrupt—our pockets inside out !
Empty of words to speak his praises !
Worcester and Webster up the spout !
Dead broke of laudatory phrases !
But why with flowery speeches tease,
With vain superlatives distress him ?
Has language better words than these—
THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD BLESS HIM.

A simple prayer—but words more sweet
By human lips were never uttered,
Since Adam left the country seat
Where angel wings around him flattered.
The old look on with tear-dimmed eyes,
The children cluster to caress him,
And every voice unbidden cries,
THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD BLESS HIM.

— It has become a world-wide custom to designate literary men, and especially reporters for the daily press, as "Bohemians," and to represent them as dissipated, uncouth, reckless wights, improvident to the last degree, and as deficient in the polish of society as they are proficient in drinking, smoking, and literary vagabondage. Miss Kate Field, however, has boldly come out in their defence, and paints them, in the most glowing colors, as pleasant companions and refined gentlemen. She saw them gathered together at the Boston Peace Jubilee in sufficient numbers to be regarded as a representative assembly of the profession, and under circumstances which were calculated to show their merits as well as their foibles in the most prominent light, and she takes a justifiable pride and pleasure in proclaiming her faith in and admiration for them. She says: "I have heard a great deal about the Bohemianism of the press—how its members look like Mexican bandits, and how they disregard every law, human and divine. If the two hundred or more gentlemen who have written themselves all to pieces, for the sake of peace, fairly represent their profession, then the press is an honor to the country. Better deportment, less confusion, more courtesy, I have never seen outside of a drawing-room."

— We observe with pleasure that articles in the JOURNAL are very widely copied in the newspapers of the country, which is certainly a proper thing to do, but we regret to see that, in many instances, the credit of their origin is not given. It is certainly gratifying to see the circulation of our articles increased by reprinting them, but there is no excuse for not acknowledging their origin. The papers thus appropriated are our property; we paid for them, and we give notice of our ownership by copyrighting every number of the JOURNAL. But, while cordially conceding the privilege of copying from our columns, we reprobate this practice of copying without acknowledgment. We sometimes take articles from foreign periodicals, but are careful to state their sources, and, the justice we accord to others, we demand also for ourselves.

Literary Notes.

IT is a curious coincidence that both the north and the south of Europe should simultaneously awaken from the literary lethargy of years, and that fresh, vigorous writers should contemporaneously take the field in Denmark and in Spain. Copenhagen, which, in the times of Thorwaldsen and Andersen was not only an art but a literary centre, has, since the late Prussian and German wars, again taken her ancient place, and tales, novels, and scientific works, bearing the imprint of her

publishing-houses, are appearing in rapid succession. Spain, once the focus of literary ability, has lain torpid since the commencement of the present century, but, with the great political revolution still in progress, seems to have shaken off her mental fetters, and will soon give to the world several valuable histories and other works as the forerunners of a harvest from the fertile soil which has so long lain fallow. The intellectual vivification of Spain is not confined to her writers, but is asserting itself among her public men. In the recent sessions of the Cortes great oratorical ability has been developed, and, in the person of Signor Castelar, has appeared a second Daniel Webster.

"Ciphor," by Jane G. Austin, which made its first appearance in the *Galaxy*, has been issued by Sheldon & Co. in book form, with numerous illustrations. It is an American story, by an American, and as such should meet with a cordial welcome. The story, though barely within the limits of possibility, is one which is calculated to attract and retain the interest of the reader, and, though there is a decided tendency to exaggeration in elaborating the prominent traits of the principal characters, there is a certain coherence and fidelity even in this exaggeration. The story is merely a family history, in which, after generations of misunderstandings, crimes, and concealments, the various branches are finally united by the intermarriages of the descendants, the unveiling of all mysteries, and the forgiveness of all past sins, with the destruction of the records, by which they had been perpetuated, in a *ciphor*, known only to the family. The plot, by which this development is secured, is ingenious, and the minor incidents are well worked into the main thread of the story.

Almost every novel-reader will recall the pleasure with which he perused Gustav Freytag's admirable pictures of German life called "Debit and Credit," and will be glad to learn that another novel, by the same author, entitled "The Lost Manuscript," has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. "The Lost Manuscript" exhibits a very remarkable freshness both in plot and characterization, and, while containing a good many graphic and dramatic pictures of German student-life, is by no means confined to this field. We know of nothing in recent fiction more charming than this romance; it is as clear, rippling, and fresh as a mountain-stream; it has, too, its attractive lights and shades; it now moves swiftly, now slowly; now foams over rocks, now glides smoothly, and its whole course is in a channel peculiarly its own. For the woods, the mountains, or the sea-side, for the quiet of the country or the *ennui* of the town, "The Lost Manuscript" is preeminently the book of the season.

While the contents of the books, which fill our libraries and enrich our publishers, are of the most vital importance, their binding is to many a subject of equal interest, and a showy cover will often sell an inferior work. This being the fact, the discovery or invention of a new material for binding is of great value, not only to dealers, but to purchasers. Messrs. Stevenson & Co., of London, have recently introduced an entirely new material, "Enamelled Ivory," which, *The Book-seller* states, "has the merit of novelty and cheapness." It is affixed to the outside in the same manner as real ivory, and can be made in imitation of tortoise-shell, malachite, and mother-of-pearl, the imitation being to the eye as good as the original, at a much lower cost.

The work of popularizing journalism in England is rapidly progressing, and the price of dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, is being constantly reduced. The last progressive step has been taken by the *Full Mail Gazette* in reducing its price to one penny, not in the hope of propping falling fortunes, but because a rapidly increasing circulation warranted the reduction with a certainty of still making a handsome profit. No change, except in price, is to be made in this journal, the circulation of which, at the date of the change, was announced by the publisher as being four times what he had anticipated as its utmost limit.

Among recent English books of interest, is a work entitled "Lost amid the Fogs; or, Sketches of Life in Newfoundland," by Lieutenant-Colonel McCrea, of the English army. This book gives a number of graphic and highly readable pictures of a life with which very few of us are familiar, or probably in any way acquainted. The descriptions of manners in St. John's, of the seal and cod fishermen, of the frightful storms and long winters peculiar to the region, and of hunting sports on the island, are all related in a highly spirited manner, while the book contains no little valuable information in regard to a section of country of which very little has hitherto been written.

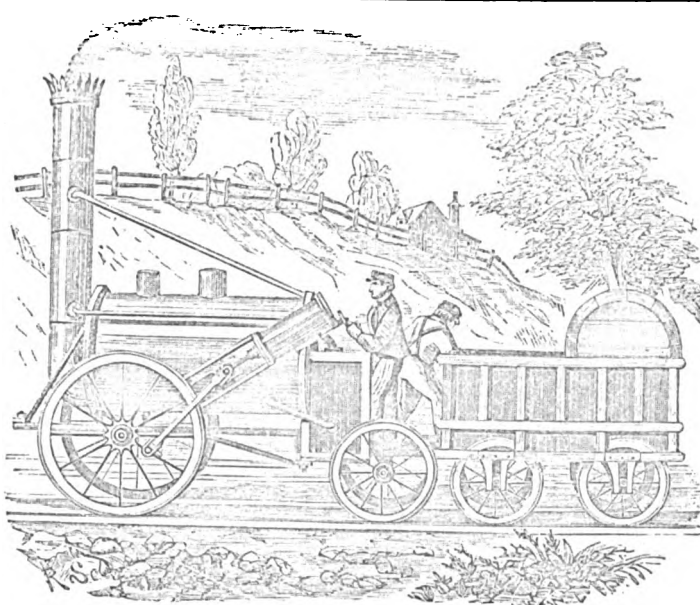
The Museum.

LAST week's Museum contained a description and picture of the earliest steam-carriages, tried exactly a hundred years ago. The success of railway locomotion, however, dates from the Liverpool experiments in October, 1825. The favorite plan for drawing trains was by

stationary engines, and it was proposed to divide the railway between Liverpool and Manchester into nineteen stages, of about a mile and a half each, with twenty-one engines, fixed at the different points, to work the trains forward. Not a single professional man of eminence could be found who preferred the locomotive over fixed-engine power. George Stephenson, however, strongly advocated the locomotive system, and it was at length decided to make a trial of it. A prize of twenty-five hundred dollars was offered for a locomotive, weighing no more than six tons, which would draw twenty tons ten miles an hour with but fifty pounds per inch pressure of steam, and costing but two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. The project and the conditions were thought to be preposterous. An eminent gentleman of Liverpool, afterward inspector of steam-packets, said that only a parcel of charlatans would ever have issued such a set of conditions; that it had been *proved* to be impossible to make a locomotive engine go at ten miles an hour; but, if it ever was done, he would undertake to eat a stewed engine-wheel for his breakfast!

Four engines were entered for the trial. The favorite was Captain Ericsson's "Novelty," which was light and compact in appearance, and had this intelligible quality about it, that the air was forced through the fire by means of bellows. The successful engine was the "Rocket" of George Stephenson. At the first trial, it ran twelve miles in fifty-three minutes; at the final test, it drew its load at the rate of twenty-nine miles an hour, and, when running alone, it reached thirty-five miles an hour. Mr. Smiles says that "the entire performance excited the greatest astonishment among the assembled spectators; the directors felt confident that their enterprise was now on the eve of success; and George Stephenson rejoiced to think that, in spite of all false prophets and fickle counsellors, the locomotive system was now safe. When the Rocket, having performed all the conditions of the contest, arrived at the 'grand stand' at the close of the day's successful run, Mr. Cropper—one of the directors favorable to the fixed-engine system—lifted up his hands and exclaimed, 'Now has George Stephenson at last delivered himself!'

The Rocket was at length replaced by heavier engines, and was sold in 1837, and used for four or five years to haul coals. There was, however, wonderful vitality in it, and on one occasion, when employed to transmit the results of an election, it ran upward of four miles in four minutes and a half. It is now in the Kensington Museum, of London.



Stephenson's "Rocket."—The First Successful Locomotive.

As far as my observations go, the phenomenon of phosphorescence is confined to the lower orders of vegetable life, to the fungi alone, and is not dependent on irritability. I have never seen luminous flowers or roots, nor do I know of any authenticated instance of such which may not be explained by the presence of mycelium or of animal life. In the animal kingdom, luminosity is confined, I believe, to the invertebrata, and is especially common among the radiata and mollusca; it is also frequent in the entomostrous crustacea, and in various genera of most orders of insects. In all these, even in the sertularia, I have invariably observed the light to be increased by irritation, in which respect the luminosity of animal life differs from vegetable life.—J. D. Hooker.

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THE OLD CHAMBER.

THE whole ceremony of Gwynplaine's investiture, from the entry under the king's gate to taking the test-oath in the glazed circular recess, had taken place in a sort of dimmed light.

Lord William Cowper had not allowed himself, Chancellor of England as he was, to receive too precise an account of the disfiguration of the young Lord Fermain Clancharlie in all its details; he thought it beneath his dignity to know that a peer was not handsome, and felt that he would be lowered by the boldness of an inferior giving him such information. Doubtless, a man of the people takes pleasure in saying, "This prince is a hunchback." Therefore, to be deformed is an offence to the dignity of a lord. To the few words which the queen had addressed to him on this subject, the lord-chancellor had contented himself with replying: "A lord has his lordship for face." He had understood the thing in a general way, through the depositions which it had been his duty to verify and certify. Hence some precautions.

The face of the new peer might, on his entrance into the chamber, cause a certain sensation. This possibility it was important to obviate. The lord-chancellor had taken his measures. The fixed idea and rule of conduct for serious personages is to avoid any thing like a scene. Dislike of incidents is an element of gravity. It was necessary to contrive that the admission of Gwynplaine should pass off quietly, like that of any other heir to a peerage.

For this reason, the lord-chancellor had appointed the reception of Lord Fermain Clancharlie to take place at an evening session. The chancellor being porter, *quodammodo ostiarius*, say the Norman charters, *januarum cancellorumque potestas*, says Tertullian, he can officiate outside the chamber on the threshold, and Lord William Cowper had used his right, by going through the formalities of Lord Fermain Clancharlie's investiture in the glazed circular recess. Moreover, he had arranged that the new peer should make his entry into the chamber before the session had commenced.

As to the investiture of a peer on the threshold and outside the chamber, there were precedents for this. The first hereditary baron created by patent, John de Beauchamps of Holdcastle, made Baron of Kidderminster, in 1387, by Richard II., was received in this manner.

In renewing this precedent, however, the lord-chancellor was creating for himself a difficulty, the inconvenience of which he perceived less than two years after, on the occasion of Viscount Newhaven's entry into the House of Lords.

Being, as we have said, short-sighted, Lord William Cowper scarcely noticed Gwynplaine's deformity; the two lords, his sponsors, did not notice it at all. They were two old men, nearly blind.

Better still, the lord-chancellor, having only seen Gwynplaine's height and figure, found him "very good-looking."

At the moment when the door-keepers opened before Gwynplaine the great folding-door, there were only a few lords in the chamber. These were almost all old men. Old men are the punctual ones in meetings, just as they are the attentive ones in ladies' society. On the dukes' bench there were but two dukes, one entirely white with age, the other gray-headed, Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds, and Schonberg, who, German by his birth, French by his marshalship, and English by his peerage,

expelled by the Edict of Nantes, after having made war on England as a Frenchman, made war on France as an Englishman. On the benches of the lords spiritual, there was only the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of England on the upper row, and on the lower row Doctor Simon Patrick, Bishop of Ely; the doctor was conversing with Evelyn Pierrepont, Marquis of Dorchester, who explained to him the difference between a gabion and a courtine, and between palisades and "strawberries." The palisades are a range of posts before the tents to protect the encampment, and the "strawberries" a ring of sharpened stakes under the parapet of a fortress, to prevent the besiegers from scaling and the besieged from deserting; and the marquis was showing the bishop how you "strawberry" a redoubt, putting half the stake into the ground and leaving half out. Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, was near a candelabrum, examining a plan of his architect's for making in his garden at Long Leate in Wiltshire, a lawn called "checkered sward," with alternate diamonds of turf, yellow sand, red sand, sea-shells, and fine charcoal powder. On the viscounts' bench was a crowd of old peers, Essex, Ossulstone, Peregrine, Osborne, William Zalestem, Earl of Rochford, and among them some young ones of the party which did not wear wigs, surrounding Price Devereux, Viscount Hereford, and discussing the question whether an infusion of Apalachian holly was tea. "Almost," said Osborne. "Quite," said Essex. All which was attentively listened to by Pawlett Saint-John, cousin of the Bolingbroke who afterward was to some extent Voltaire's teacher, for Father Porée began Voltaire, and Bolingbroke finished him. On the marquises' bench, Thomas Grey, Marquis of Kent, lord-chamberlain of the queen, was telling Robert Bertie, Marquis of Lindsay and Lord-Chamberlain of England, that two French refugees, Monsieur Lecoq, ex-counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, and Monsieur Ravenel, a Breton nobleman, had won the great prize of the great English lottery in 1694. The Earl of Wymes was reading a book entitled "The curious Custom of the Sibylline Oracles." John Campbell, Earl of Greenwich, famous for his long chin, his gayety, and his eighty-seven years, was writing to his mistress. Lord Chandos was paring his nails.

As the session about to take place was a royal session, in which the crown would be represented by commissioners, two assistant-doorkeepers placed before the throne a bench of flame-colored velvet. On the second wool-sack was seated the master of the rolls, *sacrorum criniorum magister*, who was then lodged in the old house of the converted Jews. On the fourth wool-sack, the two under-clerks, on their knees, were turning over the leaves of registers.

But now the lord-chancellor took his place on the first wool-sack; the officers of the House took theirs, some sitting, some standing; the Archbishop of Canterbury rose and uttered a prayer; and the session began. Gwynplaine had already entered, some time before, without any one noticing him; the second bench of the barons, where his place was, being near the bar, he had but a few steps to take. The two sponsor lords had seated themselves on his right and left, which fact nearly concealed the presence of the new-comer. Without any warning, the Parliament clerk had read in a low voice—whispered, so to say—the various documents concerning the new peer, and the lord-chancellor had proclaimed his admission in the midst of what the reports call "general inattention." Every one was talking. There was in the House that hubbub during which assemblies do all sorts of dark things, which sometimes astonish them afterward.

Gwynplaine had seated himself in silence, bareheaded, between the two old peers, Lord Fitzwalter and Lord Arundel.

On entering, according to the instructions which king-at-arms had given him, and the sponsor lords had renewed, he had saluted the royal seat.

So it was all over. He was a lord.

This height, under the splendor of which he had, all his life,

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

seen his master Ursus bend in terror, this prodigious elevation, he had under his feet. He was in the place, at once the most brilliant and the darkest of England.

Ancient summit of the feudal mountain regarded by Europe and histories for six centuries. Terrible aureole of a world of shades.

His entry into this crown of light had taken place. It was irrevocable.

He was there at home.

In his own house, on his own seat, and like the king on his throne.

He was there, and henceforth nothing could prevent his being there.

That royal crown, which he saw under the dais, was the sister of his crown. He was the peer of that throne.

In the presence of majesty he was lordship. Less, but like.

Yesterday, what was he? An actor. To-day, what is he? A prince.

Yesterday, nothing. To-day, every thing.

Sudden confrontation of wretchedness and power, meeting face to face in one destiny, and forming all at once the two halves of one consciousness.

Two phantoms, adversity and prosperity, taking possession of the same soul and pulling it each a different way. Sad partition of an intelligence, a will, a brain, between these two hostile brothers, the poor spectre and the rich spectre. Abel and Cain in the same man.

V.

LOFTY PRATTLE.

By slow degrees, the benches of the Chamber were filled. The lords began to arrive. The order of the day was a vote on the bill augmenting, by a hundred thousand pounds sterling, the annual dotation of George of Denmark, Duke of Cumberland, the queen's husband. Beyond this, it was announced that divers bills, assented to by her Majesty, were to be brought into the Chamber by the crown commissioners charged and empowered to sanction them, which elevated the sitting into a royal one. All the peers wore their parliamentary robes, over their court or ordinary dress. This robe, similar to the one in which Gwynplaine was clothed, was alike for all, save that the dukes had five bands of ermine with a gold border, the marquises four, the earls and the viscounts three, and the barons two. The lords entered in groups. They had met together in the lobbies, and continued the conversations begun there. Some came singly. The costumes were solemn; the attitudes were not; nor the words. All, on coming in, bowed to the throne.

The peers were in crowds. This filing-in of majestic names took place, almost without ceremonial, the public being absent. Leicester entered and shook Lichfield's hand; then Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and of Monmouth, the friend of Locke, upon whose initiative he had proposed a general recoinage; then Charles Campbell, Earl of Loudoun, listening to Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke; then Dorme, Earl of Carnarvon; then Robert Sutton, Baron Lexington, son of the Lexington who had counselled Charles II. to drive away Gregorio Leti, a historiographer so ill-advised as to desire to be an historian; then Thomas Bellsey, Viscount Falconberg, that handsome old man; and, together, the three cousins Howard—Howard, Earl of Bindon; Bower-Howard, Earl of Berkshire; and Stafford-Howard, Earl of Stafford; then John Lovelace, Baron Lovelace, which peerage being extinct in 1786 permitted Richardson to introduce Lovelace into his book, and under this name to create a type. All these personages, variously celebrated in politics or in arms, and several of whom do honor to England, were laughing and chatting. It was like seeing history in undress.

In less than half an hour the chamber was almost entirely full. This was quite natural, the sitting being a royal one.

What was less natural, was the vivacity of conversation. The Chamber, so drowsy a little while previously, was now in a hubbub like a hive disturbed. It was the arrival of certain belated lords, that had aroused it. They brought the news. Strange fact—the peers who were in the Chamber at the opening of the sitting did not know what had occurred there, while those who were not there knew it.

Several lords arrived from Windsor.

For some hours past, Gwynplaine's adventure had been noised about. Secrecy is a net; if one mesh is broken, all is torn. Since the morning, as the result of incidents mentioned above, all this story of a peerage found upon trestles, and of a mountebank identified as a lord, had made a stir at Windsor in the royal purlieus. Princes had talked of it; then the lackeys. From the court, the event had gained the town. Events have their weight, and the law of momentum is applicable to them. They fall upon the public and bury themselves therein with wonderful rapidity. At seven o'clock, this story had not got wind in London. At eight o'clock, Gwynplaine was the talk of the town. Only the few lords, who had come before the opening of the sitting, were uninformed about it, not being in the town where every thing is told, and being in the Chamber where they were aware of nothing. Whereupon, tranquil on their benches, they were apostrophized by the new-comers, all in excitement.

—Well? said Francis Brown, Viscount Mountacute, to the Marquis of Dorchester.

—What?

—Is it possible?

—What?

—The Man Who Laughs!

—What is the Man Who Laughs?

—You don't know the Man Who Laughs?

—No.

—It is a clown. A youngster of the fair. An impossible face, that you go to see for a penny. A mountebank.

—What then?

—You have just received him as peer of England.

—The man who laughs is yourself, my Lord Mountacute.

—I am not laughing, my Lord Dorchester.

And Viscount Mountacute made a sign to the clerk of Parliament, who rose up from his wool-sack, and confirmed to their lordships the fact of the new peer's admission. Details were added.

—Stay, stay, stay! said Lord Dorchester. I was talking with the Bishop of Ely!

The young Earl of Annesley came up to the old Lord Eure, who had not more than two years to live, for he was to die in 1707.

—My Lord Eure!

—My Lord Annesley?

—Were you acquainted with Lord Linnæus Clancharlie?

—A man of the olden days? Yes.

—Who died in Switzerland?

—Yes. We were related.

—Who had been republican under Cromwell, and who remained republican under Charles II.?

—Republican? Not at all. He was sulky. It was a personal quarrel between the king and him. I hold from certain authority, that Lord Clancharlie would have come over, if the place of chancellor, that Lord Hyde had, had been given to him.

—You surprise me, my Lord Eure. I had been told that this Lord Clancharlie was an honest man.

—An honest man! Is there such a thing in existence? Young man, there is no honest man.

—But Cato?

—You believe in Cato, you?

—But Aristides?

—They did well in banishing him.

— But Thomas More?
 — They did well in cutting off his head.
 — And, according to your information, Lord Clancharlie . . .
 — Was of the same sort. Besides, for a man to remain in exile is absurd.
 — He died in exile.
 — An ambitious man, tumbled down. Oh! If I knew him? I think I did. I was his best friend.
 — Do you know, my Lord Eure, that he was married in Switzerland?
 — I can almost answer for it.
 — And that he had a legitimate son by this marriage?
 — Yes; who is dead.
 — Who is living.
 — Living!
 — Living.
 — Impossible.
 — Fact. Proved. Declared. Confirmed officially. Registered.

— But then this son will inherit the peerage of Clancharlie?
 — He will not inherit it.
 — Why?
 — Because he has inherited it. It is done.
 — Done?

— Turn your head, my Lord Eure. He is seated behind you, on the barons' bench.

Lord Eure turned round; but Gwynplaine's face was hidden under his forest of hair.

— Ha! said the old man, seeing only his hair, he has already adopted the new fashion. He does not wear a wig.

Grantham accosted Colepepper.

— There's a fellow who is over-reached.

— Who's that?

— David Dirry-Moir.

— Why so?

— He is no longer peer.

— How's that?

And Henry Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham, related to John, Baron Colepepper, the whole story—the stray bottle brought to the Admiralty, the Comprachicos' parchment, the *jussu regis*, countersigned Jeffreys, the confrontation in the penal vault of Southwark, the acceptance of all these facts by the lord-chancellor and by the queen, the taking the test-oath in the circular glazed recess, and, lastly, the admission of Lord Fermain Clancharlie at the beginning of the sitting. Then, both of them made an effort to distinguish, between Lord Fitzwalter and Lord Arundel, the face of the new lord so much talked about; but without better success than Lord Eure or Lord Annesley had had.

Gwynplaine, for the rest, whether by chance, or by arrangement of his sponsors under advice of the lord-chancellor, was placed so much in shadow as to escape curiosity.

— Well, but where is he?

This was the cry of every one on arrival; but no one obtained a good sight of him. Some few, who had seen Gwynplaine at the Green-Box were in a fever of curiosity; but they lost their pains. As it happens sometimes that a young girl is prudently closed in by a circle of dowagers, so Gwynplaine was as it were enveloped by several thicknesses of old lords, infirm and indifferent. Worthy folks, who have the gout, have not much sympathy as to stories told of others.

Hugh Cholmley, Earl of Cholmley, well versed in law, was interrogated from the bench of bishops by Nathanael Crew, who was doubly a peer—temporal peer, being Baron Crew, spiritual peer, being Bishop of Durham.

— Is it possible? said Crew.

— Is it in due form? said Cholmley.

— The investiture of the new-comer was made outside of the Chamber, pursued the bishop; but it is stated that there are precedents.

— Yes. Lord Beauchamp, under Richard II.; Lord Chenay, under Elizabeth.

— And Lord Broghill, under Cromwell.

— Cromwell doesn't count.

— How do you regard it all?

— In various ways.

— My Lord Earl of Cholmley, what will be the rank of the young Fermain Clancharlie in the Chamber?

— My lord bishop, the republican interruption having disturbed the old order of precedence, Clancharlie to-day is placed in the peerage between Barnard and Somers, so that, in case of a call for votes, Clancharlie would be the eighth to speak.

— Truly! A mountebank from the public haunts!

— The incident in itself does not astonish me, my lord bishop. Such things do occur. Others happen, still more surprising. Was not the War of the Roses announced by the sudden drying-up of the river Ouse in Bedfordshire, on the 1st of January, 1399. Now, if a river can fall dry, a lord may fall into a servile condition. Ulysses, King of Ithaca, followed all sorts of trades. Fermain Clancharlie has remained lord, under his wrapper of stage-player. The lowliness of dress doesn't touch the nobility of blood. But the taking the test-oath, the investiture otherwise than in session, although legal in a strict point of view, may give rise to objections. I am of opinion that we ought to have an understanding, so as to know whether there will be occasion hereafter to question the lord-chancellor formally. We shall see, in a few weeks, what there is to be done.

And the bishop added:

— It's all the same. It is such an adventure as has not been seen, since that of the Count Gesbodius.

Gwynplaine, the Man Who Laughs, the Tadcaster Inn, the Green-Box, *Chaos Conquered*, Switzerland, Chillon, the comprachicos, the exile, the mutilation, the republic, Jeffreys, James II., the *jussu regis*, the bottle opened at the Admiralty, the father—Lord Linnæus, the legitimate son—Lord Fermain, the bastard son—Lord David, the probable conflicts, the Duchess Josiane, the lord-chancellor, the queen—all this flew from bench to bench. Whispering is a train of powder. The details were seized upon. The whole adventure caused an immense babble in the Chamber. Gwynplaine, in the very depths of reverie where he was, heard vaguely all this buzzing noise around him, without knowing that it was on his own account.

Nevertheless, he was strangely attentive, but attentive to what profoundly underlaid all this—not to what was on the surface. An excess of attention becomes isolation.

A noise in a Chamber does not hinder the sitting from pursuance of its course, any more than the dust raised by a troop hinders its march. The judges, who in the Upper Chamber are only simple assistants—unable to speak, unless interrogated—had taken their places upon the second wool-sack, and the three secretaries of state upon the third. The eldest sons of peers crowded their compartment behind the throne, within and without. The peers, minors, were on their special bench. In 1705, these little lords were no fewer than a dozen: Huntingdon, Lincoln, Dorset, Warwick, Bath, Burlington, Derwentwater, destined to a tragical death, Longueville, Lonsdale, Dudley and Ward, and Carteret, which made up a troop of little brats of eight earls, two viscounts, and two barons.

Within the enclosed space, upon the three rows of benches, each lord had regained his seat. Nearly all the bishops were there. The dukes were numerous, beginning with Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and ending with George Augustus, prince electoral of Hanover, Duke of Cambridge, the latest in date, and consequently the last in rank. All were in order, according to precedence: Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, whose grandfather had sheltered at Hardwick the ninety-two years of Hobbes; Lennox, Duke of Richmond; the three Fitzroys, the Duke of Southampton, the Duke of Grafton, and the Duke of Northumberland; Butler, Duke of Ormond;

Somerset, Duke of Beaufort; Beauclerc, Duke of Saint Albans; Pawlett, Duke of Bolton; Osborne, Duke of Leeds; Writhiosley Russell, Duke of Bedford, having for motto and device, *Che sara sara*, that is to say, the taking things as they come; Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; Manners, Duke of Rutland; and others. Neither Howard, Duke of Norfolk, nor Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, were in session, being Catholics; nor Churchill, Duke of Marlborough—our Malbrouck—who was at the war, and was beating France at that moment. There were no Scotch dukes then, Queensbury, Montrose, and Roxburghe having only been admitted in 1707.

VI.

UPPER AND LOWER.

SUDDENLY, there was a vivid brilliancy in the Chamber. Four door-keepers brought in, and placed on the two sides of the throne, four lofty candelabra, garnished with wax-lights. The throne, thus lit up, appeared to be in a sort of luminous purple. Empty, but august. The queen thereupon would not have been much of an addition.

The usher of the black rod came in, with his wand raised, and said:—Their lordships, her majesty's commissioners.

All the hubbub was hushed.

A clerk, in wig and gown, appeared at the great door, holding a fleur-de-lysed cushion, on which sundry parchments were visible. These parchments were bills. To each was hanging, by a silken tress, the bill or ball—sometimes of gold—which gave rise to the appellation for the laws, of *bills* in England, and of *bulls* at Rome.

Behind the clerk came three men in peers' robes, and with plumed hats on their heads.

These men were the royal commissioners. The first was Godolphin, lord high-treasurer of England; the second was Pembroke, lord-president of the council; the third was Newcastle, keeper of the privy seal.

They walked one behind the other, according to precedence, not of their title, but of their office. Godolphin at the head, Newcastle last, though duke.

They advanced to the bench before the throne, made an obeisance to the royal chair, took off and put on again their hats, and seated themselves upon the bench.

The lord-chancellor looked at the usher of the black rod and said:—Summon the Commons to the bar.

The usher of the black rod went out.

The clerk, who was a clerk of the House of Lords, placed upon the table, within the enclosure made by the wool-sack, the cushion whereon were the bills.

There was an interruption, that lasted several minutes. Two door-keepers placed in front of the bar a stepping-stool with three steps. This stool was in carnation-colored velvet, whereon fleurs-de-lys were designed in gilded nails.

The great door, which had been reclosed, was opened again, and a voice cried out:

—The faithful Commons of England!

It was the usher of the black rod, who announced the other half of Parliament.

The lords put on their hats.

The members of the Commons' House entered, preceded by the Speaker, all bare-headed.

They stopped at the bar. They were in ordinary dress, for the most part in black, and wearing swords.

The Speaker, the Right Honorable John Smythe, Esquire, member for the borough of Andover, mounted the stool that was against the central part of the barrier. The mouth-piece of the Commons wore a long black satin gown, with loose slashed sleeves, and trimmed with gold frogs in front and at the back. He was majestic, but inferior.

All the Commons, Speaker and members, remained in attendance standing up and bareheaded, before the peers, seated and with hats on.

Among the Commoners might be remarked, the Chief Justice of Chester, Joseph Jekyll, also three of her Majesty's sergeants-at-law, Hooper, Powys, and Parker, James Montague, solicitor-general, and the attorney-general, Simon Harcourt. With the exception of a few baronets and knights, and nine lords by courtesy, Hartington, Windsor, Woodstock, Mordaunt, Grandby, Scudamore, Fitzharding, Hyde, and Berkeley, sons of peers and heirs of peerages, all the rest were of the people. A sort of sombre and silent crowd.

When the noise caused by the steps of all these in-comers had ceased, the crier of the black rod, at the door, said:

—Oyez!

The clerk of the crown stood up. He took, spread out, and read the first of the parchments laid upon the cushion. It was a message from the queen, naming, to represent her in Parliament, with power to assent to bills, three commissioners, to wit . . . —Here the clerk raised his voice:

—Sydney, Earl of Godolphin.

The clerk bowed to Lord Godolphin. Lord Godolphin raised his hat. The clerk continued.

—Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and of Montgomery.

The clerk bowed to Lord Pembroke. Lord Pembroke touched his hat.

—John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle.

The clerk bowed to Lord Newcastle. Lord Newcastle acknowledged it by a movement of his head.

The clerk of the crown reseated himself. The clerk of Parliament got up. His under-clerk, who had been on his knees, stood up behind him. Both were facing the throne, and turning their backs to the Commons.

There were five bills upon the cushion. These five bills, voted by the Commons and approved by the Lords, were waiting the royal assent.

The clerk of Parliament read the first bill.

It was an act of the Commons, which charged upon the state the embellishments made by the queen at her palace of Hampton Court, amounting to a million sterling.

The reading concluded, the clerk bowed low to the throne. The under-clerk repeated the salutation more profoundly still; and then, half turning his head to the Commons, said:

—The queen accepts your gifts, and wills it thus.

The clerk read the second bill.

It was a law condemning any one to prison and fine, who should evade service in the train-bands. The train-bands—troops that are trained, or drawn, wherever ordered—constitute that citizens' militia which serves gratis, and which, under Elizabeth, at the approach of the Armada, had supplied a hundred and eighty-five thousand foot-soldiers and forty thousand horsemen.

The two clerks made a new obeisance to the royal chair, after which, the sub-clerk, with his side-look, said to the House of Commons:—*La reine le veut.* (The queen wills it.)

The third bill increased the tithes and prebendal emoluments of the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry, which is one of the most richly endowed in England, granted an allowance for the cathedral, augmented the number of canons, and enlarged the deanery and the livings, "so as to provide," said the preamble, "for the necessities of our holy religion." The fourth bill added new imposts to the budget: one on marbled paper; one on hackney-coaches, fixed at the number of eight hundred in London, and taxed fifty-two pounds each per annum; one on advocates, attorneys, and solicitors, of forty-eight pounds, per head, per annum; one on tanned hides, "notwithstanding," said the preamble, "the complaints of the artisans in leather;" one on soap, "notwithstanding the protest of the city of Exeter and of Devonshire, where much serge and cloth is manufactured;" one on wine, of four shillings a cask; one on flour; one on barley and hops; and renewed for four years—"inasmuch as state necessities," said the preamble, "ought to supersede the remonstrances of commerce"—the duties on tonnage, varying from six pounds, Tours currency, for vessels coming from the west, to eighteen pounds for those coming from the east. Finally, the bill declaring insufficient the ordinary capitation tax, already levied for the current year, wound up with a general and additional tax of four shillings, or forty-eight pence, per head, with proviso that any persons, refusing to take the newly-ordered oaths in favor of the government, should pay double the amount above named. The fifth bill forbade the admittance of any patient into the hospital, unless he deposited a pound sterling, on entrance, to pay for his burial, in case of death. The last three bills, like the first two, were, one after the other, assented to and made law by a salutation to the throne, and by the four words of the sub-clerk, *la reine le veut*, addressed, over his shoulder, to the Commons.

Then the sub-clerk went down again on his knees before the fourth wool-sack, and the lord-chancellor said:

—Let it be done, as desired.

This ended the royal sitting.

The Speaker, bent in two before the chancellor, descended backward from the stool, arranging his robe behind him. The Commoners present bowed down to the ground; and while the Upper Chamber, without paying any attention to all these reverences, resumed its interrupted order of the day, the Lower Chamber went its way.

MR. PEABODY'S GIFT TO THE POOR OF LONDON.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the *Times*, and elsewhere, attention has been drawn to the fact that the trustees of the Peabody Fund have not advanced so rapidly in providing dwellings, as certain companies that have been formed in London for a like purpose. Sir Sidney Waterlow's Company for improving the dwellings of the working-classes had, at the close of 1865, provided tenements for 600 persons only; it was now housing, or about to house, nearly 4,000, or more than six times as many. At that same period Mr. Peabody's trustees had erected lodgings for nearly 900 persons, which number has now increased to about 2,000. That is, the original fund has somewhat more than doubled the extent of its operations in three years' time. "It thus appears," says the *Times*, of a recent date, "that Sir Sidney Waterlow's Company, though working on commercial principles, has actually advanced more rapidly up to this moment, than Mr. Peabody's Trust, representing a pure benefaction." This is easily to be explained by the nature of the operations pursued in the two cases. The Waterlow Company erects buildings with its funds, obtains loans from Government on the security of those buildings, and, with the money so borrowed, erects other buildings. The Peabody Trust, on the other hand, though especially ordered by its founder to be "reproductive and perpetual," extends itself only out of its own profits, and these profits, though sure, are of moderate extent. For instance, the returns of the original £150,000 trust, have been up to this time only £23,000, whereas the Waterlow Company are proposing at present to borrow more than double that sum on the security of property representing a capital of £100,000.

The Peabody Trust not being a commercial transaction, the trustees were not exposed to the temptation of seeking to obtain high rents and pay good dividends, without regard to what the tenants could afford to pay. Yet they took care that the dwellings should not be let rent-free. For, even supposing that Mr. Peabody had not expressed a wish that the Fund should be so applied as to render it reproductive, it was essential to the ultimate success of the scheme that a moderate or low rent should be charged for the accommodation provided; otherwise the benefaction would have been open to the objection that, while aiming to ameliorate the physical condition of the laboring poor, and to develop among them better moral sentiments and habits, it destroyed the vital principle itself of human advancement. When the feeling of independence gets extinguished within a man, little else is left worth preserving; and nothing tends more to bring about this result than the continual receipt of *alms* and pauper doles. Mr. Peabody's trustees, much to the dissatisfaction of a number of people, have avoided such a catastrophe by demanding fair payment for the accommodation they have provided.

In fixing the *amount* of rent, the trustees were influenced by two considerations besides the fundamental one just adverted to. In the first place, they felt it incumbent on them "to charge for each room such a moderate percentage on the actual cost of the houses, as would bring in a reasonable annual income to the general Fund. In the second place, they were desirous, without coming into undue competition with the owners of house-property less favorably circumstanced, to demonstrate to its proprietors the practicability of rendering the dwellings of the laboring poor healthful, cheerful, and attractive; and at the same time securing to the landlords a fair return for their investments."

From the Report for 1865, it appears that, on an average, the weekly charge in London for a single room is from 2s. 6d. to 3s.; for two rooms (perhaps low, damp kitchens), 5s. to 5s. 6d.; and for three rooms, 6s. 6d. to 7s. In the Peabody Buildings, the rent per week for one room is 2s. 6d.; for two rooms, 4s.; and for three rooms, 5s. But, as the secretary truly says, the test of rent affords no adequate standard by which to contrast the squalor and discomfort of a tenement in one of the fetid alleys of the metropolis, with the light, airy, and agreeable apartments of the Peabody Buildings.

Undue interference with the tenants, so commonly complained of in organizations of this kind, is carefully avoided by the managers of the Peabody Trust. Much wisdom is, however, needed on the part of the secretary, in his inquiries whether candidates possess the sole

qualification mentioned by Mr. Peabody—"an ascertained condition of life, such as brings the individual within the description of the poor of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society." When this point has been satisfactorily ascertained, and the individual is established in his new home, he finds himself as free from interference as in his former dwelling. "It has been the study of the trustees to impose no restriction on the entire freedom of action of any tenant, so far as is consistent with the comfort and convenience of all; there are no rules which interfere in the slightest degree with their privacy or independence; all have uninterrupted ingress and egress at all hours; are as fully masters of their houses, and can live in as much seclusion and retirement, as if dwelling in any other building in the adjacent streets." The truth of all this is amply verified by the expressed satisfaction of the tenants themselves, and by the fact that they show no disposition to change their abodes.

With reference to the question specially disputed in England—the class of persons by whom the advantages are enjoyed—something has already been said. As is well known, the buildings were claimed as almshouses for the destitute, and the trustees were accused of letting them, in opposition to the intentions of the donor, to people who were neither helpless nor necessitous. One is curious to learn how such accusers came to know, better than his trustees, the intentions of Mr. Peabody; and what ground they have for supposing that Mr. Peabody meant to pauperize the population of London, by supplying them with gratuitous lodgings. The earlier statements of the trustees sufficiently show that the benefits of the donation are not reaped by a more well-to-do class than was intended. But, if any doubt on this point still lingers in the minds of some, it will surely be dispelled by the recently-published Report for last year.

"The total population," says the Report, "of all the buildings now completed by the trustees, is 1,971. These compose the families of working-men, the nature of whose employments is as follows:—"

Bakers	7	Machinist	1
Beadle of a market	1	Mariners	19
Belt-maker	1	Masons	8
Boiler-makers	3	Messengers	11
Blacksmiths	22	Milk-carrier	1
Brewer	1	Millwright	1
Brewer's Draymen	2	Painters	7
Bricklayers	3	Park-keepers	3
Brush-makers	2	Plumber	1
Cab-drivers	3	Pollicemen	17
Candle-maker	1	Porters	62
Carmen	15	Recruiting-sergeants	2
Carpenters	7	Riggers	3
Charwomen	22	Rope-makers	4
Commissionnaires	2	Sail-makers	2
Compositors	6	Ship-keepers	2
Cook	1	Ship-scraper	1
Coopers	5	Shipwrights	6
Cork-cutters	3	Shoemakers	21
Draymen	3	Shopmen	4
Dressmakers and Needlewomen	18	Staymaker	1
Engine-drivers	2	Stevadores	3
Engine-turners	3	Tailors	9
French Pollisher	1	Tide-waiters	3
Gas-meter-maker	1	Timekeepers	2
Glass-cutters	2	Tinplate-worker	1
Harness-maker	1	Umbrella-maker	1
Joiners	1	Upholsterer	1
Laborers	132	Watchmakers	7
Laundresses	2	Watchmen	3
Lightermen	3	Window-blind-maker	1
Letter-carriers	10		

The average wages earned by these working-men are rather under twenty-one shillings a week. A few earn something more, and many less, according to the nature and permanence of their employment. And it is worthy of note that 132 heads of families are set down as actual laborers.

Perhaps it is yet too early to expect to see many beneficial effects of Mr. Peabody's gift, at least in any degree commensurate with the outlay. Airy dwellings, even though furnished with every comfort conducive to health, can hardly be expected, in the course of a year or two, to remove the mischievous effects of many years spent in some malarious slum: and moral sentiments and habits, checked in the bud, blunted, or perverted, by contact during a lifetime with squalor, wretchedness, and vice of every sort, will not grow up in all their completeness and beauty immediately on people's removal to more favored habitations. But those who do not look for almost instan-

taneous changes in physical well-being and moral sentiments and conduct, will be highly gratified with such improvement as is already manifested.

Respecting the salubrity of the dwellings the successive Reports speak very encouragingly. Coming to the Report for 1866, when the number of tenants, and the duration of their occupancy, had reached a stage at which conclusions of some value could be drawn, we read: "The sanitary condition of the buildings continues highly satisfactory. During the recent unhealthy season, when cholera and other prevalent diseases infested the vicinity of the buildings, both at Spitalfields and Islington, one case of cholera in the former only occurred, and its contraction and fatal determination were mainly ascribable to imprudence and neglect on the part of the patient. Including this case, the whole number of adult deaths has been but seven in a population of nearly nine hundred. Of these, three died of consumption, and two from old age and general infirmity. The mortality among children has unfortunately been greater, amounting to twenty-three; but nearly all these deaths occurred among families newly admitted, and most of which had previously resided in crowded and unhealthy localities." Subsequent annual statements are equally gratifying. There is "an entire exemption from endemic diseases, and from those complaints incident to low and crowded localities."

No less pleasing is the account given of the contentment, moral conduct, and orderly habits of the tenants. Speaking in December, 1865—nearly two years after the first of the buildings had been opened—the secretary says: "Habitual drunkenness is unknown, and intoxication unfrequent, and where the latter does occur to the annoyance of others it is judiciously dealt with, by giving notice to the offender that, in the event of its recurrence, he must prepare to leave. There has been but one person removed for quarrelling and disturbing the peace; and one expelled for non-payment of rent. These exceptions, out of a community consisting of 880 persons, speak strongly for the self-respect and moral principles by which they are influenced." Again, in the report published two years later, we read that, "independently of the direct economic advantages derivable from the application of Mr. Peabody's bounty, satisfactory evidence of its social effects becomes every day more apparent—in the peaceful deportment of the tenants, the improved order within their apartments, and the disappearance of excess of all kinds. The healthy aspect of the children, the neatness and tidiness of their dress, and their inoffensive happiness of play in the ample and secluded grounds, secure from evil street-intercourse, abundantly justify the belief that a beneficial influence is being exerted over the future of the working-classes by the signal improvement thus introduced into their dwellings and domestic habits." "The great privileges they now enjoy," says the Secretary, in his latest statement, "have already produced a salutary effect, not only amongst the young, but perceptibly in the increased tidiness and cleanliness of the old."

Facts like these speak for themselves, and require no comment. They must be pleasing to every one who has the interests of the working-classes at heart, while to Mr. Peabody himself they cannot fail to afford peculiar gratification. They open up the prospect of a condition in the not distant future of the industrious poor of London, which legislators and social-science reformers have long seen to be eminently desirable, but which they have hitherto failed to devise the means of reaching. And possessing as the scheme does the essential conditions, not only of permanency, but of continual expansion, it is impossible to see the end of the physical and moral improvement so auspiciously begun.

We have now traced the progress of Mr. Peabody's munificent gift of £150,000, from its announcement in 1862 down to the present time; and, in doing so, we have avoided any reference to his subsequent donations for the same benevolent purposes. Our reason for this reticence is, that we wish it to be clearly understood that all the results up to this time achieved by the trustees, and which it has been the aim of the foregoing pages to communicate, have been effected *solely* by means of the first donation of £150,000.

As is well known, Mr. Peabody has given the world fresh cause for admiration and surprise by two additional benefactions of £100,000 each; the one announced in January, 1866; the other, in December, 1868; and both together forming what is called the "Second Trust."

The following is the letter in which the donor made known to his trustees his intentions regarding the first instalment of this Second Trust:

LONDON, January 29, 1866.

GENTLEMEN: When I made a donation of £150,000 for the benefit of the poor of London, in March, 1862, it was my intention, if my life was spared until my retirement from business, and Providence continued me in prosperity, to place in your hands, as trustees of the charity, a further gift for the same object. That time has now arrived; but, before entering upon the subject of the second donation, allow me to say a few words relative to the course you have pursued with regard to the first. Your duties and responsibilities have been great, and the performance of the work undertaken, you must have been aware, would occasionally and inconveniently tax your valuable time; but, from high motives of benevolence and duty, you cheerfully accepted the trust, and I cannot but express my grateful thanks for your constant attendance at the meetings of the Board, and my gratification at the great success that has attended your labors.

With regard to this my second gift, it is my desire that in the appointment of future trustees the same rules may be continued as adopted for the first; and that the United States minister at the court of St. James for the time being shall always be one of them.

I now propose that, as soon as a deed can be prepared by your solicitor to fully and legally meet the views and directions which I shall state herein, to transfer into your names 5,000 fully paid-up shares of stock in the Hudson's Bay Company, of £20 each, amounting to £100,000, and representing one-twentieth part of that vast territory. It is my desire that all dividends, as they fall due and are collected, shall be at once invested in shares of the Company, until the market value of the capital and invested accrued dividends reaches the sum of £120,000, which, it is my impression, may be within two or three years; but should I be mistaken in this anticipation, and should the market value of the entire shares, including those acquired by the reinvestment of dividends, be less than £100,000 at the expiration of two years from this date, I will at that time either make up the deficiency or take the shares and pay for them £100,000 in cash, as the trustees may think best for the interest of the fund; and in the event of my death before that time, my executors will be duly authorized and directed to fulfil this engagement.

Should the shares be taken by me for £100,000, or sold to others at the limit stated above, I desire that the proceeds shall be invested in safe securities, including interest accruing on the same up to the 1st of July, 1869, when you or your successors will consider all restrictions regarding sales at an end.

The delay thus caused in appropriating this gift to the charity will, I think, act beneficially, by enabling you, first, to expend the £76,000 now remaining on hand of the former donation, thereby testing by further experience the wisdom of the course you have hitherto pursued. Taking the joint capital of the two gifts at a minimum of £250,000, it will form a fund the operation of which is intended to be progressive in its usefulness, as applied to the relief of the poor of London (so correctly defined in your recent report), without exclusion in consequence of religious belief or political bias. It will therefore act more powerfully in future generations than in the present; it is intended to endure forever. A century in the history of London is but a brief period comparatively with the life of man, and should your successors continue the management of the charity as you have begun it, it is my ardent hope and trust that within that period the annual receipts from rents for buildings of this improved class may present such a return that there may not be a poor working-man of blameless character in London who could not obtain comfortable and healthful lodgings for himself and his family at a cost within his means.

As your course with regard to the former gift of £150,000 is already defined in your trust-deed, I can only express my own views and wishes regarding the appropriation of the principal and income of this second donation, and leave to yourselves and your successors to manage it accordingly.

You are fully authorized to use any portion of the fund in building lodging-houses for the laboring poor, as expressed in my former letter; but, as before many years it is to be apprehended that desirable sites for such buildings may be difficult to obtain at moderate prices within the limits of the metropolis, in that event, it is my desire that my trustees for the time being may seek out and secure, at such rates as the state of the fund may warrant, such freehold sites, within ten miles of the present Royal Exchange, as may appear eligible, both on account of salubrity of position and proximity to the great centres of labor and railroad accommodation, due regard being had to the probable burden of taxation. It may also be desirable to obtain from railroad companies the most economical arrangements procurable for the conveyance of working-people at stated hours to and from London at such moderate fares as will come within their means.

Comfortable and convenient houses are to be erected upon those sites for the exclusive accommodation of the honest and industrious poor of London, under such regulations and on such terms and conditions as my trustees may direct, subject only to the guiding principles laid down in respect to my former donation.

As dwellings in such sites may in some instances be remote from schools and other facilities for instruction, the trustees shall be at liberty in such cases, should they consider it needful, to set apart space, adjacent to the building and suitable for school-houses for the children of the families holding tenements. But such schools must be so organized as carefully to exclude sectarian influences, and so conducted as to avoid denominational jealousy. With this view it is my desire that the course of education shall be exclusively of an elementary and literary character.

I would also suggest to my trustees that, for the mental improvement of the inmates, the school-rooms might, if they think desirable, be open some hours during the evening; and that books, periodicals, and newspapers, be provided for those who choose to attend, and that at certain seasons popular and scientific lectures might be introduced at a charge, if any, merely sufficient to defray necessary expenses.

As some of these dwellings will probably be at inconvenient distances from good markets, I would also suggest to my trustees to consider the propriety, in localities where it may seem to be required, of providing within the build-

ings, or near to them, apartments in which the tenants may organize coöperative stores for supplying themselves with coal and other necessary articles for their own consumption, subject to such regulations as, in the judgment of my trustees, may be needful.

I also beg to suggest and recommend to you and to your successors in the management of this trust, that in the month of February in every year after 1866, a report of the progress in buildings (if any should be commenced), with an account of receipts and expenditures, with the various items attending the management of the fund, be prepared and published in the London newspapers. I would add my wish that in like manner, as trustees of my former gift, you should continue once in every year to lay a similar report before the public.

It having occurred to me that for good reasons my trustees may wish, at a comparatively early period, to change some part or parts of the deed which is to be prepared for the management of this fund, I therefore hereby authorize them to do so at any time during my life, conformably to a resolution passed unanimously by their Board and approved by me.

In conclusion, looking to the object of this donation and to the large development in coming years of an arrangement designed to promote the physical, moral, and social welfare of the deserving poor of the metropolis, I entertain a strong and earnest hope that the project will so commend itself to the sympathies and judgment of the inhabitants of London, as to insure on their part that interest and coöperation which will secure to future generations of the poor those comforts which, with the blessing of Providence, it is my object to bestow upon them.

With great respect and regard, I am,

Your humble servant,

GEORGE PEABODY.

To His Excellency CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS,

United States Minister.

"The Right Honorable LORD STANLEY, M. P.,

"Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT,

"CURTIS M. LAMPSON, Esq.,

"JULIUS S. MORGAN, Esq.,

Trustees of the Peabody
Donation Fund.

Toward the close of last year Mr. Peabody intimated to his trustees his intention of increasing this second Trust by an additional £100,000:

LONDON, December 5, 1868.

MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN: I beg to acquaint you who have so kindly undertaken the management of the fund set apart under my second deed of gift of the 19th of April, 1866, for the benefit of the poor of London and its vicinity, that, in pursuance of an intention which I have entertained since the creation of that fund, I am desirous now of adding to it a further sum of one hundred thousand pounds.

In contemplation of this, I purchased, about a year ago, a tract of freehold building-land of about fifteen acres in extent, at Brixton, near the City of London School, easily accessible, and within a few minutes' walk of frequent trains to and from London. This land has increased in value, and can now be let on building leases of eighty years, at rents producing about eight per cent. per annum on the cost, which is £16,285, 17s. 3d. This land I propose to convey to you with the same powers as are conferred by the deed over the other property of this Trust, and with discretion to you either to deal with it as a source of income, by letting it, or any portion of it, on lease, or, should you deem it expedient, to retain it in your own hands as sites for dwellings to be erected by the Trust.

Pursuant to my letter of the 29th of January, 1866, I transferred to you, subject to a contingency therein explained, 5,000 shares in the Hudson's Bay Company, which accordingly stand in your names, together with 642 additional shares purchased by the reinvestment of the accruing income of the previous 5,000. These 5,642 shares I have since redeemed, conformably to the deed of the 19th of April, 1866, by the payment of £100,000 on the first of February last. I have now to acquaint you that it is my intention, so soon as the necessary deeds can be prepared, to hand the shares over to you, to be retained or dealt with according to your best judgment and discretion. The price of these shares shall be fixed on the 17th inst. by the stock exchange sales on that day, when I will hand to you a check for the balance, to make the gift a cash value of £100,000.

This amount will increase my former donation of the second Trust to £200,000, and, including my gift under the first Trust in March, 1862, of £150,000, a total of £350,000.

I trust you will see manifested in this further donation, an expression of my entire satisfaction with the manner in which you have conducted the affairs of the Trust.

I am, with great respect,

Your humble servant,

GEORGE PEABODY.

The Right Honorable LORD STANLEY, M. P., *Chairman.*

His Excellency REVERDY JOHNSON, *United States Minister.*

Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, *Bart.*

Sir CURTIS M. LAMPSON, *Bart.*

J. S. MORGAN, *Esquire.*

As already stated, up to the end of last year, nothing had yet been done with the £200,000 constituting the Second Trust. The purposes of the donor are sufficiently indicated in his letters, and need no further mention. What has been already said will be deemed enough to enlist the sympathies and intelligent admiration of all who, like Mr. Peabody, have the well-being of their fellow-men at heart.

SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWES.

V.

May 6th.

MR. POWERS was led to-day to speak of his religious views. He began with the question of fatalism, which he had found some practical illustrations of in his earlier life.

There was an old man, he said, with whom I was acquainted, who used to maintain the irresistibility of circumstances, and the irresponsibility of human character. His son, a youth of seventeen, was the doorkeeper at our museum, and, after he had been with us a while, we had reason to suspect him of appropriating some portion of the receipts to his own use. By a system of close watching, we detected his thievery, and charged him with it so circumstantially that he made a full confession. But he added: "I could not help it, and father says some people can't resist such temptations."—"Well, then," I said, "I must go and tell your father that he has a son who can't help stealing." He fell on his knees in terror, and pleaded that his father should not be told of his crime. "He'll certainly kill me," he said, "if he hears of it." We had compassion on the lad, and, after a serious schooling, dismissed him from our service, but without exposing him. I suppose his father, who was as sharp as he was wrongheaded, would have beaten his son for what he would have owned he could not help, and then excused himself by saying that he could not help beating him. Ah! every man knows in himself better than this. The sense of accountableness and the feeling of a free, responsible will are too deeply rooted in our consciousness to be really much affected by metaphysical reasonings. Sir William Herschel and old Abernethy used to argue together about the existence of a soul independently of the body, Abernethy maintaining stoutly that he had diligently searched for such a thing in his surgical operations, but never could get his knife upon it. Herschel at last, convinced of the uselessness of arguing with the eccentric materialist, told him, "Well, doctor, perhaps it may be that you haven't got a soul—I've often doubted it—but I know, at the least, that I have one."

I used to be much troubled by the responsibility of giving advice; but, since I learned to seek the divine direction, I try to feel that the Holy Spirit is with me in my humbler hours. I give it, not at all sure that it is divinely guided, but hoping that it is, and at least with a greatly-relieved sense of personal anxiety. We must not, however, throw our errors of judgment, or careless thinkings, or poor experience, off upon the Holy One, as if He were responsible for our weaknesses and ignorance. There is a great deal too much of this in the so-called religious world. Under the name of humility, people often lay sins on their Saviour, which God will not fail to hold them personally accountable for. Whatever is matter of wilful sin we shall surely answer for, and no theological hocus-pocus can so sophisticate the human conscience that at the bottom it does not know and feel that it is so. Yet theological errors, no doubt, help to blind human souls to their responsibility.

I had no religious education when I was a boy. My father was an upright and honest man, and taught us to do right. My mother was a Universalist, a woman of strength and excellence, and able to defend her views, and somewhat disposed to do it; but my father never talked on the subject. For some reason, my mother did not inculcate any special religious opinions or duties upon me. When I first got out into the world, and heard the current preaching, it seemed almost an insult to my intelligence. I resented it as an offence to reason and conscience. It produced such an effect upon me, that, although always morally alive, I thought I had no religion, and certainly felt as if I did not desire to have any of the kind that was most popular. I recollect that the Trinity, in its scholastic form,

and as the orthodox creeds taught it, seemed to me wholly incredible, contradictory, and absurd. It was not till I came across Swedenborg's writings, that my mind opened to the truth and claims of Christianity. There I found the Trinity set forth in a reasonable and credible way, as the several manifestations of the divine wisdom, goodness, and power.

The universe seems full of illustrations of spiritual truth, and the sun, the greatest and most mysterious of all material objects, seems the most worthy and natural likeness or symbol of God. Are not its functions, considered separately and unitedly, a perfect illustration of the constitution and several operations of the Godhead, so far as we can hope, with our limited faculties, to understand it?

Heat and light, considered in their separate offices, represent—the first, power; and the second, organization, or wisdom; while in their joint operation they produce effects and bear fruits which represent *love*. Heat is power. It is the source of all motion, clearly enough proved by the stillness and rest which even the partial withdrawal of the sun's heat produces in winter. Light seems to organize and guide, or to light, matter to its place. The potatoes in my father's cellar used to sprout as soon as the spring heat came; but they came out white as snow, and put forth no leaf, until they had groped their way to the only window; but, the moment the light fell on them, they burst into leaf and greenness. But neither light alone, nor heat alone, is adequate to any perfect vegetable growth, or animal, either. And it is not a united effect, but a combined one—not a mechanical, but a chemical, union—that is needed. Light and heat, and the actinic force of their united qualities, which is a third element, produce vegetable nature. Heat represents the paternal, light the filial element in the Deity, and their union the Holy Spirit.

The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, are eternal distinctions in the Deity, as, indeed, all things—past, present, and future—are eternal in Him, the future and the past being both alike with God. It is only because things *happen to us in time* that we are confused, ascribing to the eternal God our human limitations. Jesus Christ, considered *in time*, is God condescending to us in a human form and nature; the eternal fact is, that from all eternity this condescension existed in the divine purpose and character, so that Christ is the eternal Son. God's condescension to our humanity, which had wandered so far from its innocency as to have lost the power of retracing its steps and discovering anew its lost Father, was manifested in coming to us in a form level to our nature, and intelligible even to ignorant and sinful beings. I sometimes try to image a pigmy race, invisibly to the eye inhabiting the hollow of my thumb-nail, and to whom the rim of my thumb-nail is their whole horizon. By the highest microscopic power, suppose that I can discern these little creatures, and perceive a dim intelligence and some moral qualities and aptitudes for goodness in them; but I see that they are running against and injuring each other, and have a thousand bad and discouraging ways, and that they are making no progress, but rather going backward. I wish to communicate with them, but fear to speak, lest my voice should shake them out of existence. I cannot lay a finger upon them, from dread of crushing them. At length, I think if I could only send them a pigmy in their own shape, but with my own ideas and feelings, to communicate with them in their own tongue, and with reference to their customs and habits, I might open relations with them, and be able to impart invaluable light and truth and knowledge of their benefactor.

In some such relation human souls stood to God when He sent His Son to make Himself known.

Does Jesus Christ supersede the Heavenly Father, I asked, in your system of theology?

Certainly not, said Mr. Powers. We recognize the unknown and unfathomable in God—that part of Him which cannot be revealed, but which is the fountain-head of life, and altogether

adorable. But we worship Christ as the *revealed* God. Jesus said, "Come unto *Me*, and I will give you rest." He did not direct us to overlook or pass by Him, and carry our petitions farther, and so we offer them to God in His Son Jesus Christ, who is the Divine Man.

Our conversation, as I wished no controversy, and could not here agree with Mr. Powers, then shifted to other subjects.

Have you seen Rauch's works? I asked.

Several, he said, at the quarries, sent to be put into marble; and lovely and beautiful things they were. He could not, with his gentle nature, make any thing stern or heroic. His "Victory" even was as mild as a dove, but so graceful and lovely! Rauch came to see me when he was about eighty years old, perhaps the finest-looking old man I ever met. He introduced himself with great simplicity, and looked about with kind eyes. We artists do not praise each other in very strong terms. It hardly seems in good taste, and too often excites the suspicion of the *quid pro quo*. I praise your dog, that you may praise my cat. But I gave him to understand that I *liked* his "Victory," and whatever few things of his I had seen. He finally, with some evident reluctance, inquired if I had any objections to show him a new tool I had invented, of which he had heard great things. "Certainly not," I said. It had always been open to the inspection of my professional friends, and I had given many away. He took one of my new files in his hand, and, picking up a piece of plaster, commenced cutting. He soon paused, and, with a melancholy yet pleased look, said: "Ah! I'm thinking how many hours of hard work and precious time would have been saved me, if I could have known of this thirty years ago."

The expansion of moulds, said Mr. Powers, is very unequal and leaves a great many defects in the best castings, which must be reduced and corrected by scraping and filing. But plaster is a very intractable material; it is almost impossible, by any of the old methods, to get back the soft surface of the original clay. The file fills and clogs, and the labor is wearisome and disappointing. In my punctured and open file, where, with perfect regularity of holes, there is an edge, or bite, on one side of each hole, so that it cuts only one way, the plaster passes easily through the holes, and leaves the instrument clear. It is capable of being made of any degree of coarseness or fineness, and is applicable to the metals, specially copper, as well as to plaster. The saving of labor is immense. I patented it, but have never used the patent-right. I think it would be a fortune, properly pushed; but I have had no time to utilize it, except in the way of my art.

To return to Rauch, he had the devotion and true spirit of an artist. He thirsted for perfection, and gave all the time necessary to make his individual works the best in his power. He would have scorned putting his models into foreign hands to be worked into marble away from his own direction and oversight. Think of Phidias sending over for a ship-load of stone-cutters from Alexandria, to work out the frieze of the Parthenon! Lord Elgin would never have thought it worth his while to steal it. When they were contracting for the decorations of the Capitol at Washington, they asked me to put in my proposals and designs for one end of the new building. But I declined. I had no time to make designs which might be rejected by incompetent judges. If I had reputation enough to be employed, in reliance on my taste and skill, very well; if not, I preferred to wait till I had. Another serious objection was, that it was proposed to receive the models and execute them at Washington. This I could never consent to. True, it was not made a condition; but it was suggested that it would be cheaper. Now, I had no notion of having a hand, for whose anatomy I was responsible, shaped to accommodate a stone-cutter's convenience, or to cover up his unlucky slips. If he broke off a finger, I was not prepared to have him steal

a new one out of the palm, and make me responsible for the anatomy.

Have you seen Schwanthaler's works? I inquired.

No; and I don't want to. It is enough for me to learn that it was boasted of him that "in twenty years he had made three hundred statues and innumerable busts." This is pure manufacturing. There could possibly be no real excellence in such mechanical productiveness. I never heard of any work of his attaining general or critical reputation. Can you name one? The statue of Bavaria is, of course, celebrated—for its size; but have you seen any thing from his chisel that you remember?

I had noticed a certain shelf in his outer room, containing a few busts over which the word "Delinquents" was chalked. This is the pillory into which Mr. Powers puts those who, being able to pay, fail, after due and patient applications and warnings, to settle their accounts with him for his hardly-earned labor and painfully-acquired skill. He said he caught the idea from a story related to him by "the custodian of gems," of a certain artist, long ago, who, having made a faithful bust of a sitter, found his work declined on account of its ugliness, the subject refusing to believe it was a good likeness. "Very well," said the artist; "you deny the likeness and refuse to take the bust, and I accept your excuse." He, accordingly, set up the bust in his studio, surrounded by a small card-paper prison, gloomily painted over, on which was inscribed, "For debt." The portrait was so unmistakable that everybody in town recognized it, and flocked to the artist's studio to enjoy his ingenious revenge. Soon the subject came, passionately complaining of the ridicule to which he had been subjected. "You, sir?" said the sculptor. "Who knows this ugly bust to be yours? There is no name upon it, and you have utterly denied its resemblance. It is my work, and I have a right to do as I will with it."—"Oh! but I will pay you the price, and take it away."—"But it has become so valuable to me by attracting the public, that I cannot part with it for less than twice my original charge."—"Well, I will take it at that price." And so the sculptor's debtor got himself out of prison at last.

Mr. Powers observed that he was obliged to make his busts in the clay look much harder than was natural, for fear of their appearing too soft in the marble. In the clay, the shadows are all solid; in the marble, semitransparent, as they are in the flesh.

Good statuary marble is dear and scarce, even in places where the mountains abound in excellent building marble. It is only now and then that a vein is found of the purity and uniformity of color required; and of every three blocks, equally promising in appearance, the purchaser must expect to lose one by the discovery of some flaw, as his work advances—fortunate if it appears before a great amount of labor has been expended on it. He had, only a short time since, in finishing a highly-wrought bust, come upon an air-cell, not bigger than a small pin-head, but directly under the nose, which compelled the abandonment of the head. It would have given the effect of a dirty nose, to mend it ever so nicely. That very morning, a blow of a little too much percussive force, from a workman usually very careful, had broken the neck of a bust directly off. Fortunately, it was only blocked out, and the loss was not above fifty dollars.

Mr. Powers has two ideal busts of Faith and Hope, and he asked me whether I thought the apostle had named the Christian graces in the direct or inverse order of their importance. He had clearly put Charity last, and declared it greatest. But did he mean to put Hope after Faith, as being greater than Faith, and nearer to Charity? He thought not. To him, Hope was a less-assured state than Faith, as Faith was less complete than Love. They were evidently own sisters, and an inseparable triad. But, if precedence must be arranged, he should venture to change the apostolic order—Faith, Hope, Charity—

and put Hope, Faith, Charity. Hope was the bud, Faith the flower, Charity the fruit; and so he had tried to make his heads—Hope, cheerfully expectant, but not in possession; Faith, calmly assured, more rapt and exalted, having attained; Charity should be the diffusion of what Faith has acquired, and her figure would be still different.

Here, said Mr. Powers, is a study for a head that nobody can make; and he pointed to a highly-finished and exquisite head of the Christ, just from his hands.

I asked him if the Greek Slave had not been the most successful of his statues. Yes, the most successful with the public, but not the most successful as an artistic or scientific work. I made it twenty-one years ago, and I have made six copies of it, with slight changes in the chain, since. He remarked of his *Penseroso*, just before us, that Milton evidently fancied that his idea would take form in marble, and he quoted the lines—

"With looks commercing with the skies,
Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes,
She seemed as into marble turned."

His Eve appears to be a favorite with him. He has now a statue which he calls *The Last of the Tribes*—a young squaw in flight—imaging the swift disappearance of the Indian race. Although the lower limbs are yet wholly unfinished, there is a beauty in the head and a motion in the upper part of the body of this figure, which, if the legs keep up fully, will make it perhaps the best and most attractive of Mr. Powers's works. I suppose we shall have to wait a couple of years for it, as I find a year about the length of time it takes to get a statue, after the model is complete, out of the marble.

"SPONTANEOUS GENERATION."

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

II.

IN my former communication I stated what I do not believe, in respect to so-called "Spontaneous Generation;" let me now pass to what I do believe. Granting that the formation of organic matter, and the evolution of life in its lowest forms, may go on under existing cosmical conditions; but believing it more likely that the formation of such matter and such forms took place at a time when the heat of the earth's surface was falling through those ranges of temperature at which the higher organic compounds are unstable; I conceive that the moulding of such organic matter into the simplest types must have commenced with portions of protoplasm more minute, more indefinite, and more inconstant in their characters, than the lowest Rhizopods—less distinguishable from a mere fragment of albumen than even the *Protogenes* of Professor Haeckel. The evolution of specific shapes must, like all other organic evolution, have resulted from the actions and reactions between such incipient types and their environments, and the continued survival of those which happened to have specialties best fitted to the specialties of their environments. To reach by this process the comparatively well-specialized forms of ordinary *Infusoria* must, I conceive, have taken an enormous period of time.

To prevent, as far as may be, future misapprehension, let me elaborate this conception so as to meet the particular objections raised. The *North American* reviewer takes for granted that a "first organism" must be assumed by me, as it is by himself. But the conception of a "first organism," in any thing like the current sense of the words, is wholly at variance with conception of evolution; and scarcely less at variance with the facts revealed by the microscope. The lowest living things are not, properly speaking, organisms at all; for they have no distinctions of parts—no traces of organization. It is almost a misuse of language to call them "forms" of life: not only are

their outlines, when distinguishable, too unspecific for description, but they change from moment to moment, and are never twice alike, either in two individuals or in the same individual.

Even the word "type" is applicable in but a loose way; for there is little constancy in their generic characters: according as the surrounding conditions determine, they undergo transformations now of one kind and now of another. And the vagueness, the inconstancy, the want of appreciable structure, displayed by the simplest of living things as we now see them, are characters (or absences of characters) which, on the hypothesis of Evolution, must have been still more decided when, as at first, no "forms," no "types," no "specific shapes," had been moulded. That "absolute commencement of organic life on the globe," which, the reviewer says, I "cannot evade the admission of," I distinctly deny. The affirmation of universal evolution is in itself the negation of an "absolute commencement" of any thing. Construed in terms of evolution, every kind of being is conceived as a product of modifications wrought by insensible gradations on a pre-existing kind of being; and this holds as fully of the supposed "commencement of organic life" as of all subsequent developments of organic life. It is no more needful to suppose an "absolute commencement of organic life," or a "first organism," than it is needful to suppose an absolute commencement of social life and a first social organism. The assumption of such a necessity in this last case, made by early speculators, with their theories of "social contracts" and the like, is disproved by the facts; and the facts, so far as they are ascertained, disprove the assumption of such a necessity in the first case.

That organic matter was not produced all at once, but was reached through steps, we are well warranted in believing by the experiences of chemists. Organic matters are produced in the laboratory by what we may literally call *artificial evolution*. Chemists find themselves unable to form these complex combinations directly from their elements; but they succeed in forming them indirectly, by successive modifications of simpler combinations. In some binary compound, one element of which is present in several equivalents, a change is made by substituting for one of these equivalents an equivalent of some other element; so producing a ternary compound. Then another of the equivalents is replaced, and so on. For instance, beginning with ammonia, NH_3 , a higher form is obtained by replacing one of the atoms of hydrogen by an atom of methyl, so producing methyl-amine, $N(C_2H_5)_2$; and then, under the further action of methyl, ending in a further substitution, there is reached the still more compound substance dimethyl-amine, $N(C_2H_5)_2(C_2H_5)H$. And in this manner highly complex substances are eventually built up.

The progress toward higher types of organic molecules is effected by modifications upon modifications; as throughout Evolution in general. Each of these modifications is a change of the molecule into equilibrium with its environment—an adaptation, as it were, to new surrounding conditions to which it is subjected; as throughout Evolution in general. Larger, or more integrated, aggregates (for compound molecules are such) are successively generated; as throughout Evolution in general. More complex or heterogeneous aggregates are so made to arise, one out of another; as throughout Evolution in general. A geometrically-increasing multitude of these larger and more complex aggregates so produced, at the same time results; as throughout Evolution in general. And it is by the action of the successively higher forms on one another, joined with the action of enviroining conditions, that the highest forms are reached; as throughout Evolution in general.

When we thus see the identity of method at the two extremes—when we see that the general laws of evolution, as they are exemplified in known organisms, have been unconsciously conformed to by chemists in the artificial evolution of organic matter; we can scarcely doubt that these laws were conformed to in the natural evolution of organic matter, and

afterward in the evolution of the simplest organic forms. In the early world, as in the modern laboratory, inferior types of organic substances, by their mutual actions under fit conditions, evolved the superior types of organic substances, ending in organizable protoplasm. And it can hardly be doubted that the shaping of organizable protoplasm, which is a substance modifiable in multitudinous ways with extreme facility, went on after the same manner.

As I learn from one of our first chemists, Prof. Frankland, *protein* is capable of existing under probably a thousand isomeric forms; and, as may be shown, it is capable of forming, with itself and other elements, substances yet more intricate in composition, that are practically infinite in their varieties of kind. Exposed to those innumerable modifications of conditions which the earth's surface afforded, here in amount of light, there in amount of heat, and elsewhere in the mineral quality of its aqueous medium, this extremely changeable substance must have undergone now one, now another, of its countless metamorphoses. And to the mutual influences of its metamorphic forms under favoring conditions, we may ascribe the production of the still more composite, still more sensitive, still more variously-changeable portions of organic matter, which, in masses more minute and simpler than existing *Protozoa*, displayed actions verging little by little into those called vital—actions which protein itself exhibits in a certain degree, and which the lowest known living things exhibit only in a greater degree. Thus, setting out with inductions from the experiences of organic chemists at the one extreme, and with inductions from the observations of biologists at the other extreme, we are enabled deductively to bridge the interval—are enabled to conceive how organic compounds were evolved, and how, by a continuance of the process, the nascent life displayed in these became gradually more pronounced. And this it is which has to be explained, and which the alleged cases of "spontaneous generation" would not, were they substantiated, help us in the least to explain.

It is thus manifest, I think, that I have not fallen into the inconsistency alleged by the reviewer. Nevertheless, I admit that he was justified in inferring this inconsistency; and I take blame to myself for not having seen that the statement, as I have left it, is open to misconstruction.

ON THE SURVIVAL OF SAVAGE THOUGHT IN MODERN CIVILIZATION.

By E. B. TYLOR.

To turn now to another topic bearing on survival in culture: Modern games are often survivals of weightier matters, just as one of man's most important implements of war and livelihood survives as a toy in the tiny bows and arrows that children play with in the streets. There is one interesting group of sports, which there is some ground for treating as survivals; these are games of chance. We all know that, when halfpence are tossed or dice cast, no special physical action takes place more than when a stone is thrown to the ground. We know that betting on the turn-up of the coin or die is an appeal to chance, that is, to our own ignorance; not that the process of turning up is extraordinary, but that it is so difficult to follow that we cannot foresee its result. But we also know that this scientific view of chance is not that of early civilization. It was not thus that the South-Sea Islander looked on his divination by lots, that the African fetish-priest shuffled his bits of leather for omens, that the crowd prayed the gods with uplifted hands while the champions cast lots in Agamemnon's helm to learn who should go forth to do battle with Hector and help the well-greaved Greeks. The uncivilized man fancies that lots or dice are being adjusted in their fall with reference to the meaning he chooses to attach to it; and, especially, he imagines spiritual beings standing over the diviner or the gambler, shuffling the lots or turning up the dice to make them give certain answers. This view held on strongly into the middle ages, and one of the most remarkable movements of the seventeenth century was when Thomas

Gatker, the Puritan minister, attacked the supernatural theory of lots and games of chance in a treatise in small quarto.

The supernatural theory of lots is dying but not dead, for fortune-telling with cards, turning up texts for omens, and so forth, still survive largely in civilized Europe. How directly supernatural interpretation is, connected with gambling in the popular mind, we may judge from the people of Southern Europe, who expect their patron saints to help them to lucky numbers, or from the Lusitan peasant, who slyly hides his lottery-ticket under the cloth of the communion-table, that it may receive the blessing with the sacrament, and stand a better chance of a prize. Arts of divination and games of chance are identical in principle and in great measure in detail. The dice with which the Greek oracle and the African sorcerer give omens are not to be distinguished from gamblers' dice. Lots serve both purposes. The Chinese gambles by drawing lots, and also his market-places are crowded by professional diviners who draw lots for omens. The Chinese, however, with all their love for old customs, dislike being practically inconvenienced by them; so, when a Chinese makes up his mind what to do, he goes to a lot-drawer and takes an omen; but, if the omen is not what he wants, he will try again and again; at last, when he gets the omen he required, that he will act on. Again, playing-cards are used alike for games and for cartomancy, fortune-tellers preferring the very old-fashioned ones known as tarots, which are much more complicated than ours, and lend themselves to a greater variety of omens.

Now, the question is, Are games of chance in general survivals from serious divination? It is hard to settle a precedence between them on distinct evidence; but there are two cases where it is known which use came first. There is a well-known South-Sea Island art of divination by spinning a cocoa-nut; the persons interested sat in a circle, and the cocoa-nut was spun in the middle; the oracular answer was according to the person or place toward which the monkey-face of the fruit was directed when it stopped. Now, though the Samoan Islanders in Mr. Turner's time had left this off as a means of divination for discovering thieves, etc., they still kept it up as a game of forfeits. Again, there was a Greek art of divination, called *kottabos*, which consisted in flinging wine out of a cup into a metal basin some way off without spilling any, the thrower saying or thinking his mistress's name, and judging from the clear or dull splash of the wine what his fortune in love would be; but in time the magic passed out of the sport, and it became a mere game played for a prize. Now, the question is whether these two cases are typical. If so, we may consider games of chance as survivals from the corresponding processes of divination—that they are divination in sport made gambling in earnest. And it is so much a rule of survival that the sportive use of an art is derived from its serious use, that this hypothesis of the general origin of games of chance seems a plausible one.

Again, as to the superstitious practices which belong to peasant folk-lore, and which are really survivals from a low philosophy of religion, let us take one example. It is one of the principles of the lower animism that diseases are caused by spirits possessing or attacking the patient. It is another principle that spirits may embody themselves for a time in any material object; this is the main theory of fetishes and fetish-worship.* Thus the disease-spirits may be persuaded to come out of the patient, and get into some object prepared for them. To take an instance from the Siberian tribes whose table-moving I have mentioned: when a man is possessed with a demon, or, as we should say, when he is ill, it becomes the business of the priest to charm the spirit out into a doll, and so the patient gets well. Or the disease-spirits may be got into rags, or locks of hair, etc., and hung on trees. African sacred trees are hung all over with such objects, and such trees, with offerings for diseases, exist to this day within the limits of Great Britain. There are, probably, some here who can remember their nurses charming little diseases out of them into nails or knots, and so getting rid of them.

But to suppose the principles and rites of the religion of the lower

* It is well known that the Portuguese gave the name of *feticço*, "charm," to the bits of stone, bone, and other rubbish, worshipped by the negroes as receptacles of supernatural beings, and we adopted the word as *fetish*. But the word had really been English ages before in a different sense. Latin *factitius* became Portuguese *feticço* in the sense of magic art, but was also adopted from Norman-French into English as *fetys*, "well made," "neat." It occurs in the best-known quotation from Chaucer:

"And Frensch speke ful faire and fetysly," etc.

races to be only represented in that of the higher races by little surviving superstitions, would be an utterly one-sided view. Many most important thoughts and rites of religion—worship, prayer, sacrifice, penance, fasting—may be traced upward from the lower races more or less far into the faiths of the higher nations, modified and adapted in their course to fit more advanced culture and loftier creeds. This is too large a subject to be entered on now; but let us glance at an example or two from the ethnography of religious ceremony.

Ceremony is part of the gesture-language of mankind, and acts dramatically the ideas it signifies. For example, among the religious ideas of men, few lie deeper in history than the association of bodily cleansing with ceremonial or moral purity. By obvious metaphor, such words as clean or pure are applied to purification from guilt, ceremonial contamination, or moral sin. And what we thus express in words, the men of the lower culture began early to act in ceremony, purifying objects or persons by various imitative rites, especially by passing them through fire, or dipping them in, or sprinkling them with, water. If we look at the distribution of these rites of lustration among the races of the world, we shall find that their diversity of detail and purpose, to say nothing of other reasons, seems to forbid our considering them as all adopted from any single common source. Such ceremonies are either practical cleansings done ceremonially, or they are pure ceremonies; they have little to do with cleanly habits, and do not in the least prove that the people who practise them hold cleanliness to be next to godliness. Genghis Khan's Tartars, who had a conscientious objection to taking off their clothes, considered themselves sufficiently purified by passing through the fire, and the modern Persian is a striking example of the way in which ceremony may override reality. He will wash his eyes when they have been polluted by seeing an infidel; he will carry about a water-pot with a long spout for his ablutions; but he neglects the simplest sanitary rules, and obtains ceremonial purification by dipping in a disgusting little tank of water where a hundred people may have been before him.

The same thought seems to run through all the ceremonies of lustration; but the details differ extremely, and seem to have been in great measure developed independently, as a few typical examples will show. The Kafirs, who are not in the habit of washing on ordinary occasions, perform a ceremonial ablution after a funeral, as do the modern Hindoos. The Romans, returning from a funeral, were purified both by being passed over fire and being sprinkled with water, and the same double rite was observed in the annual lustration of the flocks at the Palilia. Among the aborigines of India and South-east Asia, when a child is born, the mother undergoes a ceremonial lustration, and it is then that among the Kols of Chota Nagpur the child is named. The New-Zealand ceremony of washing young children is highly remarkable. The baby is taken to the stream, and dipped or sprinkled by a native priest; the priest chants a list of names of its ancestors, and the one at which the child sneezes or cries is the name it is considered to choose for itself. The object of this ceremony seems to be the removal of the original *tapu* under which the child is born, which *tapu* may also be removed by another ceremony, a pretence of eating the child. The Lapps also named their children with a ceremonial washing in early times, and long kept up this native rite in private after their conversion to Christianity. And, again, the Jakuns of the Malay peninsula and the Aztecs of Mexico were remarkable for lustrating infants both with fire and water.

Another motive for ceremonial lustration is to drive out demons, as was done in classic and mediæval times, and as the Zend Avesta describes the driving out of the Drukhs Naçus by sprinkling with holy water, which drives it from limb to limb, till it escapes at the toes. It is needless to enter here into the ceremonial lustrations of the Jews, and their baptism of proselytes. The rite, which appears over so great a geographical range, and can be traced through so many stages of culture, appears within the limits of Christendom in the comparatively insignificant practice of aspersion with holy water, but especially holds its place almost throughout Christianity in the baptismal ceremony.

To take one last example from religious ceremony: we have but to think of sunrise and sunset to understand how early must have been the association in men's minds of the East with the source of light and warmth—life and happiness and glory; of the West with darkness and chill—death and decay. Where the sun goes to his daily

death at sunset, thitherward the soul departs to the other world. As the spirit of the dead Australian hovers for a while on earth, and goes at last toward the setting sun; as Fijian souls start for the judgment-seat from the Western Cape; as the Ojibway's shade follows a wide and beaten path westward, and, crossing the deep and rapid river, comes to the land abounding in game, and joins his rejoicing kindred in their lodge—so the Egyptian dead went West to the death-land of Amenti, and, among our Aryan forefathers, in Max Müller's words, "As the East was to the early thinkers the source of life, the West was to them Nirriti, the Exodus, the land of death."

Nothing could bring out more clearly the full significance of the West as the region of death than the details of the consecration of the pickaxe by the murderous Thugs of India, worshippers of Kali, the death-goddess. In her honor it is that the victims are murdered; to her is dedicated the pickaxe with which the graves of the slain are dug. On that dreadful implement no shadow of any living thing must fall; its consecrator sits facing the West to perform the fourfold washing and the sevenfold passing through the fire, and then, duly consecrated, it is placed on the ground, and the bystanders worship it with faces turned to the West.

On the other hand, the thought of the deities, as in the region of sunrise, is familiar to the savage mind in South America, as when the Jumanas turn the faces of their dead to the East, where dwell the two great deities, the Good and Bad Spirit; and so the Guarayos turn their corpses to the East, to go to the happy country of Tamoi, the grandfather, the ancient of heaven. In countries where sun-worship prevails, there prevails with it the rite of adjusting the temple, and turning the worshippers, to the East. One of the great ceremonial rites of the Apalaches was performed at sunrise, when the priest stood at the door of the temple-hut and adored the Eastern sun; the cave-temples of the Floridans opened eastward to receive the first rays of the luminary; in Mexico men turned to the East in prayer, and the kindred Nicaraguans declared the gods to be in the region of sunrise; in Peruvian sun-temples the doors looked east, so that at dawn the sun's rays fell on the golden disk, and the people saw and greeted their national deity. This is the rite which the prophet Ezekiel describes as he sees it in horror-stricken vision: "At the door of the temple of the Lord about five-and-twenty men, with their backs toward the temple of the Lord, and their faces toward the East, and they worshipped the sun toward the East." Predominant as sun-worship was in Aryan thought, what is more natural than that the Brahman should turn to the East, and that Vitruvius should give directions so elaborate for adjusting the temples and altars of the immortal gods by the same rule of East and West followed by church-builders now?

In speaking of the solar symbolism of east and west within Christianity, I do not mean such exceptional cases as that Christian sect which Leo I. describes in the fifth century, as stopping on a hill and bowing to the rising sun before entering the Basilica of St. Peter, which the pope says "comes partly from ignorance and partly from the spirit of paganism, and afflicts us extremely." I mean rather such ceremonies as the baptismal rite about the fourth century, which contrasts East and West with the utmost fulness of symbolism. Cyril of Jerusalem thus describes the scene: "Ye were first brought into the anteroom of the baptistery, and placed standing toward the west (the sunset), and then commanded to renounce Satan by stretching out your hands against him as if he were present . . . And why did ye stand toward the west? It was needful, for the sunset is the type of darkness, and he is darkness, and has his strength in darkness; therefore, symbolically looking to the west, ye renounce that dark and gloomy ruler." Then, turning round to the east, the catechumen took up his allegiance to his master, Christ. Thus, Jerome says: "In the mysteries we first renounce him who is in the west, and dies to us with our sins, and so, turning to the east, we make a compact with the Sun of Righteousness, and promise to be His servants." This perfect double rite of east and west is retained in the Eastern Church, and may be seen in Russia to this day. The partial ceremony of orientation of churches, and the practice of turning toward the east in worship, which quite naturally caused early Christians to be accused of being sun-worshippers, are common to both churches.

But it is quite curious to see how far the solar origin and meaning of this practice have been forgotten in modern times. If you ask the meaning you will often be told it has to do with turning toward Jerusalem, as if the church-builders in Normandy and England did not know east from southeast. The absurdity of the notion is shown by

the fact that the churches in Asia, on the other side of Jerusalem, turn east as religiously as they do in Europe. But how can any one expect to know the origin and meaning of ceremonies, or of any thing else, without knowing the ethnographic facts which show the history of their development. Those who would understand such things must do as the Patriarch of Constantinople himself recommended not long ago, they must have recourse to the "historical method."

In the beginning of his "Positive Philosophy," Auguste Comte incidentally lays down a maxim which all ethnographers may adopt as a standing rule. It is simply this remark, that "no conception whatever can be understood except through its history." The more we study civilization, the more clearly we shall see that the civilization of any age is not a new creation to meet the wants of that age, but that it is a result of past times, modified to meet new conditions of life and knowledge, yet showing in its cases of survival clear vestiges of the course of its development.

The attempt to understand advanced stages of knowledge, belief, art, or custom, without understanding their earlier stages, is not only ineffectual but misleading. To a certain extent people acknowledge this: that our forefathers, and the forefathers of the French and Germans, and those of the classic Greeks and Romans, were once barbaric tribes, is matter of mere commonplace, and it is not questioned that an acquaintance with their early condition is needed to see the meaning of the higher culture into which they rose. But we must go further than this. If, as it seems, the savage stands in somewhat the same relation to the barbarian that the barbarian does to the civilized man, it is needful that the student should gain the most thorough comprehension not only of barbarian, but also of savage life, in order that he may be able to trace up, from as primitive a state as possible, the phenomena of civilization, whether they have become greater and stronger in their after-development, or have lingered as obscure survivals. The moment such an attempt is made, its value becomes evident. To mention only English students, no one could read Mr. McLennan's researches in early law, Sir John Lubbock's comparisons of historic with pre-historic savages, Colonel Lane Fox's lectures on the development of weapons, and deny this.

Savages display thoughts and practices whose origin is comparatively intelligible; far more intelligible than in the modified state in which we have them as survivals at higher grades of culture. The notion of transferring a disease-spirit to a bit of stick is part and parcel of consistent savage philosophy, but, when it lingers among civilized men, it is an absurd superstition; the savage, in childlike good faith, turns toward the rising sun as toward a great and good living lord, whereas the rite is continued in barbaric religions with a less materialistic sense of worship, and passes at last into a new symbolism.

No apology is offered for the incongruous selection of topics which have been considered in the present discussion. Time made it so impossible to trace out the course of survival as a general whole, that examples were intentionally taken almost at random to show how, on point after point, through the vast range of modern thought, the savage has something to say, and even something of consequence. It is a very familiar thought that it may be a duty of civilized life, and certainly is its effect, to put an end to savagery in the world. The settler and the trader are hard at work, more or less humanely, in abolishing savagery. The missionary, in his noble efforts to civilize and Christianize the unhappy lingering savage races, tries to help them as best he may across the huge gulf that separates savage from civilized life. But perhaps it is not quite so familiar a thought that knowledge of savage life has actually gained in the course of its destruction. How ridiculously little the classic world knew or cared about savages, though they abounded in its outskirts! Our main knowledge of them is mediæval and modern, collected in the process of improving them off the face of the earth.

What savagery had to teach has been written, as it were, on Sibylline books, little cared for while they were plentifully offered, but which, now that there are but a few left, we are willing to buy for a price, and read with eager eyes. Much as we have lost of the details of the life of these modern representatives of pre-historic man, we are not quite too late. Through the vast range of human thought and art, the savage can give hints full of interest and value as to the origin and development and meaning of our own life; and the civilized man who goes to teach may, in many things, remain to learn.

SONNET.

HAST thou beheld a landscape dull and bare,
 On which at times a sullen gleam was shed
 From some shy sunbeam shifting overhead,
 That made the scene for one brief moment fair?
 Such is the light, so transient, flickering, rare,
 Which, from Fate's sullen heavens above me spread,
 Hath flushed the path my weary footsteps tread,
 And lent to darkness glimpses of sweet cheer:
 Alas! alas! that I, whose soul doth burn
 With such deep passion for a steadfast bliss,
 Must bend forever o'er Hope's burial-urn,
 And greet even Love with a half-mournful kiss!
 In sooth, what stern, malignant doom is this?
 Joy! gentle Ariel, ah, return! return!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

"EMIGRANTS CROSSING THE PLAINS."

IN ancient times, the original foundations of a city were esteemed too enormous for uninspired human labor; the work was therefore credited, by the poets of the times, to the gods. If a traveller in the "Homeric age" stopped his classic ox-cart in some prosperous town of the period—one containing a score or more of rudely-thatched huts, very much out of repair, and a stone building of moderately-huge proportions, denominated a temple—and inquired, "Who built this place?" an individual dressed in a long morning gown, with "a regulation sword" at his side, wearing on his head a Paris-green laurel-wreath (we get our details of this classic costume from the Italian opera of "Medea")—this individual, thus dressed, would walk into the middle of the road, and dramatically reply:

"Jupiter Olympus, great, majestic Jove, laid the foundations, and Mars and Vulcan fought for the honor of erecting its temples."

Matters of this sort have, in this age of practicality, changed, and we find that our modern founders of great cities are very commonplace persons, superficially viewed, who, abandoning the central points of settled communities, gather up their worldly goods, and, trusting in the strong arm of self-reliance, start for the broad plains of the great West, "squatting" on some wild tract of land, with their unaided hands erecting a home, and, without the slightest suspicion of the great work they are engaged in, lay the foundation, not of cities only, but of states and empires.

Poetry has never reached, in its sublimest flights, the simple reality of our country's material progress; for the dream, that a nation shall be born in a day, has been, with us, almost literally realized.

The wild wastes, that for untold centuries have been left to solitude, or have been only awakened from their silence by the howl of the wolf or the roar of the bison, are suddenly invaded. The wheels of the Western Emigrant's wagon break long lines into the virgin sward. His axe fells the mighty monarchs of the forest, and from their remains he builds a shelter for his wife and children. The aboriginal resents the intrusion upon what he supposes to be a domain given him by the "Great Spirit." The wild beasts intrude upon his chosen boundaries, and the pioneer, in the necessity of defending himself, rises to the grand character of a toiler of the soil and a heroic defender of his home; and then culminate, in the results of his work, what the ancients supposed were the rewards only of the labors of their gods.

Though an unconscious agent of providence, in pushing the "star of empire" on its onward way, rapidly as he may ad-

vance, he is overtaken by modern agencies of civilization that still envelop him in their ameliorating influences. His rude hut is scarcely completed, his garden-patch just begins to yield something to reward his patient toil, his wife and children are finding some little repose in the tiresome round of the severe domestic duties, when they turn a longing eye toward the distant horizon, which, like an impending doom, settles upon their distant homes and friends.

No mail-route has been thought of, no roads are yet built—and the realization of this fills them with despondency, as with mariners cast on some rock in a wide ocean.

Suddenly, there appear a busy throng, armed with axes, shovels, and picks, and accompanied by a train of well-arranged wagons. They are not emigrants, and not of the military—but they are the erectors of the telegraph. A few days only elapse, and the emigrant who has crossed the plains sends instantaneous word back to his distant friends, and communes with them with the facilities of neighborhood chat.

His surprise is scarcely abated, when his home is invaded by the builders of railways. An encampment, that springs up in a night, is found in the morning to be an established community, and the emigrant's potato-patch is magically turned into town lots, and the foundation of his stable is needed for the corner of the new court-house. Where he expected solitude, he finds bustle; where he thought only of lonely and desolate struggles, he has a crowd of sympathisers, a multitude of cheerful co-workers.

A few years pass away, and some old Indian agent of the Government stops at the Western Emigrant's home. He has not come on a jaded horse, now, wearied by miles of hard and dangerous travelling; he had the best room in "the silver palace night-cars." Looking around on what he sees with the profoundest astonishment, he turns to some idler near by and says—

This is strange, indeed! In the branch of yonder stream, I have witnessed a bloody fight with the savages. I have hunted buffalo in that plain, and built camp-fires, just where that church with the tall steeple stands, to keep off wolves and other varmints. "Who built this place?"

An individual, with a swarthy skin, dressed in homespun clothing, his head adorned with a slouched hat, stands on the gallery of the principal hotel, and, with a nasal twang of decided sound, and an impudent stare, as positive as the front of the hotel, says:

"I guess it was Peletah Doolittle, stranger."

"The Emigrants crossing the Plains" (so happily illustrated by the pencil of Darley, in the steel engraving accompanying this number of the JOURNAL), of a few years ago, are now the successful founders of cities and empires. The power of Jupiter, in the telegraph, of Vulcan, in "the iron horse," and of Mars, in the heroic defence of their new settlements, have been invoked; but the personators of these gods are American citizens, whose heaven-born intelligence sprang from the spirit of our free institutions.

TABLE-TALK.

WE are so often reminded that "the world moves," that we have come to regard it as a matter of course, and should be profoundly astonished if it stopped; but that an old university, bedded in the traditions of a thousand years, and bolted to the lowest rock of conservatism, is capable also of taking on motion, is a surprising as well as a refreshing fact. Those who are watching the various signs of movement will be glad to know that a sensible and significant thing, in the direction of progressive culture, has been done at Oxford. The "First Principles," and the "Principles of Biology," by Herbert Spencer, have been introduced as text-books into that university, and questions for examination-papers taken from them. We congratulate the able heads of the biological department of that institution on their sagacity and good sense in this proceeding. We

have long been of opinion that, for the highest educational uses, these works are unrivalled. They present a thoroughly-digested body of scientific truth, in accordance with a more perfect method than has ever before been realized. Organizing, as they do, the principles of the higher sciences in a logically-unified plan, and representing the latest phases of scientific thought, they bring the student into closer relation with the order of Nature than any other works yet produced. They have besides, for educational purposes, a superadded claim of great weight in the extraordinary clearness, precision, and force of the style in which they are written. They exemplify alike caution and boldness, accuracy of detail, and breadth of view. "I am of opinion," said the late Judge Arrington, of Chicago—one of the ablest and most scholarly men of his profession—"that Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles' is one of the greatest pieces of thinking that the ages have produced. Spencer is the Aristotle of modern thought." If, then, the object of education be really to bring out and discipline the mental powers, so as firmly to grasp and steadily to contemplate the large relations of things, why should not the solid masterpieces of the human intellect be employed for the purpose, instead of the thin, debilitated manuals got up by the professed digesters of popular science? Well, the English have got ahead of us in recognizing the educational value of these works, and they are entitled to the credit of it; but which of our American universities has got the wisdom to take the lead in this country.

— We find, no doubt, the keenest of our summer pleasures upon the water. Bathing, boating, and sailing, through all the wide reaches of our water-courses, along our superb rivers, upon our silvery lakes, in the bays and indentations of our shores, make up a scene of ceaseless and picturesque activity. And in these pleasures youth and beauty play a supreme part. Everywhere, in the "gay and golden weather," young lovers are "sailing the way the rivers run," and making tender songs together. In little, narrow, shaded streams we see them floating in the sunlight and in the shadow; under white sails, on broad lakes, they skim the laughing waves; and, either in the gentle ripple of the brook, in the flow and swell of the current, or restless beat and throb of the sea, the waters lull or delight with their tireless music—waters, indeed, that seem like pleasure itself; that glance, that flash, that leap, that play; that follow, that recede; that seem full of joy and glitter and beauty; that mirror sun and sky and stars; that hold and express an ineffable charm, which fascinates the fancy of men and the hearts of women. These are the waters in their charm; these the fascinations poets have sung of and personified in their sea-nymphs. But, side by side with this picture of beauty, is one of horror. Death ceaselessly conspires beneath these outward attractions; these charms are sirens which every year are the means of luring hundreds to destruction. The ceaseless succession of calamities that befall pleasure-seekers on our bays and rivers are indeed startling. They often fill whole towns with lamentation and grief; they cast a gloom upon our vacations; they render what otherwise is the most delightful and wholesome of our summer recreations, a shuddering terror. Daily somewhere do the bright waters prove treacherous, and engulf in their shining bosom the young, the beautiful, the hopeful, the happy. Every morning the journals have their records of these calamities. Often the victims are shining marks, and a throb of horror and of sympathy pulsates through the land. Only a few weeks ago we read of the death, by drowning, of a daughter of the famous Henry Giles. Last summer, among three drowned children of a New-England village, was the daughter of the Rev. Charles Beecher. These calamities, of course, are not greater than others; but we feel those more keenly that are associated with familiar names. Can nothing be done to avert these yearly calamities? If boating and sailing are to continue popular summer pastimes, then let our youth be instructed in the management of these tiny craft, and let pleasure-boats be built upon safer models. We believe it is not difficult so to construct small boats that they shall be almost secure against overturning. There is something frightful in the thought of young men and women crowded in a frail vessel, which a puff of wind or careless inattention may swamp, with little or no knowledge of its management—reckless and careless in that supreme confidence which youth, in its ignorance and its presumption, always possesses—the lives of all at the mercy of chance, or preserved solely by the fortunate conditions of wind and weather. The immense extent and range of our American waters ought to render the art of navigation a necessary part of general education. How to manage a horse and sail

a boat should be understood almost universally, not only by our young men, but by our young women too. If this were the case, we should not every summer find the columns of the newspapers teeming with accounts of accidents, most of which arise from either ignorance or heedlessness.

— Mr. G. Stahl Patterson discusses, with many excellent suggestions, the "Paradox of Spiritualism," in the last *Radical*. His view is, that it is ignorance of the laws of psychology that leads to the false inferences which make up the spiritualistic hypotheses. The spiritual method of interpreting mental operations places the error in a region of obscurity, where it cannot readily be corrected, and, once entered upon, there is no logical stopping-place. If it is possible for one idea to be spirit-suggested, why not all? and how discriminate? The testimony of unusual, out-of-the-way states of consciousness is absolutely worthless. No consciousness so vehemently asserts its claims to infallibility as that of the insane mind, none so sure as the madman that he is not in error. Abnormal states of consciousness cannot be reasoned with. Even if the person be aware of the existence of abnormal states, yet, if they *do* exist, they cannot be changed by reasoning. The abnormal conditions of mediumship are apt to be connected with bodily derangements more or less marked. They may be due to accident, or may be purposely brought on by excessive fasting. Some mediums have had to crucify themselves a little to reach the necessary condition of ecstasy. These unnatural conditions may go on getting worse, or they may be held in check by a healthier course of life. But, when the motive of the possibility that an idea may be due to spiritual intrusion is once admitted, there is no logical stopping-place, and hence, with a great many spiritualists, including some of the most intelligent, the human being in the flesh is little or nothing more than a passive instrument upon which spirits constantly play.

— We understand that the project so long talked of, and so long delayed, of an underground railroad, is not abandoned, but that measures have been taken to obtain a careful survey and full estimates preparatory to entering upon the accomplishment of the project. Why there has been so much hesitation about this plan, which at once cuts the knot of our difficulties in regard to city travel, we are at a loss to understand. The patience of our long-suffering citizens with our horse railroad and hack miseries is something astonishing. A movement has been started to introduce cabs, which will be hailed with devout thankfulness if they ever come, but they will be only at the best a mitigation of our evils. We want an underground railroad, running trains by steam from the Battery to Westchester, cheap, swift, frequent, and regular. We have been putting with an elevated railroad, and all sorts of untried projects have been broached; but the underground road is no experiment. It has been tried in London with perfect success in all respects. Trains running at high speed every two minutes from end to end of the town are adequate to the public wants, while the enterprise is a profitable investment, and its patronage, always large, is steadily increasing. There are none of the discomforts of crowding, which, in our city cars, amounts to actual torture, and the transit is quick, pleasant, and the charge lower. All these benefits would not fail to be experienced in a still higher degree by an underground railroad in New York, because the great pressure of travel is mainly in one direction. There may be special and formidable difficulties in the way of the construction in Manhattan Island, but they are not insurmountable to engineering enterprise, while the advantages to the city will be vast and permanent.

— In Powers's recollections of Andrew Jackson, so graphically related by Dr. Bellows, we are informed that Calhoun declared Old Hickory to be a good deal of an actor, and that his storms of rage were often assumed for effect. Mr. Verplanck relates an incident told him by Louis McLean which confirms Calhoun's hypothesis about the old general's bellowing fits. At a cabinet meeting on one occasion, when the policy of removing the public deposits from the United States Bank was under consideration, the general had worked himself up to the roaring point, and, standing in the middle of the floor, was bullying General Cass, who showed unmistakable symptoms of being scared. The tactics were so obvious to McLean, that he could not forbear a smile. This Jackson happened to see reflected in a mirror, and it so disconcerted him that he could not go on with his demonstration, and suddenly resumed a cool and more rational manner.

Literary Notes.

THE deep interest which all readers of French history have felt in the character of Madame Louise de France, daughter of Louis XV., gives to any authentic memoir of "*La bonne Princesse*" peculiar value, and a small volume recently published in England, condensed from a more extended work by a Carmelite nun, will find many deeply-interested readers, not only among the disciples of the Church of Rome, but also among Protestants of all sects. This biography is principally confined to the spiritual life of the princess, sketching her history with great brevity during her early years, and with only sufficient detail to show the influences which induced her to renounce the world for the seclusion of a cloister. From the time, however, that she entered the Carmelite convent of St. Denis to the moment when, as its prioress, under the name of Mother Térèse de St. Augustine, she peacefully went to her reward, the narrative is an exposition of a holy, happy life; one which no one can contemplate without feelings of the deepest reverence. It is a picture of the most complete renunciation of the world and of self-abasement; a record of gentleness, truth, and piety; and a lasting testimony to the possibility and propriety of the coexistence of religious devotion and fervor with warm and unrepressed natural affection. Her letters, her prayers, and all the autographic indices to her thoughts and feelings, are overflowing with humility and holy aspirations, and, in every line, attest her title to the love and veneration with which she was regarded. She lived the life her devout spirit craved, and, in her happy death, her constant prayers were granted.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's new book, "*He Knew He Was Right*," has received an unusually full notice in the *Spectator*, in which the writer evidently intends to observe the strictest impartiality. The book is characterized as being upon a more than usually painful subject, worked out with less than the author's usual evenness of hand, yet containing many strokes of great power. The best and the worst points in the work are cited against each other, and the result summed up as follows: "On the whole, we should say that, while '*He Knew He Was Right*' contains some of Mr. Trollope's most powerful writing—passing beyond the sphere in which he usually excels—the latter part of the story drags on quite beneath the level of his ordinary execution, while the moral of it is distorted as we have rarely known any moral of Mr. Trollope's to be distorted before."

"Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers" is the title of a small volume by Jane Jay Fuller, recently published by M. W. Dodd. Under the guise of a story for juveniles, much elementary botanical information is given in a pleasing style, and in such a shape as to impress itself upon the minds of the young people for whom it is designed. Mr. Dodd has also issued "*Philip Brantley's Life-work*," a book eminently calculated for any Sunday-school library, and "*Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets*," by E. Paxton Hood, under which quaint title is given a readable volume upon preachers and preaching. Besides these new books, he has issued the thirty-sixth edition of "*A Scripture Manual*," by Charles Simmons, and a new edition of "*The Gospel Treasury*."

"Stretton," a novel by Mr. Henry Kingsley, recently published in London and New York, is the subject of a scathing article in the *Saturday Review*. The following paragraph will convey an idea of the estimation in which the writer holds the book: "The story is confused; the style is jerky, illusive, and difficult to follow; the characters are phantasmagoric, and run into each other; and, though plentifully described, so far as words go, remain to the last in a nebulous condition, hazy and indistinct."

Matters of Science and Art.

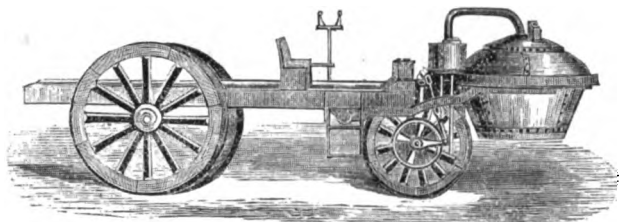
ADMIRAL PARIS, Superintendent of the Hydrographic Office, at the last meeting of the Academy of Science, exhibited the model and plan of a new class of iron-clads he has invented. The iron-clads, at present in active service, roll so badly that their cannons cannot be used in moderate stress of weather, and also, at every roll, expose their unprotected bottoms to the risk of being pierced by the enemy's shot, both of which defects would place the crew in a state of continual jeopardy during a time of war. On the other hand, it is a well-established fact that monitors have very little of a roll, although they have other defects that make them ill adapted for sailing on the high seas. Admiral Paris has endeavored to discover the reason of this favorable feature in the monitor, so as to bestow similar advantages upon vessels constructed for foreign service. The problem he desires solved is this: How to render monitors as good sea-going vessels as other classes of iron-clads, and how to make them comfortable homes for the crews, without being obliged to change them frequently. He has succeeded in constructing a model of a class of flat ships, low and broad, like a

monitor, upon which he has built a straight ship as high out the water as those of ordinary construction. By placing their turrets above, their cannons have the same wide range over every point of the horizon as those of the monitors. These new ships, according to him, would have eight times the stability of former types. "For these vessels," says Admiral Paris, "I proposed they should be constructed in iron, it alone being sufficiently strong to resist a strong impulsion, and presenting the necessary conditions of duration and safety against projectiles. I have come to this conclusion after carefully studying and examining the experiments made in Great Britain with wooden vessels internally sheathed with iron plates. I have adopted the double screw, it alone being suitable for the small water-draught of the vessels proposed, and offering the advantage of passing through straits and entering ports forbidden to vessels requiring a draught of nine or ten yards. The tripod masts of Captain Coles are also preferable, as they disengage the horizon better than the six main-shroud bracings, and, in the event of being cut down, they do not expose the blades of the screw to become entangled with cordage. Finally, artillery in turrets is preferable to artillery in battery, or broadside, inasmuch as it turns in every direction, exposes the port-holes only when in the act of firing, and enables a vessel to place itself obliquely to increase the strength of its armor by reason of the sinus of the angle of the projectile's shock, while the broadside-ship cannot use its cannons without receiving on its armor the full and direct strength of the bullets, and without presenting the maximum of its port-holes. It is said that no armor-plates are secure within range of actual bullets; this is true as far as the experiments have gone, but, in practice, it is probable that it will at least be as formerly, when engagements were of long duration, although the experimental bullets pierced more than one and a half yards of oak wood, while the strongest thickness of the vessels was less than a yard, the upper batteries being only one foot thick. There remains to be explained why we construct such large vessels for so few cannons; principally because the armor-plating is the heaviest weight to carry, increasing always with the size of the vessel, which, being heavier to propel, requires a stronger engine, burning much more coal. All these causes, reacting on each other, have brought about the construction of vessels one hundred yards long, weighing ten thousand tons, costing certainly two millions of dollars, and carrying only a broadside-battery of four cannons, as in the *Hercules*, or the same number in turrets, as in the *Monarch*, with neither decks nor helm in the slightest degree protected, like the monitors and the new class of vessels which I have now the pleasure of submitting to your inspection."

Mr. Becquerel, in a late report on the influence of forests on elements, says: there is one action which all vegetation, of whatever character it be, exerts, and that is the protection of the soil on which it grows from forcible removal by floods. The roots traverse the earth in all directions, and bind it together, while the branches break the force of the rain as it falls. As soon as a hill-side is cleared of forests, the rivulet-beds are scored deeper and deeper, and the soil is gradually washed down, leaving the rocks bare. The roots of trees have, in addition, a tendency to facilitate the percolation of water to the sub-soil, and thus to prevent its accumulation on the surface, and the consequent production of swamps, such as have been formed in parts of France within historic times. There is another beneficial effect produced by trees, that of impeding the motion of the air, and thus affording shelter from wind. This action is, of course, limited, depending on the height of the trees and the direction of motion of the wind. If this direction be horizontal the shelter afforded is very considerable, as it has been noticed in Provence that a hedge two metres in height shelters a space twenty-two metres in width from the effects of the "mistral." Lastly, trees have a decided influence on health, in protecting a district from unwholesome exhalations. It is found along the edge of the Pontine marshes that the existence of a belt of wood is sufficient to insure immunity from malaria to the peasants who live behind it. These, then, are the most obvious beneficial effects on climate of the presence of forests in a country. As regards the direct influence of vegetation on the temperature and the climate generally, the author gives the notes of some experiments which he has made on growing trees, in order to determine their temperature and that of the surrounding air at different times of the day. The results seem to show that trees behave as if they were dead or inorganic bodies, receiving heat from external sources and radiating it to surrounding objects. The heat developed in the process of growth was found to be quite inappreciable by means of the instruments employed, while the cooling influence usually assigned to foliage, owing to the constant evaporation going on from its surface, was shown to be utterly unfounded. However, this part of the paper is quite incomplete, as M. Becquerel reserves the exact account of his inquiry for a future essay. He distinctly denies the truth of the change of climate alleged to have taken place in various countries, and attributed to the clearing of the land, without, as it seems to us, investigating the question thoroughly.

The Museum.

ONE of the earliest efforts in the way of steam locomotion was the engine of Cugnot, of France, designed to run on common roads. His first carriage was constructed in 1769; it ran on three wheels, and was put in motion by the impulsion of two single-acting cylinders, the pistons of which acted alternately on the single front wheel. It travelled about two or three miles an hour, and would carry four persons; but, from the smallness of the boiler, it would not continue to work more than twelve or fifteen minutes without stopping to get up steam. Cugnot's locomotive presented a simple and ingenious form of a high-pressure engine, and, though of rude construction, was a creditable piece of work, considering the time. He made a second engine, with



Cugnot's Locomotive, 1769.

which several successful trials were made in the streets of Paris, which excited much interest. An accident, however, put an end to his experiments. Turning the corner of the street near the Madeleine, one day, when the machine was running at a speed of about three miles an hour, it upset with a crash, and, being considered dangerous, was locked up in the arsenal. Cugnot's locomotive is still to be seen in the museum of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, at Paris, and is a most interesting relic of early locomotion. Cugnot was born in 1729, and died in 1804.

In the Himalayan region, the short backward spring and summer of the Arctic zone are overtaken by an early and forward seed-time and winter. So far as regards the effect of mean temperature, the warmer station is, in autumn, more backward than the colder. This is everywhere obvious in the prevalent plants of each, and is especially recognizable in the rhododendrons, as the following table shows:

16,000 to 17,000 feet, <i>R. nivale</i>	flowers in July; fruits in Sept. = 2 months.
13,000 to 14,000 feet, <i>R. anthopogon</i>	" June; " Oct. = 4 "
11,000 to 12,000 feet, <i>R. campanulatum</i>	" May; " Nov. = 6 "
8,000 to 9,000 feet, <i>R. argenteum</i>	" April; " Dec. = 8 "

From May till August the vegetation at each elevation is (in ascending order) a month behind that below it, four thousand feet being about equal to a month of summer weather in one sense. After August, however, the reverse holds good; then the vegetation is as forward at sixteen thousand feet as at eight thousand feet. By the end of September most of the natural orders and genera have ripened their fruit in the upper zone, though they have flowered as late as July; whereas October is the fruiting month at twelve thousand feet, and November below ten thousand feet. These anomalies, which are an apparent inversion of

the order of Nature, have puzzled naturalists. They may be accounted for partly by the more sunny climate of the loftier elevations, and partly by the stimulus of cold, which must act by checking the vegetative organs and hastening maturation.—J. D. Hooker.

Comparing the different spheres of intellectual activity, says Dr. George M. Beard, we find that philosophers and men of science live longer than poets, or those who are endowed with rich gifts of fancy. Observe the following comparative list:

Philosophers and Men of Science.		Poets and Romancers.	
Galileo.....	78	Virgil.....	53
Franklin.....	84	Dante.....	56
Herschel.....	84	Petrarch.....	70
Newton.....	85	Fénelon.....	63
Halley.....	86	Pope.....	56
Locke.....	78	Molière.....	53
Roger Bacon.....	78	Horace.....	57
Buffon.....	81	Racine.....	59
Harvey.....	81	Milton.....	66
Galen.....	79	Young.....	80
Jenner.....	75	Cornellie.....	78
Haller.....	70	Voltaire.....	85
Galvani.....	61	Wieland.....	80
Francis Bacon.....	78		

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"WILL SHE VOTE?" See page 614.

OLIVE RAYMOND'S STORY.

WHEN my sister Lily was between fifteen and sixteen, she grew pale and thin, and our father, whose pet and darling she had always been, insisted, in spite of Lily's alternate pouting and coaxing, on seeking medical advice for her. The advice proved not very disagreeable.

"There is nothing seriously amiss with your daughter, Mr. Raymond," said the kind physician to my anxious father; "she has outgrown her strength a little, and perhaps has been overtasked a little at school. Give her a holiday—here we are in the middle of February, the skies looking like December, and the streets all snow and ice—take her down to Georgia or Florida, where the birds and flowers are making it summer, whatever the calendar may say of the season. Let her run about all day in the open air, and you will bring her back in May, less of a lily, and more of a rose, than she is now."

This was said in Lily's presence, and the pleased look she gave my father would have determined him to accept the doctor's plan, even had it been very difficult, to accomplish. Difficult it was not to him, for, though he had begun life as a poor blacksmith, he was now a rich iron-master, able to command both money and leisure. He had even won some political influence by inducing the men he employed to vote with him in closely-contested elections, where the votes of a hundred men did much toward determining the question. That he had achieved all this by his honest industry was a subject of legitimate pride to my father; but he had another source of pride, less understood by the world around him, and less compatible, seemingly, with his life's history, yet felt no less deeply, and influencing him no less powerfully. This was pride of blood. Often have I heard him say, "Men think much of blood in their horses and their cattle; it tells no less in man. I never forgot that, poor as my father was, he was an educated gentleman; and I often said to myself, when I was working for my daily bread, I am neither squire nor belted knight, as some of my forefathers were, but I will do my work with as brave a heart, and as trusty an arm, as the best of them could boast."

My mother had been a poor teacher of music. My father was already a thriving mechanic, with money in the bank, when she came as a boarder to the decent but cheap house which had been his home for two years. She was pretty, delicate, and overworked. He first pitied, and then loved her. She died young, leaving only Lily and myself of all her children. I was her first, Lily her last; the others died in infancy. I have little to say of myself, except that I was eight years older than Lily, and that, from the time of my mother's death, my father had taught me that she was my care, and I really think I lived more truly in Lily than in myself, and so I was as ready as my father to do what the doctor advised for her. Thus it happened that, when she was nearly sixteen, and I was twenty-four, we made that visit to the South of which I am about to tell you, and which you will find to have been the fruitful source of both joy and sorrow.

It was all joy in the beginning. Never did poet's dream present a lovelier landscape in fairy-land than we found awaiting us under those Southern skies. And yet there were no mountains and valleys diversifying the scene—no rapid, rushing cataracts, no tranquil lakes, sleeping in pictured beauty under the noon-day beam. What, then, was the charm, you may ask. It was the soft sky, the gentle breezes which just swayed the green woodland, and the flowers which sprang everywhere under our feet, and hung in clustered beauty from tree-top and spreading branch, till we seemed to walk under a canopy as well as over a carpet of flowers. Think of passing, in three or four days, from the snows of winter into verdure and flowers, and the songs of birds, and the soft, perfumed air of summer! What could the fairies do for you more than this?

Our destination had been Savannah; but a letter from one of my father's political friends had procured for us an urgent invitation to make a visit to a family residing in the country.

Our hospitable entertainer, Mr. Forrester, resided on a plantation which had belonged to his family for more than a hundred years, during which successive generations had added to the extent, convenience, and elegance of the home endeared by many tender and hallowed memories. It was a rambling mansion, that always suggested the idea of having grown up to the requirements of its owners, rather than having been built in accordance with the design of an architect. But I must not pause upon the outer aspect of this lovely and happy

home. Lovely as this was, its chief charm was within—in the cultivation of mind, the grace of manner, and the warm, generous, loving hearts of its inhabitants. How many bright pictures memory recalls of those happy weeks—of rambles through the woods in search of some rare specimen of the Southern Flora for my herbarium; of boatings along the river-banks, when the sunlight flickered down on us through the dancing leaves of overarching limes and oaks, or when, dropping low in the west, it made the woods seem all on fire with its glow; or, best of all, of chill evenings spent in Mr. Forrester's library, when the blaze of the resinous pine-wood played over the well-filled book-shelves, or flashed on the faces of the portraits that hung above the mantel-shelf, startling the gazer with a momentary appearance of life and motion! There was a quietude, a seeming steadfastness about this place and the life associated with it, which charmed me greatly, and which, perhaps, impressed me all the more from its contrast with the ceaseless activity and ever-changeable kaleidoscope of our New-York life.

My father lacked the stately ease of Mr. Forrester, and the cultivation which a life of leisure had enabled him to attain; but, possessing a shrewd, intelligent mind, he had gathered much of interesting incident and character from his stirring life, and so could contribute his quota to the entertainment of our little circle. Gentle, lovely Mrs. Forrester, whatever might be the subject of conversation, gave it new interest by her quick intelligence, her playful wit, and womanly grace; and "the boys," as she called them, though one was eighteen and the other twenty-three, threw somewhat of the hopeful brightness and fearless confidence of their own untried natures over the graver and more cautious conclusions of their elders. For me, I observed and enjoyed, sunning myself in this atmosphere of summer warmth and quiet. I forgot that from such an atmosphere the storms are born. And Lily—she seemed to drink in new and fuller and healthier life at every pore. Her slender form acquired more womanly proportion, a richer carmine glowed on her cheeks and lips, and in her brown eyes there lurked a tenderer shadow. The child's careless, confiding look was softened and beautified by maidenly consciousness.

We had originally intended returning home the last week in April; but, by some means, Mrs. Forrester had learned that the twenty-eighth of April would be Lily's birthday, and she urged us most affectionately to give them the pleasure of celebrating it with us. My father consented, in consequence, to stay till the first of May.

All who were within visiting distance of the Forresters—and that meant all within ten miles—were invited to the birthday *fête*. Our amusements were to be archery and croquet parties, which began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and, in the evening, a dance. A collation was provided, of which the guests were to be invited to partake as they arrived; and the whole was to conclude with a magnificent supper. There were many consultations on the twenty-seventh, and I was scarcely surprised when, entering the library in the evening, in search of Philip Forrester, who was to help me to fasten around the pictures some wreaths I had been making, I found his elder brother, Elliot, in close conversation with his father. There was something, however, in the looks of the younger man, as well as the sudden silence on my entrance, which made me step back quickly.

"Pray, come back, Miss Raymond," cried Mr. Forrester, adding, with a smiling glance at his son as I returned, "Here is Elliot sadly in want of a confidante for a love-tale."

I thought that Elliot Forrester looked flushed and nervous; but, bowing slightly to me, he said quickly, "I will not offer Miss Raymond an apology for leaving her with you;" then, pausing for a moment at the door—"Can you tell me where your father is, Miss Raymond?"

Before I could answer, Philip entered, hammer in hand. Elliot immediately disappeared, and Mr. Forrester began to speak of the wreaths I held, in a manner that prevented any recurrence to what had just passed. Yet I did not forget it, and I found myself glancing with curious interest at Elliot Forrester when we gathered around the tea-table. He caught the glance, and replied to it with a frank smile—frank, and yet with something in it that seemed to say, "I shall not tell you my secret yet." My father, too, seemed to be more than usually excited. Indeed, nobody appeared to me quite natural. I even fancied that Lily was a little more constrained, a little more shy, than usual. When we went to our rooms, she was silent and sleepy, and when I awoke the next morning, she was gone. As she did not generally rise so early, or make her toilet so quickly, my vague feeling

of something unusual being about to occur increased; and, stimulated by it, I, too, dressed rapidly, and descended to the lower story. All there was still and undisturbed, except by servants and dusters. To be rid of these, I wandered into the grounds. At first, my steps were aimless; but, after a while, I remembered a white rose-tree growing not far away, and, thinking how pretty its snowy buds would be among Lily's dark curls, I turned down the path that led to it. I had not gone far when I saw that others were before me—there stood Elliot Forrester, speaking earnestly; and, though his face was averted from me, I could read every fervid word he uttered in the agitated face of Lily. What a lovely picture she made, standing there among the roses! I drew near enough to see the quivering of the lashes that veiled eyes that I was sure were swimming in tears, and the smiles that trembled on her lips—smiles that might as well have been tears; then I turned, and went quietly and slowly back to the house and to my room, there to strive to familiarize myself with the thought that my Lily, my flower, my nursling, was to be mine no more, was to gladden another heart, and to make another home beautiful.

I should like to tell you how my Lily, the child-woman, the sixteen-years old maiden, met me next—of the consciousness that was half shame and half pride. But Coleridge has described it far better than I can:

"She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed into my face.

"'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart."

But I must hasten on, for my space is limited, and I have much yet to tell.

My father, in permitting Lily's engagement, had declared that nothing would make him consent to her marriage till after her eighteenth birthday. All the Forresters remonstrated against this,—all, except Elliot, who seemed afraid to trust himself to speak; so, at least, I interpreted the flush that rose to his brow, the compression of his lips, and the almost stern fixedness of the gaze he turned to my father, who met the mingled reproaches and entreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Forrester with a decision none the less firm because it was playfully expressed. During this little scene, Lily had stood near the table in the centre of the library, with downcast face, and fingers nervously engaged in picking the petals, one by one, from a lovely rose which she had snatched from a vase before her. Suddenly, Elliot placed himself beside her, and, taking her hand, said, "You hear, Lily, two years must pass before your father will give you into my keeping; but you are none the less mine—you have given yourself to me, and that with your father's consent. Is it not so, Mr. Raymond?"

"Just so, Lily is yours with her own consent and mine—but you must leave her to Olive and me for another two years."

"Yes, Mr. Raymond, leave her; but leave her as *my* treasure—my promised wife—nay, my *true* wife in the sight of Heaven; you consent to this, Lily? Speak, dear one, if you are mine, say it!"

He spoke passionately. Lily lifted her eyes till they looked into his, and speaking slowly, distinctly, and with an emphasis which seemed to put a heart-beat in every word, said, "Yours, Elliot, now and forever in spirit, and to be yours wholly, on the day my father has himself appointed—my eighteenth birthday."

What new power had dawned in the child! My father and I looked at each other with surprise—Mrs. Forrester smiled on Lily through gleaming tears—and the passionate flush faded from Elliot's brow as he looked into the calm eyes of his betrothed. He touched her forehead with his lips, gently, almost reverently, and led her to the carriage which was waiting for us.

"Remember, Elliot," said my father, as he shook young Forrester's hand at parting, "I forbid neither correspondence nor visits. I shall be glad to see you all."

"You shall see me in the fall, sir, if I live."

And so we parted. Again we were in New York, in its whirl of busy life. The past three or four months might have seemed a dream, but for the letters which made so large a part of our Lily's life, and for an air of dreamy happiness which sometimes stole over her as she sat with book or work lying neglected on her lap, where it had fallen from unconscious fingers, while her eyes looked straight before her, as

if she saw there pictures of the future, lengthening out in blissful perspective.

Elliot Forrester paid his promised visit in the autumn. He and my father talked much of public affairs. They belonged to the same political party, and were both at that time much interested for the success of Breckinridge; yet, I fancied I could occasionally detect a tone in their conversation which, if prolonged, would have terminated in a discord. Ere another spring dawned, the discord had come indeed, affrighting with its jarring notes not a single family, but a nation. My humble efforts are confined, however, to depicting its effects on two hearts and lives. It has been said that the bitterest enmity is ever found between those separated by the narrowest lines. My father, who had been the readiest to concede all her demands to the South before the fall of Sumter, would not hear of compromise after that event.

"Do you think Elliot Forrester can be in the Southern army?" I asked one day, when weeks had passed without any intelligence of him reaching us.

"I cannot tell; but, if he is, I hope he will never again darken my threshold. Nothing shall tempt me to take a rebel by the hand. I am glad you are there to hear me, Lily."

Lily had entered while he was speaking, and stood still to listen. She turned very pale as he spoke to her, but I saw her look steadily on the sapphire with its sparkling diamond circlet which Elliot Forrester had placed on her finger, as she said softly, "I shall be sorry, father, to have you and Elliot at variance."

The words seemed so simple, so childlike, that my father smiled and walked away, thinking, doubtless, that there would be little difficulty in separating those united by no legal tie. I did not so read my Lily, and my heart sank with the apprehension of coming sorrow.

The weary weeks and months rolled on till a year had passed, and Lily's eighteenth birthday had arrived. My father had wished to celebrate it by a ball, but Lily had protested against this so urgently that it had been sullenly relinquished—I say sullenly—for my father was evidently beginning to feel that there was antagonism between Lily and him, and, having been disappointed in his proposed birthday *fête*, he seemed utterly to ignore the day, making no allusion to it even in his good-morning to Lily when it arrived. My heart was sore for her as I saw her linger beside him till tears rose to her eyes, and her lip quivered, then turn silently away. Remembering what that day was to have been to Lily, I felt a yearning tenderness to her that would not permit me to leave her. My father left us as usual after breakfast, and Lily and I were sitting together in our own little room, to which only a few intimate friends had the *entrée*, when the door was opened cautiously and a gentleman entered, who closed it carefully before he turned his face toward us. Even then, the bronzed face and heavy beard so disguised him, that until I heard his tenderly spoken "Lily," and saw my sister spring into his extended arms, I did not recognize Elliot Forrester. I must not linger on the scene that followed; I cannot spare time even for recounting the ingenious devices and hair-breadth escapes through which Elliot Forrester had made his way to New York under an assumed name. He had been compelled to make a long detour to the West, and had met with so many vexatious delays, that he was a week later in arriving than he had expected to be.

"But I am in time, my darling; this, you know, is our wedding-day—you have not forgotten it, Lily," he exclaimed, as he saw her look of surprise.

"Forgotten! no, indeed, Elliot; but why remember what cannot now be."

"And why not?"

"Because my father will never consent, Elliot, at least, never while this war continues."

"But he has consented, Lily, I have waited his own time—your eighteenth birthday is here—and, by his own words spoken in the presence of witnesses, you are mine."

Lily looked wistfully at me, as she said, "If only it could be."

"But how can it be?" I rather answered to the look than question.

"How?" exclaimed Elliot, impatiently. "Where is the difficulty? Do you think I have no friends in this city, do you think there are none here who see the justice of our cause, and believe in our success? One of these I saw last night. He has undertaken every thing, for he knows where to find the right magistrate and

the right clergyman; I am expecting him every moment, to tell me that the license has been obtained, and the hour appointed. When all this is done, will you fail me, Lily? Shall I have risked life—"

"I will never fail you, Elliot. I am yours now and ever—"

"But, Lily," I began, "my father—"

"Olive, my father gave me to Elliot two years ago, and Elliot has done nothing to forfeit his confidence or my love."

"My darling! God helping me, you shall never repent this hour. And Olive will be our friend," he added, holding out his hand to me. "Only hear my plan," he continued, as he saw me about to speak. "I would not for more than my life expose our darling to one moment's peril. I have come only to fulfil the promise made two years ago—to make Lily my wife—and then to leave her in the safe shelter of her home—"

A cry from Lily interrupted him.

"To leave me, Elliot!" she exclaimed; "is not a wife's place at her husband's side?"

"Not when her presence would unnerve him, Lily, and make his duties harder."

"And would my presence do this for you, Elliot?"

"It would, my own, while I am in the midst of all that makes war frightful; but soon peace will come—we ask only justice, and the people here are becoming more sober—justice will be done—we shall all be friends soon, and your father will not like me the less for having run some risk to secure my treasure."

"But in the mean time, you—Oh! Elliot! how can I live here and know that you—it is impossible—oh, take me with you!"

To do this was clearly impossible, and even our petted Lily must yield to the inevitable. All was arranged as Elliot Forrester desired. At one o'clock that 28th of April, Lily and I went to the house of the clergyman whose services had been engaged. There Elliot and his friend met us, and, before the clock struck two, all had been done that man could do to bind together two lives which only that morning I had feared were severed forever.

The next few hours seemed then, and have seemed ever since, like a dream. Elliot Forrester accompanied us home. He was to leave us at four o'clock, and, when the clock chimed the half-hour after three, I saw Lily turn pale, and look wistfully at her young husband, who rose and moved restlessly about the room. I felt my presence must be a restraint on their last words, and went into the adjoining room, through which Elliot must pass in leaving the house. I watched the slow-moving hands, determined to insist, if necessary, on his departure at four, anxious above all things that my father should not find him there. But, punctually as the little bell chimed four, the door opened, and Elliot Forrester and Lily entered. The arm he had thrown around her was necessary for her support, as was evident from her trembling, and from the ghastly whiteness of her face, yet she tried to smile as she met the eyes which seemed as if they could not turn away from her; but the smile was more painful than tears would have been, and something like a sob burst from him as he clasped her close and kissed her passionately once and again; then putting her into my arms, he said, hurriedly, "Take care of her, Olive; and God bless you." The next moment the street-door slammed behind him. He was gone.

Oh! the weary months that followed, and the weary questionings with myself which came to no conclusion. "Was I right? Was I wrong? How could I have resisted them? How could I have deceived my father? And what was I to do now?" Such was the round of thought, travelling in a circle, which wasted my life away. Had I alone been concerned, I should have fallen at my father's feet and confessed all, the first time he smiled on me. Sometimes I hoped that Lily would speak; but no thought of having done wrong seemed ever to enter her mind; she had only fulfilled a compact made with her father's sanction, and now she was obeying her husband, in keeping their marriage secret for a time. She had enough to suffer, poor child! without the pangs of conscience. One letter she received by a returned prisoner, to whom Elliot had shown kindness, informing her of his safe arrival within the Confederate lines, and then followed that dead silence in which Imagination is left undisturbed, to weave her own torturing visions. The slow days grew into weeks, and months, and years, and Lily watched and waited, but no tidings came. So wan and wistful grew her looks as time passed on, that my father, whom dissatisfaction with her refusal of several very eligible offers had rendered stern and hard, softened to her, and one evening, as he

bade her good-night, he drew her to him and kissed her with all his old tenderness. Lily dropped her head on his shoulder and wept, overcome by the unexpected caress, then, looking up suddenly, she said in pleading tones, "Dear papa, your poor Lily is so weary of waiting—do find out for me where he is—only that," she continued, clinging to him as he would have moved impatiently away—"just to know where he is."

My father grew hard again; I saw it in the cold, steely glitter of his eye, before he spoke. When he did it was to say, "Be silent, girl! I will not hear you dishonor yourself by naming one who is a rebel to his country and a traitor to you. Why did he not claim you on your eighteenth birthday, if he cared for you? A true-hearted, honorable, brave man would have let nothing stand in his way; but he—"

I had seen Lily's cheek flushing and her eye brightening, nor was I surprised when, drawing herself up proudly, she said, "You are right, it was the act of a true-hearted, honorable, and brave man, and he did it. I am his wife; his, ever since my eighteenth birthday. If you do not believe me," she added, "ask Olive."

My father turned to me with a reproachful glance, which made me cover my face with my hands.

"Olive, is this true?" he asked, after a silence which was to me more terrible than words.

"Oh, papa! How could I help it?"

"Go!" he said, waving us from him as he spoke, and turning to ascend the stairs to his own room; "I have no children."

Lily stood still, she had not forgiven the insult to Elliot Forrester of my father's words—but I sprang after him, pleading for forgiveness. I clung to him, following him to his room, and, before we parted, he knew all, all my doubts and questionings, as well as all my fault, and I wrung from him the cold "I forgive you, Olive;" but, when I would have pleaded for Lily, he silenced me with, "She is no daughter of mine—let her go to the rebel whom she calls husband."

Lily's room was within mine. I tried the door, but found it fastened within. I called, and was answered with "Good-night, Olive: I am sleepy."

Before I had left my room the next morning, her door opened, and Lily came out wearing her hat and cloak, and said hurriedly, as she passed through my room, "I shall not be back to breakfast, Olive;" then, as I would have detained her, "I cannot stop to talk, I am in haste."

My father did not ask for her, but ate his breakfast in almost unbroken silence, and hurried away. When Lily returned, it was still early. I was watching for her, and opened the door before she could ring. "Come in, darling," I cried, "and get your breakfast, I have kept it hot for you."

I was so glad to do something for the poor child, who looked favored and excited. She followed me without a word into the breakfast-room, and, when I had placed the breakfast before her, drank the cup of coffee; then she looked suddenly up, and said abruptly, "Olive, I am going."

"Going, Lily, where?"

"To Elliot—to my husband—it is no use to oppose me, Olive, I know all the difficulties; but I heard what my father said last night, and I know what Elliot would wish me to do."

"But, dear Lily, be reasonable; you do not even know where Elliot is."

"I will know soon, do not think I act without advice. Elliot left with me money for any emergency, and the names of friends here and elsewhere, who would take care of me and give me what help I needed."

"And where are you going first, Lily?"

"I would rather not tell you, Olive, it would make you unhappy to keep a secret from my father—I will never ask you to do it again—and, although he thought, last night, that I had better go to my rebel husband, he may change his mind."

"Oh! Lily, you will not leave me so! you cannot—think of it—shall I never hear from you again?—are we to be dead to each other?—will you kill me, Lily?"

I stood before her, and held her hands in a firm clasp, from which she strove in vain to free herself.

"Olive, I must go, do not try to keep me."

With a strong effort she broke away, and hastened to the door, but, looking back and seeing me standing with outstretched, ca-

treating arms, too faint to follow her, she sprang back, clasped me close, kissed me again and again, called me her "good Olive—her sister—her mother—the dearest thing on earth, except Elliot"—and promised to write me soon and often. In a half-hour from this time she was gone, taking with her only a small trunk of clothing. All my father's expensive presents of jewelry were left behind, but a little locket and a fine gold chain, which had been Christmas presents from me, were taken. I sent a note to my father as soon as Lily was gone, but he was absent from his place of business, and did not hear of her going till we met in the evening. He turned pale, and leaned on the table beside him, as if needing support, on first understanding that she was actually gone; but this was only for a moment. Voice and face were both firm, as he answered, "She has made her bed, and she must lie in it." From this time he asked no questions. Had he done so, there is little I could have told him of Lily. One letter, without post-mark or date, I received about a week after she left, telling me she was safe with friends, and in correspondence with her husband; that I must love her, and believe all was well with her till I heard again. Then weeks passed. Afraid of losing a letter from her, I encouraged my father's wish to remain in the city late that summer, and we were still there when news came of the battle of Gettysburg. The city was jubilant, and my heart was full, almost to bursting, with dread. Elliot Forrester, where was he? and where was she who lived now only for him? I questioned, but, alas! no answer came. But the darkness passed, and light dawned at last!

Peace was declared, and soon after I received a few lines from Lily, dated from a small town in Virginia. She told me little of herself, except that she had been ever since our separation with a lady, a relative of the Forresters, who lived near Baltimore, and that she had joined her husband at the place from which she wrote on the cessation of war. What was to be their next step seemed yet undecided. Mr. Forrester's place in Georgia had been on the line of Sherman's march, and, though the house had not been destroyed, it was in so dilapidated a condition that no one could live in it, except Philip Forrester and a few workmen, who were endeavoring to make it habitable for his father and mother. In this letter was enclosed one from Lily to my father. He did not show me its contents, but his mouth assumed a rigidity as he read it, from which I augured ill. A few days after, he handed me a check for five hundred dollars, saying, "You may enclose that to Elliot Forrester's wife, and say, at the same time, that, when she left my house, she ceased to have any claim on me, but that, as I would not have her mother's child starve, I will send her that sum yearly. Her gentleman husband will have to sink his gentility and do the rest. Let him show his good blood now by working, rather than depend on another."

I declined conveying such a message, and my father wrote himself. A week after, he received the check, and with it, in Elliot Forrester's hand, these words: "Your daughter shall not starve while I live, and, while I live, my wife cannot receive alms even from her father. She asked for your affection, not for your money, which she requests me to say is valueless without love."

Enclosed in this was a short but loving note of farewell from Lily to me. My father tried to be scornful over this note from Elliot Forrester; but I saw that it touched him, and that, even while it made him angry, he was better pleased with it than he would have been with a more submissive communication. Still he thought and said: "He can talk bravely, let us see what he will do when he comes to act."

It was not easy for us to see, for a cloud, through which came neither sight nor sound, seemed from this time to envelop Elliot Forrester and his wife. I think my father saw at last how, with my Lily, my life had gone out. I went with him wherever he desired; to Saratoga or Newport in summer, to city gayeties in winter; but I knew, by the expression I sometimes caught in his eyes as he rested on me, that the sad heart looked out through the cheerful mask I tried to wear. He grew very gentle to me. One day, however, I made him angry, by refusing an offer of marriage from John Melville, an acquaintance of my girlhood, whom I had missed very much when he went to China about twelve years before. He had now returned a rich man, and told me that he had loved me always, and that his hours of toil had been brightened by the hope that he might find me still Olive Raymond, and persuade me to become Olive Melville. He was a good man, and I had always liked him,

as I told my father, but I could not wake my heart to a new life, or carry the saddened old one into a good man's home.

"I see I lost both my children when Lily deserted me," said my father, and from that time an impalpable something interposed itself between him and me, and our home grew yet colder and sadder.

It must not be thought that I had not made any effort to hear from Lily. I had written to Elliot Forrester's mother, and had received from her a kind letter assuring me that Lily was well and happy, but that she was not with her. She added that both Elliot and Lily were averse to any communication of their present home and circumstances even to me. "When they become such," she wrote, "that Mr. Raymond cannot suspect them of desiring to excite his pity through your agency, they will write. Till they do so, it would be better for Lily, I think, that you should not know her address. Your writing to her would only awaken a contest between her duty to her husband and her tenderness to you." After that I was of course silent; and then my health gave way—not that I was ill, but I grew feebler, and, if possible, stiller. I think John Melville, who had continued to visit me, as a friend, he said, first called my father's attention to this. When once it had been so called, no one could be more anxious, more attentive than my father was. He brought our good old doctor to see me, who recommended change in my case as he had done in Lily's.

"Where would you like best to go?" he asked me.

My cheeks burned with the consciousness of a little want of candor as I said, "To the Virginia Springs; I am so weary of Saratoga and Newport."

I do not know why I thought of Lily as in Virginia, except that her last letter had been sent from that State. My father, if he suspected my motive, did not betray his suspicion. "That will suit me well," he said, "I should like to look at some of the iron-mills in Western Virginia. I will leave you at the Springs, and take a light wagon across the country."

"Do not leave me; it is not the Springs I want, but travel, change—let me go with you."

And so it was arranged. We set off the last week in May. I shall say nothing of our journey; but only ask the reader to come with me on a June evening, when the western sun was reddening the forest, as in a light Rockaway, driven by a black boy whom my father had hired in Baltimore, because of his professed knowledge of the country, we were proceeding toward the village of K—, in West Virginia. We had occasionally caught glimpses of a column of black smoke rising above the wood at some point where it appeared less dense, and, just as a great bell clanged out from its iron throat a call to the hands to rest from their labors, we came in sight of one of those iron-mills which the neighborhood of coal-mines makes so frequent in this region of country.

Forth came the hands, looking, with their begrimed faces, like so many of Pluto's dusky ministers. My father had hoped to arrive in time to see the mill in operation this evening.

"The agent must be here, I suppose, and I can see him," he said, speaking more to himself than to me. "Drive slowly, boy."

It was well this order had been given, for at that moment our attention was attracted to a beautiful boy of about three years old, who, with shouts of pretended fear, but real delight, was running hither and thither, chased by one of the hands who was threatening to make an iron-worker of him, by rubbing his sooty hands over the pretty white kilt and jacket in which he was dressed. Intent only on escaping from this Cyclops, the boy, the moment after we saw him, ran directly under our horses' heads. In an instant, my father had pulled the horses back with irresistible force, and, with scarcely a breathing-interval of time, had sprung from the carriage, and raised the child in his arms, unhurt, though a little frightened, as we saw by the trembling lip and the little sob which the manly boy would not suffer to become a cry.

"What is your name, my little man?" asked my father, while I was brushing the dust from the white dress and golden curls.

"Amon' Fo'ester," was the answer, in a sweet, childish treble. My heart swelled, and with an irresistible impulse I caught the boy in my arms, and kissed him again and again.

"What does he say?" asked my father of the man who had been chasing him, and who had run up as my father raised him from the ground, but had not offered to touch him.

"Raymond Forrester, sir; he is the son of our manager."

"Papa, mamma!" shouted the boy, leaping from my arms at the risk of another fall, as a lady and gentleman emerged from the agent's office. The lady was dressed in a pretty light calico, fitting neatly to a tall, well-moulded form, whose graceful, easy movements gave her an air of refinement which jewels and brocade cannot always confer. The gentleman was habited with equal simplicity in light summer clothing, which contrasted strangely with his black curling beard and darkly-bronzed face. But for the child's revelation, we might for a moment have doubted who he was, so had the youthful proportions of Elliot Forrester expanded in this tall, broad-chested, powerful-looking man.

The reader will suppose, perhaps, that I rushed into Lily's arms; but not so—my whole being was absorbed in watching my father and Elliot Forrester, for I well knew that on their meeting now depended the future for us all. I saw Elliot Forrester's face flush, as he recognized us. Lily's eyes were on her child, and she never saw us till her father and her husband stood with clasped hands. Who moved first, none of us ever knew. It seemed simultaneously that the hands were outstretched, and that one exclaimed, "Let us forget all that is painful in the past," and the other, "Forgive me, Mr. Raymond; I have long felt that I wronged you in taking my promised wife from you by stealth. I should not have distrusted you; it was a cowardly act, I fear."

"And I was not generous, Elliot; but we will forgive each other. We have all been a little mad, perhaps; but we are sane now."

"And now," sobbed Lily, as she clasped one arm around my father's neck, and drew me close to her with the other, "there is peace at last; it was useless to talk of peace while there was war in so many hearts; but this is the true peace, and we will never, never, quarrel any more—will we, darling Olive?"

"Olive never quarrelled with anybody," said my father; "indeed, she made all who lived with her ashamed of quarrelling."

"Olive never did a wrong thing," exclaimed Lily, who, between laughing and crying, scarcely knew what she said.

"Oh, Lily, Lily, you forget that I, too, kept a secret from papa!"

"Which I made you do."

"I was the older, Lily, and should not have been led by you."

"Just as if you could help it—you were too good to say no to me."

"That was not goodness, Lily; it was weakness."

"I will not hear you abuse yourself. Elliot, take my side."

"I cannot, Lily," said Elliot, with a smile.

My father, who stood by, caressing his grandson, added, "Olive is right; we have all done wrong, and we will not stop to inquire who has done the most wrong, but forgive and forget, or remember the past only to make the future redeem it."

"Oh, if the whole country would do so!" cried Lily.

But the boy was growing impatient. "Are you my Aunt Olive?" he asked.

"Yes, darling."

"Then come and see my sister Olive; she's a beautiful sister, with black curls, just like papa's. Come."

"Olive, you look pale; I am afraid the walk will be long for you—it is about a mile."

"Then you had better drive," said my father, "and take Lily and the boy with you. I will walk with you"—to Elliot Forrester.

And so we went to a lovely cottage among the hills, in whose furnishing the most simple materials were arranged into forms of elegance, more charming to the eye than would have been the most gorgeous display of wealth without taste. Chintz-covered furniture, muslin curtains, and fresh flowers, made every room beautiful.

"We have worked hard for it," said Lily, looking with pardonable pride around her. "Elliot made couches and divans and ottomans from old boxes, and cut barrels into lounging-chairs, and a few cushions, for which our poultry-yard supplied the feathers, and the pretty chintzes, have done the rest."

The pretty cottage of the agent has become the charming mansion of the owner of the mill. To all Elliot Forrester's remonstrances against this, my father answered, "All I have will be yours and Olive's when I die; let me have the pleasure of seeing you enjoy it while I live." To me, he added, "He has himself to thank for it; I would never have given a dollar to him, if he had not shown his good blood by his good work."

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know that I now write

my name "Olive Melville." Mr. Melville and I spend our winters in New York, with my father; but we have a summer home near Lily and Elliot, and, having no children of our own, we are permitted to have their little Olive often with us, though Lily says I am spoiling her, as I did her mother.

WILL SHE VOTE?

TO peaceful altars of our homes
In scorn she points at last,
As lawless, now, she fiercely roams—
Change, the Iconoclast!
Through startled towns her banner floats,
Her vassals, oddly human,
Shrieking from amazonian throats:
"The Equal Rights of Woman!"

They hear affrighted, unto whom,
As high its volume swells,
Their Lares' and Penates' doom
That shriek triumphant tells.
For many an eager spirit yearns
To join the growing legions,
In purloins of the pots and churns,
No less than loftier regions.

And *will she vote?* is met no more
With jest and scoff and sneer;
That which was fantasy before
Takes outlines firm and clear.
A weightier question stirs the time,
A gloomier thought perplexes,
While sorrier discords drown the chime
And harmony of sexes.

To some the future years unfold
Chaotic visions dire—
Sweet customs, beautiful and old,
Consumed in error's fire!
To others, the millennial plan
Reveals its dawning feature—
A woman for the Coming Man,
And man the lesser creature!

But wise are they who yet keep pure
What factious tongues disclaim—
Belief that God's just laws endure
Immutably the same;
That this wild creed shall surely pass,
Whoever its propounder,
And woman still continue as
Old Father Adam found her!

Walking amid no troublous fears
That throng the paths of men,
Wielding no editorial shears,
No keen polemic pen,
Daring no intellectual heights,
And neither sage nor preacher,
True womanhood has yet the "rights"
Fanatics cannot teach her.

What mission lovelier than to be
Home's angel, blithe and fair,
O thou in whose calm looks we see
A mother's holy care?

What grander purpose than to fill
Thy sacred sphere of duty,
And mould, with reverential skill,
Its ruggedness to beauty?

Chairwoman of thy romping pets,
What prouder rule than thine,
Whereon a heavenly sanction sets
Authority divine?
Thy cherub-congress well content
To recognize their Speaker,
What privilege of enfranchisement
More precious to the seeker?

O wrangling zealots, lift no hand
To harm these duteous lives—
True daughters of our native land,
Fond mothers, faithful wives!
Pass to our polls—and councils, too,
Of their sweet eyes unnoted,
And drop your votes, while only you,
Not Woman, shall have voted!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ROYALTY IN MINIATURE.

*" Quel bon petit roi c'était là.
La ! la ! "*

BÉRANGER.

A WITTY French author informs us that when the few scattering inhabitants of the microscopic "principality of Monaco" rebelled against their prince in 1789, commissioners were sent by them to Paris, to propose an alliance with the French revolutionists, whereupon a treaty was effected, which treaty consisted of the two following articles:

ART. I. There shall be peace and alliance between the French republic and the republic of Monaco.

ART. II. The French republic is delighted to make the acquaintance of the republic of Monaco."

The perpetration of this "excellent jest" no doubt contributed greatly to the good-humor of the *révolutionnaires*; but, if they had looked a little nearer home, they might have seen another "separate sovereignty," in comparison with which the principality of Monaco, so much laughed at, would have appeared gigantic. This was the "kingdom of Yvetot," which for more than thirteen hundred years remained a marvel to everybody. There never was any thing like it before, and there has never been any thing like it since. It was a curiosity, a sort of ball within a ball, like a Chinese puzzle. Strange as the statement may appear, there existed in the heart of France, from the middle of the sixth century nearly to the end of the eighteenth, a regularly-organized *kingdom*, ruled by a *king*, whom France, England, and all the great powers recognized and respected—in one sense at least—which high and mighty kingdom, presided over by its suzerain, with his privy council, high-chamberlain, master of the hounds, master of ceremonies, and other dignitaries, consisted of an ordinary chateau, and what would be called in this country "a good farm."

This farm was called, as we have said, the "kingdom of Yvetot," and was situated near the present town of the same name in Normandy, between Hâvre-de-Grace and Rouen. The chateau, built, according to all accounts, some time in the sixth century, may still be standing. What is certain is, that here lived and reigned a long line of monarchs, whose will was supreme within the boundaries of the little domain; who paid no taxes of any description to the neighboring and surrounding kingdom of France, or to any other; who took part or did not take part in the various wars carried on by France, just as they fancied; and who were treated with, "as between crowned heads," by royalty elsewhere. It is not singular that this anomalous condition of things should have originated a number of jests at the expense of his majesty the King of Yvetot in every generation. Ac-

cordingly, we have all manner of caricatures, lampoons, pasquinades, and good-humored "flings," at their majesties in French prose and verse—the most noted and best known, doubtless, being Béranger's *Roi d'Yvetot*. In all these friendly—they are not unfriendly—caricatures, you see the same personage, a fat little royal personage, mounted on an ass, and followed by a dog, as fat and good-humored as himself, going from door to door on his domain, chatting familiarly with his peasant-subjects, chucking the maidens under their chins, patting the babies on the head, asking the news—who was married, or born, or dead—and never refusing the good glass of wine, proffered to this merry little king by his subjects. Then on his return the four stalwart members of his "body-guard," who have been working in the royal garden, drop their hoes, hastily don their uniforms, and salute this jolly monarch as he arrives upon his donkey; the four seamstresses or housemaids, daughters of his tenants, and ladies of the bedchamber, usher him to his queen; he dines *en famille*, waited on by the one footman who is lord high-chamberlain; and at night he puts on, instead of a crown, an excellent and comfortable—nightcap!

Such is the picture, half traditional, half historic, of the King of Yvetot. It is altogether comic, as the reader will perceive; but under the humorous caricature there appears to have been a solid substratum of *fact*. This seems to have amounted to what follows:

The first Seigneur of Yvetot was Vauthier, chamberlain to King Clotaire I. of France, son of Clovis and Clotilda. The chamberlain is represented to have been a man of great courage, intelligence, and devotion—qualities which made him a favorite with Clotaire; and the result was, that he stood in high favor with his majesty. Thence many heart-burnings on the part of the other courtiers; much jealousy of Lord Vauthier, as of one growing too powerful; eventually a conspiracy to ruin him with Clotaire the Long-haired. This conspiracy, long ripening, came at last to a head—Clotaire's mind was artfully poisoned—Vauthier no longer found favor in the eyes of his lord the king—and finally the conspirators succeeded in filling Clotaire with enormous rage against him—on what grounds the authorities do not say. These were not important, however. Vauthier was absent, and the conspirators had it all their own way. They clearly demonstrated that the chamberlain was a traitor; and as, in those days, kings were often their own "justicers," Clotaire publicly announced his intention to slay the Sieur d'Yvetot on sight. His majesty had put his own nephews to death, as personages interfering with his views; was known to be a man who stuck at nothing; and when a friend at court sent a messenger in haste to Vauthier at his chateau, informing him of the reception which awaited him from Clotaire, on his return, Vauthier wisely made up his mind not to expose his throat to the knife, or his brains to the royal axe, and hastened to put the Rhine and other broad streams between himself and King Clotaire.

For ten years, then, the Seigneur d'Yvetot remained abroad, hewing away with his sword at the barbarous Thuringians, enemies of the true faith. As Clotaire upheld the latter, Vauthier hoped that his "record" in these long years would restore him to favor with the king; so, pining no doubt for *la patrie*, and sick of exile, he determined to venture back, and throw himself upon the mercy of his sovereign. He did so, but not without taking excellent precautions. Clotaire was known to be a personage of most uncertain temper—fighting bravely against his enemies the Thuringians might or might not be sufficient to secure pardon for the culprit; therefore the prudent Vauthier first proceeded to Rome, where he made a friend of "Pope Agapet," and induced the pontiff to intrust him, in the character of envoy, with letters to King Clotaire, who would thus, under any circumstances, it was hoped, be entirely disarmed. Unfortunately, Vauthier did not estimate with sufficient correctness the highly "excitable" character of his sovereign. He travelled from Rome to Soissons, where Clotaire held his court; reached the city on Good Friday, at the moment when Clotaire was at the high altar of the great cathedral celebrating mass, in front of a veiled crucifix; threw himself upon his knees; presented the pope's letters; implored pardon in the name of Christ—and Clotaire, for reply, drew his sword, and severed the head of the unfortunate Sieur d'Yvetot from his body. Grinning, ghastly, and streaming with blood, the head rolled on the very steps of the altar.

Such was the unlucky result of Vauthier's return. Unlucky no less for Clotaire. He had committed sacrilege, and, when he cooled,

the full enormity of his guilt flashed upon him. The pope's letters, now read for the first time, did not lessen his remorse. They attested the entire innocence of our well-beloved son Vauthier, and around the unhappy Clotaire rose a chorus of clergy:

"Sacrilege! sacrilege! Your majesty has committed sacrilege!"

Thereat Clotaire grew pale, and his knees shook. What to do? Send an envoy to his holiness, suggested the clergy, and beg absolution; and Clotaire caught ardently at the suggestion. The envoy was dispatched; came to Rome; heard that the pope was dying, and hastened to his bedside, where Clotaire's prayer was set forth for the pontiff's action. The affair was embarrassing—the pope was dying. He did what men often do in a difficult matter; he compromised. "Clotaire," he said faintly, "could expect to receive pardon—only—" (here Pope Agapet began to cough painfully, and gasp for breath)—"only—when—he had given—the highest possible—satisfaction to the—heirs—of—" (here the coughing returned, became more violent, a convulsion shook the pontiff, and before he could finish the sentence he expired).

With the ambiguous dying words of Pope Agapet, the envoy returned to Clotaire; and for a long time the king pondered, with knit brows and troubled mind, on that phrase, "the highest possible satisfaction to the heirs of"—Vauthier. What was the "highest possible satisfaction?" At last he came to a decision upon the knotty point presented. There was, according to the opinion of people in the sixth century, no higher earthly satisfaction than that of being a royal personage; and the impetuous Clotaire, lashed by remorse, determined to make the Vauthiers royal. As the king ordered, so it was done. On a huge sheet of whitest parchment, decorated with seals and flourishes, and attested by the royal "mark," it was written that thenceforth, to the end of time, the seignior of Yvetot should be a kingdom, and the seigneurs thereof *kings*—owing allegiance to no one, coining their own money, levying their own taxes, issuing their sovereign decrees, making or not making war, as seemed to them best—in every acceptance of the word, and without reservation, *kings*.

Hence the Kings of Yvetot. The account we have given may appear romantic, but, whatever be the measure of faith attached to it, the existence of the "kingdom" is a matter of record.

Proof of this statement:

I. A decree of the Court of Exchequer of Normandy, of date 1392, mentions the King of Yvetot, and recognizes his royalty.

II. Letters patent granted by various Kings of France, in 1404, 1450, and 1464, acknowledge and confirm the sovereignty of the King of Yvetot.

III. In the same century, when Normandy was under English sway, Henry VI. claimed certain taxes and feudal duties from the King of Yvetot; the question was solemnly adjudged; and the decision given against the King of England, in favor of the King of Yvetot.

IV. A letter of Francis I., addressed to the Queen of Yvetot, is still in the French archives.

V. At the coronation of Marie de Medici, Henry IV. publicly rebuked his grand-chamberlain, for not assigning to the King of Yvetot a position suitable to his royal dignity.

"If we lose France," said the same jovial monarch, Henry IV., when he was retreating once, during the wars of the League, "we must take possession of the fair kingdom of Yvetot!"

Thus jest and earnest, fiction (doubtless) and fact, history and romance, mingle and are fused with each other here. The reader will regard the whole subject in the light which pleases him best—seriously, in the light of the charters, decrees, and letters patent referred to; or romantically, in the light of the Clotaire tradition; or humorously, in the light of the donkey, the fat dog, and the nightcap, of Béranger's *chanson*. The latter made the *bon roi d'Yvetot* popular forever, by hitting from behind him at other royal personages:

"Il n'agrandit point ses États
Fut un voisin commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que le peuple qu'il enterra
Pleura.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,
La! la!"

This was written in 1813, and there were a large number of per-

sons, especially the French mothers, who had lost their boys by Napoleon's merciless conscriptions, who saw in the first lines a hit at the great emperor. With these political matters, however, we have nothing to do. Looking across the years to the small chateau d'Yvetot, what we see is a picture of "royalty in miniature," and an extremely fat and respectable line of monarchs, who appear to have had an amount of good sense not often found beneath kingly crowns. In fact, these rustic sovereigns appear to have been the most sensible men of history. They never declared war on anybody, never interfered or quarrelled with their neighbors, indulged in no heart-burnings, were rendered unhappy by no undue aspirations;—they simply lived at the old country-house of Yvetot, with their tenants around them, ate good dinners, drank good wine, rode out on successive generations of fat little donkeys, followed by fat little dogs, chatted with their subjects, slept in peace, with comfortable nightcaps drawn over their royal old ears, and were buried in the royal cemetery attached to the royal residence, examples to all kings in all time to come.

There never were any "parties" of any description in Yvetot, we are informed—no court intrigues, conspiracies, or intestine dissensions. The king kept his own seals, and his own royal purse in his own pantaloons pocket; and therefrom with his own hands disbursed to his civil list. The court is thus described: There were one bishop, one dean, and four canons—all parish *curés*; a senate and privy council composed of four judges—all notaries; besides which there were ladies of the bedchamber—tenants' daughters; four body-guards—gardeners; one chamberlain and herald—the footman; a master of the horse—the groom; a keeper of the woods and forests—bailiff; others have been mentioned. We shall only add that the King of Yvetot could bring into the field, at twenty-four hours' notice, an army of one hundred and twenty royal troops, over whom the King of France had no more authority than he had over the army of the King of England, or the Emperor of Austria. These were never, however, called into the field. Their old matchlocks were quite rusty, and their uniforms moth-eaten. Nobody ever declared war on the good little Kings of Yvetot. They ate, drank, slept, rode out on their donkeys, smiled on the maidens, patted the heads of the babies, and went to their long homes, models of potentates, from the sixth century to the latter part of the eighteenth, when the last monarch of their ancient line ignominiously assumed no higher title at the court of Louis XVI. than *prince*—whereupon the Revolution followed, and, just when the "republic of Monaco" was born, swept him and his kingdom away: just punishment for thus abdicating his sacred royalty, which had "been in the family" for the respectable period of about thirteen centuries.

So it passed, this jolly little kingdom and its line of kings—small of stature, but the "real article," and respected accordingly. To-day, you look upon the whole matter as a jest, historic fact as it is. The railway from Havre to Rouen, through the department of Seine-Inférieure, traverses the town of Yvetot; the cars rattle, the smoke floats, the whistle screams; if the *bon petit roi*, on his little donkey, followed by his little dog, could witness that phenomenon, it is probable that king and donkey and dog would all roll in the nearest ditch, overcome with fright! But the fates spared them such a profanation of their royal authority—these worthy little kings of Pigmyland. They are no more there, and never now move any more beneath the glimpses of the moon! The birds sing, the streams laugh, the clouds float over the ruins of the old chateau, as in other years. But the kings and kingdom of Yvetot have passed away like a dream!

SOMETHING ABOUT CUBA, ITS HISTORY, ITS CLIMATE, ITS PEOPLE.

I.

THE Island of Cuba in size is nearly equal to England proper (without the principality of Wales), being seven hundred and eighty miles in length, and about fifty-two miles in medial breadth, containing a superficial area of forty-three thousand five hundred square miles, being nearly equal in extent to all the other West India Islands united. Columbus supposed Cuba (at the time he visited the Isle of Pines, associated with Cuba) to be a continent, and it was so regarded until circumnavigated by Ocampo, in the year 1508.

In the early times of the settlement of the West India Islands, San Domingo was the most known, and received the largest share of at-



View in the Sierra del Cobre, Cuba.

ention. Cuba attracted but little notice in Europe, until Cortez made it a base of operations, in his contemplated and consummated attack on Mexico. It will be perceived its first appreciation was for its military command of the surrounding coasts. Subsequently, in necessary imitation of Cortez, the Prince de Joinville concentrated his fleet at Havana, preparatory to his attack on Vera Cruz, and to Havana he returned after capturing San Juan de Ulloa.

The importance of Cuba does not therefore arise solely from its great productive wealth, nor from the demand its inhabitants make upon the productions of other peoples, but it is largely founded upon its admirable position in commanding the entrance to the Mexican Gulf, Havana being situated exactly where the carriers of commercial enterprises must cross each other's paths in their intercourse with Mexico and the Southern United States. It is a wonderful instance of the sagacity and statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson, that he should have written, nearly fifty years ago: "I candidly confess that I have ever

looked upon Cuba as the most interesting addition that can be made to our system of States, the possession of which (with Florida Point) would give us control over the Gulf of Mexico, and the countries and isthmus bordering it, and would fill up the measure of our political well-being."

Its importance, as the "key to the Gulf," will be still more perfectly understood, when we recollect that Cuba is ninety-five miles from the nearest point of Jamaica; fifty miles from Hayti; one hundred and twenty miles from the coast of Tobasco and Yucatan, in Mexico; and one hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Florida.

The Gulf of Mexico, almost an exact circle, has a shore line of nearly six thousand miles, and the outlet of this vast field of commerce is through a narrow passage running along the southern shore of Cuba, and within a few miles of her best harbors and fortifications. It is, therefore, certain, that whatever people hold Cuba, if they have at command the resources natural to the island, and the desire to do so,

they could make the commerce of the western world pay tribute, and embarrass our legitimate rule in the Gulf by treaties and assistance from European nations. And this has already been done, for, when the fleet of Sir Edward Pakenham operated against New Orleans, and was compelled in a crippled state to retreat from the coast of Louisiana, it fled to Havana for succor, and, but for this place of refuge, never would have reached Jamaica, its original port of embarkation.

But we do not propose in our slight sketch to treat of the military and political characteristics of Cuba, we allude to them only incidentally, and pass on to such description of its scenery, agricultural resources, and the social life of its inhabitants, as the best authorities at our command and our personal observations will supply.

The past of Cuba is history, and, under any and all circumstances, soon a new and varied future must open upon her; and we have no doubt that the results will be advantageous to her best interests and true development. Up to this time, one of the most favored spots on the globe, abounding with great mineral, agricultural, and maritime resources, has been cramped in its natural growth as much as if it were the foot of a Chinese belle, yet, in spite of the bandages of every possible restriction, Cuba has surpassed any given portion of the world in what it has done, and in what it promises as the reward of labor—for, in accordance with her population, and in spite of her misgovernment, Cuba, to-day, presents a wonderful example of material prosperity. If these things be, with a parent government heartless and oppressive, and subjected to the consequent evils flowing therefrom, what will the "Queen of the Antilles" be, when her mountains, her valleys, and her beautiful and commodious harbors, are in the possession of even a comparatively free and untrammelled population, who will develop her vast natural wealth, and make it contribute to the happiness of the producer, instead of the pride and squanderings of an unsympathizing aristocracy?

The climate of Cuba, especially in the suburbs of Havana, is considered the most salubrious of any of the West India Islands, with the possible exception of Porto Rico. At Ubajay, fifteen miles from Havana, the thermometer in fair weather has gone down to zero. It is impossible to realize the fragrant delightfulness of early dawn, or the exquisitely-soft coolness of the evening, in this wonderful island of the tropical seas. After the intense heat of the day, the sea-breeze seems to refresh and strengthen the very spirit of life, the pulse beats fuller and clearer, producing sensations to be enjoyed, but never described. In the interior of the island there is a variety of temperatures, for the mountains favorably modify any intense heat. Thus Nature in many ways overcomes difficulties for the happiness of man, and thus it is, however hot the day may be in those southern latitudes, in the evening and the morning there prevail refreshing winds; while in the mountainous regions the deposition of dew is so plentiful at nightfall that it takes the place of copious showers in modifying the heat and preserving vegetation.

That out-door labor for every class of people is not impossible in Cuba, we know; for two-thirds of the population, including slaves and coolies, work the livelong day in the unqualified rays of the sun, and do this under its most trying circumstances. What would be the effect of labor in Cuba, supplied with proper clothing, wholesome food, a reasonable number of hours for work, and a comfortable lodging at night, is still to be tried.

In approaching Havana from the sea, a chain of undulating mountains runs from east to west, until lost in either horizon. On each hand, as you approach the harbor, the land is gently elevated, and covered with grassy, luxuriant vegetation. The signal-tower and light-house combined, which overtops the high walls of the defences, which immediately lie at the mouth of the harbor, is an object of great interest to the novice in sea trips, for, with the desire to get to land, is added the intense curiosity to see the sights of Havana. On the first occasion of our beholding the red-and-gold-slashed flag of Spain, the sun was rapidly sinking into the waves of the great Mexican Gulf, and we watched the flag and the sun with painful solicitude, for we knew that they would sink out of sight together, and we also knew that, if they did this before we reached the harbor, we should be obliged to remain at sea all night.

In our anxiety and impatience to make headway, it seemed to us as if the huge engine of the steamer had lost its propelling power. Passengers, in nervous crowds, stood upon the deck, and wished and hoped; but, alas! all our aspirations were bound to be disappointed, for sud-

denly, a light cloud of smoke ascended upon the clear atmosphere, the low but suggestive sound of a heavy, but distant piece of artillery echoed along the Cuban shore, and sun and flag disappeared together as simultaneously as if both were under the military discipline of the now dethroned Isabella.

At the same instant the engineer's bell of the steamer's engine gave a significant tap, and the huge machinery stopped its rapid motions as if exhausted, and the "skipper" announced that "we had to ride in the open sea until morning dawned."

The same rules that were established two centuries or more ago by the jealous Spaniard, to guard against the sudden invasion of freebooters, have continued in force against the peaceably-disposed passenger-ships of these modern times.

The atmosphere of Cuba, as everywhere within the tropics, is so unpolluted, so thin, so elastic, so serene, and, save by experience, so inconceivably transparent, that every star and planet in the heavens seemed to be boldly defined; you can see around and behind them: they actually stand out in the clear blue, while the heavenly constellations are more brilliant than in the temperate latitudes. In this night-watch we saw the north-star and the great polar bear skirting along the horizon. And there were constellations unknown to northern skies, with the myriads of stars forming the milky-way, making not a dim, just-perceived light, but absolutely flaming through eternal space. All this was some comfort to our disappointed feelings, and lessened somewhat the indignation we felt at the workings of the miserable policy and old fogysm of the Spanish authorities.

"Couldn't our Government make a treaty that would break up this absurd rule, which might have been well enough for Drake and his myrmidons, but should not be enforced to the keeping of a peaceable merchant on the sea all night, in sight of a comfortable harbor?" said we at last to the captain.

"Don't think a treaty could be made," he replied, emphatically.

"Do you mean to say that the powerful United States, which could send a single iron-clad into that closed harbor of Havana, yonder that would knock Morro Castle into flinders in a few moments, that such a Union, if it insisted upon it, could not have such abominable laws repealed?"

The ground swell, or some other kind of swell, was now making us sick, and consequently ill-natured, and this, too, in spite of the firm atmosphere, the starry constellations of the altar, the cross, and the River Hridanus.

"We mean to say," returned the captain, speaking with the authority of the quarter-deck, "we mean to say, that Spain will not alter her laws regarding the entrance and exit of her harbors, or in any other matter, unless forced to do so by the argument of war!"

Just at this moment, at the very spot where we knew was Morro Castle, we saw a column of smoke, which, in the clear atmosphere we have so much admired, rose like a signal from some savage chieftain's camp. This column grew taller and taller, and nearer and nearer, and finally began to stretch away toward the west.

"What's that?" said we to the captain, very much surprised at this evidence of life exhibited in what should have been, by Spanish orders, "a dead place."

"Why," said the captain promptly, "that smoke is from Liverpool coal, and, if you could see the fire it comes from, you'd find the boilers of a confederate blockade-runner that plies between a Texas port and Havana."

And, while we were looking and speculating, we saw, far away on our right, what might have been other signal smokes; long, straggling lines that crept and curled along the horizon, and then up into the midnight sky, like wounded serpents, and these were from other blockade-runners that were coming from the mouth of the Rio Grande, laden with cotton—then more valuable than gold—all of which contraband vessels, at night or by day, passed unchallenged into the harbor of Havana.

"I declare," said the captain, with some affected surprise, "the Cuban Spanish officials have been bribed to do this; but it won't pay to buy our way in; so, in sunshine or storm, breeze or hurricane, we must stay out here all night."

But morning came at last, bright, cheering, and early. It was hard to say when the stars melted away, or how the heavens were brighter because the sun was turning every thing into yellow and gold. Another booming sound officially informed the Cubans of the break of day, and the red flag again trembled over Morro Castle, and our

gallant steamer, as if refreshed from repose, now proudly and swiftly moved toward the entrance of the harbor.

In a few moments we were between the long lines of fortifications, introducing us to rock-bound shores, that for nearly three-quarters of a mile are not four hundred yards apart. No engineer could have arranged them more perfectly for defence or safety, and the natural effect could not be more picturesque.

On one side, the fortifications, hewn out of the dark-gray rock, were surmounted by parapets that bristled with artillery, and animated by the appearance of soldiers and sentinels in light uniforms, who were constantly moving about. On the opposite side and along the shore there spread out the city of Havana, not sombre, like London, nor white, like Paris, but party-colored, like Damascus, and equally flaming and brilliant in the hot sun, the fronts of the houses, owing to some peculiar taste of the inhabitants, being frescoed with the brightest yellows, pinks, and azure blue, with the roofs red with tiles—the whole made more noticeable by contrasts with the deep coppery green of the overtowering palms, and other luxuriant tropical vegetation; in the harbor were innumerable gayly-colored gondolas; the ships were anchored in the middle of the stream, being only allowed to communicate with the shore through the lighters and small sail-boats that everywhere meet your gaze—the whole effect giving a peculiar character, and a romantic life, unlike any other city in Europe or America.

Our vessel, under the guidance of the Spanish pilot, finally reached her berth in the middle of the harbor, and, before the heavy anchor was fairly embedded in the earth, the sail-boats came circling round us from the shore like so many huge albatrosses bent on prey.

A few years ago, passengers could not go ashore at Havana without passports, which, when fairly settled for, cost some five dollars in gold. But this is not so now, though occasionally an unlucky traveler hands this amount over to some one of the numerous officials—always in sight—just as a countryman, it is said, will sometimes, in New York City, give a “sharper” twenty-five cents for going into the City Hall Park. But you go ashore, of course, and possibly have a sail of a mile or more before you reach the common landing, which is opposite the principal gate of the river-front of the city. You look up, and see a coat-of-arms over the grand entrance, once familiar, when we used Spanish silver coin, prominent upon which were the pillars of Hercules. The first impression made upon an American is, that there is an enormous number of semi-military policemen. The ship was spotted with them the instant it arrived in the harbor, and in the city you find every alley, lane, street, wharf, and stair, guarded by them, many armed with a light musket, and all set off with a saffron-colored visage, contrasting strangely with a thin white linen coat, held together at the shoulders by immense yellow worsted epaulettes. But these guardians of the peace and safety of Havana, such as they are, are respectful to well-disposed strangers; their business is to look most exclusively after the native population.

The streets inside the walls, as a rule, run at right angles, and are very narrow; the best are badly paved, and undrained. The houses suggest that they have all at one time or another been used as fortifications, they have such an appearance of unnecessary strength, and are so covered over with heavy iron gratings. They are seldom more than two stories high, and, in the most populous streets, have awnings suspended across the highway, from ropes fastened to the heavy parapets that surmount every building; which arrangement is grateful, in securing you somewhat from the effects of the noonday sun.

Every thing, to an American and a stranger, is intensely odd and very interesting. If you are in the principal street, you find the stores small, and a casual display of goods apparently a secondary matter. You look up and down, and are surprised in not seeing a lady in sight—you catch the bright eyes of what you suppose to be one, peeping from behind some *jalousie*, but it is a suggestion, not a positive fact. The men you meet, if not of the military, are all dressed in white pantaloons, grass cloth jackets, and panama hats—they know you are a barbarian and a “fillibuster” (synonymes for a citizen of the United States), from your thick clothing and self-concoited stare.

A woman at last—a stout one—dressed in black silk, queer-looking flat hat, no hoops on, great sash around the waist, and surprisingly large feet. You think you have always heard the Spanish women have small pedestals. You look again, and it is a portly priest; and as you see a great many of them afterward, you make no second mistake as to their sex or business.

Gradually growing self-possessed, you reach a street occupied wholly by private residences. You observe that the houses have no sashes to their windows, but, instead, heavy iron bars and gratings. Delicate lace curtains inside, and rich, heavy furniture, satisfy you they are not prisons. But their Moorish, oriental expression, gives them an intensely dull exterior. You think better of them when you discover a group of *señoritas* busily engaged in gossiping and smoking cigarettes. They let you stare at them without displaying the least annoyance—they rather like it, or they don't know it—you will never be able to tell which.

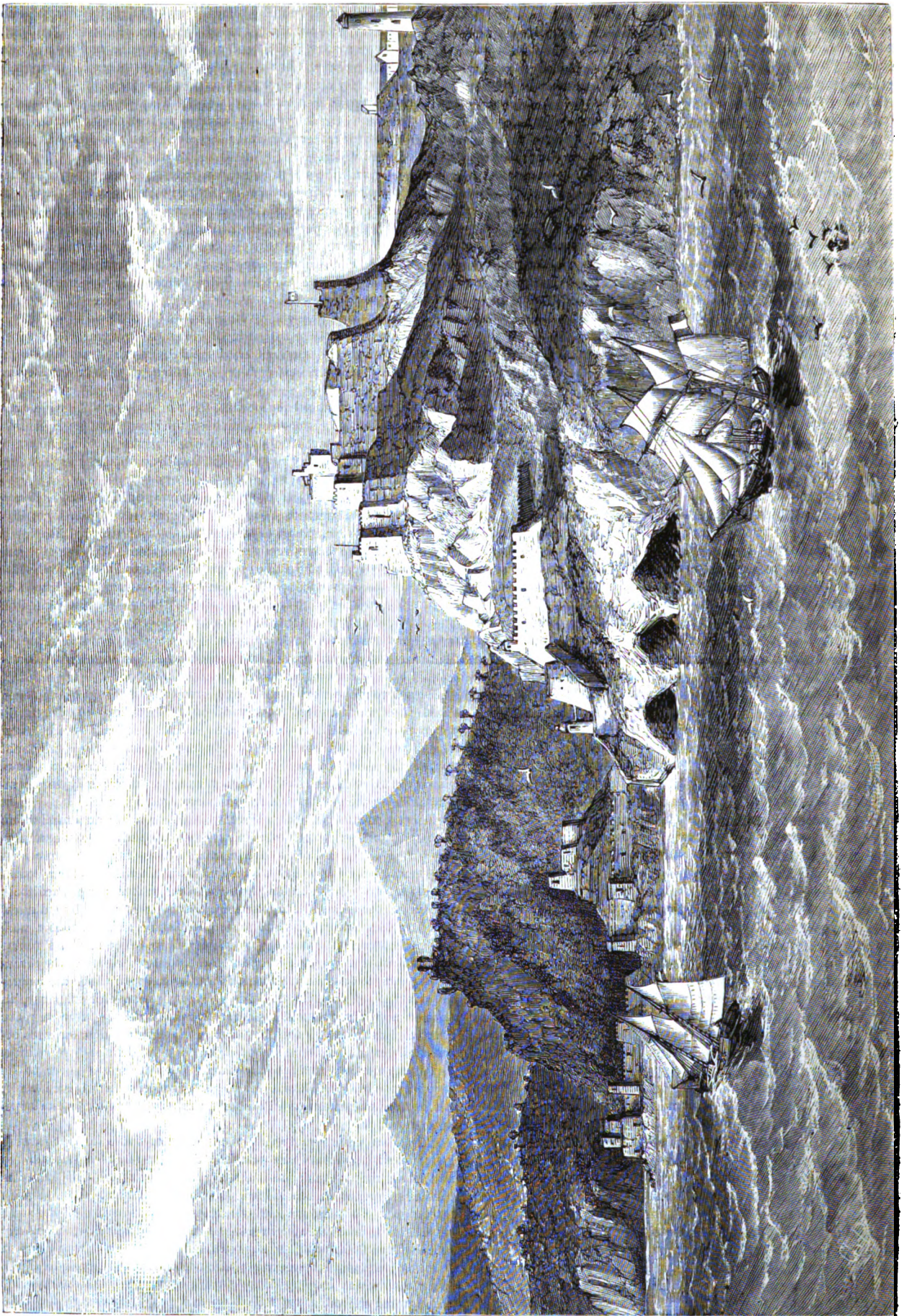
We have said the streets are very narrow, and here comes a cabriolet, or bullock cart, in common use in the country. It is the rudest wheeled vehicle you ever saw, and the animals drawing it have a wild, shaggy look, that is perfectly demoniac. The fellow driving is a first-class African slave, mounted upon a lot of old garden “truck” he has for sale. The African's dress consists of a pair of pantaloons, with a scarcity of cloth that would please an opera-dancer; his shirt is included in a well-worn suspender, else he has none. No covering for head or feet; but, slave as he is, he's a Spanish slave, or rather, according to his race, he insensibly imitates the manners of his superiors; and, mounted upon his moving throne, he puffs out the smoke of his cigarette with an air that no one but a grandee of Castile can surpass.

But, ho! the vehicle approaches, the wheels spread so wide that they travel in the gutters each side of the street, and the huge hub projects over the twenty-inch-in-width side-walk, more than half-way; we flatten ourselves against the dead wall, and just escape being brushed from the narrow walk into the street.

Until within a few years, to use an equivocal phrase, the hackney-coaches of Cuba were *volantes*. They are the most grotesque, illy-constructed vehicle, their uses considered, that can be imagined; where the fashion came from we have not learned. Their shape and appearance can only be fully realized by personal inspection. The wheels are about six feet in diameter, the shafts vary from fifteen to twenty feet in length. The sedan-chair for the passenger is placed on the shafts, a few feet in front of the wheels, and then a very small horse or mule is fastened to the shafts opposite. The propelling power is mounted by a negro, *à la postillon*. These fantastic vehicles are often of costly construction, mounted with silver, and adorned with every possible ornament to make them attractive. But within a few years the open carriage, common to New York and London, have become quite familiar in the streets of Havana, and are gradually, at least for strangers' use, displacing the old, queer, characteristic volante, which no doubt came into fashion by some law that prevented common people from riding in four-wheeled vehicles, this being a luxury only to be indulged in by the grandees and royal personages of Spain.

After due study of Cuban architecture, and after an examination of the best old residences, you find they are all built upon one unvarying plan, that of a hollow quadrangle; flat roofs are universal. A lofty portal opens to the entrance hall, which hall serves for a coach-house for the volante, and a store-room for things not immediately needed in the house. The interior court is surrounded by galleries, attached to which are the sitting, public, dining, and bed rooms, with the general staircase leading to the landings. The servants' rooms and kitchens occupy the first story, and frequently shops of the meanest appearance are seen opening on the street, above which are magnificent suites of apartments. The style suggests a dull grandeur, an antique and almost vandal character, which deeply impresses the stranger; but with all this barbaric magnificence which one sees occasionally exhibited, there is, apparently, a great deficiency of comfort and convenience. And any regularity of style seems never to be thought of, for, close beside an elegant arcade, with frescoed walls, stands a ruined, deserted old building, the very representative of hopeless desolation.

If you are permitted to visit the interior of these imposing dwellings, you will find that the principal apartments are barely, though sometimes richly, furnished. Among those less wealthy than the privileged orders, old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, covered with leather, and gilt nails, are great favorites; a table or two of the same style, with a hammock intersecting the room diagonally, and nearly touching the floor, complete the ordinary outfit. Bed-rooms seem to be located without much regard to privacy, and, in many, beds are never seen; their place is supplied by stretchers, or cots, and hammocks, which, when desirable, are folded up and put away during the day.



Morro Castle, at the entrance to Havana

The Cubans, unaffected by foreign ideas, live upon a few very simple dishes, and are satisfied with two meals a day. A great variety of food cannot be obtained. The celebrated "olla podrida," composed of fowls imported from the United States, with some beef, pork, onions, saffron, pepper, and garlic, is very wholesome, and suited to the climate and resources of the people, who esteem it a national dish.

Havana, especially in house-rent, boarding, clothing, indeed every necessary for the support of life, and to promote comfort, is the most expensive place in the world.

Here it is perhaps necessary to say, that the saddest chapters of suffering that could be written would be the histories of confirmed invalids coming from the Northern States, seeking health in "the balmy air of these tropical climes." Accustomed to the careful housekeeping and domestic arrangements of their northern home, and sustained by an invigorating climate, they find themselves suddenly in Havana, deprived of even a comfortable retiring room, and without the necessary convenience of even a bed to lie upon. Every dish, except otherwise ordered, is reeking with red pepper, onions, or garlic; the language and habits of the common people are strange and repulsive; and, mean time, the climate, enervating and exhausting to the most vigorous constitutions, completes the disaster; and the poor, disappointed seeker of health learns, when it is too late, the sad mistake that has been made by the consumptive searching a warm latitude for health.

We saw one of these wretched people hoisted by the aid of a mattress upon the deck of our departing steamer. There was apparent death in the eye, and in the emaciated frame. It was a desperate effort to reach home and die among friends and kindred. Presently the steamer moved out of the harbor, that was literally as hot as an oven. The cool sea-breeze fanned the brow of the sinking one; the pure, fresh air acted as an elixir; the eye brightened, the voice returned, the hand had the power to give an affectionate return for the friendly grasp. The cool night air set in, and the invalid, like one escaping from an exhausted receiver, wept and sighed over the suffering endured in the sad climate and surroundings for invalids, common to all Cuban resorts.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XVIII.—A CIVIC FEAST IN A COTTAGE. MRS. ROWLEY TAKES SOME STRONG MEASURES.

WE left Mrs. Rowley at the Meadows.

Mrs. Cosie, a comely, cordial, motherly, sedulous, upright, downright, plain-spoken woman, in the advanced autumn of life, when the leaf is still a goodly red, or a warm, comfortable brown, was a great favorite of Mrs. Rowley's. She had a bevy of daughters, and a troop of maids besides, always at hand to do every thing for her; but she was that active and housewifely sort of person who preferred doing things for herself, so her maids were not much overworked, which was all the better for their pretty faces and figures.

Had Mr. Cosie brought a couple of actual goddesses home with him, he could scarcely have astounded his wife and daughters more than he did when he appeared with Mrs. Rowley and her step-daughter. Mrs. Cosie was at her door, the porch of which was overhung with woodbine and roses, already beginning to bloom in that mild climate, thanks—at least such was the notion in those days—to the influence of the Gulf Stream. She was engaged at the moment shaking the crumbs out of the table-cloth after luncheon, for the linnets and robins to pick up; while the parlor-maid, having nothing else to do, was standing smiling by, watching the pretty birds as they profited by her mistress's daily charity. The birds were fluttered the first; they all flew away in a cloud, with as much noise as their tiny wings could make; then the fluttering reached the maid, who almost screamed, and pulled the table-cloth out of Mrs. Cosie's hands; but the fluttering of the good woman herself exceeded the fluttering of birds and maid together; she was all in a flutter from head to foot, outside and inside; her cap tumbled down behind, her kerchief fell from her neck; every thing that could escape from tie or pin or hook took the opportunity of starting, in the excess of her trepidation. Her voice was too soft and mellow for screaming, or she would have screamed; but she did

her best to make up for it by running to and fro, with a thousand "dear me's," and panting invocations of her daughters Dorothy and Margery, and all the damsels of the farm. In a few minutes, there was such a concourse that, when the carriage swept round the open space before the cottage, and drew up before the porch, Mrs. Rowley stepped out in the middle of a small mob of rosy-faced girls—one with a pet lamb at her heels, one with a broom in her hands, another with a churn-dash, another with a red petticoat on her arm, which she happened to be making or mending. In the background appeared some electrified workmen, who, perhaps, imagined that the queen had taken it into her head to come and see Mrs. Cosie—a visit which would certainly have made her majesty acquainted with one of the worthiest women of her class in England.

At last the ferment subsided, the shaking of hands was over, and the Rowleys, amidst a galaxy of happy faces, entered the snug abode of their humble friends.

The Meadows was so far from being "a cottage of gentility," that it had not even one proper coach-house; but it was large enough to afford a couple of spare bedrooms; and while they were getting ready for their reception, Mrs. Rowley and her daughter reposed in Mrs. Cosie's room until dinner-time.

If there was a fault in Mrs. Cosie's household, it was that there was rather too much eating, so much that it seemed hardly worth while to remove the cloth at all; but perhaps it was done for the sake of the robins and finches. This over-eating was the result of the old civic habits of the family, Mr. Cosie having once been an alderman of London, and having even served the office of sheriff. Indeed, he had been once within a few votes of the highest honor of the City, and there was no story which his wife told so often, or so amusingly, as how she had narrowly escaped being lady mayoress.

The dinner was as superabundant as usual, the table groaning under roast beef and boiled mutton, chickens and ducks, pigeons and wild-duck, pies and puddings. But with all this, it was not as ponderous as many a grand London entertainment, good-humor and good-nature did so much to lighten it.

"It was a lucky bridge for us, at all events," said the good woman at the head of the table.

"And a lucky flood that carried away the bridge," said Mrs. Rowley; "for I think we have our full share of the good fortune."

With chat like this, and a hundred recollections of the last time the Rowleys had honored the country with a visit, the rustic meal began and ended.

The post came in late at that period, and soon after tea, which trod on the heels of dinner, Mrs. Rowley retired to her room with her letters. She never read a letter from her husband in the presence of strangers, sometimes not even in the presence of her daughters—whether it was that they caused her more rapture than she cared to let any one witness, or for other reasons best known to herself.

Susan Rowley sat with the Cosie girls until it was bedtime, listening, not always with unaffected interest, to their accounts of parochial matters, and talking of poor Carry, whom the Cosies were all fond of, but latterly hardly ever saw, Mrs. Upjohn having for some time back behaved superciliously to the farmer's family, and broken off all social communication with the Meadows.

They chatted and chatted until Mrs. Cosie, who had been dosing in her chair ever since dinner—her daily habit for years—now began to wake up, which she no sooner did than she exclaimed:

"Now, girls, don't keep Miss Rowley up talking. I dare say she would like to go to bed."

"Well, truly I should," said Susan.

"When would Mrs. Rowley like to have breakfast in the morning?" said Dorothy and Margery, almost together, for both must show Susan to her room.

"By all means at your usual hour," said Miss Rowley. "We are as early birds as you are. Mamma writes her letters, and reads her newspaper, and does half her business before she leaves her room of a morning; and if she has no letters to write she goes on with her novel. She is as great a novel-reader as ever."

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Dorothy; "I don't believe there is a novel in the house."

"Yes, but there is," said the brusque Margery, giving her sister a little push—a way she had; "there's the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'Sanford and Merton.'"

"I should like to see you offering Mrs. Rowley 'Sanford and Merton' to read," said Dorothy, returning the little push.

"Oh, never mind the novels," said Susan; "mamma has a whole box of them with her which she brought down from London."

It was a long time before Miss Rowley was left to herself, for the Cosie girls were never satisfied that there were half as many things in her bower as they were certain she would want; but at last they accepted her repeated assurances that every thing was perfect, and pushed one another out of the room. Looking-glasses abounded, at all events, for there were three, and Mrs. Rowley had even more; in fact, all the movable looking-glasses in the house had been put into the two rooms, except a small one in which Mr. Cosie shaved.

Before they assembled at breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Rowley had a discussion with her host on the state of affairs, and what she proposed to do while she remained in England. The arrangement suggested by Mr. Alexander, by which Mr. Cosie was to manage the little peninsula under the advice of Spring Gardens, had already been approved of, and Mrs. Rowley was very happy to hear that her brother-in-law was prepared to hand every thing over to his successor without a shade of angry feeling on his mind. She was not long without further assurance on that head; for she was just deliberating at breakfast how to get over to Foxden in the course of the morning, and parrying the earnest endeavors of the Cosies to keep her, when a horse was heard trotting up the avenue, and there was scarce time to wonder who so early a visitor could be, when in limped Mr. Upjohn himself, looking much more like a man who had just been appointed to a good thing than a man who had lost one. He came in with the heartiest laugh, kissed and shook hands with both his sister-in-law and niece, and swore, like Falstaff, that he knew them the day before, as well as Him that made them.

"No, no, uncle, you did not know a bit of us; there is no use in your pretending it."

"Well, Susan, truth is truth; I did not know you; but," he added, turning to Mrs. Rowley, "I ought to have known you, Fatima, at all events, by one remark you made. When I said I did not understand why the bridge went, you said you supposed it was because the flood was the stronger: so very like you—so quaint and so sharp—so like you."

"Well, we were not on it, uncle," said Susan, "like the Brian O'Lynn family; that was a great point."

Upjohn sat down, and there was not a pleasanter member of the party.

"We were going over to Foxden after breakfast," said Mrs. Rowley.

"You are much better where you are," he said. "I am all alone, as you probably know, except Carry. I am going up to town to-morrow or next day."

The Cosies immediately declared, with one accord, that Carry must come and stay with them; and it was arranged that Mrs. Rowley would take her up to town when she went.

Mr. Upjohn's handsome and generous conduct mightily pleased Mrs. Rowley, and raised him in everybody's opinion. She pressed him to consider Foxden still his own; it was not only her wish, but her husband's; but he shook his head, and convinced her in a few words that it was impossible for him to accept the offer. They parted as affectionately as they met. Mr. Upjohn said he would write to his brother and let him know that he was perfectly satisfied with every thing that had been done; but, as usual, he neglected to do so, and it was not from him that Mr. Rowley had the first account of the way in which the new arrangements were received.

Mrs. Rowley lost no time, but went about her inspections at once. The weather being showery, she put on a long waterproof jacket she had, something like a sailor's, and, with her petticoats sufficiently tucked up, a sort of wide-awake on her head, and a good stout umbrella in her hand, she set out with Mr. Cosie on her perambulations. To people who saw her from a distance she looked more like a farmer than what she was; but, when they approached, her beautiful hair, coming out under the hat, revealed her sex quickly enough, as her countenance and bearing did the gentlewoman. As to get little Carry transferred to the meadows depended upon getting her across the river, which was still swollen, the first thing was to see what progress had been made with the temporary foot-bridge, which was only to consist of a few planks put roughly together. This she found nearly done in a sort of a way, and Mr. Mallet was on the spot

himself at the moment. He was not long discovering in whose presence he stood, and, pulling his hat off in a great hurry and trepidation, came toward Mrs. Rowley to make his obeisance. Mr. Cosie told her in a short aside who he was, and all about him.

"You will be wanting a new bridge, madam," said the carpenter insinuatingly.

"Yes; and a new carpenter, I think also, Mr. Mallet," said Mrs. Rowley, nodding to him, and passing on, leaving the village jobber chopfallen, and fumbling with his watch-chain, to admire the last construction of his genius on the Rowley property.

But, in dismissing a jobber, she made an enemy, of course, and she made another before she proceeded many yards farther.

Mr. Cosie next conducted her to one of the schools of the estate; it was the nearest to Foxden, and was called Mrs. Upjohn's school, for greater distinction.

Mrs. Rowley saw Mrs. Upjohn in it very clearly; the outside was as pretty and captivating as possible; nothing could be neater; it was quite a picture, with the roses climbing about the doors and windows, but, with the outward show, the beauties of the school ended. The school-room was dirty, the scholars a riotous mob of little sluts and slovens, the mistress the model of a slattern. Mrs. Rowley entered behind Mr. Cosie, and maintained her incognito long enough to take in the whole interior with a rapid, keen, comprehensive glance. The moment she was known, the effect was electric. The astonished mistress jumped up in consternation, and tried, at one and the same moment, to bring her untidy cap straight over her uncombed hair, and get rid of a foul apron, which covered a gown which was not much cleaner.

"Don't give yourself any trouble about your dress; pray don't derange it, and keep your seat," said Mrs. Rowley.

Oh, dear, dear, if the mistress had only expected—had only known—and so forth—she would have made herself decent and tidy.

"Then I am to understand," returned Mrs. Rowley, "that you only think it necessary to be decent and tidy once in every four or five years, when I come to visit you; and the children, too, don't you think they would do their sums quite as well if their faces and hands were clean?"

"Oh, if your ladyship but knew how hard it is to make children come always to school with clean hands and faces."

"Example might do something," said Mrs. Rowley, her formidable eye covering, as she spoke, every bit of the mistress's person which was visible.

She then desired to see the children's copy-books, asked some of the eldest a few questions in the multiplication-table. In a row of six she only found one arithmetician who could tell her what three times three made. She was a smart little girl, the only child in the school who was tolerably clean and neat, and Mrs. Rowley inquired her name, and took a note of it.

She then thought she had seen enough; and, with a nod to the abashed and silenced mistress, she walked away.

In a moment she turned to Mr. Cosie, and said:

"That nice young woman must follow Mr. Mallet into retirement, and with the least possible delay. How did she ever get the situation?"

"She had a great many strong certificates," said Mr. Cosie; "and she'll be coming up to the Meadows to ask another from you."

"Oh, and she shall have it!" said Mrs. Rowley, laughing. They had now made a little round, and were at the Meadows again, where they found Carry arrived in her palanquin; and there were great kissing and rejoicing.

After luncheon the same day, Mrs. Rowley changed her costume, and drove to the village with her daughter and Mr. Cosie, to show herself to the people.

As they drove into Oakham, the shopkeepers ran to their doors, bowing and courtesying, and the idle boys ran after the carriage, shouting. The place was all in a ferment. Some few of the decent people had cleaned their windows and washed their faces, thinking such a visit possible. Some ran to make their ablutions as soon as the carriage entered the principal street. In general, the little place was as squalid and neglected as any village could be.

"I was never in Ireland," said Mrs. Rowley; "but really this sort of thing must be very like it, and the reason is just the same. What nonsense it is to say that a non-resident proprietary is no evil to a

doesn't much signify, there was a bad fever among the poor in Twickenham, and there was one lane in particular where the fever was very bad indeed. Do you know Twickenham, ma'am? Well, if you don't, it doesn't signify either, though it's a pretty place, is *am.*"

The Madeira, mother," said Dorothy again.

"Never fear, Dorry, I'm coming to that;—well, Mr. Marjoram, ma'am, had a great dread of infection, and would never hear of his sisters going near that particular lane; and I told Mr. Cosie, too, I should be very angry if he went into it either; and he ought to have minded what I said, for he was always a bad subject for fever—you have only to look at him, ma'am, to see that. Well, there was a poor woman in the lane, who used to do needle-work for us, and she took the fever; and, when he heard of it, what does he do—my good man, I mean—but the very thing he oughtn't; he goes straight to see if the poor thing had every thing that was good for her; but he was not in the house five minutes before the close air or the bad smells were too much for him, and he was near falling in a faint on the stairs, and I don't believe he would ever have come home to me alive, if another poor woman, who was just recovering, had not come out of her room, which was opposite, and given him a glass of wine to set him up. The moment he tasted it, ill as he was, he knew his own wine, the very same Madeira, ma'am, you have got at this moment in your glass; he knew it at once, and where it came from, too, for only a short time be-

— had made Mr. Marjoram a present of some of it. So Mary Marjoram was found out, and her brother was very angry, not because she gave the Madeira to the poor woman—oh, no, ma'am; it wasn't for that—but she might have caught the fever; and Mr. Cosie would probably have caught it too, if it had not been for his own wine."

They used to pass those evenings at the Meadows playing round games of cards for some small stake, or making Mr. Cosie a knight of the whistle, or some game of forfeits, chiefly for the sake of seeing the wonderful number of things Mrs. Cosie used to produce from her pockets; but on this evening there was nothing of the kind. The post came in later than usual, owing to the weather. Mrs. Rowley took hers to her own room, and did not reappear; and the Cosies, who were regular in their public devotions, had to consider what was to be done the next day, which was Sunday, as they were entirely cut off from the church—not their own family merely, but the laborers and cottagers hard by, altogether a congregation of some thirty or forty. The natural thing was for Mr. Cosie to read the service in the dining-room or the barn; but his voice was weak and husky, so that was not to be thought of. Miss Rowley then said that she would see if her mother would do the duty, and, the notion being highly approved, she went at once to propose it to Mrs. Rowley.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PICNIC EXCURSIONS.

IT is a cardinal belief with every man, woman, and child, that a picnic includes pretty nearly the most perfect form of human enjoyment. One's experiences may not have fully confirmed this article of faith; one may, indeed, recall a host of picnics that were any thing but delightful—picnics which were rendered unfortunate by some conditions of the weather, or ruined by the want of congeniality in the party, or disturbed by the bad temper or insufferable silliness of a few of the company, or which proved hopeless failures in consequence of some calamity or misfortune, either in the upsetting of a boat, a collision on the train, a drenching in a shower, or other equally distressing incident. But, notwithstanding these experiences, the theory of the picnic is so admirable, that everybody, almost, is willing to believe that it only needs a union of fortunate circumstances to render it, in fact, all it is in expectation, or fancy. The theory of the picnic, moreover, is really based on actual experience; it is drawn from those occasions, even if only brief interludes in the ordinary picnic, in which sky, air, sun, shadow, trees, blossoms, and the company, all unite in supplying conditions of perfect enjoyment. What the full requirements of a picnic may be admits of some range of opinion, but the great charm of this social device is undoubtedly the freedom it affords. It is to eat, to chat, to lie, to sit, to talk, to walk, with some-

thing of the unconstraint of primitive life. We find a fascination in carrying back our civilization to the wilderness. To eat cold chicken, and drink iced claret under trees, amid the grass and the flowers; to have the sunlight dancing down through the branches, and sparkling in our wine, while we inhale a bouquet from the aromatic forest, and beflowered earth, more fragrant and delicious than that of the ripest Falernian; to gather from the fresh and exhilarating air zest and appetite; to enjoy all these things in delightful company (there must be both youth and beauty, in the latter, to give the picnic the proper seasoning) affords a charm that is subtly enjoyable, and which defies our clumsy analysis. The eagerness with which we enter upon picnics, the keenness with which we relish them, are proofs of the supremacy of out-of-doors. Nature is still dear to us, notwithstanding all the veneering of civilization; and it is pleasant to reflect how, at this moment, on the sides of innumerable hills, on mountain tops, in wooded valleys, by many a lake and rivulet, on little wooded islands, in the far-off prairies, in southern savannas, are countless picnic parties, all of which, let us hope, are finding full realization of the true ideal of a picnic.

POPULAR FALLACIES CONCERNING HYGIENE.

BY GEORGE M. BEARD, M. D.

II.

FALLACIES RELATING TO HEREDITARY GENIUS.

MR. BUCKLE, in his "History of Civilization," states that we are completely "in the dark as to the circumstances which regulate the hereditary transmission of character and other personal peculiarities." In a foot-note to this passage, he uses this surprising and emphatic language: "We often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will find that we have no proof of their existence. The way in which they are commonly proved is in the highest degree illogical, the usual course being for writers to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in a parent and his child, and then to infer that the mental peculiarity was bequeathed."

These assertions of Mr. Buckle probably represent the views of the great majority of the thinking minds of our day, except the very few who have given this subject special attention.

The popular ideas concerning hereditary ability are derived mainly from political or social prejudice, and are just now beginning to be revised by scientific research. The ruling classes in aristocratic communities are educated in the belief that birth alone makes the man; while, under democratic institutions, popular prejudice makes it almost a crime to have distinguished parentage.

On this subject, as on so many others, the theory and practice of society are often in direct contrast. The existence of castes, though theoretically denied, on moral and other grounds, is yet practically admitted, not only among aristocrats, but even among the middle and lower orders of society, and in republics as well as in monarchies. There are many who deny *in toto* the theory of hereditary transmission, who assert and intellectually believe that one man is just as good as another, and, with the same opportunities, may attain equal success, and that all men everywhere are born free and equal, not alone in civil rights, but in intellectual capacity. There are those who go still farther, and assert that talented and distinguished parents are *less* likely to have talented and distinguished offspring than are parents of inferior or merely average ability. If I mistake not, this is the prevailing sentiment to-day, not only of the ignorant and unthinking, but of the leading minds of our American society.

Men who would rather commit a theft than recognize their subordinate workmen on the public street, who would rather

bury their daughters than have them marry their coachmen or gardeners, who would see their children grow up in ignorance rather than allow them to attend the same school with the "common people"—men whose every-day lives continually attest the instinctive nature of caste, yet theoretically proclaim that a belief in the doctrine of hereditary transmission of intellectual qualities is only fit for monarchs and aristocrats.

In this country especially there is a deeply-rooted and almost universal prejudice against the theory of hereditary ability, although the *practical* belief in its power is every day getting a firmer hold on society.

Now, prejudice, except by a blunder, rarely leads to truth. Its almost inevitable tendency is to error. The real truth, on difficult questions of this kind, is only to be ascertained through unbiassed reasoning, patient observation, and elaborate statistical facts.

I have long held that the prevailing views concerning hereditary talent are destined to be entirely revolutionized by the accumulating evidence of modern investigation.

If every quality of organic existence tends to be hereditary—if the color of the skin and hair, the contour of the features, the expression of the eye, and all the countless maladies from which we suffer, are transmitted from parents to offspring, and from generation to generation—is it not rational to infer that the quality and quantity of the brain are just as decidedly and permanently hereditary? This question is answered in general by the history of nations. Among all races, and in every climate, we find that children inherit both the quantity and quality of the brains of their immediate or remote ancestors. The brain of the negro is lighter than that of the European, and his mental and moral character is proportionately inferior, just as was true of his ancestors centuries ago. The Chinese, the Hindoos, the North-American Indians, the Bushmen, all partake of the mental and moral characteristics of their respective ancestors—are, indeed, simply repetitions of the generations who have preceded them. While it is true that tribes and nations may slowly improve or degenerate in the average quantity and quality of their brain, yet these changes can only be brought about by crossing, interbreeding, or selection, and after a long lapse of time. Therefore, the best developed or most degenerate races attain their position only by inheritance. Both the Europeans and the Africans are the types of their ancestors, and represent the accumulated virtues or vices of all who have preceded them. If, now, the mental and moral character is so directly and permanently transmissible that races and nationalities maintain their peculiarities as well as their general mental character, from century to century, it must necessarily follow that distinct *branches and families* may likewise preserve their individuality, and perpetuate the leading features of the mind. This logical deduction is justified by statistics.

Now, in order that statistics on this subject may be of real value, these three conditions are essential:

1. They should represent a large number of names and a variety of talent. In science, isolated cases prove but little. Other conditions being the same, the value of statistics bearing on this will be in proportion to their extent. Every one is familiar with separate instances that go to prove either the affirmative or the negative of this question; but the few cases that happen to fall under the observation of any single individual are not sufficient to establish any principle.

2. They should be extended over a long period of time. To those who are familiar with the law of "reversion," the importance of the element of time in our statistics will be fully apparent.

Intellectual qualities, like all other characteristics, are liable to skip one or more generations. The talent of parents may skip their own immediate offspring, and reappear in their grandchildren. Diseases and physical peculiarities of all kinds are subject to the same law of reversion.

3. They should include chiefly the names of the dead rather

than of the living. This condition is a necessary inference from the last. It is impossible to establish any principle from merely studying the celebrities that are now living, for we know not what the character of their remote descendants will be. It is therefore necessary to go back at least one or two centuries, and, the farther back we can trace any family, the more valuable will be our statistics.

Against all the statistics that may be presented, it will be argued that the heirs of illustrious parentage have peculiar opportunities of education and social influence to develop their latent powers, and raise them to high positions; and that, especially in an aristocratic country, the statistics must give a false impression of the inherent capacity of families. To this objection, it need only be replied that, while education and social influence refine and cultivate, they cannot *create* an original mind, nor make a great man out of a small one.

But, in order to make the truth on this subject still more apparent, and to settle the question beyond disputation, let us examine into the history of the United States, where all are created free and equal, and where all, without regard to birth or social standing, have the right and the opportunity to develop to the utmost the capacity that is in them—where, indeed, education and family even are oftentimes a hinderance, more than an aid, to advancement.

One year since, I took the pains to go over the volumes of the "American Cyclopædia," and to put down indiscriminately the names and lineage of three hundred Americans, distinguished within the past of our country's history, with the object of ascertaining what proportion were connected with talented and distinguished families, as compared with those who sprang from humble origin, and were in no way related to any who were likewise distinguished.

The results of this statistical examination were most surprising to me, and must be equally so to all who have not directed their attention to this subject, and pursued a similar method of investigation.

Out of this list of three hundred Americans who have made their names illustrious in war, statesmanship, science, literature, art, oratory, invention, business, and financiering, over two hundred—*more than two-thirds*—had distinguished relatives. Over one hundred were fathers and sons, or grandfathers and grandsons; nearly fifty were brothers and sisters. There are several families (some of whose members are living), each of which has been honored by a number of distinguished names. The Lees and Masons in Virginia, the Alexanders in New Jersey, the Astors in New York, the Winthrops, the Lowells, the Prescotts, the Adamases, and the Danas in Massachusetts, together with the families of Beecher and Booth, have already given *nearly fifty* illustrious names to our national history. An average of *four* talented and distinguished members in these eleven families, within the short period of our history, would seem to prove to the satisfaction of every one that intellectual qualities are, at least, capable of being transmitted.

The suggestiveness of these statistics is more apparent when we consider the youth of our country, as compared with the Old World, and the fact that our population is continually being replenished and modified by immigration. In this list of three hundred names were included a number of living notabilities, whose children or grandchildren may hereafter rival their ancestors in distinction. It should also be considered that many of these individuals probably number among their near relatives many who, though unknown to fame, were yet possessed of superior talents, that, under different circumstances, might have brought them into notice, and secured their immortality.

Any one, who will undertake the labor of studying the biography of American genius in the manner and by the rules I have here indicated, must, I think, become convinced that the popular impression on this subject of hereditary ability is entirely erroneous. Any one who will investigate and reason on

the subject philosophically, in the light of what is now known of the variation of animals and plants, of the history of animated Nature, and of the different races and classes of men, must also become theoretically convinced that talent of all kinds is hereditary, that, in the very nature of things, it could not be otherwise, and will wonder that a contrary opinion could ever have been entertained by rational or thinking minds.

Special aptitudes for music, for mathematics, for business, for mechanics, and for literature, are also markedly hereditary.

That literary talent may run in families is proved by the history of the Coleridges, the Sheridans, the Kembles, the Brontës, the Hallams, the Kingsleys, the Disraelies in England, and by the Beechers and the Adamses in our own country. There are very few who have not known families who have perpetuated a genius for drawing, music, mechanics, or medicine. The Hutchinson family illustrate very strikingly the transmissibility of the singing power; but there are numberless households throughout the land in whom the gift of song is just as decidedly an hereditary quality, though perhaps in a much less degree.* Sobriety and stability are often markedly hereditary. A medical friend informs me that, of fifty thousand American members of the family whose name he bears, five thousand were deacons. The silly superstition in regard to the "seventh son of the seventh son" was undoubtedly based on the observed transmission of the genius for healing. Really, if we look closely enough into this matter, we shall find that there are very few families or branches of families which do not possess, at least in a slight degree, some intellectual heir-loom. The common impression, that a son is more likely to inherit the intellectual qualities of his mother than of his father, probably has a basis of truth. It is very certain that the sons of great men who marry inferior wives frequently exhibit only ordinary ability, while, on the other hand, it is undeniably true, that very many great men have had superior mothers.

Mr. Galton,† whose researches were mentioned in one of the earlier numbers of this JOURNAL, states that, of thirty-nine Chancellors of England, sixteen had eminent kinsmen. The entire list he collected embraced over sixteen hundred names of illustrious and original characters. Of these, one out of six were near male relationships. Out of every one hundred distinguished fathers, eight had sons who were equally distinguished. Out of every one hundred eminent men, five had famous brothers. The most important and telling fact derived from these statistics is, that *one-twelfth* of distinguished fathers had distinguished sons.

This fact seems all the more significant when we consider that very many of the great men of English history were bachelors, and that, of those who married, not more than one in three had children who survived them.

In collecting statistics on this subject, there is great danger of error by assuming that men who hold prominent official positions are necessarily men of talent and genius. We know very well that in this country very few of our really gifted men engage in politics at all, and only in exceptional cases are they rewarded by high positions under the Government. In collecting my own statistics, I endeavored, so far as possible, to avoid this error, by including only the names of those who were acknowledged to be persons of superior abilities.

I fear lest the value of Mr. Galton's excellent statistics may be diminished by this error.

Mr. Galton, furthermore, states that, out of six hundred and five notabilities who flourished between 1456 and 1853, there were *one hundred and two relationships*. Of eighty-five illustrious living names, twenty-five are relatives, twelve are brothers, and eleven are fathers and sons. In Bryan's "Dic-

tionary of Painters," there are three hundred and ninety-one names. Of these, sixty-five are near relatives, thirty-three are fathers and sons, and thirty are brothers.

From these last figures it would appear that, not only intellectuality in general, but also special aptitudes were markedly hereditary. Out of fifty-four distinguished musicians, there were also a number of relatives.

My friend, Mr. J. Markinfield Addey, is now engaged in the preparation of a work on "Eminent Living Americans," which will contain two thousand names. As soon as the work is in print, I shall endeavor to go through the list, with a view to the still further elucidation of this question of hereditary genius; but, for the reasons above given, any list of *living* celebrities, however large, must be vastly inferior, for this special statistical purpose, to a much smaller list that covers a number of generations.

The question now arises whether this rule will work both ways. Is stupidity, as well as genius, subject to the law of inheritance? Does foolishness, like talent, "run in families?" To this question, I think, there can be but one answer. Even those who doubt the hereditability of genius must concede that inferiority and indolence are certainly transmitted from generation to generation, and are retained, not only in nations and in classes, but in tribes and families.

It is true that many distinguished men and women have descended from parents who were more or less obscure; but obscurity is not necessarily inferiority. Those who study biography closely and patiently will find that the number of really superior minds who have descended from inferior stock is surprisingly small.

How often do the Irish peasantry or the "white trash" of the South give to the world a really superior genius in any important department? How many of our leaders in literature, in art, in science, in statesmanship, or even in war, have arisen from these lower orders of society? The depressing influences of circumstances are not alone sufficient to account for the universal inferiority of the offspring of the Five Points and the peat-bogs of Ireland; for, even when the children born in these places are educated and sent to the country, they rarely attain any thing more than average respectability. On the other hand, many of our ablest men were the sons of farmers, because our farms are often tilled by the best intellects of the land.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

I HOPE you will consider that the arguments I have now stated, even if there were no better ones, constitute a sufficient apology for urging the introduction of science into schools. The next question to which I have to address myself is, What sciences ought to be thus taught? And this is one of the most important of questions, because my side (I am afraid I am a terribly candid friend) sometimes spoils its cause by going in for too much. There are other forms of culture besides physical science, and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a tendency to starve or cripple literary or æsthetic culture for the sake of science.

Such a narrow view of education has nothing to do with my firm conviction that a complete and thorough scientific culture ought to be introduced into all schools. By this, however, I do not mean that every school-boy should be taught every thing in science. That would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a very mischievous thing to attempt. What I mean is, that no boy nor girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all sciences; so that, when turned into the world to make their own way, they shall be prepared to face scientific discussions and scientific problems, not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem, or by being able at once to solve it, but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and being able to apply the methods of

* Mr. G. H. Lewes ("Physiology of Common Life," vol. II., p. 336) mentions "the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of a musical genius which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs, the children of very various mothers."

† *Macmillan's Magazine*, for July and August, 1865.

science in the proper way, when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem.

That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education, it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school existence to physical science; in fact, no one would lament so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay, more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner.

I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows: To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is "physical geography." The Germans have a better, *Erdkunde* ("earth-knowledge," or "geology," in its etymological sense), that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in it, and about it.

If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that, so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under this head of *Erdkunde*. The child asks, "What is the moon, and why does it shine?" "What is this water, and where does it run?" "What is the wind?" "What makes the waves in the sea?" "Where does this animal live, and what is the use of that plant?" And, if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child, nor any bound to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking faculty in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge, and not mere book-learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

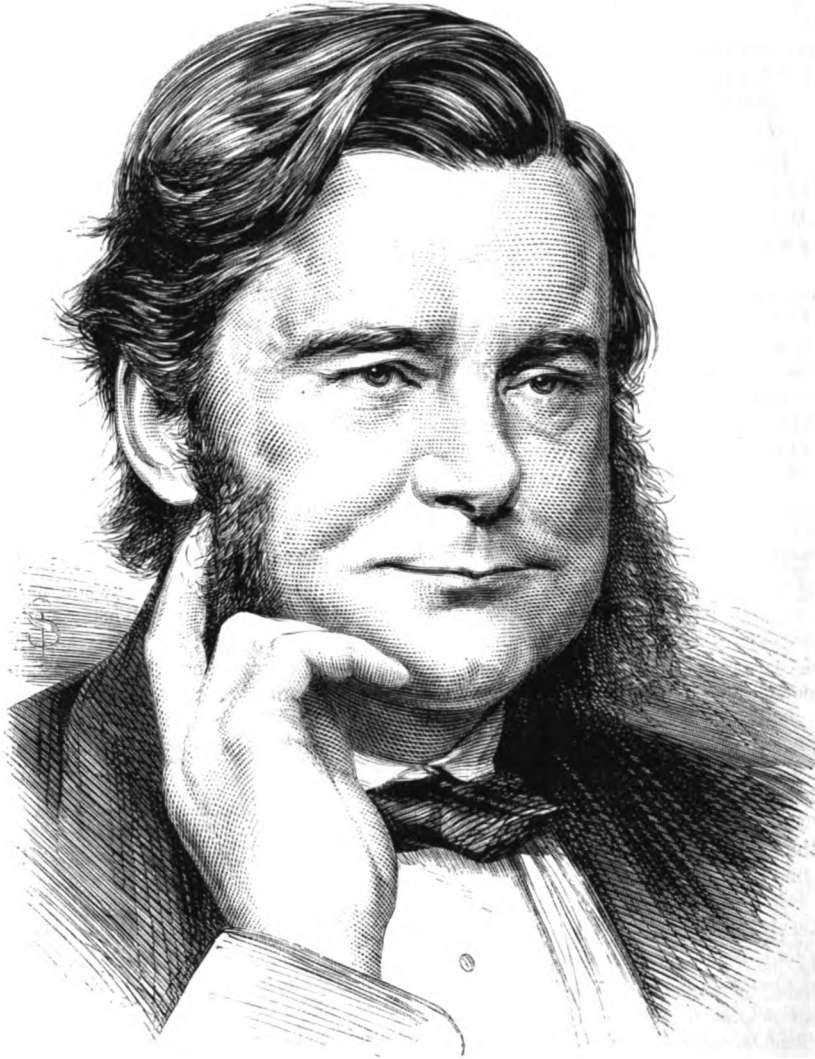
After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics—he should pass on to what is, in the more strict sense, physical science. Now, there are two kinds of physical science: the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, these two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advan-

tage which training in physical science can give is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented, for the present, if they, added to our *Erdkunde*, furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools. Indeed, I conceive it would be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred upon England, if henceforward every child in the country were instructed in the general knowledge of the things about it—in the elements of physics and of botany. But I should be still better pleased if there could be added somewhat of chemistry, and an elementary acquaintance with human physiology.

So far as school education is concerned, I want to go no further just now; and I believe that such instruction would make an excellent introduction to that preparatory scientific training which, as I

have indicated, is so essential for the successful pursuit of our most important professions. But this modicum of instruction must be so given as to insure real knowledge and practical discipline. If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere book-work, it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin grammar, which makes no pretence to be any thing but book-work.

If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such training should be real, that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so, and no otherwise. The great peculiarity of scientific training, that in virtue of which it cannot be replaced by any other discipline whatsoever, is this bringing of the mind directly into contact with fact, and practising the intellect in the completest form of induction; that is to say, in drawing con-



Thomas Henry Huxley, F. R. S., LL. D.

clusions from particular facts made known by immediate observation of nature.

The other studies which enter into ordinary education do not discipline the mind in this way. Mathematical training is almost purely deductive. The mathematician starts with a few simple propositions, the proof of which is so obvious that they are called self-evident, and the rest of his work consists of subtle deductions from them. The teaching of languages, at any rate as ordinarily practised, is of the same general nature—authority and tradition furnish the data, and the mental operations of the scholar are deductive.

Again, if history be the subject of study, the facts are still taken upon the evidence of tradition and authority. You cannot make a boy see the battle of Thermopylæ for himself, or know of his own knowledge that Cromwell once ruled England. There is no getting

into direct contact with natural fact by this road; there is no dispensing with authority, but rather a resting upon it.

In all these respects, science differs from other educational discipline, and prepares the scholar for common life. What have we to do in every-day life? Most of the business which demands our attention is matter of fact, which needs, in the first place, to be accurately observed or apprehended; in the second, to be interpreted by inductive and deductive reasonings, which are altogether similar in their nature to those employed in science. In the one case, as in the other, whatever is taken for granted is so taken at one's own peril; fact and reason are the ultimate arbiters, and patience and honesty are the great helpers out of difficulty.

But, if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons; in teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled, by the absolute authority of nature, to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.

One is constantly asked, When should this scientific education be commenced? I should say, with the dawn of intelligence. As I have already said, a child seeks for information about matters of physical science as soon as it begins to talk. The first teaching it wants is an object-lesson of one sort or another; and, as soon as it is fit for systematic instruction of any kind, it is fit for a modicum of science.

People talk of the difficulty of teaching young children such matters, and in the same breath insist upon their learning their Catechism, which contains propositions far harder to comprehend than any thing in the educational course I have proposed. Again, I am incessantly told that we who advocate the introduction of science into schools make no allowance for the stupidity of the average boy or girl; but, in my belief, that stupidity, in nine cases out of ten, "*fit, non nascitur*," and is developed by a long process of parental and pedagogic repression of the natural intellectual appetites, accompanied by a persistent attempt to create artificial ones for food which is not only tasteless, but essentially indigestible.

Those who urge the difficulty of instructing young people in science are apt to forget another very important condition of success—important in all kinds of teaching, but most essential, I am disposed to think, when the scholars are very young. This condition is, that the teacher should himself really and practically know his subject. If he does, he will be able to speak of it in the easy language, and with the completeness of conviction, with which he talks of any ordinary every-day matter. If he does not, he will be afraid to wander beyond the limits of the technical phraseology which he has got up; and a dead dogmatism, which oppresses or raises opposition, will take the place of the lively confidence, born of personal conviction, which cheers and encourages the eminently sympathetic mind of childhood.

I have already hinted that such scientific training as we seek for may be given without making any extravagant claim upon the time now devoted to education. We ask only for "a most favored nation" clause in our treaty with the schoolmaster; we demand no more than that science shall have as much time given to it as any other single subject—say four hours a week in each class of an ordinary school.

For the present, I think men of science would be well content with such an arrangement as this; but, speaking for myself, I do not pretend to believe that such an arrangement can be, or will be, permanent. In these times the educational tree seems to me to have its roots in the air, its leaves and flowers in the ground; and I confess I should very much like to turn it upside down, so that its roots might be solidly imbedded among the facts of nature, and draw thence a sound nutriment for the foliage and fruit of literature and of art. No

educational system can have a claim to permanence unless it recognizes the truth that education has two great ends to which every thing else must be subordinated. The one of these is to increase knowledge; the other is to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong.

With wisdom and uprightness a nation can make its way worthily, and beauty will follow in the footsteps of the two, even if she be not specially invited; while there is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and more revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of every thing but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres.

At present, education is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression and of the sense of literary beauty. The matter of having any thing to say beyond a hash of other people's opinions, or of possessing any criterion of beauty, so that we may distinguish between the godlike and the devilish, is left aside as of no moment. I think I do not err in saying that if science were made the foundation of education, instead of being, at most, stuck on as a cornice to the edifice, this state of things could not exist.

In advocating the introduction of physical science as a leading element in education, I by no means refer only to the higher schools. On the contrary, I believe that such a change is even more imperatively called for in those primary schools in which the children of the poor are expected to turn to the best account the little time they can devote to the acquisition of knowledge. A great step in this direction has already been made by the establishment of science-classes under the department of science and art—a measure which came into existence unnoticed, but which will, I believe, turn out to be of more importance to the welfare of the people than many political changes, over which the noise of battle has rent the air.

Under the regulations to which I refer, a schoolmaster can set up a class in one or more branches of science; his pupils will be examined, and the State will pay him, at a certain rate, for all who succeed in passing. I have acted as an examiner under this system from the beginning of its establishment, and this year I expect to have not fewer than a couple of thousand sets of answers to questions in Physiology, mainly from young people of the artisan class, who have been taught in the schools which are now scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland. Some of my colleagues, who have to deal with subjects such as Geometry, for which the present teaching power is better organized, I understand, are likely to have three or four times as many papers. So far as my own subjects are concerned, I can undertake to say that a great deal of the teaching, the results of which are before me in three examinations, is very sound and good, and I think it is in the power of the examiners, not only to keep up the present standard, but to cause an almost unlimited improvement.

Now what does this mean? It means that by holding out a very moderate inducement, the masters of primary schools in many parts of the country have been led to convert them into little foci of scientific instruction, and that they and their pupils have contrived to find or to make time enough to carry out this object with a very considerable degree of efficiency. That efficiency will, I doubt not, be very much increased as the system becomes known and perfected, even with the very limited leisure left to masters and teachers on week-days. And this leads me to ask, Why should scientific teaching be limited to week-days?

Ecclesiastically minded persons are in the habit of calling things they do not like by very hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I am about to make as blasphemous and worse. But, not minding this, I venture to ask, Would there really be any thing wrong in using part of Sunday for the purpose of instructing those who have no other leisure, in a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of man's relation to nature?

I should like to see a scientific Sunday-school in every parish, not for the purpose of superseding any existing means of teaching the people the things that are for their good, but side by side with them. I cannot but think there is room for all of us to work in helping to bridge over the great abyss of ignorance which lies at our feet.

And if any of the ecclesiastical persons to whom I have referred, object that they find it derogatory to the honor of the God whom they worship to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim His, and to teach them

those laws which must need be His laws, and therefore, of all things needful for man to know, I can only recommend them to let blood and be put on low diet. There must be something very wrong going on in the instrument of logic if it turns out such conclusions from such premises.

MARBLÉS.

THAT famous old man, Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, in his great anxiety to have his son, Martinus, use only the very best of books, toys, and games, advised the employment of "some few modern playthings, such as might prove of use to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences."

He found, for example, that "*marbles taught him percussion and the laws of motion* ; nutcrackers, the use of the lever ; swinging on the ends of a board, the balance ; bottle-screws, the vice ; whirligigs, the axis and the peritrochia ; birdcages, the pulley ; and tops, the centrifugal motion."

Regarding the first use of marbles as a game, there is but little known ; it is doubtless a long time since they were originally introduced to the youth's collection of sports, and I think they really proceeded from Egypt, that great country of mystery and mysteries, but have little on which to found the opinion ; one fact, however, may perhaps give some clue.

In England, and in some places in the United States, a marble which is almost wholly used to knuckle with, and which is quite often an "alley," is called a "taw." It is thought these two words may have been derived from alabaster, thereby showing that the marbles, or globes, were originally made of that substance, and, as in Egypt, alabaster was manipulated so much, and for so long a series of years back, therefore, or accordingly, our little globes had their origin in the land of the Sphinx.

Brande, in his valuable volumes of "Popular Antiquities," says that "marbles had, no doubt, their origin in bowls, and received their name from the substance of which the bowls were formerly made ;" but I think there is doubt of that, and for the reason given above.

He goes on to say : "*Taw* is the common name of this play in England."

He is in error, however, in this last statement, I feel confident, for a taw is "restricted to the marble employed to knuckle with," says a correspondent to the first series of the famous "Notes and Queries ;" and, of my own knowledge, I can state that all the boys here of English descent who use the term (and I have known many) apply it according to the extract given from "Notes and Queries."

Marbles are made of either baked clay (which is most used), agate, or other stony substance, and are produced in immense quantities in Saxony for the United States, India, and China, they being the largest consumers of the toys.

At Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse is carefully turned to good paying account, by being made into the small balls employed by experts to knuckle with, and are mostly sent to the American market.

The substance used in Saxony is a hard, calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are then thrown by the one hundred or two hundred into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of concentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the same diametric size, is placed over the small stones, and partly resting upon them. This block or log is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned to spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called "marbles." One establishment, containing only three of these rude mills, will turn out fully sixty thousand marbles in each week.

Agates are made into marbles at Oberstein by first chipping the pieces nearly round with a hammer handled by a skilled workman, and then wearing down the edges upon the surface of a large grindstone.

Although, as every one knows, agate is very hard, yet these little stones, so small as to be difficult to hold fast at one's fingers' ends, are managed with very great dexterity by the workmen, "who, in a few minutes, bring them into the shape of perfect spheres."

Some of the terms used in the game are very odd :

To be "mucked" is to have lost all one's marbles.

A "mivvie" is a marble.

A "bullock" is a cheat, and "to bullock" is to cheat at the game.

To "bell a mivvie" is to run away with it, but is hardly understood as denoting actual theft.

"Konnogs" is the penalty which the vanquished have to suffer, and consists in the victors shooting at his closed knuckles with his taw. The name is supposed to be derived from the sound produced by the striking of the marble against the closed hand, and caused by the hollow in the palm of the hand while it is in that position.

"Bunhole" is a diminutive form of the game of golf, but played with marbles.

"Fen-punchings" is used as a warning not to place the marble-hand any nearer to the object aimed at, than a designated line or spot.

"Knuckle-down" is employed to force the one about to shoot his marble to place his knuckles close to the ground, as otherwise the shooter has an unfair advantage.

I have given only a few of the commonest and a few of those least known, because quite a little dictionary might be formed of terms used in this game alone.

In Mr. Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory" marbles are mentioned in this manner :

"On yon gray stone that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet, now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring."

Henry Kirke White, in his famous poem, "Childhood" (which apparently was written when he was between fourteen and fifteen years old), says :

"What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scattering o'er the green ;
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race."

There is little doubt in my mind but that the game of billiards arose from marbles in the far past ; but, happening to catch the eyes and thoughts of some intelligent loungers, it sprang into a science, and left its poor deserted ancestor to the kicks and cuffs of the youths of the land.

Pebbles rounded by a storm,
Marbles from a far-off shore,
Polished globes of perfect form,
Roll before him on the floor.

Baby with his dimpled hand,
Joyous in the sunny sheen,
Rolls the marbles o'er the land
Of carpet, as upon the green.

HENRI TAINE'S ART-CRITICISM.*

BY DR. T. M. COAN.

NATURE, art, criticism of art, this is the threefold order in which man studies the beauty of the external world. The amount and the intensity of the pleasure which he derives from contemplating this beauty, rank, according to those themes, in the order that I have named. The rose of dawn, the "Alp-glühen," certain expressions of the human face, the splendor of cataracts, the gloom of forests, all have ineffable significances to fine and tender natures ; they convey thoughts and emotions that, in Wordsworth's phrase, "often lie too deep for tears." No art can quite reproduce their effect, at once electric, pure, and penetrant ; nor can criticism bring us face to face with the aspects of Nature. In the introduction to "Rome and Naples," Taine frankly admits that, "according to my own experience, the soul derives greater pleasure from natural objects than from works of art ; nothing seems to it to equal mountains, forests, seas, and streams. It has always shown the same disposition in other things, in poetry as in music, in architecture as in painting. That which most deeply impresses us is the natural

* "The Ideal in Art," "Italy (Rome and Naples)." By Henri Taine. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

spontaneous outflow of human forces, whatever these may be, and under whatever form they present themselves. Provided the artist is stirred by a profound and passionate sentiment, and desires only to express this completely, without hesitation, feebleness, or reserve, the end is served; if sincere, and sufficiently master of his processes to translate accurately and completely his impressions, his work, whether ancient or modern, Gothic or classic, is beautiful. It is then also a brief abstract of public sentiment, of the dominant passion of the hour and of the country in which it was born; it is itself a *natural* work, the result of the mighty forces that guide or stimulate the conflict of human activities."

This profound observation is an effective statement of the function of criticism. The really interesting thing in art is not so much the mere literal correctness of its portraiture as the fact that the portraits express the force, the sympathy, the sentiment at once of the artist and of the artist's era. The highest and most perfect expressions of art are never quite literal transcripts of a landscape, an attitude, a dialogue, a countenance. Art idealizes phenomena; it imparts to them the tints, colors, passions, of the human soul. "The aim of a work of art," says Taine ("Ideal in Art," p. 12), "is to make known some leading and important character more clearly than the object itself reveals it." Thus seen through the eyes of man, the interest of human sympathy, of fellowship, is at once superadded to that of the original theme. We tolerate the most trivial, the most ordinary objects in the representations of art, when we find them expressing interesting qualities in the artist himself—his technical skill, his sentiment, his devotion to an ideal, his sympathies, or even his efforts to give the mere truth of detail, as is often illustrated in the paintings of the realistic school. It is not the beauty of a sheep, of a haystack, of Paul Potter's famous bull, that attracts us to the canvas upon which these objects are represented; it is the fact that a fellow-man has painted the cattle and the haystack.

Taine's criticism is not technical. It is a beautiful, eloquent, and thoughtful study of human developments. He bases art-criticism upon science, and blends accurate thought with poetic feeling. One contrasts him constantly, in reading these delightful volumes, with the equally delightful yet widely different criticism of Ruskin. Ruskin is the most glowing and ardent nature that ever entered into the championship of art. He coruscates, he sparkles, he is an incandescent jet of energy, enthusiasm, conviction; more than this, he abounds in definite knowledge; he has earned a certain right to be dogmatic. No critic of art has ever given such devoted study, or a more laborious enthusiasm, to the subjects upon which he has written so eloquently. His studies have been wider than Taine's; he has never confined himself to the examination of works of art, but has constantly appealed to Nature herself. Few painters have ever studied the fields, the sky, rivers, mountains, the forests, geologic strata, the contours of landscape, the intricacies of reflections and mirage, the mysteries of lights, shadows, distances, and aerial perspectives, so long and so zealously as John Ruskin. His knowledge of the artistic detail of external Nature is enormous, accurate, and wonderful; he has given more study to clouds and ripples than many men give to a profession. Yet, with all this fund of knowledge, Ruskin lacks the even frame of mind. One feels that his eloquent criticism is not quite impartial; that it is not many-sided; that it deals too frequently with the ecstasies of eulogy and of contempt. One records with hesitation any words of dispraise against this really great critic and ardent soul, whose voice has been by far the most fresh, sincere, and vital of any utterance in art that English literature has ever made. Yet his power is so great, his merits so numerous, that we can forgive him certain deficiencies which spring from a temperament too passionate, mediæval in its tendencies, superstitiously religious, antagonistic to the scientific spirit. Ruskin is a born aristocrat, an imperialist, a religionist; but we have no right to complain of him, since

he represents so ardently and truly the truth that there is in these phases of human tendency; and it is too much to expect that any but the most grand and *integral* nature should be able to justly hold and state each of the opposite truths concerning questions so great as these. Ruskin gives *one side* of all the great questions; and he expresses it so well, that we will not blame him for failing to tell us the other.

Taine, on the other hand, brings a deliberate, broad, and generous method into criticism. He seems to have been born as the complement and counterpart of Ruskin. If Ruskin's genius is sometimes cometary and eccentric, Taine is a serene planet that pursues a definite line of beauty through the ether. Taine finds art to be a definite illustration of human progress. With him it is an expression of the same forces that have caused the development of philosophies, civilizations, and religions. Taine's criticism of Greek and Roman art is one of the most interesting estimates of Greek and Roman character that exists in literature. The human animal, as he existed two thousand years ago, with his love of the physical, his body not yet tyrannized over by the brain, many of his finer sentiments as yet unrecognizable, merely germinating seeds—so great is the difference between the human nature of to-day and the human nature of the past—all this is described with a picturesqueness and a power that makes the "Rome and Naples" as valuable for its historical interest as for its critical estimates. The contrasted spirits of the antique and of the mediæval and of the modern worlds—this is the fitting title for Taine's "Italy." It is one of the most interesting studies in history and in art that the French mind has produced.

The "Ideal in Art" should be read after "Italy." It discusses the sources of greatness in art, referring them to a triple cause: first, the importance of the character described in the work of art, as more or less enduring and deeply related to humanity; second, the degree of intrinsic beauty, value, and beneficence of the character; and, third, the treatment of the character in style, action, and, in what the author calls, the "converging degree of effects," or artistic unity of the whole. No book more thoughtful and valuable has appeared for many years upon the philosophy of art. Taine's critics accuse him of dogmatism, of too much definiteness and sharp outline in his thoughts—as if a haze were the proper atmosphere for criticism. They write, however, from the point of view of the old unsystematic and romantic criticism, of the sentimental enthusiasm, and the "*melancholy utinam*." The merit of Taine is that he has based criticism upon science. Unlike nearly all other Frenchmen, Taine is a thorough student of English and German thought, especially of Herbert Spencer's; and the traces of that great mind are evident in his writings, which are a new proof of the tendency of all thought toward *unification*. The art-critic will hardly venture to write in future merely from the data of the picture-gallery. He will see in art but a single jet of that complex and ever-pulsating force which we call Life and Nature, and which it is the never-ceasing effort of science to understand.

I have omitted to speak of the *beauty* of Taine's writings. One opens at random upon countless passages as exquisite as this:

"At length you reach the Basilica of Constantine and its huge arcades, with their head-dress of pendant vines. The eye follows their majestic sweep, and then, suddenly, between the openings above, rests on the pale blue, the peculiar azure of night, like a panel of crystal encrusted with sparks. Advancing a few steps, the divine cupola of the sky, the serene, transparent ether, with its myriads of flashing brilliants, discloses itself above the lonely Forum. You pass by the side of prostrate columns, their monstrous shafts apparently magnified. Leaning against one of these, you contemplate the Colosseum. The side-wall, still remaining entire, rises black and colossal, at a single bound; it seems to incline over, to be about to fall. The moonlight, so bright on the ruined portion, allows you to dis-

tinguish the reddish hue of the stones. The roundness of the amphitheatre grows upon you; it seems a sort of complete and formidable being. In this wonderful stillness it might be said to exist alone—that man, plants, and all this fleeting world, are but a show. I have often experienced the same sensation among mountains. They also seem to be the veritable inhabitants of the earth; in their company the human hive is forgotten, and under the sky, which is their tent, one imagines himself listening to the speechless communion of the old monsters, the world's immutable possessors and eternal rulers."

Of the two works I have named, the translations, by J. Durand, are excellent. Lovers of thoughtful art-criticism will welcome these works, which are the most interesting volumes of the sort that have appeared since "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice."

THE TRENTON EDUCATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

"ON all great subjects," says Mr. Mill, "much yet remains to be said;" and perhaps there is no subject upon which so much still waits for utterance as that of education. Although it is the oldest of all the topics of human thought, it is still the freshest and the richest. Twenty-five centuries of discussion, so far from exhausting it, have but fairly introduced us to its real significance, and, in the depth, range, vital moment, and broad applicability of its inquiries, the subject opens before us to-day with all the attractiveness of novelty. This, indeed, is the one common and permanent question of humanity, which remains the same under all guises of nationality, race, or civil evolution. Governments may pass away, religions may change, legislative policies may rise and decline, social institutions may fluctuate, but amidst, all these mutations, the question of the development of the human being remains central and constant—the one unchanging problem which is forced anew on every generation is, the training of its rising successor. The problem remains the same, but, as its solution depends upon knowledge, and as this is constantly advancing, each age encounters it with a better preparation, and in the light of a larger experience.

But, if much yet remains to be said on the subject of education, the provision is ample for securing the end. That tendency to organization, for the comparison of views and the promotion of ideas, which is so strong in this country, is conspicuously manifested among those who consecrate themselves to the educational profession, in the formation of state and national associations, devoted to the various departments of the subject. Three conventions, The National Superintendents' Association, The American Normal School Association, and The National Teachers' Association, will assemble at Trenton, New Jersey, on Monday, the 16th of August, and occupy the week with their deliberations. It is expected that the occasion will call together the leading educators of the country, and the programme announces that the most important topics in the whole educational field will come under consideration. That we are at present in a state of profound transition in reference to this great subject, no observing person can doubt. That which may be regarded as settled bears but a very small comparison to that which is still undetermined. In glancing over the prospectus of proceedings for these conventions, we observe that the fundamental questions are still open, and further light upon them is demanded. The relations of the State, both to the higher education and to primary schools, the extent to which instruction should be free, the religious bearings of the subject, the relations of culture to labor, the mental care and development of the colored race, and numerous practical inquiries respecting the best methods of teaching,—these are all to become matters of public and searching discussion.

Such is the scope of the work that is still before the educa-

tional profession. While there has been great progress in the art of teaching, in methods of imparting knowledge, and in school facilities, and a clearer recognition of the importance and dignity of the tutorial vocation, there is still much to be done before the profession can be established upon a basis of clearly established and universally recognized principles. No agency works toward this end so effectually as these concourses of thinking and practical men and women, who bring the results of their experience into comparison, disclose deficiencies, register progress, and indicate the directions of future improvement.

The marked tendency of education in our time, as of all other modes of human activity, is, that it is becoming less and less a mere empirical art, and more and more a rational science. It is becoming increasingly evident, and is now widely admitted, that the teacher has to do with the laws of phenomena just as much as the metallurgist or the farmer. All science has two elements—the observation of facts, and the reasoning upon facts. The observation of facts is eminently a personal or individual matter. The observer may do this work alone, and it is only required that he shall do it accurately, faithfully, and conscientiously. But, how to interpret the facts, and educe principles from them, is more a matter of the joint action of many minds. To generalize requires the marshalling of various data which are to be reduced to unity and brought under a common explanation.

Now, the school-room is the place where the foundations of educational science are laid in the personal observation of the teacher. Sir John Herschel discriminated between passive observation and active observation, or experiment; but the classroom is the field for both. The teacher not only notes what is before him, but he participates in it; he directs it, he works to ends—in truth, he is constantly arranging the conditions of experiments, is constantly performing experiments in the development of mind and character, and has before him perpetually the results of his operations. But, to arrive at general principles, these results must be compared, qualified, and interpreted by other observations and other results. Hence the importance and indispensableness of these gatherings of educators for the mental elaboration of the materials of experience which it is the duty of each to contribute. Such conventions are, therefore, essential instrumentalities in the progress of the profession, and they should be attended by all interested in the subject.

We say designedly, *by all interested in the subject*, and we mean to state that these concourses have a far stronger claim upon the attention of other classes than has yet been allowed. For, as we have said before, this is a subject that concerns all alike. Its claim to consideration is coextensive with parenthood, and as broad as the interests and destiny of society which it immediately involves. All the cultivated classes of the community should hence be represented in these teachers' assemblies, both to contribute to their deliberations and to lend the sanction and encouragement of their presence to this important means of educational improvement. There is one profession, especially, which should coöperate in this relation with the work of educational development more fully and earnestly than it has hitherto done, and that is the medical profession. The physician is the only regular student of the science of human nature, and his special studies have a vital bearing on the teacher's work. The old notion, that the teacher is required to understand only a few branches of study, is exploded; and the equally-erroneous notion, that, if he goes still further, he only requires to understand something about mental philosophy, is also exploded. The work of education is nothing less than the building up of character by the cultivation and training of the pupil's whole nature—physical, emotional, and intellectual. In all that pertains to this, the intelligent physician is naturally more at home than any one else, and is, therefore, qualified to take an influential part in educational discussions.

We are glad to recognize the growing appreciation of the work of these associations by the public, and the liberal hospitality extended to them by the citizens where such gatherings take place. The arrangements at Trenton for the entertainment and convenience of strangers are very complete, and give promise that the reunion will be pleasant as well as profitable.

TABLE-TALK.

WE publish this week an abstract of Professor Huxley's recent able address on Scientific Education, accompanied by a spirited and excellent likeness of this Eminent Naturalist. Professor Huxley was born about the year 1820. The cyclopedias and the magazines, which have fixed his birth at the beginning of the century, have evidently *inferred* his age from the amount of work he has done; but this is an unsafe proceeding; Professor Huxley is still in the prime of manhood, and has a great deal of vigorous work in him yet. After graduating in medicine, he devoted his life to the study of natural history, and succeeded Dr. Edward Forbes in the chair of Paleontology in the Government School of Mines. He has been Hunterian professor of anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, and also Fullerian professor of physiology in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Professor Huxley's position in the world of science is that of a philosophical biologist, and as such he ranks among the very first in England or in the world. He is a man of wide culture and enlarged sympathies. He has a keen enjoyment of literary excellence, and "keeps up" with poetry, fiction, and criticism, notwithstanding his indefatigable scientific investigations. Although an independent thinker, Professor Huxley is thoroughly imbued with the cautious inductive spirit of modern research. As a controversialist, he has the reputation of being pugnacious, if not acrimonious, and the current notion has this foundation; that he is a man of high and strong feelings, and the appearance of any thing like meanness or duplicity, among those whose professed aim is the pursuit of truth, stirs him to indignant utterance. We have said that Professor Huxley is a man of enlarged sympathies, and, in this respect, he contrasts markedly with many scientific men who are swallowed up in their specialties, and never give a thought to any thing beyond them. He has been long and earnestly devoted, as the public is quite aware, to the subject of general education and its scientific improvement, and has a high reputation as a popular teacher. The School of Mines, with which he is connected, besides its elaborate course of lectures to students, provides also special courses of evening-lectures for working-men. Those delivered by Professor Huxley to these audiences are models of what such discourses should be—clear, simple, and attractive, yet carefully accurate and strictly scientific. They are attended by crowds of intelligent working-men. As a public speaker, Mr. Huxley is quiet, deliberate, fluent, and we might almost say colloquial. To these traits it may be added that, socially, he is genial, racy, and brilliant. It is very well known that Professor Huxley is a leading exponent of the views of Mr. Darwin. An incident relating to his early championship of these doctrines, though often related, is characteristic, and will bear repeating. Just after the "Origin of Species" was first published, the subject came up at the Oxford meeting of the British Association, in which Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, participated. The bishop is a man of elegant, oleaginous manners, who has acquired the *sobriquet* of "Soapy Sam," which he wears very good-naturedly. A lady once asked him how he came by this curious title, to which he neatly replied that "it must be because I so often get into hot water, and always come out with clean hands." The bishop closed a sarcastic speech against the Darwinians, by turning to Professor Huxley, their leading representative, and blandly asking, in the presence of the large audience, "Is the learned gentleman really willing to have it go forth to the world that he believes himself to be descended from a monkey?" Professor Huxley rose and replied, in his quiet manner, "It seems to me that the learned bishop hardly appreciates our position and duty as men of science. We are not here to inquire what we would prefer, but what is true. The progress of science from the beginning has been a conflict with old prejudices. The true origin of man is not a question of likes or dislikes, to be settled by consulting the feelings, but it is a question of evidence, to be settled by strict scientific investigation. But, as the learned bishop is curious to know my state of feeling upon the sub-

ject, I have no hesitation in saying that, were it a matter of choice with me (which clearly it is not) whether I should be descended from a respectable monkey, or from a bishop of the English Church who can put his brains to no better use than to ridicule science and misrepresent its cultivators, *I would certainly choose the monkey!*" The storm of applause which followed showed that the hit was appreciated, and Huxley was afterward known as "the man who had extinguished 'Soapy Sam.'"

— The Rev. William R. Alger has enforced the lesson of the Peace Jubilee in an eloquent and earnest discourse at Music Hall, Boston. His observations on the philosophy of recreation are fresh and truthful. He says: "An important lesson is to be learned by observing the unthinking manner in which most of the crowd spend their holiday in the pursuit of idle amusement, without the least attempt to improve the opportunity for gaining any permanent profit. The more unreflective, plodding, and stolid any one's manner of life is, the greater is his need of breaking up its stagnation by change and surprise, something to startle and move him. But the greater the intrinsic variety, freshness, and interest of our daily avocation, so much the less need we have of an alternative. Is not the instruction obvious? The dull level of every laborious life ought to be relieved with a rich embossment of beauty, liberty, and progress. We ought to lessen our occasion for external change and spasmodic amusement, by putting more satisfaction and dignity into our daily task and hope, lending more ideal interest and freedom to our ordinary work. Some element of recreating inspiration and delight, mixed with the business of every hour, is the desideratum, not days of dissipation thrust into months of drudgery. Not one excess balanced by an opposite excess, but a healthy harmony, is what we want. . . . The true end of life is perfection of life; to carry our experience to the greatest pitch of fineness, richness, and extension. For this, concentration and patience are necessary. We must have an aim, and devotedness to that aim. Instead of this, there is, in most cases, an utter absence of deep and pertinacious character; there is a scattering dissipation of mind, every indulgence of which leaves a man just where it finds him, or else weaker and lower. The days are wasted in the chase of empty amusement. Life thus becomes a poor whirl of fancy and frivolity; all eye and ear, no thought and will. Experience is made a routine, without advance; a repetition, without increment. When I see thousands on thousands of people drifting hither and thither at the beck of every odd invitation, and reflect how few of them will ever lift themselves out of mediocrity, and achieve any thing noteworthy, either within or without, I see plainly what is wanted. It is less subjection to fickle impulses and chance lures, more sensibility to great prizes, with a girded resolution to toil heroically for them in that solitude of the soul where the Father of spirits seeth in secret without mistake, and rewardeth openly without fail. So much for the mere holiday." Mr. Alger describes very graphically the effects upon the feelings of contemplating a vast multitude of human beings, and the profound emotional reaction called forth by the presence of a noble personality: "There is something ennobling in the contemplation of a vast assemblage of men. The sight strikes the deep elemental chords of our being. It gives us more than one of those mental touches of nature which make the whole world kin. It ravishes the individual out of his egotistic self, and baptizes him in the universal principles and interests of his kind. He loses what is merely personal, local, and evanescent, and enters into the public, the sublime, and enduring. The grandeur of the spectacle stimulates imagination, and forces its suggestions expansively into the moral sentiments. You cannot profoundly impress and move a mighty crowd of men with any thing mean or petty. You cannot stir a strong passion in any individual there by an appeal to what is merely momentary, and personal to himself. But every suggestion of any thing universally human, any thing enduringly beautiful and good, vibrates back into the private soul from the collective sounding-board of the multitude with unprecedented intensity and volume. For example: it did one good the other day to sit amidst those congregated thousands when George Peabody came in, and to feel the surge of moral emotion, the thrill of reverence for exalted worth, that ran round the house as he passed. 'That,' we said to ourselves, 'is the royal merchant who has done more to keep love and peace between England and America—mother and child in the sacred family of the nations—than a hundred demagogues have done to interrupt and destroy them. That,' we felt, 'is the able and upright man whose living munificence, yet to be crowned

by the unparalleled benignity and magnificence of his closing bequests, has brought honor on his country, and will carry his name in undimmed lustre to ages far remote in the future.' To join in the spontaneous tribute to this patriotic and cosmopolitan philanthropist was a high, purifying luxury of the heart, in full unison with the character of the occasion."

— The unusual number of attractive resorts, suitable for brief summer excursions, that lie close around the city of New York, has been frequently commented upon, but even our own citizens become forgetful of these advantages without a little reiteration. Probably no city in the world is surrounded by such noble water-courses. The North and East Rivers, the upper and lower bays, the Sound, and Newark Bay and Kills, make up an expanse of wide inland seas that are unparalleled for beauty, variety, and extent. It is somewhat singular, in view of these notable features, that yachting is not a more favorite recreation. Within twenty years it has gained greatly in favor, but it has not the hold upon popular appreciation one would expect, in observing the splendid field afforded for its exercise. These numerous waters are the means, however, of opening to us many sea-side and inland resorts, and every year this fact is more generally recognized. Three of the finest beaches on this continent—Long Branch, Coney Island, and Rockaway—lie each within a two-hours' reach, and hence a day on the shore, with a good lusty tumble in the surf, is always conveniently practicable. Numerous vessels sail daily along the shores of Long-Island Sound, rendering its wooded promontories, its picturesque villages, its beautiful bays, accessible to the excursionist. Other vessels ascend the Hudson, so that one may picnic upon the old walls of Fort Putnam in the Highlands—the most picturesque place for a picnic conceivable—or visit the West-Point encampments, or clamber up old Cro' Nest, or take a look at the great iron foundry, which Weir studied for his famous "Forging the Shaft," or wander around Peekskill Bay, or visit the vineyards at Croton Point, or make an incursion beyond Hook Mountain to Rockland Lake, or take a look at the prisons at Sing Sing, or ride over beyond this village to the Croton Water-works, or, if a nearer ground is desirable, land at Fort Lee, and, ascending to the top of the Palisades, get a superb view of the river, the city, and the bay. If one visits Rockaway or Fire Island, on the Long-Island shore, he may troll for blue-fish; if he ascends the East River, he may cast his line for sea-bass amid the little islands that cluster around the opening of the Sound. A trip to Red Bank, on the Jersey shore, will also give fine facilities for fishing; and so will several points on Staten Island. There are steamers also that go down daily to the fishing grounds in the lower bay. Then one may run up the Erie road to the Passaic Falls, at Paterson, or to the Ramapo; or, taking the Essex road, extend his journey to Green Pond, where there is fine piscatorial sport. In addition to all these, there are Harlem River, with its rugged, picturesque shores, and High Bridge and Weehawken Heights, and a trip down to Bayside, on Long Island, where clams may be eaten cooked in primitive Indian fashion, and a sail through the Staten-Island Kills—in fact, one may spend a summer visiting the environs of New York, and find his entertainments lacking neither in number nor variety.

— Matters pertaining to the stage seem now to be favorite subjects of discussion among the magazines. The *Atlantic* has analyzed the Hamlets of the stage; *Putnam's*, to which we have previously referred, has criticised the lack of Nature in theatrical art; *Lippincott's* discusses the comedian Jefferson, and, lastly, the *Galaxy* takes up the question of the burlesques. In the *Galaxy's* article the writer (Mr. Richard Grant White) commends the almost perfect manner in which the much-abused ladies at Niblo's speak English, noticing particularly Miss Lydia Thompson and Miss Pauline Markham. This just criticism recalls our own comments a few weeks since, in reference to the injustice which continually condemns the mannerisms of the stage, without perceiving those of other forms of public speech. That the stage manner is often bad, is admitted, but the comment of Mr. White in the *Galaxy* reminds us that the stage alone has ever given us specimens of beautifully-spoken English. If one has never heard English uttered excepting in society, in the pulpit, or on the platform, then he is utterly ignorant of what it can be made when delivered with the perfect art of an accomplished actor—or, let us rather say, actress—for what Mr. White designates as "vocal velvet" is perfectly attained by the feminine organ only. Those of our readers who remember Mrs. Charles Kean, not as she last appeared here, but when in her prime

twenty years ago, will recall the almost matchless pleasure with which they listened to her reading of many Shakespearian passages—a reading in which purity of enunciation, with exquisite management of tone, inflection, and emphasis, made up an effect which the human voice has never produced anywhere else than on the stage. There are sometimes, no doubt, good talkers in society, and there are women especially who have admirable utterance, but absolute artistic delivery, we venture to say, is almost unknown excepting among actors. How much both the matter and the manner of social discourse might be improved has been indicated in our columns by Mr. Eugene Benson in his article on "Fatal French." There is no greater charm, we think, than good English well spoken or well read; and it is certainly highly desirable that our seminaries should include this accomplishment in their curriculum. But, in order to make good readers, class-reading in schools must be abolished altogether. Pupils, by this method, get into very strained and inelegant habits; they learn all they should not learn, and attain a manner utterly foreign to the true art of reading, and which is very difficult to unlearn. What the true art of speech is, will have to be learned from the stage, notwithstanding the fashionable contempt for the theatre—for it is not understood, and has no examples elsewhere. The stage itself needs no little disciplining in this particular; it has bad traditions as well as good ones, and wrong methods more frequently than right ones; but, by the side of the best expression in dramatic art, the best expression in every other is poor and paltry enough.

— A few months ago, the most radical of reformers and the most hopeful of progressionists would have acknowledged the stability of our trousers. Men might come and men would go, but, if there was one well-settled confidence in the public mind, it was in the probable permanent duration of those casings of the lower limbs, sometimes called trousers and sometimes known as pantaloons. A belief in trousers was a conservatism that nobody attacked. There was no organization looking to the demolition or overthrow of trousers. Nobody had proposed any sort of change or reform in that direction. Trousers seemed about as safe as the Bank of England and as permanent as the national debt. They were essentially democratic, in rendering legs of all kinds and shapes equal before the law and on the promenade, and hence there existed no reasonable motive for a revolution. Gentlemen with big knees, with twisted calves, with thin calves, with no calves, went about calm, confident, and secure. They foresaw no danger, but, employing the best tailors, confidently believed that their infirmities were hidden forever from the gaze of man or woman. But, all at once, trousers are threatened, are attacked, are denounced, are even doomed. The onslaught has begun in England, and a set of ruthless destroyers have determined on revolutionizing this respectable article of apparel. We need not say that the revolt comes from the handsome-legged men, and is aided and abetted by certain radical young women, who admire grace and shapeliness in the beaux of the period. The design of this organization is actually to restore breeches and silk stockings for evening dress, and to introduce the style known as knickerbockers for ordinary wear. That the latter is very suitable for the display of a handsome calf must be admitted—but, alas! how few of us have handsome calves! The women's-rights women have more than once sneered at their would-be lords and masters for their deficiency in this peculiar mark of a high civilization, and possibly regretted the dress that prevented their own endowments from ever becoming known. That the calf is a stamp of race and civilization is no doubt true, the African, and, we believe, all inferior races, being remarkably deficient in this nether line of grace. Some one, we recollect, once attempted to prove that the calf always distinguished the patrician from the plebeian, and traced the difference to the fact that, while the former always rode, the latter walked. These things being true, it is no wonder that certain well-made coxcombs should desire to show their points in public. The grief of an Adonis, compelled to hide his shapely limbs in baggy and ungraceful trousers for all his life, is certainly painful to contemplate—so let us welcome the knickerbockers, and console ourselves with the thought that art has power to step in and ameliorate our misfortunes. We can pad.

— The public can scarcely keep pace with the liberal gifts of Mr. George Peabody to various institutions. The recent additions of something over a million of money to the Southern Educational Fund is as gratifying as it is surprising, and gratifying especially in view of the admitted success of the scheme. Our extended account, pub-

lished in the two preceding numbers of the JOURNAL, of Mr. Peabody's munificent appropriations in behalf of the industrious poor of London, has been read, no doubt, with interest. We had intended to print in the present number a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Peabody, but it has been forced over to our next issue. The history of donations like those of Mr. Peabody is of interest, especially at the moment when Mr. Stewart and other capitalists are considering suitable means for employing their surplus capital to the advantage of the public. Mr. Peabody, we regret to learn, has not been in good health since his return to this country, and that the sea air at Newport, whither he went for recuperation, had proved unfavorable to his condition. Mr. Peabody is now at his native town, Danvers, Massachusetts, where, it may be earnestly hoped, he will recover his tone of health. On the 16th of July, the Peabody Institute, at that place, was formally dedicated, Robert C. Winthrop making the address on the occasion, and Oliver Wendell Holmes reading the following verses:

Bankrupt—our pockets inside out !
Empty of words to speak his praises !
Worcester and Webster up the spout !
Dead broke of laudatory phrases !
But why with flowery speeches tease,
With vain superlatives distress him ?
Has language better words than these—
THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD BLESS HIM.

A simple prayer—but words more sweet
By human lips were never uttered,
Since Adam left the country seat
Where angel wings around him fluttered.
The old look on with tear-dimmed eyes,
The children cluster to caress him,
And every voice unbidden cries,
THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD BLESS HIM.

— It has become a world-wide custom to designate literary men, and especially reporters for the daily press, as "Bohemians," and to represent them as dissipated, uncouth, reckless wights, improvident to the last degree, and as deficient in the polish of society as they are proficient in drinking, smoking, and literary vagabondage. Miss Kate Field, however, has boldly come out in their defence, and paints them, in the most glowing colors, as pleasant companions and refined gentlemen. She saw them gathered together at the Boston Peace Jubilee in sufficient numbers to be regarded as a representative assembly of the profession, and under circumstances which were calculated to show their merits as well as their foibles in the most prominent light, and she takes a justifiable pride and pleasure in proclaiming her faith in and admiration for them. She says: "I have heard a great deal about the Bohemianism of the press—how its members look like Mexican bandits, and how they disregard every law, human and divine. If the two hundred or more gentlemen who have written themselves all to pieces, for the sake of peace, fairly represent their profession, then the press is an honor to the country. Better deportment, less confusion, more courtesy, I have never seen outside of a drawing-room."

— We observe with pleasure that articles in the JOURNAL are very widely copied in the newspapers of the country, which is certainly a proper thing to do, but we regret to see that, in many instances, the credit of their origin is not given. It is certainly gratifying to see the circulation of our articles increased by reprinting them, but there is no excuse for not acknowledging their origin. The papers thus appropriated are our property; we paid for them, and we give notice of our ownership by copyrighting every number of the JOURNAL. But, while cordially conceding the privilege of copying from our columns, we reprobate this practice of copying without acknowledgment. We sometimes take articles from foreign periodicals, but are careful to state their sources, and, the justice we accord to others, we demand also for ourselves.

Literary Notes.

IT is a curious coincidence that both the north and the south of Europe should simultaneously awaken from the literary lethargy of years, and that fresh, vigorous writers should contemporaneously take the field in Denmark and in Spain. Copenhagen, which, in the times of Thorwaldsen and Andersen was not only an art but a literary centre, has, since the late Prussian and German wars, again taken her ancient place, and tales, novels, and scientific works, bearing the imprint of her

publishing-houses, are appearing in rapid succession. Spain, once the focus of literary ability, has lain torpid since the commencement of the present century, but, with the great political revolution still in progress, seems to have shaken off her mental fetters, and will soon give to the world several valuable histories and other works as the forerunners of a harvest from the fertile soil which has so long lain fallow. The intellectual vivification of Spain is not confined to her writers, but is asserting itself among her public men. In the recent sessions of the Cortes great oratorical ability has been developed, and, in the person of Signor Castelar, has appeared a second Daniel Webster.

"Cipher," by Jane G. Austin, which made its first appearance in the *Galaxy*, has been issued by Sheldon & Co. in book form, with numerous illustrations. It is an American story, by an American, and as such should meet with a cordial welcome. The story, though barely within the limits of possibility, is one which is calculated to attract and retain the interest of the reader, and, though there is a decided tendency to exaggeration in elaborating the prominent traits of the principal characters, there is a certain coherence and fidelity even in this exaggeration. The story is merely a family history, in which, after generations of misunderstandings, crimes, and concealments, the various branches are finally united by the intermarriages of the descendants, the unveiling of all mysteries, and the forgiveness of all past sins, with the destruction of the records, by which they had been perpetuated, in a cipher, known only to the family. The plot, by which this development is secured, is ingenious, and the minor incidents are well worked into the main thread of the story.

Almost every novel-reader will recall the pleasure with which he perused Gustav Freytag's admirable pictures of German life called "Debit and Credit," and will be glad to learn that another novel, by the same author, entitled "The Lost Manuscript," has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. "The Lost Manuscript" exhibits a very remarkable freshness both in plot and characterization, and, while containing a good many graphic and dramatic pictures of German student-life, is by no means confined to this field. We know of nothing in recent fiction more charming than this romance; it is as clear, rippling, and fresh as a mountain-stream; it has, too, its attractive lights and shades; it now moves swiftly, now slowly; now foams over rocks, now glides smoothly, and its whole course is in a channel peculiarly its own. For the woods, the mountains, or the sea-side, for the quiet of the country or the *ennui* of the town, "The Lost Manuscript" is preëminently the book of the season.

While the contents of the books, which fill our libraries and enrich our publishers, are of the most vital importance, their binding is to many a subject of equal interest, and a showy cover will often sell an inferior work. This being the fact, the discovery or invention of a new material for binding is of great value, not only to dealers, but to purchasers. Messrs. Stevenson & Co., of London, have recently introduced an entirely new material, "Enamelled Ivory," which, *The Book-seller* states, "has the merit of novelty and cheapness." It is affixed to the outside in the same manner as real ivory, and can be made in imitation of tortoise-shell, malachite, and mother-of-pearl, the imitation being to the eye as good as the original, at a much lower cost.

The work of popularizing journalism in England is rapidly progressing, and the price of dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, is being constantly reduced. The last progressive step has been taken by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in reducing its price to one penny, not in the hope of propping falling fortunes, but because a rapidly increasing circulation warranted the reduction with a certainty of still making a handsome profit. No change, except in price, is to be made in this journal, the circulation of which, at the date of the change, was announced by the publisher as being four times what he had anticipated as its utmost limit.

Among recent English books of interest, is a work entitled "Lost amid the Fogs; or, Sketches of Life in Newfoundland," by Lieutenant-Colonel McCrea, of the English army. This book gives a number of graphic and highly readable pictures of a life with which very few of us are familiar, or probably in any way acquainted. The descriptions of manners in St. John's, of the seal and cod fishermen, of the frightful storms and long winters peculiar to the region, and of hunting sports on the island, are all related in a highly spirited manner, while the book contains no little valuable information in regard to a section of country of which very little has hitherto been written.

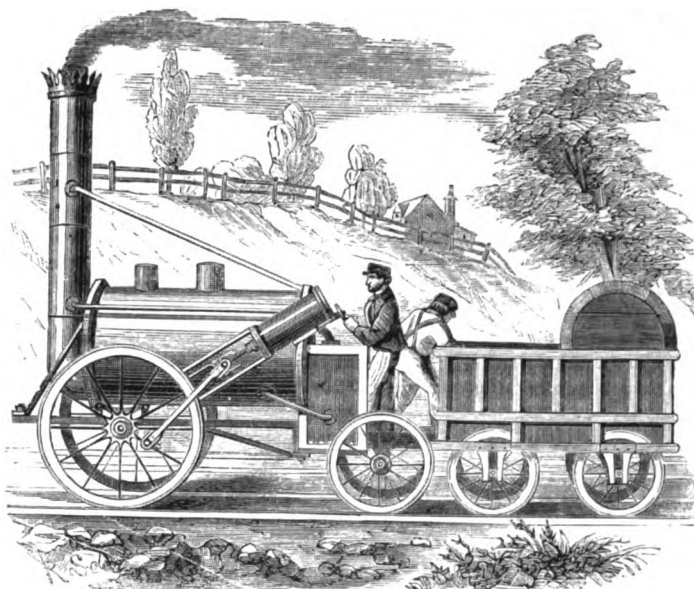
The Museum.

LAST week's Museum contained a description and picture of the earliest steam-carriages, tried exactly a hundred years ago. The success of railway locomotion, however, dates from the Liverpool experiments in October, 1829. The favorite plan for drawing trains was by

stationary engines, and it was proposed to divide the railway between Liverpool and Manchester into nineteen stages, of about a mile and a half each, with twenty-one engines, fixed at the different points, to work the trains forward. Not a single professional man of eminence could be found who preferred the locomotive over fixed-engine power. George Stephenson, however, strongly advocated the locomotive system, and it was at length decided to make a trial of it. A prize of twenty-five hundred dollars was offered for a locomotive, weighing no more than six tons, which would draw twenty tons ten miles an hour with but fifty pounds per inch pressure of steam, and costing but two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. The project and the conditions were thought to be preposterous. An eminent gentleman of Liverpool, afterward inspector of steam-packets, said that only a parcel of charlatans would ever have issued such a set of conditions; that it had been *proved* to be impossible to make a locomotive engine go at ten miles an hour; but, if it ever was done, he would undertake to eat a stewed engine-wheel for his breakfast!

Four engines were entered for the trial. The favorite was Captain Ericsson's "Novelty," which was light and compact in appearance, and had this intelligible quality about it, that the air was forced through the fire by means of bellows. The successful engine was the "Rocket" of George Stephenson. At the first trial, it ran twelve miles in fifty-three minutes; at the final test, it drew its load at the rate of twenty-nine miles an hour, and, when running alone, it reached thirty-five miles an hour. Mr. Smiles says that "the entire performance excited the greatest astonishment among the assembled spectators; the directors felt confident that their enterprise was now on the eve of success; and George Stephenson rejoiced to think that, in spite of all false prophets and fickle counsellors, the locomotive system was now safe. When the Rocket, having performed all the conditions of the contest, arrived at the 'grand stand' at the close of the day's successful run, Mr. Cropper—one of the directors favorable to the fixed-engine system—lifted up his hands and exclaimed, 'Now has George Stephenson at last delivered himself!'"

The Rocket was at length replaced by heavier engines, and was sold in 1837, and used for four or five years to haul coals. There was, however, wonderful vitality in it, and on one occasion, when employed to transmit the results of an election, it ran upward of four miles in four minutes and a half. It is now in the Kensington Museum, of London.



Stephenson's "Rocket."—The First Successful Locomotive.

As far as my observations go, the phenomenon of phosphorescence is confined to the lower orders of vegetable life, to the fungi alone, and is not dependent on irritability. I have never seen luminous flowers or roots, nor do I know of any authenticated instance of such which may not be explained by the presence of mycelium or of animal life. In the animal kingdom, luminosity is confined, I believe, to the invertebrata, and is especially common among the radiata and mollusca; it is also frequent in the entomostrous crustacea, and in various genera of most orders of insects. In all these, even in the sertularie, I have invariably observed the light to be increased by irritation, in which respect the luminosity of animal life differs from vegetable life.—J. D. Hooker.

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